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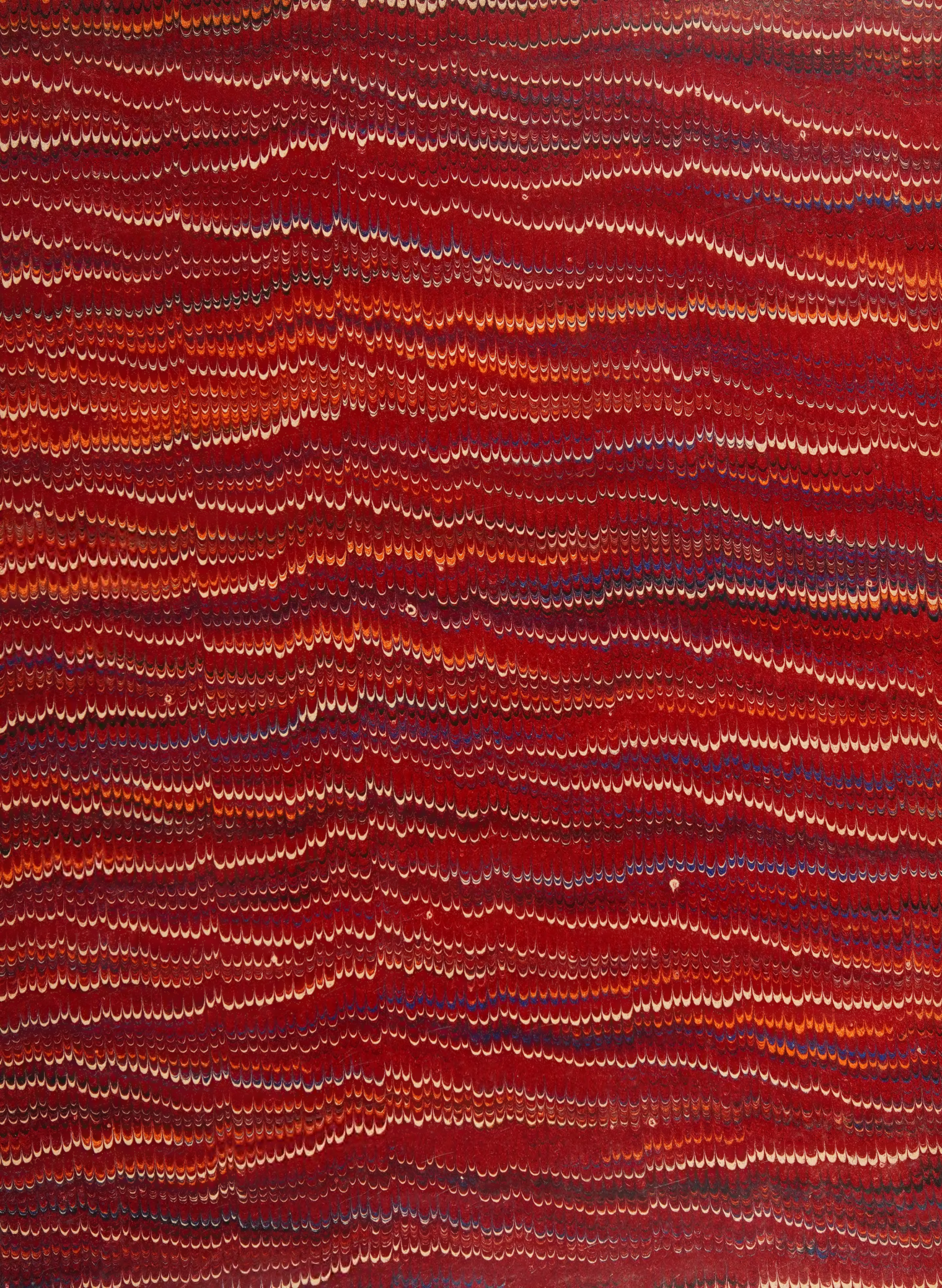

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Current Literature.

MACAULAY'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

RETURNING from India in May, 1838, Macaulay found the family circle broken by the death of his father. One wonders that the son never portrayed the father's character, and told the story of his life; there must have been rich material in that sombre, yet energetic, personality. One of the first subjects that claimed Macaulay's attention after his return was the threatened vengeance of a writer named Wallace, whose review of Mackintosh's "History of the Revolution of 1688" the historian had mercilessly criticised. Wallace sent him a challenge; but mutual friends adjusted the difficulty with truly Pickwickian diplomacy, and bloodshed was avoided. Many pages following this episode are filled with Macaulay's letters, and in these we can see the real man, — not the statesman or the author, but the man. One of the most prominent of his characteristics was profound self-confidence and esteem. "There are extensive classes of subjects," he writes to Napier, "which I think myself able to treat as few people [*sic*] can treat them." Again, he says: "My reviews are generally thought to be better written, and they certainly live longer, than the reviews of most other people." Not less complacent is the great man in reviewing his oratorical career: "Labouchere and Baring are at least as good men of business as Grey; and I may say without vanity that I have made speeches which were out of the reach of any of the three." A hardly less conspicuous trait in Macaulay's character is his arrogance, — the genuine, insular self-exaltation that ensues on the approach of familiarity, as the sensitive plant shrinks at rude contact. In Italy, a custom-house officer asked for a place in his carriage, and was refused. He received, however, three crowns for abstaining from search of the traveller's baggage, "but looked very dark and sullen at my refusal to accept his company. Precious fellow, to think that a public functionary to whom a little silver is a bribe is fit society for an English gentleman!" Macaulay was unquestionably a great man; but we should not count this ridiculous tumescence a proof of his greatness.

We have dwelt upon these weaknesses in his character not in malice, but simply to offset the editor's assumption, which he seems eager to impose upon an uncritical public, that his uncle was a model, social and moral. To the other side of the account large items must be carried. Arrogant, dictatorial, supercilious though Macaulay may have been in general society, and to the world at large, in his family universe he was the sun itself, warming and illuminating all about him. When rumors came of the loss of the ship that bore him home from India, —

"You can have no conception," wrote one of his sisters, "of the change that has come over this household. . . . The chasm Tom's departure has made can never be supplied. He was so unlike any other being one ever sees, and his visits among us were a sort of refreshment which served not a little to enliven and cheer our monotonous way of life; but now day after day rises and sets without object or interest, so that sometimes I almost feel aweary of this world."

A trait kindred to his domestic beneficence was his hearty generosity. From the time when his income barely exceeded two hundred pounds per year, to the close of his life amid affluence, he was a liberal giver. His benefactions were not always well-judged; but one cannot but admire the nobility that prompted them. His diary gives daily evidence of his good deeds. Here are some significant extracts from it: —

"I have been forced to refuse any further assistance to Mrs. Y——, who has had thirty-five pounds from me in the course of a few months, and whose demands come thicker and thicker. I suppose that she will resent my refusal bitterly. That is all I ever got by conferring benefits on any but my own nearest relations and friends. . . . H—— called. I gave him three guineas for his library subscription. I lay out very little money with so much satisfaction. For three guineas a year, I keep a very good, intelligent young fellow out of a great deal of harm, and do him a great deal of good." "'I suppose,' he writes to one of his sisters, 'that you told Mrs. Z—— I was not angry with her, for to-day I have a letter from her begging for money most vehemently, and saying that, if I am obdurate, her husband must go to prison. I have sent her twenty pounds; making up what she has had from me within a few months to one hundred and thirty pounds.'"

In November, 1848, appeared the first volume of his History; the state of the author's mind being, according to his own report, this: "When I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel reassured." The reception of this volume was flattering beyond even his expectations. The sales of the entire work, in Great Britain alone, within the generation next following its publication, reached one hundred and forty thousand copies. In the United States and on the Continent its success was proportionate. "I have," writes Macaulay, "a most intoxicating letter from Mr. Everett. He says that no book has ever had such a sale in the United States except (note the exception) the Bible, and one or two school-books of universal use."

Some specimens of Macaulay's literary judgments will be interesting. Thucydides, he says, is the great historian; "the others one may hope to match; him, never. He is the first of historians; what is good in him is better than any thing that can be found elsewhere." Chateaubriand "was simply a great humbug." His opinions on art are ridiculously summary: "Pre-Raphaelitism," he says, "is spreading, I am glad to see, — glad, because it is by spreading that such affectations perish." "One of Stanfield's landscapes or of Landseer's hunting pieces is worth all the mystic daubs of all the Germans." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he characterizes as "a mighty foolish, impertinent book . . . what blunders she makes!" Reading Prescott's "Philip the Second," he was struck by the fact that, "though he has had new materials, and tells his story well, he does not put any thing in a light very different from that in which I had before seen it." De Foe he denounces bitterly, calling him an "unprincipled hack," and pronouncing some of his tracts "worse than immoral, — quite beastly." Macaulay's hatred of Brougham ended only with his life. In 1857, he said of him: "Strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle." Too often he is foul-mouthed. Whitaker, a critic of Gibbon, he calls "as dirty a cur as I remember." His judgment of Sir Walter Scott represents the depths of his heart's bitterness. He finds the Wizard "a bitter and unscrupulous partisan in politics," "agitated by the hopes and fears of the gambler," "perpetually sacrificing the perfection of his composition and the durability of his fame [how could he sacrifice the latter *perpetually*, or more than once?] to his eagerness for money. . . . I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle." These sentiments would come with better grace from a man who had not lounged on beds of ease, who had ever felt the hard pressure of *res angusta domi*.

Scattered through these volumes, are literary hints and *dicta* which have more or less value. For magazine writing, he says, "a bold, dashing, scene-painting manner is that which succeeds best." "Such a word as 'talented' it is proper to avoid; first, because it is not wanted; secondly, because you never hear it from those who speak very good English." "The first rule of all writing is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers." The great writer himself is not impeccable in his grammar: "I meant to have spoken" (p. 63) is not good English: it should be, "I meant to speak."

There would be no end to this notice if the writer yielded to the temptations which beset him. Every page invites quotation. But we must reluctantly turn away from this museum of memories, whose attractions, it is safe to say, have never been surpassed in a similar repository. The presence of its presiding and inspiring genius, though not always

* Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay. Edited by his Nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan. Vol. II. 8vo. $2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

benign, is ever fascinating; and from the beauty of the treasures he displays his somewhat stern features catch a softening light. He was not a lovable man; he felt no strong sympathy with his kind; but he had a mighty and brilliant genius, and did a great work in the world. His "Life and Letters" furnishes a concise history of the political and literary life of England through an eventful half-century, and, delightful to the sensibilities of the reader, also instructs and disciplines his mind. Not to read this work is to turn away from pleasure and profit.

Three years after his return from India, Macaulay was again sent to Parliament from Edinburgh. In 1838, he had been invited to become Judge-Advocate, on which he said: "The Right Honorable before my name is a bauble which it would be far, very far, indeed, beneath me to care about." Nineteen years later, he changed his mind. In 1846, he was defeated in the Parliamentary election; in 1852, he was returned to Parliament; but presently retired from political life. In 1857, he was raised to the peerage, and took the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. He died at Holly Lodge, the home of his later years, December 28, 1859.

Some readers may have received the impression, from our notice of the first volume of this work, that the Wordsworth denounced so severely by Macaulay was the poet. He was, we believe, Christopher Wordsworth, a nephew of William, and for many years master of Trinity College.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.*

THE author resumes his narrative in this volume at the first movements of McClellan's army in the spring of 1862, the first chapter comprising an account of the inglorious siege of Yorktown, the fights at Lee's Mills and Williamsburg, the opening of James River to the Union army, the arrival at the Chickahominy, and McClellan's decision to move on Richmond from the north. The author brings out in a clear light the gross blunders of the commander and his officers, though he chooses to ignore the former's cardinal error of misjudging Magruder's strength, and wasting time and lives in the unnecessary siege of Yorktown. Throughout the history of this campaign this apologetic disposition is apparent; and a reader not familiar, through contemporary accounts, with the facts of the enterprise, would regard McClellan as the victim of a cruel fate, — a commander who dared do all that might become a man, but was always thwarted by ill-fortune. The great blunder of straddling the Chickahominy the author glides over with genuine Gallic agility; not dwelling on the real subject, he wanders into theories as to a more prudent policy. But, aside from this bias, he makes a very readable chapter of clear topographical description, — graphic battle-pieces, interwoven with just enough military arguments to give dignity and value to the narrative. He makes it very clear, that McClellan was continually hampered and deceived by the little clique at Washington, who undertook to carry on the war safe in the fortifications of the capital. In their policy, the security of Washington — which was remote from all peril — was paramount to the successful prosecution of the war; and the tissue of tricks, falsehoods, and frauds by which they compassed their ends is a sad page in our history. The clique suppressed or garbled McClellan's despatches, putting him in a false position before the country, even at the cost of wronging deserving officers. In his despatches relating to the battle of Fair Oaks, he bestowed warm praise on General Sumner; but the supervisors at Washington suppressed it, and for a long time the true history of the battle was not known. We may add, in this connection, that the author handles Porter's offences very gently, though he cannot excuse his conduct at Manassas.

The narrative of the Peninsular campaign must be called very satisfactory as to facts, and in general effect. The accounts of Glendale and Malvern and the retreat to Harrison Landing are fine examples of clear and reasonably picturesque composition; and some episodes of the battle-field have the true sound of martial tumult. More attractive, perhaps, in theme, though not in treatment, are the chapters on the capture of New Orleans, and the naval operations on the Mississippi, and on the Southern coast. The sketch of the taking of New Orleans is so spirited that one wishes it were longer. General Butler is dismissed with short, almost contemptuous, notice; but over his shoulders a hearty rebuke is administered to the government for giving him the place that belonged to an accomplished soldier. Next follows a report of military operations in Tennessee, the Corinth campaign, the capture of Memphis, &c. The author shows up Halleck's incapacity and malignity very forcibly, and justly characterizes his outrage upon Grant by assigning him to the sinecure office of second in command. Halleck's treatment of Pope was even worse. With reference to the despatch sent to Washington by the former, announcing that Pope was at the gates of Corinth, having taken ten thousand prisoners, the author declares it as "a positive fact, this strange despatch was entirely fabricated by Halleck." Pope has no compliments in this work; but the author acquits him of fault in this matter of the despatch. The final chapter of Book II. treats of military and naval events on the Mississippi, and Dupont's naval expedition to South Carolina.

At this point, the author returns to the two great armies in Virginia, and traces their courses through the memorable battles of Cedar Mountain, Manassas (as the second battle of Bull Run is properly called), the race to Harper's Ferry, and the battle of Antietam. We are inclined to regard the account of this great tragedy as the best piece of writing in the book. It was impossible, of course, to place before the reader, as in a glass, the hostile forces in their various conjunctures; the movements of battle are too swift and confused to permit the drawing of such a picture; but the chief stages — the crises — of the contest are indicated with consummate skill. One reads the tumultuous records with a quickening pulse, and seems to hear the crash of artillery, the crack of the rifle, the groans of the wounded, and to see the vast columns of humanity now advancing, now retreating, as if borne by a resistless tide. The effect of timely and judicious reënforcements is strikingly illustrated in the account of this battle. The author's criticisms on the conduct of general officers at Antietam are often severe, but apparently just. Burnside's fatal inertness stands out a spot of shame amid a galaxy of gallant deeds. We quote a brief statement of this lamentable error: —

"McClellan, who, from a commanding point, overlooked the whole front of his army on both sides of the Antietam, had as early as eight o'clock, just as Hood had resumed the offensive, despatched an order to Burnside directing him to commence the assault, carry the bridge, and attack Longstreet on the other side. Unfortunately, Burnside, instead of conforming to this order by making a general attack, contented himself with sending Crook's small brigade against the defenders of the bridge. This movement was only supported by two regiments of the division of Sturgis. Crook, received by a vigorous discharge of musketry, was promptly repulsed. . . . Two hours were thus wasted in successive efforts on the part of detachments too feeble for the work, — efforts at once sanguinary and fruitless. . . . In vain did McClellan send messenger after messenger to Burnside, with the order, more and more urgent, to try a general attack. It was noon, and this general, with his four divisions, had as yet only brought three brigades into action, and had sent but two or three regiments at a time to attack the bridge, around which all the enemy's means of defence were concentrated."

This delay, caused by Burnside's inefficiency, gave General A. P. Hill, with his large division, time to arrive and take part in the battle. The Count of Paris affirms that the engagement of Antietam "was a defeat for the Confederates in the triple point of view of tactics, strategy, and politics." Book IV. gives the history of Buell's campaign in Kentucky, in 1862; of military events on the Mississippi in the same year; of Curtis's and Schofield's operations in Missouri and Arkansas; of Sherman's disastrous attempt on Vicks-

* History of the Civil War in America. By the Comte de Paris. Translated, with the approval of the author, by Louis F. Tasistro. With Maps. Vol. II. 8vo. $3.50. Philadelphia: J. H. Coates & Co.

burg; of partisan warfare in Kentucky and Tennessee; and the battle of Murfreesborough. In Chapter VI. are a good account of McClellan's short campaign against Lee in the autumn of 1862, and a minute narrative of the tragedy of Fredericksburg. Book VII. comprises a full account of the blockade and naval operations on the Southern coast; an intelligent summary of Congressional legislation on finance and recruiting; and a history of Emancipation. The latter is a compact and valuable statement of the processes by which the policy of "abolition," despised and deprecated at the beginning of the war by a large majority of Americans, became the inspiration and chief end of the defenders of the Union. Of the proclamation of Emancipation, the author says: —

"This proclamation, sufficient to render the name of its author illustrious, marked the beginning of a year which was to witness still more sanguinary scenes than the year 1862. It also inaugurated a new epoch, and the conflict, freed from the remembrance of past concessions, assumed henceforth its real character. It could only be ended by the entire abolition of slavery upon the soil of the reconstructed republic, or by the triumph of this institution over the largest portion of the American continent, under the protection of the Confederacy, aggrandized, and all powerful."

Notes on the text, and lists of field and staff officers of the Army of the Potomac are included in an appendix.

It is to be regretted that the translation of this important work was not subjected to more careful revision. It is now marked by errors which, though trifling singly, in the aggregate are offensive. The use of "only" in the extract just quoted, "It could only be ended" (instead of "could be ended only"), is one of at least one hundred similar errors in this volume.

VILLAGE-COMMUNITIES.*

THOSE who have read the author's "Ancient Law" or "The Early History of Institutions" will need no assurance as to the value of the present work. Though addressed to a limited class, it deals with a subject whose interest is gaining ever wider recognition, and which is an important element in ethnical and political investigation. Of the full scope and character of the book, it will be impossible in our limits to convey a just idea; we can hope only to excite our readers to seek for themselves in its pages the information which only there is accessible to the average inquirer.

The first lecture treats of Comparative Jurisprudence, — the examination and comparison of laws of various communities, special prominence being given to those of the East. The author aims to show that some of the parallel phenomena are related to one another in the order of historical succession. He discusses and measurably adopts the theories of Von Maurer, a German writer, whose arguments seem to justify the presumption that the Mark was the political unit of society in many nations. He then takes up the idea of the formation of the Patriarchal Family, and discusses in a very interesting manner the objections which have been urged against it as a primary fact in the history of society. The objectors contend that human society passed through at least two stages before reaching organization in the Family Group. The Family in India is generally found to be the unit of the Village-Community, which is there the source of a land-law which may be compared with the real-property law of England. On these and other topics of jurisprudence, the observed phenomena in India are expected to throw light. To the study of historical and philosophical jurisprudence the author deems a knowledge of India and of Roman law indispensable. He lays stress on English ignorance of India, and gives an ingenious explanation of it. One cause is in the fact that knowledge of India is obtained by those who go thither in youth and return in later life. Little time remains for the study of Indian usage, for "India itself is gradually losing every thing which is characteristic of it. . . . in fifty years all knowledge of Sanscrit will have departed from India; or, if kept alive, will be kept alive by the reactive influence of Germany and England." The disintegration of Indian usage and thought, the author confidently attributes to British dominion. The purpose of the leading Indian administrators of to-day he defines as "a fancy for reconstructing native Indian society upon a purely native model." This project, he affirms, is not practicable: —

"It is by its indirect, and, for the most part, unintended, influence that the British power metamorphoses and dissolves the ideas and social forms underneath it; nor is there any expedient by which it can escape the duty of rebuilding upon its own principles that which it unwillingly destroys."

The second lecture, on "The Sources of Indian Law," abounds in curious information, of value to the student of jurisprudence, and entertaining to the general reader. It opens with an account of the method adopted by the British government, on the acquisition of Indian territory, to secure its share of the produce of the soil. The task of organizing a system to this end the author believes to have been the most arduous that a government ever undertook. The officers appointed for this work — which involved the making of a complete register of the population, their usages and rights under the law — were known as Settlement officers, and from them the facts utilized in this chapter were mainly derived. Of the Supreme Courts of India, which have been in bad odor in England, the author has much to say; laying much stress on their indirect influence on the Sudder Courts, eight years ago combined with them. Under the Hindoo rule, whether the head of a household could dispose of his property by will was, prior to the English dominion, a doubtful question. The power soon became well settled, under the influence of English lawyers, and the courts were flooded with wills. The first judges of the Sudder Courts were greatly puzzled by the legal principles — a mixture of English and native law — which they had to encounter. Some of the cases brought before them were queer: —

"Among the older records of their proceedings may be found injunctions, couched in the technical language of English Chancery pleadings, which forbid the priests of a certain temple to injure a rival fane by painting the face of their idol red instead of yellow; and decrees allowing the complaint of other priests that they were injured in property and repute because their neighbors rang a bell at a particular moment of their services. . . . The Privy Council in London was once called upon to decide in ultimate appeal on the claims of rival hierophants to have their palanquins carried cross-wise instead of lengthwise."

The author dissipates the popular belief that Indian society is divided into castes: —

"This is an entire mistake. It is extremely doubtful whether the Brahminical theory of caste upon caste was ever true, except of the two highest castes; and it is even likely that more importance has been attached to it in modern than ever was in ancient times. The real India contains one priestly caste, which, in a certain, though a very limited, sense, is the highest of all. . . . But otherwise, caste is merely a name for trade or occupation, and the sole tangible effect of the Brahminical theory is, that it creates a religious sanction for what is really a primitive and natural distribution of classes. The true view of India is, that, as a whole, it is divided into a vast number of independent, self-acting, organized social groups, — trading, manufacturing, cultivating."

Of the remaining lectures, that on the Early History of Price and Rent appeals most directly to the general reader. In it some novel theories are broached, and much curious information developed, concerning the transfer of land and movable property in ancient times. The author's discussion of Price, and of the rule that a man may ask the highest available price for his goods, is very able and suggestive. Indeed, the student of political economy will find this work a mine of facts and suggestions, the fruit not only of personal observation and inquiry, but also of analysis and comparison. In this chapter, much attention is bestowed on English tenure as connected with the organization of village-communities. Noteworthy among these lectures is that entitled, "The Effects of Observation of India

* Village-Communities in the East and West. Six Lectures delivered at Oxford. To which are added other Lectures, Addresses, and Essays. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. 8vo. Cloth. $3.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

on Modern European Thought;" and not less deserving of careful study are, "The Theory of Evidence," and "Roman Law and Legal Education." To the few who can appreciate and enjoy the investigations recorded in and facilitated by this work, it will prove very welcome; and no reader of moderate intelligence can fail to relish its ample provision of knowledge which only indirectly attaches to purely scientific inquiry.

THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA.*

FROM "Under the Greenwood Tree" — which we esteem the author's best novel — to the present volume, there is a steep decline. In these pages, one seeks in vain for the novel and singularly fascinating peculiarities which distinguished the story just named, — the unique glimpses of rural English life, the inimitable rendering of a strange dialect, and the portraiture of strong but untrained natures. In abandoning his first field of effort, and joining the host of novelists who haunt the scenes of active urban life, the author seems to have left his spell behind him, and to have an equipment hardly better than those of his fellows.

The first third of this novel seemed tedious. The *dramatis personæ* are not winning; even the heroine, Mrs. Petherwin, must be admired with a certain reserve; and as for her lovers, they are feeble folk. She is of low birth; but being governess in a knight's family, marries, at the age of eighteen, his only son. Very soon she is left a widow, and lives in good style with her mother-in-law. The latter, dying, leaves the widow only a few personal trifles and the fag-end of a lease of a London house. The widow is lovely in person, and brilliant, in a certain sense, in mind. Her first adorer is Christopher Julian, a poor musician. A volume of poems remarkable for warmth of passion and daintiness of sentiment suddenly surprises the public, and in due time the secret of its authorship leaks out. It is the work of Ethelberta, and gives her a transient fame. But with it the poetic power leaves her: she can write no more. One — and the most capable — of a family of ten children and an invalid mother, — her father being a butler in a London house, — though the secret of her domestic relations has been carefully guarded during her society life, — she devises a scheme for helping herself, and her brothers and sisters too. Having long ago developed a De Foe-like knack of improvising stories and delivering them with dramatic effect, she utilizes it in public entertainments with good success. But her popularity was brief, and she was obliged to find a new expedient. Transferring many of the brothers and sisters to her London house, to act in the capacity of servants, she receives lodgers, and contrives to keep the wolf from the door. Meantime, her origin and her means of subsistence being unknown to her fashionable friends, she remains on the old terms with them, but has little time for social gayety. She finds more for the three lovers who haunt her, — Julian, the musician, whom she thinks she loves; Neigh, a man of no individuality, except in his stern determination to win her; and one Ladywell, a timid painter, who has as little courage as genius.

A chance meeting with Lord Mountclere, a mild specimen of the Queensberry type, works a revolution in her fortunes. He falls in love with her, knowing nothing of her antecedents. She plays with him prudently, dazzled by his preference, but powerless to provide against the possibility of his discovering her low birth and connections. Going to France to visit an aunt, she is followed by three lovers, — My Lord, Ladywell, and Neigh; and — all three being at once in her aunt's house — receives an offer from each in turn. My Lord is the favorite, and persuades the lady into a conditional engagement. She returns to England, and is still beset by Mountclere, whose estate is near her temporary home. She has a younger sister named Picotee, a girlish, tender little thing, who, having met Julian in her walks, but never spoken to him, learned to love him passionately. She never told her love, not even to her sister, and long witnessed in unspoken agony the man she adored worshipping her more brilliant sister. Ethelberta handled her noble fish with rare skill, keeping him always in subjection. They attended a concert together, at which Julian was a performer. In the church, memories of her tenderness for Julian — of whom My Lord was jealous — overwhelmed her; she trembled with emotion, at sight of which her lover smiled triumphantly. She saw through his scheme to test her feelings toward Julian. Picotee fortunately fainted, and Julian, saddened by the rumor of Ethelberta's marriage, was the picture of despair. Seizing the suggestion of this conjuncture, Ethelberta dramatically forces it on her old lover: it is Picotee who loves Julian, and she whom he loves. This *coup* is a fine surprise, and one of the best things in the book. On hearing of Ethelberta's intention to marry Lord Mountclere, the latter's brother and heir, Mr. Chickerel, the butler, and Sol, Ethelberta's brother, hasten to the scene of the proposed sacrifice to interfere and prevent. The incidents which follow we cannot pause to report; the marriage is performed, and the ill-mated pair retire to Lychworth Court. Exploring its grounds, the bride makes a terrible discovery, — there is another mistress of the estate. She resolves to escape, lays her plans with Sol unwilling; Julian, usurping Sol's part, performs its duties. But the old lord was too cunning. In the carriage which is to bear her to freedom, she finds at her side, not Sol, but the Marquis. She is powerless; he takes her home; a long struggle ensues between them; but at last the woman triumphs, subdues her lord, and transforms him into a respectable man and a good husband. Of course Julian marries Picotee.

Only after the meeting of Lord Mountclere and Ethelberta does the reader's interest become intense. The earlier pages, though containing matter essential to the development of the story, are not exciting. The dialogues are too many and too long. The principal male characters, except Joey, are very uninteresting; and the same may be said of the women, except the heroine, and Menlove, a lady's maid, — a model of pertness and falsehood. The portraiture of the Chickerel family, as a whole, is very good, and for the father, the butler, one feels genuine respect. There are many bright passages in the book, like these: Lord Mountclere's marriage license is described as "a document in which romance, rashness, law, and gospel are so happily made to work together, that it may safely be regarded as the neatest compromise which has ever been invented since Adam sinned." "Whatever seems to be the most prominent vice or the most prominent virtue in anybody's writing is the one thing you are safest from in personal dealings with the writer." "For people always want what's kept from them, and don't value what's given. If penny oranges were a pound apiece, all the House of Lords would sit sucking them."

* The Hand of Ethelberta. A Comedy in Chapters. By Thomas Hardy. 16mo. $1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

A CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONER IN EUROPE.*

DESPITE its strong journalistic flavor, this volume is quite readable, though by no means entitled to high praise as a literary composition. Mr. Forney writes like a newspaper-man, putting a good deal of matter into small compass, and paying little regard to harmony or elegance. The Centennial, of course, figures frequently in his narrative; but he found opportunity amid his official duties to see much that was worth seeing in European life. Naturally enough, as his letters were written to a Philadelphia paper, he reverts often in a complimentary way to that city, and, with questionable taste, indulges in many personal references.

The voyage to Liverpool is a brief story. Mr. Forney says that as a ticket from Philadelphia to San Francisco costs one hundred and forty dollars, while a ticket from Philadelphia to Liverpool costs seventy-five to one hundred, "you can see how much cheaper it

* A Centennial Commissioner in Europe. 1874–76. By John W. Forney. 12mo. pp. 412. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

is to see the Old World than it is to visit only a portion of your own country." In view of the expenses to be incurred in "seeing" the Old World, this conclusion seems hardly warranted. Our Centennial the author distinguishes from the Expositions of England, France, and Austria, pronouncing it "not the affair of one people only." The grounds of this distinction we are unable to see; each of the Expositions mentioned was practically international. The Pennsylvania iron-interest crops out occasionally in sentiments like this: "All late experience proves that what we call free trade helps foreign capitalists alone." Mr. Forney is an enterprising and successful journalist; but as a reasoner he blunders. "You have an explanation," he says, "of the hostility at Liverpool to the North during our civil war, when you are reminded that from this port, in 1760, one-quarter of its vessels were engaged in the slave-trade." Considering the radical change that has taken place in English sentiment touching slavery and the slave-trade, it is quite as reasonable to refer this "hostility" to the colonial measures of James I.

From Liverpool the author circulated to many points of interest in England and the Continent, and makes of his experience and observations a rapid but pleasant narrative. At Stratford-on-Avon he received the gratifying assurance from a resident that, "Here you are in Stratford, and you will find Shakspeare waiting for you. He has a strong, warm side for you Americans." The soil of that hallowed spot must have preservative properties unknown in this country, if Shakspeare's side is "warm" after some centuries of sepulture. Landing at Boulogne, Mr. Forney is moved to exclaim alliteratively: "England, robust, ruddy, and self-assuring, — France, prim, peculiar, and opinionated." It would be difficult to find three adjectives less truly descriptive of France. In Paris he had a good time, and saw every thing, especially the Centennial, in *couleur de rose*. One of the most notable events in his experience in the French capital was his encounter, one evening, with "a woman with a sweet face, in exquisite dress." As she could speak only French, and he only English, their conversation — though there was "a good deal" of it, he says — is not reported. His expenses in Paris, where he spent twelve days, were less than fifteen dollars per week.

Returning to England, he visited Hampton Court, Holland House, St. Albans, and other places of interest. An effort is now in progress to restore the ancient Abbey of St. Albans, which dates back to the reign of Constantine. One of his privileges in London was listening to Rev. L. C. Bevan's lecture on "What I Saw and Heard in America." So delighted was he with the speaker's sentiments, that at the close of the lecture he publicly thanked him. Mr. Bevan reported favorably of our country: with hotel-clerks he had exceptional good fortune. At a Boston hotel, he was impressed by "the cordiality of the clerk in the office, who, seeing his name on the register, immediately addressed him as 'Mr. Bevan;' and after that 'he was as intimate with me as if he had known all my relations; and so with all the other hotel-clerks I met in America.'" *Tempora mutantur.* Mr. Bevan vehemently denied that the English people were against the North in the late war. If this be true, it illustrates how small a share the English people have in their own government. At Manchester and Rochdale, Mr. Forney met John Bright and his brother Jacob, — the latter resembling in person Col. Thomas A. Scott, the famous railroad-man. Jacob Bright he saw presiding at a Woman's Rights meeting, — a fact of interest in connection with his greater brother's disapproval of that measure of "reform." Its friends in this country will be glad to know that "Jacob is tall, gray, and graceful in manner, alike of talk and walk," — though grayness of manner is something we are not familiar with. One letter is devoted to an account of the growth of Centennial sentiment in England. This sentiment was feeble at first, but, fostered by Mr. Forney's skilful diplomacy, it became lusty and promising. Charles Sumner, the author tells us, predicted that England would not participate in the celebration of the centenary of our independence.

The letters from the Continent are quite vivacious and gossipy; giving us news from Lyons, Nice, Monaco, Genoa, Brussels, and other cities. In the account of American artists in Rome, Mr. Yedder is mentioned with high praise. We presume Mr. Vedder is meant. Mr. Forney's testimony as to the hotels is that "we are far ahead of the Europeans." The chapter on the "Sale of American Products Abroad" may be read in this country with pardonable pride, though the newspaper flavor is offensively strong in the stupendous "puff" of a certain scale-manufacturing firm. Sportsmen and lovers of dogs will find the chapter on the canine exhibition full of entertainment. Writing of "slang," the author says that nearly all American catch-words are derived from England. An extract on this subject, if not refined, may be amusing: —

"'Beastly' and 'nasty' are constantly used, even by elegant ladies, in their daily discourse. 'Nasty' is employed to indicate ill-tempered and cross-grained, while 'beastly' is more familiarly applied to bad weather. . . . The word 'awful' is made to perform many parts in England. You hear on all sides of an 'awful fine woman;' 'I am awful sorry;' 'it was awfully grand.' . . . You are astonished frequently, in conversation with the best informed men, to hear the word 'rot' adopted in explanation of any thing bad, disagreeable, or useless: 'Oh, that is rot!'"

Mr. Forney met a good many eminent men in England and on the Continent, and reports his interviews in an off-hand, journalistic manner. What he tells of Oscar de Lafayette, grandson of America's noble friend, is especially interesting. The present Marquis is an earnest republican, and inherits his ancestor's affection for the United States.

Compared with the average of books of travel, this volume is readable, though not brilliant. One learns little from it; but it is entertaining. The author's views and judgments are not always trustworthy; but, as a reporter of surface life in Europe, he has done well.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— In "The Automaton Ear and Other Stories," the author, Florence McLandburgh, pursues a path rarely trodden by modern writers of fiction. She has strong, though undisciplined, imaginative power, which, under due control, would prove an efficient agent; but it is now too strong for harmonious action. The conception of the first story is so fanciful as to be almost absurd, and its effect is sombre and unpleasant. "The Paths of the Sea" is far better, because more simple, and naturally pathetic. "Reinhart, the German," is also too fanciful. The style is refined, but wordy and intense. Some errors disfigure it, as the use, in the second line of the book, of "will" instead of "shall;" "for something in her heart told her that it could have been *no different*." There are evidences of power in the book; but it lacks the fresh air of Nature, and too often suggests the gloomy church-vaults where the hero of the opening story made his experiments. [Jansen, McClurg, & Co.; Lee & Shepard.]

— "Harper's School Geography" illustrates a novel and practical plan. It comprises two parts, — physical and political geography, — each with its special maps, exercises, and descriptions. The table of contents covers a very wide field, and a glance at its particulars shows what a vast amount of information it promises. The political department is specially valuable in the presentation of facts as to the resources and industries of different countries as connected with their climates, mineral wealth, &c. The definitions which precede the lessons are clear and full, the questions are judicious and pertinent, and the maps are excellent specimens of art. We have never seen a geography which seems so genuinely instructive as does this. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— "The Hem of His Garment" is the title of a dozen sermons by Rev. Frank Sewall, President of Urbana University. In the first, we are told how to begin a religious life, the parable being ingeniously paralleled by human experience in attaining contact with God. The spirit of the discourse is very devout, and the suggestions of the text are skilfully handled. "The True Character of Christian Evidence" is founded on Christ's curing of the blind. In it, the spiritual process of restoring sight is explained, and the effects of a religious life are forcibly set forth. All the sermons are hortatory rather than argumentative, though, at need, the author reasons well. His style would be improved by the elimination of many adjectives. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1876.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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— Our annual Index — for the preparation of which we are as usual indebted to our steadfast friend, Mr. J. H. Woods, of Jacksonville, Ill. — claims much of our space this month. Like the dictionary, it lacks consecutiveness, and will hardly bear reading at one sitting; but it faithfully points out the contents of our sixth volume, and to the many who bind the *World* is convenient and valuable. So we make no apology for the scant provision of fresh matter in this number.

— We feel a pardonable pride in quoting this passage from a private letter written by a St. Louis lady of culture and high social standing: "I shall continue to hope for the success of your paper. The justice of your criticisms, and the evident absence of any disposition to pander to vicious tastes, or succumb to the demands of publishers of *trifling* books, have inspired me with great respect for your efforts, and I am only too glad to throw in my mite to aid you."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "*Adel*" returns to the charge: "The *Literary World* does not yet seem to understand '*Adel's*' question, or *will not* understand it. The *World's* own expression, 'the speaker can name no individual,' contains the very error, if it be one, that '*Adel*' asks about. Does not the *World* mean that the speaker *cannot* name any individual? How can it name *no individual*? Such expressions are very common, but are they correct, or to be encouraged in writing or speech? We clip the following from a recent paper: —

"'In the words of Hon. J. E. Sanford, President of the Republican Convention, "The issue of immediate and radical reform confronts us. We cannot evade it. We *can afford* to make *no* mistakes, and Heaven forbid that we present to the country merely a choice of evils.'"

"The writer evidently intended to say: 'We cannot afford to make mistakes,' but he in reality speaks of what we *can afford* to do."

We must beg leave to dissent from our correspondent's position. We ask her if this sentence is not correct: "We know that there is a class of persons engaged in these pursuits, but we can name no individual?" We contend that it is quite correct, and far more euphonious than "we cannot name any individual." May not one say, "I have no money?" or, "I have no time for such things?"

— "*G. C.*," *Washington, D. C.*, makes an appeal in behalf of the classics: —

"Spare the classics! Virgil wrote (Æneis, Lib. 2, l. 724), 'Non passibus æquis,' not 'haud passibus æquis,' as given in the 'Dictionary of Quotations,' and by Webster and Worcester, and perhaps others.

"Again, spare the classics! In 'Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands, 1771,' Dr. Johnson, 'in a fine frenzy,' wrote that glowing page on Junius, in which he said: 'It is not by his liveliness of imagery, his pungency of periods, or his fertility of allusion, that he detains the cits of London, and the boors of Middlesex.' See Durell's edition of Johnson, in twelve volumes, published in New York in 1811. In an edition in two volumes, published in 1844, by Blake, in New York, the word '*cits*' is printed '*city*,' thus marring the beauty and making it a flatter sentence than Dr. Johnson ever wrote.

"Will the *Literary World* help to keep the word *answer* from being displaced by the pompous *respond* and *response*, which are not in the Bible, nor in Shakspeare? Is it not better to say, 'the nurse answered the child's question,' than 'the nurse responded to the interrogatory that the child propounded,' as a Don Pomposo would be apt to say? The language abounds in words of Greek and Latin origin that are little used. When, therefore, we have so good an English word as *answer*, why should every Hon. John Smith respond?"

The *Literary World* readily interposes its feeble authority to prevent the desuetude of that good word *answer*. *Response* cannot rightfully take its place, because its meaning is slightly different. Webster gives two forms of the verb "response," — one transitive, one intransitive; the latter in the sense of *answer*, he says, is rare. Soule, in his "English Synonymes," gives "rejoinder" and "reply" as synonymes of "answer," — which is not correct, as a "rejoinder" is an answer to a "reply." The etymology of "answer" is undetermined, though the word is usually traced to the Anglo-Saxon *and-swarian*. In Gothic it had the force of the Latin *contra*.

— "*C. A. M.*," *Fitchburg*, sends the following queries: —

"Can any one give information as to the authorship of

"'Fetching water from the well'?

"Also, 'Dead Violets,' beginning, —

"'Let them lie, — ah, let them lie'?"

We think our correspondent must refer to Robert Herrick's poem, "Violets:" —

"Welcome, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her."

The last stanza is this: —

"Yet, though thus respected,
By and by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected."

"Also, 'What shall be the end of these things?' beginning, —

"'When another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass'?

"And did Mrs. Southey write the poem beginning, —

"'Oh, talk to me of heaven! I love
To hear about my home above'?

"Who wrote 'Fifteen and Fifty'?"

We can find no record of such a book. There is one called "Seventeen and Seventy," we think.

— "*Ella*," *N. Y.*, inquires: "Can any one inform me where, in Miss Joanna Baillie's poems, the following lines can be found: —

"'Learned, and loving learning well,
For college hall or convent cell
An inmate meet; yet all the while
As meet, with repartee and smile,
'Mid easy converse, polished, blithe, and boon,
To join the circles of the gay saloon'?"

We have had access only to the 1832 edition of Miss Baillie's works, and have been unable to find in it the quoted passage.

— "*Dunmore*" informs us that the poem inquired about by "*C. E. B.*," in the May number, was written by T. B. Aldrich. "*C.*," *Brunswick, Me.*, gives the title of the poem, "The Face against the Pane." "*Dunmore*" asks "where the *whole* of the poem entitled 'The Devil's Walk,' by Coleridge, can be found." Our correspondent undoubtedly refers to "The Devil's Thoughts," which is included in all complete editions of Coleridge's poems.

— "*M. S.*," *New York*, writes: "Please tell '*S.*,' *Framingham*, who, in January, 1875, inquired about the authorship of

"'This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation thro' the world,'

that they may be found in 'King Richard II.,' Act ii. Scene 1. As to Thomas Arnold, concerning whom '*C. W. C.*,' *Granville, O.*, inquires, I can say that he is a son of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and public examiner in the Parr School at Oxford."

— "*Student*," *Hanover, N. H.*, writes: — "Doubtless some one has answered the correspondent inquiring for the author of 'The Face against the Pane.' It can be found in Munroe's 'Miscellaneous Readings.' The author is T. B. Aldrich. Mrs. Alexander is

the wife of the present Bishop of Derry. He is well known in England. She has edited the Sunday Book of Poetry in the Golden Treasury Series. She has also published several volumes of religious poems. I noticed a criticism on the improper use of the word *moiety*. Now, to be sure, in the literal signification, the term means a *half*, but it seems to me not improper to use it, as Shakspeare, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' for any portion, even very small."

Our correspondent is mistaken as to such a use of the word by Shakspeare. "Moiety" occurs in the following connection: —

> "And where thou now exact'st the penalty
> (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
> Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
> But, touched with human gentleness and love,
> Forgive a moiety of the principal."

"Moiety" has only one meaning; its origin (Lat. *medius*, the middle) shows that.

"Now, I would like to ask if *ghostology* is an allowable expression, even if used by an author like Hawthorne? It occurs in 'Septimius Felton.'"

It may be "allowable." "Demonology" is a legitimate word; why not "ghostology"?

"And again, Brachet, in his etymological French dictionary, gives the word *maquereau* as of unknown origin. Would you not say from Latin, "*macula*"?

Yes, *maquereau* is from *macula*, meaning a spot or stain; it has a double meaning in French.

"Poe, I believe, in the 'Rationale of Verse,' derives 'rhythm' from *ἀριθμός*, number. Is this not a mere blunder?"

"Rhythm" is from the Greek, *ῥυθμος*.

— "*M. D.*," *New York*, desires us to inform "*C. E. B.*," *of Springfield*, "that Mrs. C. F. Alexander is the daughter of Major Humphreys, of Ireland, and wife of the Very Rev. W. Alexander, Dean of Emly. She is the author of 'Hymns for Little Children,' a book which has had a very large circulation in England, and of several other volumes of verse. She has also contributed to the 'Lyra Anglicana' and various magazines."

— An anonymous correspondent writes: "Will you kindly ask in your 'Notes and Queries' where the following quotation is to be found: 'Consistency, thou art a jewel'?"

This is one of those questions which one asks in vain: in Lord Dundreary's phrase, "one of those things that no fellah can find out."

— "*C. H. L.*," *Savannah, Ga.*, writes: "I am very much interested in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' and often obtain very interesting and valuable information from that department, as I certainly do from the paper as a whole. I write to ask a question which is perhaps not necessarily in the line of your replies, but which I should like very much to have a reply to, if your space will allow. It is the name of a poet of New York city, who died very young some years ago, but whose works were afterwards edited by William Winter, and published, I think, by J. R. Osgood & Co. One of his poems has the title, I think, of 'The Jolly Old Pedagogue,' and another is 'On a Glass of Beer.' My memory is unfortunately at sea as to his name, and if you can recollect it from these very slight data, which is all I remember, you will much oblige."

The poet referred to was, no doubt, the late George Arnold, a brilliant *litterateur* of the Bohemian school. He was a leading spirit in the brotherhood of young writers who haunted "Pfaff's," and gave an evanescent brilliancy to Clapp's *Saturday Press*, and other papers of its class. Several members of the jolly company have passed away, none more lamented than Arnold.

— A correspondent (whose letter is mislaid), who desires to find the words of "Annie Laurie," is referred to "The Book of Scottish Song," in which are two versions. They were written by a Mr. Douglass, of Finland, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, on a daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. Despite his touching devotion, as expressed in these lines, he did not win his suit, for she married another man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

N. P. WILLIS.

To the Editor of the Literary World:

I do not know the *author* of the doggrel lines quoted by "G. S." in the May number of the *World*, but the *subject* was doubtless Nathaniel P. Willis, — a popular writer of prose and poetry thirty to forty years ago, but whose writings are little known to the present generation of readers. Willis was the author of a poem called "Lady Jane," which is described by himself, in an advertisement to a new edition, as "a poem of two cantos, of one hundred stanzas each, in the verse of Don Juan, and embodying descriptions of one or two very celebrated ladies, and their houses, parties, mode of life, &c., in London, — more literally true to the life than could be otherwise given, even through the medium of a prose description."

With your permission I will quote from the poem, to show its style of execution, a single stanza, forming part of a pen-portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Norton: —

> "She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes
> Of an unfathomed darkness couched below;
> And parted on that brow in jetty flakes
> The raven hair swept back with wavy flow,
> Rounding a head of such a shape as makes
> The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.
> Her nostril's breaching arch might threaten storm —
> But love lay in her lips, all hushed and warm."

To explain the origin of the lines quoted by your correspondent, I will add, that Willis was a favorite object of satire for the witlings of the press, on account of his alleged foppery in dress and manners, and of grave reproof from more serious writers for the misdirection of his fine talents to frivolous subjects. The first of these charges he indignantly denied, and to the other he gave the excuse that although his organ was fitted to play psalms, he was compelled to grind it to worldly tunes for a livelihood. Mr. Willis died Jan. 20, 1867, on his sixty-first birth-day.

A. H. G.

Cambridge, May, 1876.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Rev. Edward Abbott has compiled a very interesting and useful little volume, called "Revolutionary Times," — a series of sketches of colonial life a century ago. One gets from it a clear idea of how our ancestors lived, and can profitably contrast their ways with our ways, and decide which life was most enviable. For our part, we cannot but regret the simplicity and genuineness that distinguished society and the domestic state in those bygone years, when the act of living seemed to have been more immediately concerned with the sensibilities, — less a matter of pure intellect than it is to-day. Then, the homely qualities of humanity were in healthy exercise; to-day, rivalry and ostentation make too severe demands on our energies. Mr. Abbott's book shows wide research and careful selection, though it is not wholly free from errors. He enumerates the large towns of the colonies a hundred years ago, naming, after Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, Portsmouth, N. H., Providence, R. I., Hartford, Conn., and, in a third rank, Falmouth, Me., Cambridge and Plymouth, Mass., and others. Now, in 1772, Ipswich was second only to Boston among the towns of Massachusetts. Professional incomes were not as large a hundred years ago as they are to-day. In North Carolina, the legal fee for making a deed was only one dollar; now the lawyer demands $10 to $20. There is a mass of curious information in this little volume, of which we can give not even a hint. The author says in a note that the title "Brother Jonathan" originated in Washington's frequent remark, "Let us hear what Brother Jonathan says," Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, being his intimate friend and trusted adviser. [Roberts Brothers.]

— We note a marked improvement of Prof. Swing's style in the second series of "Truths for To-day." He writes now with admirable clearness and force, which would please, even unallied with strong and wholesome thought. But the spirit of these sermons is very sweet and sincere. They treat mainly of Christ, holding him up in a light which must illuminate the darkest mind, and revealing him with a vividness which we have hardly seen equalled. The first sermon gives the key to most of the discourses: they urge the reality of Christ, show how far nearer to the domain of fact he stands than did any of the heathen deities. Prof. Swing affirms that "there is no denial anywhere, from the earliest Christian to the last, that Jesus Christ lived and did almost

such as recorded in the Gospel." This statement will not be universally accepted; but it is measurably true. The author proceeds to examine in a very interesting manner the quality of the Christ-idea; having briefly reviewed the evidence, he rests in this conclusion: "Here is the only incarnation within the realm of evidence, and here the quality of the being is such that reason may forgive us, and faith commend us, if we say, 'Truly, this was the Son of God.'" The sermons on "Christian Heroism," and "Youth; Its Duties and Privileges," are full of wisdom, and the volume, as a whole, is cheering and instructive. [Jansen, McClurg, & Co.; Lee & Shepard.]

— Prof. Duffet, author of the successful "French Method," has prepared a little volume of "Extracts from French Literature" to accompany that work. His selections are happy, including specimens of various kinds of composition, which represent the best authors of France. Among these latter are La Rochefoucauld, Molière, La Fontaine, Mad. de Sévigné, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Mirabeau, Voltaire, and a hundred others. The extracts are delightful reading. An epigram by Scarron, husband of Mad. Maintenon, is worth translating, though we have not the skill or time to turn it into rhymed verse: —

"TIME DESTROYS ALL THINGS.

"Proud monuments of human pride,
The tombs, the pyramids, whose noble strength
Shows how by skill and persevering toil
The hand of Art e'en Nature vanquisheth,
'Neath Time's effacing touch you pined away,
Or left but meagre vestiges behind.
There is no cement that Time cannot solve;
If your strong marbles have its power felt,
Should I complain because my wretched coat,
Now worn two years, at elbows should give out?"

[Wilson, Hinkle, & Co.]

— "A New Godiva," by Stanley Hope, is a very sensational novel, and, as its title implies, its central incident is hardly less than shocking. We do not envy the novelist who can coolly sacrifice the idea of womanly purity to the exigencies of his plot, under any circumstances; but how shall we characterize such an act when employed to illustrate the depth and strength of womanly love? Sir Arthur Deverell marries a girl of apparently humble origin; by the frauds of his steward and a rascally lawyer, he is suddenly reduced to abject poverty, and falls ill. His noble wife secretly sits as a model, thus earning a scant subsistence for her husband. The latter grows rapidly worse; but the physician says a sojourn in the Isle of Wight might save his life. This would cost twenty pounds: how can this sum be obtained? Herbert, an artist, tempts the wife to sit for Godiva; after a long struggle, she consents. In the Isle of Wight, Sir Arthur regains his health, and, by a stroke of unexpected good fortune, is placed in easy circumstances. At his club he hears the story of the picture of Godiva from the lips of the lawyer who had helped to ruin him. Overwhelming his wife with reproaches, he flees to Australia. Some years later he returns to England, and a reconciliation is effected. The story is very spirited and absorbing; but its cardinal event is abhorrent. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— A new edition of Mr. George H. Calvert's historical drama, "Arnold and André," has been issued in neat guise. A preface precedes it, an extract from which illustrates the author's prose style: "While those [of Shakspeare's tragedies] from English and ancient history are enjoyed for their clear characterization and luminous historic picture-painting, and for — what is common to all his work — great thoughts buoyed on a sea of beauty, more than for the prolific interplay of feelings and the deep entanglements of passion — inextricable but by death — and the breadth of seemingly free movement, which make the tragedies wrought by Shakspeare out of legend a glowing epitome of the fallible and pathetic in human nature, a poetic abstract of the tragic liabilities of man." Let us hope that his verse may be terser. The opening scene of the drama exhibits two or three wounded soldiers and a farmer or two on the banks of the Hudson, awaiting the crossing of Washington. The soldiers praise their favorite officers, one reporting of Arnold, at Behmus's Heights, that, "like the wind, he was everywhere at once, and wherever he came, he blew into us his own heat." He must have been a sirocco, being so calorific. Scene II. introduces Sir Henry Clinton in colloquy with Colonel Robinson. He exults in the depression of the cause of independence, and says that —

"Discord, twin-*brother* to defeat, now lifts
Within the Congress walls *her* husky voice."

Discord seems to have been of the epicene gender. The conversation between Clinton and two officers contains less poetry than good sense, and the general praise of Washington seems odd in the confabulation of British officers. There are some good lines in it, like this: Colonel Robinson says of Arnold — the complot then pending: —

"And the cord,
Wherewith ambitiously he swung himself
Aloft o'er revolution's dark abyss,
Has rotted in his hand; and now he'd leap
Th' audacious backward leap of desperation."

Arnold's soliloquy, in anticipation of the crime he is about to perpetrate, is not without force, though too ejaculatory. Mrs. Arnold is represented as descanting to her husband on the advantages of being on the other side, — an office which there is no historical warrant for assigning to her. The author puts a French phrase into her mouth which does not belong there: "What hast thou?" instead of "What's the matter with you?" Smith is represented as a patriot, duped by Arnold and André, which is a new view of his case. The interview between Arnold and André is briefly described, as is the capture of the latter. Arnold's flight is very tamely told. The last scene is perhaps the most impressive in the drama, — Washington signing the death-warrant of André, and his generals in attendance, touched by the tears in their great leader's eyes, and commenting gravely on the solemn act. This drama is in no respect a brilliant composition, but it has merit enough, in connection with the interest of its theme, to make it reasonably attractive. [Lee & Shepard.]

— The Centennial Edition of Whittier's complete poetical works is the pioneer in a poetical series to be issued by Messrs. Osgood & Co. It is an octavo volume, in paper covers, and contains many illustrations. Editions of Longfellow's and Tennyson's poems, in like style, will follow it. The low price of these books will commend them; and practically, as they contain the poets' complete works, they are as valuable as more expensive editions.

— The author of "The Odd Trump" has not brightened his fame by his recent novel, "Flesh and Spirit." It belongs to a low grade of fiction; its personages are roughs, swindlers, and murderers, and its plot is a complicated tangle of crimes. Compared with the novel just mentioned, — which is really meritorious, — it is very inferior. [E. J. Hale & Son.]

— In his preface to the "Annual Record of Scientific Discovery," Prof. Baird, the editor, shows how difficult it is to please every body, and conduct his publication in accordance with conflicting counsels. He has performed his task admirably thus far, and we feel sure, if left to his own devices, will continue to give satisfaction. The new volume is weighty with fresh scientific information of general interest, — the chapters on Meteorology, General Physics, and General Natural History being very full. The "Record" is one of the most accurate and useful scientific publications of the day. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— The French definition of *Sans-Souci* (*qui n'engendre pas de chagrin*) is hardly realized in the first volume of the series which bears that name, for the reader *is* bored in places. The book is a compilation from the "Life of Haydon," the painter, recently published in England. Its contents are mainly anecdotes of the artist, who was not, *per se*, a very interesting person. He was jolly, however, and had many genial friends besides a host of solicitous creditors. One-fourth of the matter in the book, we should say, is well worth reading, though judicious persons would prefer the complete biography, which W. F. Gill & Co. will shortly publish. R. H. Stoddard, the champion American preface-writer, has borrowed enough from the biography to fill a few pages, and appended to it a thrilling account of his sight of one of Haydon's pictures in his early life. The letters quoted are instructive, in so far as they show what inveterate and shameless gossips were the literary men and women of Haydon's time. The volume shows how easy is book-making in these days: a pair of scissors, a paste-pot, and a winning way with publishers, — these are the only essentials. The volume is pretty, and contains portraits of Haydon, Wilkie, Keats, and Wordsworth. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— Loring has reprinted from *Blackwood* a quaint little German tale called "Left-Handed Elsa." It is about a young artist, who wins a prize in a competitive exhibition, and is nearly ruined by his success. In his obscurity, he had loved the humble maiden, Elsa; in his greatness, he neglects; when he falls, he finds consolation in her affection.

— We have learned to look with misgivings on volumes of verse marked "privately printed;" but one has come to us which proves that our policy is not infallible. It is called "Miscellaneous Poems," and on the back of the cover is the word "Moreton." The poems are evidently from a woman's hand, — or, we should say more exactly, from a woman's heart. Sad most of them are; but it is a sweet sadness, — of regret with the light of hope and trust upon it. The devotional poems are the best, — of wonderful depth, yet simple as rhymes for children. "Blossoms and Thorns" is really beautiful. "Compensation" breathes a childish trust that makes one think of the angels; "Grief, Conscience, Faith" is the tragedy and triumph of many a life. More cheerful is "An answer to one

who said the country was dull and lonely," — a simple, natural, and sweet poem, displaying a keen insight into and a fond love of Nature. "Deserted" is full of a proud pain, yet spirited and strong. And now we must point out two or three faults. In the fourth line from the end of the first poem there is no rhyme, as in the other stanzas. We question the propriety of the phrase, "Elysian Seas." We have no accounts of seas in Elysium. The first two lines on page 26 are not in good measure. The first line in the second stanza of "A Fragment" is metrically bad; it reads:

"No more in the living present;"

while the corresponding line in the other stanza is: —

"Rigi wrapped in purple shadows."

A more charming volume of poems we have not lately seen. Our copy comes to us with our name inscribed, "from the author." We should be glad to know to whom we are indebted for so much pleasure. [Porter & Coates.]

— Mr. John Richard Green, author of "A Short History of the English People," has gathered a score of his magazine papers into a volume called "Stray Studies from England and Italy." They treat a great variety of subjects, with, it is hardly necessary to add, clear insight and fulness of information. The first paper is a sketch of Edward Denison, who did noble work in 1867 among the poor of East London. He was a man of strong individuality, which was not incompatible with a warm humanity; and if his opinions as to pauperism were radical, his labors for its amelioration were singularly beneficent. While the volume is, in general effect, instructive and practical, several essays, brimful of sentiment and imagination, contribute a most agreeable element of variety. "Buttercups" is a charming product of the author's lighter mood. Of the descriptive papers, "Venice and Rome" and "The Early History of Oxford" are among the best; and in "Æneas, a Virgilian Study," the lover of the classics will find delightful entertainment. Critics of "A Short History" laid great stress on the beauty and accuracy of Mr. Green's style. It is generally admirable; but such a sentence as this is not creditable to a writer of his pretensions: "Edward Denison . . . was forced, after quitting the university, to spend some time in foreign travel by the delicacy of his health." The last six words — we cannot call them a clause on account of the absence of punctuation — should follow "forced." [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood & Brooks.]

— We sometimes think that the restoration of the old system of licensing would be a good thing for literature. Surely it would if it should prevent such writers as Anthony Trollope from afflicting the world with novels of interminable length and only feeble interest. This thought has been suggested to us by the perusal — or, rather, the partial perusal — of this writer's latest novel, "The Prime Minister." The book comes to us from Harper & Brothers in a pamphlet of —— double-columned pages, and from Porter & Coates in a 12mo of 690 closely-printed pages; to read it is a long day's work, which is neither profitable nor pleasant. Indeed, we think this novel is the most tedious that the author has ever perpetrated. It revives the feeble Duke of Omnium and the vain and wilful Lady Glencora, with divers other personages who figured in earlier novels, and introduces some strangers whose acquaintance is not desirable. The book is mainly filled with uninteresting particulars about these latter, and with political twaddle long drawn out. What might, by a stretch of the imagination, be called a love-story, percolates in a thin stream these masses of common-place. A man of foreign origin, — a "greasy Jew," as his prospective father-in-law describes him, — of whose antecedents, occupation, and resources nothing is known, but who by some means has attained a precarious footing in respectable society, falls in love with the daughter of a rich barrister, inspires her with an enduring passion for himself, and, though distrusted by her father, finally makes her his wife. He is, in fact, a scoundrel and a swindler, suspected by all who know him. The story from the date of the marriage is little more than a record of his villanies and his tragical death by the agency of a locomotive. He is a thoroughly bad and hateful character, and the only fascination in the story is the vague horror one feels in observing the closure of his toils about Emily Wharton. There is not a pleasant character in the book, and the hours demanded for its perusal are not well invested.

— "Silver Pitchers and other Stories" is the title of Miss Alcott's new book, which is a combination of love-stories, tales for children, with "Transcendental Wild Oats," which is not to be classified, thrown in. "Silver Pitchers" is an account of a temperance reform movement conceived and carried out by three young girls. The agency is the sentiment known as love, and the formula is: "Dear Ned, if you drink any more, I won't let you go home with me." The movement was successful. "Anna's Whim" treats of life at a watering-place, — that is, the life of a young woman and a young man. The former had grown weary of adulation and gayety, and desired to lead a worthier life. The youth, whom she had known in childhood, arrives, and the two mutually educate one another. "Transcendental Wild Oats" is evidently a paraphrase of "The History of the Brook Farm Enterprise," and doleful enough it is. There are half a dozen other stories in the author's peculiar style. In "Anna's Whim" there is much philosophy. "Women," says the wise Anna, "have no hope but to be married, and that is soon told; no ideas but dress and show, and I'm tired to death of both; no ambition but to outshine their neighbors, and I despise that." So Anna abandoned her frivolities, and "sat erect upon a hard rock and read Buckle, Mill, and Social Science Reports with a diligence that appalled the dawdlers who usually helped her kill time." Frank, the lover, quotes inaccurately "put my fortune to the touch, and win or lose it all." These stories, though inferior to the author's earlier writings, will be found pleasant summer reading. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "The Wages Question," by Prof. Francis A. Walker, is a suggestive as well as substantial book. It deals with one of the most important questions of the day, and one which the author's education and official experience — he has been Superintendent of the United States Census and Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics — have specially qualified him to treat. He has not failed, moreover, to avail himself of the fruit of earlier researches, and has enriched his work by loans from treatises which are not accessible to the majority of readers. He divides his subject under two heads, — Production, and Population and Distribution. In the first chapter, he points out very clearly the difference between Distribution and Exchange, giving apt and helpful illustrations. The fact that a large proportion of the wealth is not distributed, while it is exchanged, he believes, has an important bearing on the question of wages. Unlike most writers on economics, the author, in treating of the distribution of wealth, distinguishes industrial classes, affirming that it does not follow, as of course, that because capital and labor perform parts distinguishable in production, that they will receive separate shares in the distributed product. He divides producers legitimately, it seems, into five classes, and shows that though the term "wages" is applied to all, it is strictly appropriate to only two of the five, — those who are paid out of the income of their employers, and are not employed with any reference to the profits of production (he includes clergymen in this class, touching whom can the assertion in the last clause be truthfully made?), and those who work for hire, who are paid out of the product of their industry, and *are* employed with reference to the profits of production. The general ground occupied in this chapter is, that the question of wages is a question in the distribution of wealth, and that, in distribution, industrial classes, not functions, should be considered. The second chapter treats of the purchase-power of money, and abounds in novel and important information. In our inability to proceed with an outline of the author's plan, we will do the reader the service of quoting a brief and clear explanation of the fluctuations of paper-money, — a subject of deep present interest, and not generally understood: —

"A paper-currency, purporting to be redeemable in coin, but in fact issued, in reliance on the doctrine of chances, in considerable excess of the amount of gold and silver held for its redemption, will undergo far more sudden and violent changes than would be possible with a gold and silver currency, or a paper-currency based, dollar for dollar, on the precious metals. The reason is, that, as the excess of circulation over the specie basis consists of credit, and not of value, it is governed, both in expansion and in contraction, by the condition of credit, and not by the laws of value, as a value currency would be. It costs twice as much labor to raise two thousand ounces of gold from the mine as to raise one thousand ounces. It costs no more to engrave, print, and sign a thousand two-dollar than a thousand one-dollar bills. Since, then, a paper circulation may be increased without labor, all such currencies have shown a strong tendency to increase under every speculative influence in trade, the currency allowing prices to advance, and the advance of prices, in turn, quickening the speculative impulse, and thus creating new demands for additional currency."

Among the specific topics discussed in this volume are: Nominal and Real Cost of Labor; The Degradation of Labor; The Wages Class; The Capitalist Class; Co-operation; Strikes and Unions, &c. Its scope, it will be seen, is very extensive, comprising almost every phase of the general question. It is written with clearness and force and care, and in all respects seems one of the most satisfactory works of its class extant. The author's suggestions in Concluding Remarks deserve the attention of every student of political economy and industrial science, and of every legislator. [Henry Holt & Co.; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— President White, of Cornell University, has made a timely contribution to our stock of information as to Religion and Science, in a little pamphlet called "The Warfare of Science." Beginning with the subject of Geography, he traces the stages of the campaign in that field. Certain ideas as to the rotundity of the earth came down from the ancient to the modern world, and in due time began to bear fruit. They met only derision at the hands of the scholars of the time, Eusebius and Lactantius being the first to denounce them. St. Augustine did not utterly reject the idea of the rotundity of the earth, but scouted the belief that men existed on the other side of the globe. But the new idea, frowned on though it was by scholars and the Church, grew rapidly; in 1519, Magalhaens proves the roundness of the earth by circumnavigating it; and, finally, French astronomers make their measurements of degrees in equatorial and polar regions, and add to old proofs that of the lengthened pendulum. Then came Copernicus, and later Galileo, a full history of whose persecutions is given, with a keen and effectual refutation of the casuistry and misrepresentations of the Church, with reference to their treatment. The author has thoroughly posted himself in the literature of this question, and conclusively shows that up to a very late day the Roman Catholic Church has been the unyielding enemy of Science. Under the heads of Astronomy, Chemistry and Physics, Anatomy and Medicine, Geology, Political Economy, and Scientific Instruction, the author shows conclusively that the Church, not only the Roman Catholic, but the Church of England, and even New-England Congregationalism, have sturdily opposed the progress of Science. Prof. Stuart, of Andover, the famous Hebrew scholar, declared that "geology was becoming dangerous." Small though this volume is, it is exhaustive, and presents every aspect of the conflict in a clear light. The author's convictions seem occasionally too positive, and his prejudices are not wholly suppressed; but his book is a treasury of recondite learning, and a powerful argument in behalf of Science in its controversy with Religion. How radical are the author's opinions may be judged from this, his conclusion: "There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of Scriptural texts, wholly or partially, which has been made to stand." [D. Appleton & Co.]

— "The Mountains" is a collection of poems, which may be called a companion volume to "Sea and Shore." It contains about one hundred and fifty poems, in which the grandeur and beauty of mountains are celebrated. The selections have been made with good taste, and seem to exhaust the poetical literature of a theme which almost every English and American poet has been drawn to. The volume is a very pretty one. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "The Fortunes of Miss Follen," by Mrs. Goodwin-Talcott, as she chooses to call herself, her maiden name, shows a marked improvement on her earlier books, which smacked of the school-room and the Sunday school. In this she takes broader views of life, and writes with the freedom derived from contact with the world. The story is simple yet fresh. The heroine is a German peasant girl, whose beauty and grace attract some American visitors at Baden, who learn to feel a deep interest in her fortunes. She is uneducated, but not ignorant, a superior musician, having had instructions from Conrad Klaist, who has learned to love her, but she is betrothed to one Ludwig, a fine young peasant, and is about to become his wife, when his mother and sister, who had opposed the match, contrive to break it off. Ludwig goes to America, and a stout maiden is sent thither by the conspirators to ensnare him, which she does. Mr. and Mrs. Vassar, Christine's American friends, put her in charge of their daughter during an absence, and through their influence she becomes governess in the family of Col. Ranney, a rich widower. The latter falls in love with her, and, despite the protests of his aristocratic relatives, marries her. She is a very lovely character, almost too lovely to be possible, and her refinement from rusticity to intelligence and elegance is a process quite too rapid and smooth to be credible. Conrad is rather pathetic, and one hears of his death in the army with regret. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— "To Buddlecombe and Back" is a story in Mr. Burnard's characteristic manner, — approaching, and just avoiding, absurdity. It includes one or two love-dramas, which partake of the nature of comedy, and a *contre-temps* or two which are very amusing. [Roberts Brothers.]

— Rev. Stopford Brooke's "English Literature," in the "Literature Primer" series, differs materially from other books of its kind, containing much information which may be sought in vain elsewhere. The subject is viewed in eight chapters, from writers before the Norman Conquest to "Poetry from 1730 to 1832." The earlier chapters are exceedingly interesting, telling much about the English language in its earliest stages. Chapter III. contains much matter that will be new to most readers. Chapter VII., in which the course of the novel is traced, is not less instructive. The author fixes the origin of the novel in the reign of George II. The volume is a convenient and useful hand-book. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— The first volume of Morris's "Epochs of History" — "The Age of Elizabeth" — is by Rev. M. Creighton. It is a very compact history of the Elizabethan age, viewed from England as a central stand-point. Severely condensed though it is, it affords a satisfactory representation of the period of which it treats, and seems to be candid and impartial. It is not free from errors of style and construction, which are inexcusable in an Oxford fellow and tutor. The author writes: "According to the old state of things, Christendom was one; but now it had ceased to be *so*," — instead of *such*. "*Besides* all other causes . . . . difference of religion was now *added*." "The political effects which were produced by the religious *movement*, when it had once *taken root*." The narrative, so far as England is concerned, begins with the reign of Edward VI., a previous chapter having reported the religious changes in Germany, and ends with the death of Elizabeth. The author's estimates of most of the leading personages of the time seem to be sagacious and just; especially is this true of Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots. The author gives a theory as to the origin of the name Huguenots, dating it from the conspiracy of Amboise, at which troops gathered to join in an attempt to drive the Guises from power. "They were called Huguenots, meaning, apparently, a crowd hastily gathered. From this time the name passed on to French Protestants in general." [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.; Lockwood & Brooks.]

JUNE MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S. — The Centennial paper in this number describes the means of transportation by which visitors and contributions are brought to Philadelphia, and gives interesting statistics as to the space occupied by the several nations: the United States has 187,705 feet, and tiny Tunis 2015. We hope the author of "Glimpses of Constantinople" will never fall into the clutches (if we may use so harsh a word in a feminine connection) of the Turkish ladies about whom she makes some startling revelations. Having described the costumes in which they shine on excursions to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," — a long catalogue of magnificences, — she refers you to some female friend who has visited a harem, and can enlighten you as to the beautifying proprieties of paint and powder. Again, she says, with a cruelty truly feminine: "I must confess that a Turkish woman walks like a goose, and the size of her 'fairy feet' would rejoice the heart of a leather-dealer." The *beau*-string would be inadequate punishment for the utterance of these libels. These papers are very readable. Not having the whole of "Thee and You," a story of Old Philadelphia, before us, we cannot pronounce a judgment on it; but it has some qualities that are novel and fascinating, and two or three of its personages represent an almost new type. It is very well written, though the writer is often too profuse in adjectives. "I had been brought up in the austere quiet of a small New-England town, where life was sad and manners grave." Here are four words of closely kindred meaning in one short sentence. The writer speaks of the furniture of the old time as "reflecting the solidness and primness of the owners," and wonders "if our furniture represents us, too, in anywise?" Let the long roll of recent bankrupts answer. The sketch of "Modern Huguenots" is fresh and entertaining. The devotion of Neff and Charpiot vies with that of the Jesuits in Canada, and lacks the cruelty which was an element in their policy. Maurice Thompson's "Blooming" is a graceful poem; but where is the parallel, or correlative, of the wild-fowl? "Felipa," by Miss Woolson, is unlike her earlier stories. It is original, — to the verge of extravagance in some points; but lacks body. The conception of "Felipa" is not reasonable or substantial enough to sustain the story, and Christine is hardly human. A woman whom "the mere sight of a sharp-nosed, light-eyed woman on a cold day made uncomfortable for hours," ought to withdraw to a remoter region than Florida, — say Alaska. It is absurd even to imagine so weak a being; and to make her, being such, a heroine, and the object of a strong man's love, is ridiculous. The paper descriptive of Chickamauga is very well written, and evidently the work of one who saw it all, and was a part of it. It involves the question of Rosecranz's responsibility for a disastrous blunder. The article on "The Italian Mediæval Wood-Sculptors," and Lady Barker's "Letter from South Africa," we have not space to mention. The number is a very good one.

THE ATLANTIC. — This number contains three or four papers of exceptional merit, and one that is not worth the space it occupies. The latter happens to be first in order, and bears the signature of Mark Twain. A more tedious composition it has never been our lot to read, and we are forced to the conclusion that the author, in one of his humorous freaks, resolved to see how pointless and inept an

article he could write. The opening chapters of Henry James, Jr.'s "The American," are bright and pleasing, though Newman is by no means distinctively American, thus far, and is — not to put too fine a point upon it — rather a bore. Let us hope that, under Mrs. Tristram's tutelage, he will brighten. A more entertaining paper, and, indeed, a finer piece of composition, we have rarely read than Felix Adler's "A Prophet of the People." It is, in effect, a biography of Buddha, introduced by a brief history of the Hindus, and of the changes, religious, social, and political, which they underwent. It repeats the story told in a review of Mr. Mills's "Buddha and Buddhism," in the April number of this paper. As a clear, eloquent, and comprehensive view of Buddhism, this article seems to us unrivalled; the author writes as if fairly possessed by his subject. His style is nearly perfect. The sentence on page 679, beginning, "The chaotic mass of phenomena," embodies an ungraceful confusion of "it"'s; and this sentence, on page 680, involves two incongruous figures: "The Brahmanic system permeated the inmost fibres of the nation's life, and *crushed* the springs of its hope." "Permeated" conveys the idea of subtle penetration, as of a fluid; "crushed" that of mighty weight. Mr. Howells gives a delightful and truthful picture of a Shaker village, in which is some of his best word-painting. What a charming landscape smiles in the sentence on page 700, — "As I recall," &c.! He says that "a foolish mob helps to found every new religion." Did Swedenborg make his *début* in a mob? The instalment of Mrs. Kemble's Gossip is very entertaining; it tells about her first appearance on any stage, with much pleasant gossip about herself and her famous contemporaries. "In the Quantick Stage" is a faithful and rather humorous rendering of country gossip. Mr. Aldrich furnishes a pretty poem, "Unsung;" and Mr. Whittier's Centennial Hymn is printed, with the music by John K. Paine. "Ma Blonde aux Yeux Noirs" we cannot admire.

HARPER'S MONTHLY. — The opening paper in this number is "Virginia in the Revolution," by John Esten Cooke, who is well qualified to deal with his subject. He gives much interesting information as to the social divisions of the people, their modes of living, &c., and a succinct account of the events which culminated in the States joining the union of colonies. Brief sketches of distinguished Virginians add much to the value of the paper. Among these magnates he includes General Andrew Lewis, but fails to mention that officer's disgraceful behavior in the battle at Point Pleasant, when he remained in his camp to the end of the action between his own men and the Indians. The Shelbys, Sevier, and others who shared in this battle, received hearty praises; but odium fell to Lewis. Mr. Rideing describes some remarkable and some horrible phases of life in New Mexico, in "A Trail in the Far Southwest." "Old Abel's Experience" is a poem by Mrs. Corbett, but written in the style of W. M. Carleton. "Miss Susan's Love Affair" is very long, and by no means exciting. Poor Clavers might well run away from the importunities of the love-lorn but unattractive Susan. This lady is represented by the author as having "a good deal of goldsmiths' work in her mouth." We presume there were no dentists in her day. Susan was, the author says, "if not positively lovely, yet not at all unlovely and comfortable in the sense that had never happened to doubt whether or not she was the peer of such other girls," &c. Now, which "sense" was it that never happened to doubt, — taste, sight, or smell? She had, we are told, a "confirmed habit of nonentity." The third of Mr. Lossing's papers on "The Romance of the Hudson" is not so entertaining as its predecessors, but is very readable. Very fresh and pleasant is "The Pursuit of a Heritage." Mr. Holly contributes a second valuable paper on "Modern Dwellings;" T. B. Aldrich contributes some graceful and suggestive quatrains. R. H. Stoddard boils down "The Life and Letters of Macaulay." Austin Flint, M. D., writes about "Medical and Sanitary Progress," in the First Century Series. The author of "John Halifax" begins one of her charming stories. "The Easy Chair" devotes a judicious paragraph or two to the vexed case of Walt Whitman. As a whole, the number is a very good one, keeping well up to the Harper average.

LITERARY NEWS.

— At an autograph sale in London recently, a letter of Washington, treating of the political state of America, brought £95.

— When you quote, friend *Publishers' Weekly*, quote accurately. From our paragraph about Mr. Whipple's article on American Literature, you eliminated an adjective which means something. We wrote, "Mr. Whipple's 'ridiculous' mention;" you dropped the adjective, and thus failed to convey our real meaning.

— Charles A. Cole is writing about Vermont in *Macmillan's Magazine*. He says that "in New England, by high or low, learned or simple, the imputation that theirs is a questionable claim to be the 'first people in the world' is resented, frequently with good humor, but resented very earnestly." He then quotes and briefly comments on a passage in Mr. Lowell's Essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." He complains of the high charges at a village tavern. As to the social customs of Vermont, he says: "It is nothing for the whole of the family to leave you alone, whilst one goes to lie down, the second retires with her sweetheart, and a third is being put to bed." At the irreverence which permits the desecration of churches he is amazed: "A travelling agent for gas-burners requested the pastor of a church at Burlington to recommend his burners from the pulpit. Even bones and banjo have figured and sounded on the platform occupied by the 'friend of man,' *par excellence*, the renowned Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn." "Coming out of New York on the Hudson River Railroad, in a drawing-room car, — that is its fitting name, for it is a drawing-room on a car, — out of a bevy of five handsome, grown-up girls, three were filling up the pauses in reading serials or newspapers by sucking sticks of candy with open and undisguised satisfaction."

— We have recently examined an old and curious book on the subject of grammar, — "Of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue; a Treates, no shorter then necessarie, for the Schooles, Be Alexander Hume." The original manuscript is not dated; but it is believed that it was written about 1617. It is dedicated "to the maest excellent in all princelie wisdom, learning and heroical artes, James, of great Britan, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the faeth, grace, mercie, peace, honoure here, and glorie hereafter." Writing of "Our Abusing Sum Consonantes," the author says: "Now I am cum to a knot that I have no wedg to cleave, and wald be glaed if I cold hoep for help. Ther sould be for everie sound that can occur one symbol, and of everie symbol but one onlie sound. This reason and nature craveth; and I cannot but trow but that the worthie inventoures of this divyne facultie shot at this mark. But, contrarie to this sure ground, I waet not be quhat corruption, we see, not onelie in our idiom, but in the latin alsoe, one symbol to have sundrie soundes, ye, and that in one word, as *lego, legis*. First, to begin with *c*, it appeeres be the greekes, quho ever had occasion to use anie latin word, quharein now we sound *c* as *s*, in their times it sounded *k;* for Cicero, thei uryt Kikero; for Cæsar, Kaisar; and plut., in Galba, symbolizes principia, *πρινκίπια*.

— Happiness pursued Macaulay: he could not escape it. He was a bachelor; he won fame and money, and found many willing to tolerate his arrogance. But conceit was the chief element of his felicity; a vainer man never burned incense to himself. In our review of his "Life and Letters," we have cited many evidences of this quality; but here is one that ought not to escape notice: "How little," he writes, "the all-important art of making meaning pellucid is studied now! Hardly any popular writer, *except myself*, thinks of it. Many seem to aim at being obscure; indeed, they may be right in one sense, for many readers give credit for profundity to whatever is obscure, and call all that is perspicuous, shallow. But *coraggio*, and think of A.D., 2850. Where will your Emersons be then? But Herodotus will still be read with delight. *We* must do our best to be read too."

— "Jane Eyre" has been translated into Italian, and bears the strange title, *Il marito della Demente*, — "The Crazy Woman's Husband." Two of Miss Muloch's novels have also been translated into Italian.

— Mr. B. F. De Costa, author of "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen," has written "The Conquest of the Wilderness; or, Chapters in the Maritime and Colonial History of New England, from the Cabots to the Pilgrims of Leyden." "The Journal of the Colony of Sagadahoc" will be included in the work, which will also comprise the history of voyages to Maine never before described.

— Thomas Aird, a contributor to *Blackwood*, and author of "The Devil's Dream," died recently.

— Mrs. Alex. T. Stewart objects to the publication of any biography of her late husband, in accordance with his expressed wish. Col. Grant Wilson will, therefore, abandon the biography which he had begun.

— The *Watchman*, of this city, has sound judgment as well as sharp eyes. It says of a recent number of this paper: —

"We have examined the May number of the *Literary World* with great pleasure and profit. The editor, in closing the sixth volume, states the design of this publication in these words: 'We have aimed to give monthly views of current American literature that should help our readers in the selection of books, and enable many, who are remote from the book-centres and the great libraries, to

keep in a measure *au courant* with the flood of new publications.' From our examination of a sample copy, we are convinced that the magazine is admirably fitted to meet this want. Its reviews are able, clear in style, and lucid in treatment. Literary men and ministers cannot fail to find in the pages of this monthly much invaluable aid in their various spheres of labor."

— W. F. Rae, who wrote a very good traveller's book on this country, is engaged on a History of the United States, in which he views his subject from a novel point of view.

— We would remind our bibliophilistic readers that the second auction sale of the Drake Library opens on the 6th inst., at 17 Bromfield St. It offers an opportunity to the lovers of American historical and classic literature such as is not likely to occur again, possessing literary treasures that can hardly be duplicated in the country. The eagerness of purchasers at the first sale is likely to be equalled, if not surpassed, at the second.

— The *Publishers' Weekly* finds it necessary to qualify a complimentary and graceful notice of the *Literary World* by charging us with the administration of "an occasional 'dig,' such as his [our] reference to 'the gaudy and belauded magazine called the *St. Nicholas*.'" Now, we put it to our courteous contemporary, could there be successful (agri) culture without "digs"? If we think that magazine needs trituration in order to promote in it the growth of simplicity and naturalness, instead of fancifulness and idealism, why shouldn't we give it a "dig"?

— Messrs. Holt & Co. will soon bring out a volume of poems by the late Robert K. Weeks.

— The late John Forster left by will the watch bequeathed to him by Dickens, to Thomas Carlyle; and to Kate, second daughter of Dickens, a small book of notes by her father, entitled "Memoranda, January, 1855.'

— Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "Three Centuries of English Poetry" (from Chaucer to Herrick), selected by R. O. Masson.

— In *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, Mrs. Masson gossips pleasantly of Mrs. Thrale, the friend of Dr. Johnson. She was of good Welsh descent, and, by a series of happy accidents, became an heiress. Hogarth persuaded her, during her youth, to sit to him for his picture of "The Lady's Last Stake," promising that it should be hers; but on his death it fell into other hands, and years afterwards she saw her own young face in a public exhibition in Pall Mall. Her first suitor, Mr. Thrale, was proudly repulsed by her uncle; but Thrale finally won the prize, and the marriage took place in 1763, the bride being twenty-two years old. The two were not congenial, and their married life was not happy. Through Arthur Murphy, a dramatist of some note, she made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, who, once established on an intimate footing in the family, set about elevating Mrs. Thrale from the subordinate position she occupied under her husband's control. In 1772, Mr. Thrale became involved in a ruinous speculation, and threatened suicide. His wife was greatly alarmed, but Dr. Johnson was her comforter. "Fear not," he said, "the menaces of suicide; the man who has two such females [Mrs. T. and her mother] to console him never yet killed himself, and will not now." Mrs. Thrale worked like a Trojan to help her husband, and in nine years a debt of £130,000 resting on the business was paid off. "Who will be my biographer?" asked the doctor of Mrs. Thrale. "Goldsmith, no doubt," she answered, "and he will do it the best among us." "No, Goldy won't do," says Johnson. Finally, he announces his intention to "disappoint the rogues, and either make you [Mrs. Thrale] write the life with Taylor's intelligence, or, which is better, do it myself after outliving you all." Here is a very good thing of Mrs. Thrale's. She said to Dr. Johnson, one evening, after the return of the party from a tour in Wales: "I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people. 'Madam,' you said, 'let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it that, whatever you see and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?' 'Why, I'll tell you, sir,' said I; 'when I am with you and Mr. Thrale and Queeney, I am obliged to be civil for four.'" Among the guests at Streatham, the Thrale residence, on one occasion, was Miss Sophia Streatfield, a beauty and a blue-stocking. The Bishop of Chester and Mr. Thrale himself regarded her with undisguised admiration. There was a large dinner-party at their house; Johnson sat on one side of Mrs. Thrale, Burke on the other; and Miss Sophia Streatfield was among the guests. Thrale was on this occasion superfluously attentive to the white-throated siren, while his wife, dismally low-spirited, looked on. Presently her husband asked her to give up her place at the head of the table to Sophy, who had a sore throat and did not like her seat near the door. It *was* a little too hard, and seemed to the poor lady the last drop in her cup of woe. So, bursting into tears, she made some petulant speech, — "that perhaps ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. Thrale's table without displacing the mistress of the house," and so left the apartment. In this first paper on Mrs. Thrale, there is much interesting matter about Fanny Burney, author of "Evelina," who, for six years, was Mrs. Thrale's dearest friend.

— One of the freshest bits of humor of the book-trade comes from the Granite State. A book-store in one of the large towns recently changed hands. The new proprietor was not well versed in his new business. One day, a gentleman and his wife came in and asked to see some books in large type, such as would suit the feeble eyesight of age. The merchant triumphantly produced for the admiration of his customers, a copy of "Dick and His Cat," a juvenile for children at the first stage beyond infancy.

— Messrs. Holt & Co. announce an enterprise novel in two senses — the publication of a series of standard English novels under the title of "Condensed Classics." They will be edited on the principle of concession to the novel-readers — no doubt the majority — who skip the dry places, and desire only the story. The series will be edited by Rossiter Johnson, author of "Little Classics." The three pioneers will be "Ivanhoe," "Our Mutual Friend," and "The Last Days of Pompeii." Each novel will be included in a small 18mo. volume, its price being $1.00.

— This anecdote of Pitt may be new to some readers: While in the House, speaking of the war which next preceded the war against the colonies, he called it "the last war." Other members interrupted, — "The last but one." "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would care to remember."

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Current Literature.

A STUDY OF HAWTHORNE.*

ON page 13 of this volume we read, in the language of the author, "that Hawthorne especially disapproved the writing of a Life of himself," and proceed, if we have sufficient fortitude, to the perusal of such a Life. The case is one of Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee: what's in a name? The book is not a Life, the author tells us, but a Study. Those who read it will wish it were less of a Study and more of a Life. We trust that Mr. Lathrop was able to placate his own conscience for his palpable disregard of Mr. Hawthorne's wish; but he has surely failed to show to the reading public wherein the present work differs from a Life. We miss in it no elements of a biography, though the author's personality and opinions claim more space than is their due.

He announces that he has been assisted in his work by an inspiration, as if to assure his readers that what he writes is authentic. He finds in the fact that he never saw Mr. Hawthorne a favoring circumstance: "a personality so elusive as his," he adds, "may possibly yield its traits more readily to one who can never obtrude actual intercourse between himself and the mind he is meditating upon." This proposition is certainly antagonistic to the common idea that intercourse is a medium, — a *rapport*, — and is reducible to the simpler statement that personal intercourse with a man restricts one's knowledge of him. Mr. Lathrop's style is at once diffuse and labored; yet one finds in it such blunders in construction as this (p. 124): "In the history and character of the people of each country *are* seen the influence of Calvin and of a common-school system." His figures are often mixed: "Neither have I," he says, "any rash hope of adding a single ray to the *light* of Hawthorne's high *standing*." His diffuseness is illustrated in this passage: —

"The records of Massachusetts Bay are full of suggestive incongruities between the ideal, single-souled life which its founders hoped to lead, and the jealousies, the opposing opinions, or the intervolved passions of individuals and of parties, which sometimes unwittingly cloaked themselves in religious tenets."

Why "unwittingly"?

Sometimes the author contradicts himself: On page 11, he speaks of Hawthorne as inheriting from the race of Non-conformist colonizers "a quick and delicately-thrilled [!] sensibility for all that is rich and beautiful and generous." On page 29, he describes those very colonists as, "cut off by their intellectual asceticism from any exertion of the imagination in literature, and denying themselves all that side of life which at once develops and rhythmically [!] restrains the sense of earthly beauty, they compensated themselves by running parallels between their own mission and that of the apostles."

Another fault which seriously impairs the attractiveness of this Study is the introduction of impertinent matter, — such as the long discourse on the Salem of colonial times; the witchcraft delusion, &c. So far as the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne is concerned, the author might as well have foraged in the family records of Major William Hawthorne's ancestors. His comparative view of Milton, Bunyan, and Hawthorne has no legitimate place in what is, in fact, if not in name, a biography of the latter. His favoritism in the matter of words is conspicuous; we find "atmosphere" occurring seven times in the first eighty pages.

The narrative proper of Hawthorne's career, though often interrupted by the author's essays at analysis, is much more satisfactory than the introductory pages. It embodies, we think, all the particulars heretofore published, together with some new and important ones. The attempted identification of the Hawthorne family with the Pyncheons of "The House of the Seven Gables" is ingenious and probable. Nathaniel's great-grandfather, Colonel John, presided at witchcraft trials, and was noted for his severity.

"One woman was brought before him, whose husband has left a pathetic record of her suffering: 'She was forced to stand with her arms stretched out. I requested that I might hold one of her hands; but it was declined me. Then she desired me to wipe the tears from her eyes and the sweat from her face, which I did; then she desired that she might lean herself on me, saying she should faint: Justice Hathorne replied she had strength enough to torment these persons, and she should have strength enough to stand. I repeating something against their cruel proceedings, they commanded me to be silent, or else I should be turned out of the room.' It is not strange that this husband should have exclaimed that God would take revenge upon his wife's persecutors; and perhaps he was the very man whose curse was said to have fallen upon the Justice's posterity."

The pages which treat of Hawthorne's residence in Raymond, Maine, and his earliest literary efforts, are very interesting, abounding in characteristic incidents. He was a strong, handsome boy, and at a tender age gave evidences of precocious mental development, and of the peculiar introspective tendency which is so conspicuous in his writings. His sensitiveness had early manifestation. When very young, he said of a woman who was trying to be kind to him: "Take her away! she is ugly and fat, and has a loud voice!" In this captiousness, we see the germ of the mild selfishness which characterized his attitude toward his fellow-men in later life. The sketch of his college life fails to give a clear representation of his tastes and habits. He excelled as a Latin scholar, but was not a close student, and seems to have been associated with young men of festive disposition. The report of his card-playing adventure convicts him of disingenuousness. While fitting for college, he speculated as to his choice of a profession, writing to his mother, "A minister I will not be." While at Raymond, he writes to his sister: "I have almost given up writing poetry. . . . I do find this place most dismal, and have taken to chewing tobacco with all my might, which, I think, raises my spirits." There is no nature so pure and refined as to have no spot or flaw in it; but it is hard and abhorrent to imagine this handsome youth of sixteen, already under the influence of books, and bent on literary labors, studying the little rustic world about him, and projecting his vigorous mind into the uncertain future, with a huge quid of "nigger-head" distending his cheeks.

Having graduated in 1825, — having no part at Commencement, by reason of his neglect of declamation, — Hawthorne found "the world before him, where to choose." His bias toward literature was irresistible; and, in 1828, "Fanshawe," his first novel, was issued. Ashamed of his first bantling, he took measures to destroy it; and was so successful in his efforts, that hardly a copy remains. With his next venture, "Seven Tales of my Native Land," he had an experience not unlike that of many young authors of the present day: of seventeen booksellers to whom he offered the manuscript, only one would read it, and he so long delayed action upon it, that Hawthorne withdrew it from his hands. His mode of life at this time was characteristic; he sat in his little room in the house on Herbert Street, shut off almost wholly from the other members of his family, his meals being brought to his locked door. Mr. Fields's picture of him reading his stories aloud to his mother and sisters, Mr. Lathrop pronounces purely imaginary. The account of his introduction into the high society of Salem, under the auspices of Miss Peabody, whose sister afterwards became his wife, is one of the finest episodes in the book. The future was still dark to him, and his employment by Goodrich as editor of the *American Magazine* was a delusive and unsatisfactory gleam of hope. But his reputation was growing, and the London *Athenæum* had praised his stories in the "Token." The firm establishment of his fame may properly date from the publication of "Twice-Told Tales," in 1837, — of which Longfellow wrote in laudatory terms in the *North American Review*. Then followed his brief term of service in the Custom House, his residence at Brook Farm, — which was not congenial to him, — and the publication of "The Blithedale Romance." "The Scarlet Letter," appearing in 1860, caused an unprecedented sensation, and drew upon the author

* A Study of Hawthorne. By George P. Lathrop. 18mo. $1.50. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

a severe attack by the *Church Review*. Mr. Lathrop's analyses of Hawthorne's works lack perspicuity, and are too general to be acute.

We must bring this long notice to an end. The author sketches Hawthorne's career to that sad day, — May 19, 1864, when the great master of romance passed away quietly, in Plymouth, N. H. The writer of this article received from the lips of the late President Pierce, who was Hawthorne's travelling-companion, a full account of the close of a beautiful life. We are surprised that the author dismisses so curtly so critical an event.

This Study must be regarded as in most respects a satisfactory view of Hawthorne's life, and personal and literary character. It is, of course, highly eulogistic, and the author is more conspicuous in it than he ought to be; but it exhibits its subject in a clear light, and gives the American public, for the first time, an opportunity of estimating, on reasonably full *data*, the character and calibre of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

AMERICA DISCOVERED BY THE WELSH.*

WE fear the author has jeoparded his success by the enormity of his claims in behalf of the Cymry. The general conclusion from his review of their history would be, that most of the great and good things in the world are the fruits of their genius, — a conclusion which modern peoples will be reluctant to accept. The early settlers of Wales, according to the author, were known to Homer as the Cimmerii, and emigrated from the Euphrates and Tigris, carrying with them their language, which "antedates and survives" the Greek and Latin. This theory of their origin seriously conflicts with the prevailing one which makes them a branch of the Celtic family. The author's pride of race colors all his statements; he is nothing, if not Welsh. More than half the names borne by the people of England, he says, are of Cymric origin and derivation; and even London is the Welsh Llundain. The far countries of Europe have not escaped the Welsh influence, which gave them, so the author says, the names of "Caucasus," "Crimea," "Caspian," &c. He claims that the ancient British language, *physique*, color, &c., still preponderate in England, "notwithstanding the boast of the Saxon, who was a barbarous savage when he arrived." The only proof of these and many other boastful statements is "the sure testimony of the language."

Having accepted the Scriptural account of Noah's division of the earth, he quotes, approvingly, the opinion of Ogilby, in 1671, that, soon after the flood, there was an exodus from Armenia to Tartary, and thence by Behring's Straits to America. To the tradition as to Plato's Atlantis he seems to give credence, believing that land to have connected the continents of Africa and America. Relaxing from his national selfishness, he admits that there is no longer any doubt as to the settlements of the Northmen on this continent. On this point, Mr. Bancroft says decidedly: "No clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they [the Northmen] accomplished the passage [to the New England coast]; and no vestige of their presence on our continent has been found."

The author proceeds to tell the well-known story of Madoc, the Welsh prince, who, becoming disgusted with his own country, sails forth on unknown seas, and lands on the coasts which, more than three centuries later, Columbus approached. In support of this tradition, he produces indirect and feeble evidence from very old writers, whose credibility is not assured. His heaviest gun employed in defence of his theory is the narrative of Rev. Morgan Jones, a Welshman, who, being in Virginia, in 1660, encountered some Tuscaroras who spoke Welsh. This is followed by many bits of second or third hand information, — which reminds one of "the intelligent contraband" of the late war. He robs the Northmen of the glory of the Newport round tower, and attributes its construction to the Welsh. Of the inscription on the Dighton Rock, and "the skeleton in armor," he, unaccountably, says not a word.

To the Welsh, also, he ascribes the mounds of the West, and makes great account of parchment-covered parcels, believed to contain writings, found in the possession of the Indians. Of a certain tribe called the "White-Bearded Indians," who lived west of the Mississippi, he has much to say, regarding them as lineal descendants of Prince Madoc. His proofs seem to have been exposed to strange and damaging vicissitudes. One Captain Stuart, in 1782, was captured by the Indians, and, while with them, visited a tribe far up the Mississippi, of white skins and reddish hair. The chiefs told him that their forefathers came from a foreign country, and landed in Florida. They also produced one of those rolls of parchment already mentioned; but, as no one present could decipher the inscription thereon, its testimony was lost. Gov. Sevier, of Tennessee, records another of these unfortunate accidents. He was told that an old Cherokee woman "had some parts of an old book given her by an Indian living high up the Missouri, and she thought he was one of the Welsh tribe." But, alas! before the Governor could see the book, the old woman's house was burned, and, with it, the precious volume. Why the author has chosen to introduce these anecdotes, when wholly deprived of vitality, we cannot see; but his action in this matter is of a piece with his whole frame of argument, which is indescribably feeble. Manco Capac and Madame Ocello, he thinks, were Madoc and his wife; and ventures the suggestion that those unpleasant persons, the Modocs, are descendants of the great Welsh discoverer, — his only ground for the assumption being the similarity of the two names — Madoc and Modoc. The sixteenth chapter is the best in the book, because it treats of historical facts, showing what part the Welsh had in the struggle for independence. Two Welshmen were conspicuous actors therein, — Gen. Charles Lee, who was a scoundrel, and Robert Morris, who was an active and sincere patriot. Eighteen of the signers of the Declaration, the author says, were of Welsh birth or descent.

Mr. Bowen has added nothing, so far as we can see, to the stock of credible information about the discovery of America. He has revived a theory always feeble, and now generally forgotten, and failed signally to support it by his evidence, — much of which is hearsay, and all of it fragmentary. The only part of his purpose in which he has succeeded is in the glorification of his countrymen.

* America Discovered by the Welsh in 1170, A.D. By Rev. Benjamin F. Bowen. 16mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

WORDS: THEIR USE AND ABUSE.*

SOME readers may recognize in Prof. William Mathews, LL.D., the author of "Getting On in the World." His latest work — the one under notice — seems to be constructed on the same general plan of stringing together borrowed beads. In some respects it resembles Jacox's compilations, though less good judgment and taste are visible in it. The author divides his matter into fourteen chapters; but, as he is repetitious, the book is not so long as it would seem. The first chapter is entitled, "The Significance of Words," but, in fact, it treats of literature generally, oratory, &c. His statements are very positive, and his manner magisterial. We wish we could add that his grammar is good and his style brilliant. As a specimen of the latter, and an appetizer, we quote: "For twenty-five or thirty centuries [why couldn't he be more specific in so important a matter?] they [the 'winged words' of Old Homer] have maintained their flight across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion; and they are still full of the life-blood of immortal youth." We are inclined to doubt this last statement: the innumerable draughts on their vitality by translators must surely have reduced the supply.

The author's grammatical peculiarities constitute a conspicuous feature of his literary equipment. We note a few of its beauties:

* Words: Their Use and Abuse. By William Mathews, LL.D. 16mo. $2 00. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.; Nichols & Hall.

"If a knowledge of Greek and Latin *are* necessary to him," &c. "True as this is of the best prose, *it* is doubly true of the best poetry; *it* is a linked strain throughout." Have the two "its" the same antecedent? "The force *and* significance which Milton can infuse into the simplest word *is* strikingly shown," &c. The Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Chicago uses a plural verb with a single subject in one case, and a single verb with a plural subject in another. No wonder that Chicago is rivalling Boston as a seat of letters. On page 14, the Professor says that the words of a man of genius "are not the dress, but the incarnation, of his thought;" but on page 29 he changes his opinion, and declares that a writer of culture "chooses only those [words] which are the exact *vesture* of his thought." *Ergo*, words are not a dress, but a vesture. He affirms that "no process of natural selection has yet *distined* significant words out of the cries of beasts or the notes of birds." We cannot confute this proposition, for we do not know what *distine* means, and Noah Webster was not better informed. We are pleased to be able to accept one of the Professor's propositions, though we must reject his arguments. He protests against the popular avoidance of "begin," and the substitution for it of "essay," &c.

We find no evidences of originality in the Professor's disquisitions; but oddities of conceit and expression abound in them. One of the chief functions of language, he says, is "to abbreviate the processes of thought." How language serves this purpose he does not explain; and we are left to wonder how he disposes of the fact that we really think without the aid of language. Do not the dumb think? Thought exists complete in the mind, and language helps only in representing it: with the abbreviation of the processes of thought the latter can have nothing to do.

We are really surprised at the number of honors and functions that the enthusiastic Professor heaps upon language. "The deep degradation of the savage," he says, "is due as much to the brutal poverty of his language as to other causes." Now, with due respect to the learned Professor, we submit that in this statement he has misplaced cause and effect. It needs but a glance to see that language is an incident to general culture, and is developed with the intellectual growth of a people.

"Between the *most synonymous* words," says this devoted lover of language, "a careful writer will have a choice." We never saw the comparative degree of "synonymous," or the superlative degree, until this instance; and the question puzzles us, — has this word more than one degree? It means, "conveying the same idea," — almost, though not quite, "identical;" and if the Professor will justify his use of the word in the superlative degree, we shall publicly acknowledge our obligations to him.

The Professor's literary judgments are positive: "Style is, and ever has been," he says, "the most vital element of literary immortalities," — whatever that may mean. "For his gorgeous style, even more than for his colossal erudition, is Gibbon admired;" "the secret of Macaulay's charm is 'the ordered march of his lordly prose;'" and it is "the unstudied grace of Hume's periods which renders him, in spite of his imperfect learning [poor Hume!], the popular historian of England."

On the work of translating the author frowns as on a mere *simulacrum* of literature. "A living dog," he exclaims, "is better than a dead lion," — adding, in deft explanation and in choice language, "for the external attributes of the latter are nothing without the spirit that makes them terrible." All *littérateurs* meditating the task of translation should take warning from his wise counsels. "The difficulty of translating," he solemnly avers, "of whose *onomatopœia* [!!] we are ignorant, will appear still more clearly when we consider," &c. We modestly suggest that the theory represented by that formidable word was long ago exploded.

We are unwilling to bring this notice to a close without giving our readers a fair specimen of the author's style: —

"How many human thoughts have baffled for generations every attempt to give them expression! How many ideas and opinions are there which form the basis of our daily reflections, the matter for the ordinary operations of our minds, which were toiled after perhaps for ages before they were seized and rendered comprehensible! How many subjects are there which we ourselves have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the arm of our intellect just too short to reach them; and then comes a happier genius, who, in a lucky moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the meteor in its flight, and, grasping the floating phantom, drags it from the skies to earth; condenses that which was but an impalpable coruscation of spirit; fetters that which was but the lightning-glance of thought; and, having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage on mankind!"

What a magnificent (though rather mixed) metaphor! What luxurious rhetoric! Blair and Newman would hide their heads, were they above ground. But — if we may venture on a little criticism — whence came that meteor unannounced? And who was that "happy genius" who boldly stepped out and arrested it? Why won't the Professor give us the biography of this unknown benefactor? We thought, at first, that the phantom and the meteor must be identical; but the fact that the first was flying and the other floating, seems to forbid that theory.

We have tried to make fun of this book simply because there is little else to be made of it. Yet "a feeling of sadness comes o'er us" at the thought that the author of so weak and faulty a book as this should be the guide of youth in the paths of Literature.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.*

WE have long felt the need of a better account of General Israel Putnam than is to be found in the brief biographies of Humphreys, Peabody, or Cutter. Considering the advantage which familiar intercourse with the General, and free access to his public and private papers, gave Colonel Humphreys, we feel something more than disappointment in turning over his pages. Such, however, as they are, the scanty materials of his work, with scattered fragments to be gleaned here and there from old newspapers, documents, or letters, are the foundation for more recent, but hardly more satisfying, memoirs of the old soldier, Putnam. There are no family papers to reward the biographer's search, or that might enable him to give new and interesting personal details, if not a larger view of his subject.

Mr. Tarbox's new Life of Putnam deals chiefly with a single incident of his hero's chequered career. Putnam happened to be present at Bunker Hill, a circumstance which has brought him prominently before the public at every recurrence of the anniversary of the battle for fifty years past. Nearly two hundred pages of Mr. Tarbox's book are devoted to an examination of evidence bearing upon the question of command in that battle; and here it is that the author shows special aptitude for his work. He has necessarily gone over a good deal of familiar ground; but the arguments, old or new, are always stated with clearness and force. He tells us who Putnam was, and who Prescott, giving their military antecedents and breadth of reputation at the hour of battle, in order to show which officer would be most naturally designated to hold command in the first important conflict of the war. Here is seen the improbability of the selection of Colonel Prescott, not only over the head of Putnam, but of every other general officer in the army. Thomas, Spencer, Greene, Heath, Pomeroy, Whitcomb, and others must be set aside, in order to allow Prescott the command. No reason appears for such distinction; nor is it quite credible that the very generals we have named, — who, in fact, constituted the council of war in which the battle was planned, — would have voluntarily consented to their own degradation. For them, it was the opportunity for fame which true gallantry and courage always court. We do not consider it more proba-

* Life of Israel Putnam. By Increase N. Tarbox. Cr. 8vo. pp. 390. Cloth. Illustrated. $2.50. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

ble that Prescott was ever named in connection with the chief command, at that council.

Mr. Tarbox makes a telling point for Putnam in showing that Prescott failed to receive promotion after Bunker Hill, remaining a simple colonel when other officers were advanced above him on every side. This would hardly have been the reward of the acknowledged commander in the battle of Bunker Hill. His after career, too, was singularly uneventful. Brave he unquestionably was; yet Samuel Adams says he never heard of his valor until he happened to visit headquarters at Cambridge, two months after the battle.

Mr. Tarbox assigns to Prescott a subordinate place as leader of the detachment sent to begin the intrenchments; makes him command *at the redoubt* only; gives him the credit to which an obstinate defence of that post entitles him; and finally permits him to retreat with the crowd of demoralized fugitives to Cambridge. To General Putnam he awards the higher distinction of an intimate connection with the conception and execution of the battle; shows him in its every stage of development, filling the place to which his great reputation with the army naturally called him; of infusing into the chaos of the day what little order came out of it; and at last, after freely exposing his life "in the high places of the field," — which is Putnam's own way of putting it, — of making a successful effort, — the effort of heroism, — to rally the remnant of his forces for continued resistance. The portrayal of Putnam's superhuman energy, and of the dauntless courage which knew no defeat, excites our admiration almost as much as if we were reading of one of Homer's heroes.

Presuming our readers to be tolerably familiar with the general tenor of the argument on both sides of the vexed question, we think Mr. Tarbox has made an able presentation of the claim for Putnam, of whom he writes as an advocate of historical justice, and for whom he feels undisguised admiration. As there are neither written orders nor the record of any to support the pretension of an inferior to command in the presence of a superior, Prescott's title rests upon circumstantial or presumptive evidence, largely. The proof that Putnam exercised general command is so abundant and conclusive, that we must consider the theory that he acted as a volunteer wholly untenable; and, in conceding this point, the rank of the officers settles a purely military question. General Putnam was everywhere recognized and obeyed, especially by Prescott, whom he ordered to send away a detachment with intrenching tools, and who obeyed the order. Neither Colonel Prescott nor any one competent to do so ever questioned the assumption of command by Putnam. On the contrary, — and here we read from the record, — General Putnam did make formal complaint of the misconduct of an officer who attempted to disobey him on the field; and, in consequence of his charges, the officer (Callender) was broken by a court-martial. We regard this as an indorsement of Putnam's acts by the highest powers of the army.

The chapter on Bunker-Hill literature and art gives many collateral "straws" supporting Mr. Tarbox's argument. Especially strong, as indicating the public opinion of the time, is the evidence of two prints published soon after the battle, — one in Philadelphia, the other in London, — both of which name Putnam as commander. The true character and intent of Trumbull's historical painting is also given in a letter from Prof. Silliman, who explains that there are but two likenesses in the picture, — those of Warren and Putnam.

General Dearborn once attributed to Col. Prescott the remark that Putnam ought to have been shot for his conduct at Bunker Hill. We have read a letter written by Rev. Josiah Whitney, Putnam's old pastor at Brooklyn, who says there, that one day after the battle of Bunker Hill, while he was with General Putnam, Colonel Prescott entered the tent. The latter said he came in consequence of a rumor that some new movement was in agitation, to beg General Putnam's good offices in his behalf, that he might not be forgotten. This incident would certainly show that Putnam had not lost caste with the army, or with Colonel Prescott, who, in making the remark imputed to him, would have been guilty of unpardonable double-dealing. We think it quite time that writers of credit referred this after-dinner talk of General Dearborn to its true cause.

Mr. Tarbox has intrenched himself behind a formidable array of evidence, and has written with the special advantage of having all the previous arguments before him. His book is, therefore, the only full compilation of facts and authorities bearing upon the question at issue. We think he claims too much for New Hampshire in the battle. The unity of his argument for Putnam requires that the Provincial troops shall be considered as one army; and in awarding the command to either Putnam or Prescott, we give it to a Massachusetts man. Breed's Hill is so called in Lathrop's letter, written five days after the battle, and must, therefore, have been known by the name. The *regiment* of Welsh fusileers was not in the battle, and the story of its destruction is, therefore, unfounded.

Mr. Tarbox's rebuke of the flippant way in which Putnam's great exertions at Bunker Hill have been made a subject for ridicule is not too pointed; and we imagine, from what he says, that those who claim a prerogative to settle historical questions will find in him a sturdy and unflinching disputant. Surely, if it should be held to subtract from soldierly qualities that a General was illiterate, what are we to do with Greene, the blacksmith, Blucher, the dragoon, or Junot, the common soldier?

D.

MEN AND MANNERS.*

NO more entertaining book than this, we are sure, will be drawn out by the Centennial excitement; none, surely, could be more appropriate in character. It comprises extracts from the literature — journalistic, touristic (if we may coin a word for the occasion), and epistolary — of the decade that covered the Revolutionary War, and embodies views of the condition of the American people, — their political sentiments, their domestic and social usages, the characteristics of sections and classes, than which none more vivid and satisfactory are possible. The freshness and verisimilitude attainable in a letter can never be so clearly realized in any other form of composition; and extracts from the journals of intelligent observers are hardly inferior in interest.

Mr. Scudder has done his work well, illustrating the not usually recognized fact that an editor's work is by no means restricted to writing. To gather materials from an hundred sources, to compare them, and to assort them in harmonious and effective association, is a task, contrasted with which the mere act of composition is measurably easy. His selections are, almost without exception, judicious; though we think he gives us too much of Mrs. Grant, who is not a very lively writer. The range of the reminiscences is wide, beginning with the siege of Boston, and including bits of history, biography, and gossip touching every part of the old Thirteen. The personal particulars as to the writers upon whom he has drawn lend a special interest to the Preface, and give a zest to their representative contributions which follow. The editor offers few flaws for the lance of the critic, having discreetly permitted his guests to tell their own stories. We must complain, however, of the insufficiency of dates in the book, and endeavor to set him right on one important point. We refer to Crevecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer," so far as that volume treats of the people of Nantucket. We quote an extract: —

"A singular custom prevails here among the women, at which I was greatly surprised, and am really at a loss how to account for the original cause [*sic*] that has introduced in this primitive society so remarkable a fashion, or, rather, so extraordinary a want. They have adopted, these many years, the Asiatic custom of taking a dose of opium every morning; and so deeply rooted is it, that they would be at a loss how to live without this indulgence: they would rather be deprived of any necessary than forego their favorite luxury. This is much more prevailing among the women than the men, few of the latter having caught the contagion; though the sheriff, whom I may call the first person in the island, who is an eminent physician beside [*sic*], and whom I had the pleasure of being well acquainted

* Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago. By H. E. Scudder. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.50. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

with, has for many years submitted to this custom. He takes three grains of it every day after breakfast, without the effects of which, he often told me, he was not able to transact any business."

Now, in justice to an island whose career has illustrated some of the highest qualities of American manhood; which has sent the flag of our country into the farthest seas, and won for her sons the fame of supreme bravery and enterprise; which has, in fine, contributed to the common stock of the States some of the best elements of our national life, — the breeding-place of women, too, admired as types of all the virtues, and the mothers of our noblest men: in justice to this home of thrift and happiness, to which the thoughts of its offspring ever fondly turn, we feel bound to denounce this imputation, which is characteristic of Mr. Crevecœur's cynical manner. We read a copy of his book, which has been annotated by one of the most eminent living citizens of Nantucket (Mr. F. C. Sanford, we believe). He sharply denies the truth of Mr. Crevecœur's statement, but admits, as we remember, that the physician referred to (Dr. Brady, or some similar name), was given to the opium habit.

The letters from John Andrews, written from Boston during the siege, are very entertaining, full of wit and humor, and seriocomical particulars as to the straitness of the situation.

"I am well in health, thank God, and have been so the whole of the time, but have lived at the rate of six or seven hundred sterling a year; for I was determined to eat fresh provisions while it could be got, let it cost what it would; that since October I have scarce eat three meals of salt meat, but supplied my family with fresh at the rate of one shilling to one shilling six-pence per pound. What wood could be got was obliged to give at the rate of twenty dollars a cord; and coals I could not procure, though I offered as high as fifty dollars a chaldron."

The passages from the Baroness Riedesel's book are interesting as conveying the opinions of a foreigner. She speaks of one Carter, of Boston, who, when the British had burned several hamlets, "made the horrible proposition to the Americans, to chop off the heads of our generals, salt them down in small barrels, and send over to the English one of these barrels for every hamlet or little town burned."

Mrs. Grant's account of an educational system in operation at Albany, and of the rearing of the Johnson girls, will be found very readable. The extract from Mrs. Coghlan's Memoirs shows up Gen. Putnam as a gallant, but decidedly illiterate, "ladies' man." Culture was not the General's *fort(e)*. Perhaps the most entertaining single excerpt is that from the autobiography of Col. John Trumbull, the painter, whose adventures abroad were singularly various and exciting. Sir Joshua Reynolds's criticism on his painting was crushing. Mr. Scudder gives to the *fête* of British officers in Philadelphia the name of Meschianza; Bancroft spells it Mischianza, and so do Lossing and Mrs. Harding Davis in recent magazine articles. The illustrations of life in the Southern States are rather meagre; but many will thank the author for permitting them to read the account of Lafayette's attempted escape from Olmutz, and Huger's devotion. Many representatives of that honored name are now living in South Carolina. The Capt. Cresap mentioned on page 31, as marching from Maryland to Cambridge, with his riflemen, died on the way. His son-in-law was Luther Martin, the great Maryland lawyer, who once told a young student who asked him what was the most important thing for a lawyer to do in the management of a suit, "Be sure of your evidence." Cresap was charged with the murder of Logan's relatives, for whose death he took vengeance.

We should be glad to give further extracts from these remunerative pages, if space permitted. The book is very timely; and, while by no means worthless in its historical character, will most successfully assert itself as an instrument of delightful entertainment, Many illustrations enhance its attractions.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.*

NO handsomer Centennial volume, we guess, has seen the light, this summer, than this stately quarto, which yields so much more than its title promises. Its tail and members are far larger than its head; in other words it contains a brief description of Independence Hall, a large amount of historical matter touching Philadelphia, and a larger touching Colonial and Revolutionary history. But false to its title though it is, its bounty to the reader is liberal and welcome, and many will read in its pages for the first time important passages of our country's history.

William Penn reached Philadelphia in 1682, and at once founded the city. The two legislative branches of the government for many years had no permanent abiding-place, but occupied several unsuitable buildings in turn. Not until 1729 did the Assembly pass a law authorizing the building of a house. Of the construction of the latter, under the superintendence of Andrew Hamilton, — whose biography is briefly told, — the author gives a full and interesting account. Hardly had it been occupied, when dissensions arose which fully engrossed the attention of the people. The governor wanted supplies to be used in defence of the frontiers against the French and Indians; the members of the Assembly, being mostly Quakers, were conscientiously opposed to military appropriations, but put aside their scruples so far as to vote £4000 to be spent for bread, beef, wheat, or other grain, to be shipped for the King's service. The governor was angry at this apparent evasion; but he received an intimation that "other grain" could be construed to mean gunpowder, and the latter was accordingly bought. Then followed a quarrel between governor and people as to a militia law. When such a bill was introduced in the Assembly, several Quaker members obligingly withdrew to admit in their places less scrupulous men. How many Congressmen of the present day would follow their example? The plan of a Union of the colonies was first broached in 1756, though the idea of it was suggested by William Penn, in 1698. Having described some local political events, which include the first public appearance of John Dickinson, soon to be so famous, the author records the feeling and action of the people under the menace of the Stamp-act. In October, 1775, three hundred and seventy-five prominent merchants and citizens signed a non-importation agreement. The rejoicings on receipt of the news that the act had been repealed were uproarious. In October, 1773, an immense public meeting passed resolutions denouncing the Tea-tax, and a little later sent back a ship laden with the precious weed to the port whence it came. In a note on page 73, the author quotes from, and pays this deserved compliment to, one of our distinguished historians: "Richard Frothingham, whose valuable 'Rise of the Republic' should be studied by every true American, and kept among his window-books." In July, 1774, Galloway, speaker of the Assembly — who afterwards went over to the British, and was an active enemy of his country — issued instructions to delegates sent to meet delegates of other colonies in Congress. The First Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Sept. 5, 1774. Its proceedings are briefly reported, and this prediction of its consequences was made by a South Carolinian: —

"That eighteen hundred and seventy-four will be a year of triumphant jubilee, when medals, pictures, fragments of writings will revive the memory of these proceedings; and when, if any adventitious circumstances can give precedency, it will be to inherit the blood, or even to possess the name, of a member of this glorious assembly."

Pennsylvania was hampered in her struggle toward independence by her proprietary government, under which she had enjoyed freedom and prosperity; but, though her progress was gradual, it was sure. The Declaration was debated three entire days, Congress being in Committee of the Whole; and not until the next day was its official promulgation ordered. An interesting account of the passage of this memorable document is given in this volume, together with a list of the signers

* An Historical Account of the Old State House of Pennsylvania, now known as the Hall of Independence. By Frank M. Etting. With numerous illustrations. 4to. pp. 204. $5.00. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

and a *fac-simile* copy of their signatures. The British officers in this country vaunted their humanity continually; but were usually met by such rejoinders as Greene gave Cornwallis. Of their cruelties in South Carolina the record is well known; but here is an anecdote that is new to us. One Cunningham was Provost-Marshal at Philadelphia, during its occupation by the British.

"This man had deserted from the American to the British employ, and some of the prisoners who escaped from his clutches stated to Francis Hopkinson that they had actually seen bodies of their fellow-sufferers lying in the State-House Yard, who had died of mere famine, *with unchewed* grass hanging out of their mouths. They reported that a bucketfull of broth had been sent by some citizens to the prisoners confined in the provost; that Cunningham had taken it into the State-House Yard, and, when the starving victims had gathered eagerly around it, he kicked over the bucket with his foot, and then laughed to see them, prostrate on the ground, lap up the slop like dogs."

In the later pages of the book may be found much interesting historical matter, of which we may mention the reception of the news of Washington's death, and the inauguration of John Adams. In 1798, a scene occurred in the House, which seems to belong to later times. Both parties to the scrimmage were New Englanders, — Matthew Lyon, of Vermont, and Roger Griswold, of Connecticut. The former made a remark disparaging to the Connecticut delegation. Griswold, hearing it, retorted that "Mr. Lyon should carry his wooden sword into Connecticut," — alluding to the fact that Lyon had been cashiered from the army, — whereupon the latter spat in the face of Mr. Griswold, who stepped back as if to strike; but some members interposed, observing, "Such an affront must be considered, but this is not the time or place." Mr. Griswold thereupon wiped his face, and quietly went out with his colleague.

The House refused to expel Lyon, after long debate. He was at his desk writing, when Griswold crept up and struck him once or twice with a cane. Lyon retreated, Griswold following, still belaboring his adversary, till Lyon grasped the tongs, when the combatants closed and fell to the floor. Members here interposed; but the pluck of Connecticut still blazed, and Griswold wanted some more. The representative of Vermont seems not to have possessed the courage implied in his name.

A notable feature of this volume is the multitude and attractiveness of its illustrations. They exhibit various views of Independence Hall and other famous buildings of Philadelphia, portraits of eminent men, *fac-similes* of documents, and autographs, &c. Altogether, the work is well worth reading, not for entertainment alone, but for positive, useful information. The experience of Pennsylvania, under a proprietary government, differed widely from that of other colonies in the struggle for independence.

HAWTHORNE'S UNCOLLECTED PAPERS.*

SOME years have elapsed since it was announced that several uncollected papers of Nathaniel Hawthorne were to be put in print, and many admirers have been waiting with such patience as they could command, for the happy event. It proves to be well worth waiting for; these two volumes, if not so brilliant as his later books, are yet more precious, in that they reflect the thoughts and processes of his young mind before the world had seasoned it. The space at our command will permit us only to characterize in brief terms this antepast of the exquisite feast that the great master of romance spread in later years. We may say, however, that his characteristic qualities of subtle insight, of sharp yet delicate expression, of mildly humorous philosophy, and deft dealing with the beings and forces of the invisible world, bud forth on these tender stems with a vigor that is only intensified in the flowers of his maturer life.

To "Fanshawe" the reader will turn with special eagerness, for it was Hawthorne's first novel, on which, like an unnatural parent, he bestowed effectual scorn, destroying all copies of it that he could control, and leaving only three or four extant. But for the innate charm of his unique manner and unpatterned style, one would deem it fit matter for the modern story-paper, — the *Ledger* and sheets of that class. It is dramatic in such a way as to fall just short of melodrama; yet the author's genius, — in its maturity, the antipodes of melodrama, — was strong enough to hold it back. The scene is laid in Colonial times; the actors are the daughter of a merchant long resident abroad, the president and two students of a college, a reformed pirate, returned to his native village, and, chief of all in importance, a stranger unnamed till the end. This man brings to Ellen Langton a letter which purports to be from her father, summoning her to join him at a seaport near her home, under this stranger's escort. Two students are in love with her; but, trusting blindly to her father's messenger, she elopes with him, leaving lovers and guardians without a pang. A happy accident rescues her from the villain who had sworn to make her his wife; death strikes him, and leaves her to the care of Fanshawe, a pale, ascetic student, whom love had roused to a spasmodic physical vitality. He dies, poor fellow, his life worn out with toil, and Ellen becomes the bride of his rival, Edward Walcott. The incidents of the plot are of various character, including the manifestation of almost every human passion except such almost passive love as warmed the breast of Fanshawe, the grave student. The scenes in Cromley's tavern have the true savor of country revels of the old time, and the mad pranks of the drunken Walcott remind one of the rudest roistering of old English fiction. Strength is even more marked in this novel than in its successors; but subtlety, deftness, and grace are less conspicuous. We cull a few bright thoughts and witty phrases: —

"Mrs. Melmoth [the college president's wife], the character of whose domestic government often compelled him [the president] to call to mind such portions of the wisdom of antiquity, as relate to the proper endurance of the shrewishness of woman." "That man has little right to complain who possesses so much as one corner in the world where he may be happy or miserable, as best suits him." Declining to undertake a portrait of Ellen, Mr. Hawthorne says: "Though the dark eyes might be painted, the pure and pleasant thoughts that peeped through them could only be seen and felt." "Women cannot, so readily as men, bestow upon the offspring of others those affections that Nature intended for their own." "He was distinguished by many of those asperities around which a woman's affection will often cling."

The most conspicuous excellence of this story, it seems to us, is the exquisite delicacy and *netteté* of its portraiture. The stranger avows himself a villain almost in his first words, and Fanshawe himself is a skilful *silhouette*.

Reluctantly passing the biographical sketches which follow "Fanshawe," we turn to the companion volume, and find some pages of the Dolliver Romance that have never before been printed. The old doctor tastes his mysterious concoction and draws youth from its purplish glow; a new brightness comes into his old eyes, but it is a weird gleam that excites little Pansie's wonder. One day Colonel Dabney, the proud old aristocrat, comes to the little shop, recites, wrathfully, the story of the doctor's receipt of the strange recipe, and demands the latter of the trembling apothecary, who, at the point of a pistol, yields his treasure. The gouty old colonel absorbs a mighty draught, presently rises and projects himself through all manner of ground and lofty tumbling, and falls dead. To the neighbors crowding in at the doctor's outcry, he calmly reports that the colonel died from a strong draught of distilled spirits. Here are a few quotations: —

"He [the doctor] was favored with a comfortable winter, and thanked Heaven for it, and put it to a good use (at least, he intended it so), by concocting drugs; which, perhaps, did a little toward peopling the grave-yard, into which his windows looked; but that was neither his purpose nor his fault." "A hater

* Fanshawe, and Other Pieces. The Dolliver Romance and Other Pieces. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 Vols. 16mo. $1.50 per Vol. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

of empiricism (in which, however, is contained all hope for man)." Colonel Dabney says, pointing to Pansie: "Send away that child! Confound her, she makes my bones ache. I hate every thing young!" "My visit to Niagara," is an admirable sketch, warm with pleasant humor. The author had come to the Falls haunted with . . . a "scene, in short, which Nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize." "It [the Fall] came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood a while, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes, the mind."

"The Antique Ring" is a graceful story, and contains this true and pretty sentiment: "Blessed be woman for her faculty of admiration, and especially for her tendency to admire with her heart, when man, at most, grants merely a cold approval with his mind."

Reluctantly we close these fascinating pages which exhale the freshness of Hawthorne's youthful mind. Less elaborate than the products of his later labors, they eloquently embody the principles which he afterwards developed into what as nearly approaches the perfection of imaginative composition as the genius of man has attained.

HADES.*

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the colonists before the Revolution was the disposition to discover and occupy new countries. Mr. W. W. Fink, of Iowa, seems to have inherited this mania of adventure, and has explored a region whereof the world has heretofore been ignorant. He went to Hades, and sings its horrors in a duly solemn and appreciative strain. Though melody is wanting in his verses, they are vigorous and not offensively sulphurous. Just why he postpones his visit to the year 1976, we are unable to see; perhaps he thought the present condition of things in the lower regions was really too bad to be depicted. Seriously regarded, Mr. Fink's title-poem, "Hades," has considerable merit as a satire, and as a muscular, weighty piece of composition. It has few graces, and will hardly take high rank in the modern school of poetry, in which finish is preferred to thought.

Descending to the confines of Hades, the author encounters a fascinating young creature, named Sulphurisca. She volunteers to be his *cicerone*, and conducts him to the awful presence of His Satanic Majesty, who, having subjected him to reception-ceremonies of a novel and somewhat violent character, dismisses him to prosecute his explorations under the care of his fair guide. Some of his experiences are detailed in the following extracts: —

"We scarce had quit the devil's presence, when
Upon our left I saw a group of men.
'Let's speak to them,' said I. 'From their positions
So near the throne, they must be politicians
I knew on Earth a hundred years ago.'
'There thou dost err,' she said to me, 'for know,
That, though their names are registered below,
They wrought in hell such terrible dissensions,
With forms, reforms, and boisterous conventions,
The Devil found, if he'd preserve his throne,
He'd have to keep them to themselves, alone,
And banished them with all their politics
To a dark island in the river Styx.
I hear, indeed, Americans have learned
Their only means of safety, and have turned
And hung all politicians. It is well!
Well for America, — but bad for Hell.'"

How Satan supplied himself with policemen by kicking down Tammany Hall, the poet tells with fine gusto. He draws the portraits of some distinguished residents of Hades with sympathetic skill, as if he had seen their earlier editions on the earth itself. Here is an editor: —

"Said I, 'Bad sir,
May I inquire the sin which sent thee here?'
'My sin a common one and quickly told:
A prostituted paper brought me gold:
A weekly bulletin, where greed and lust,
Procuresses and quacks, were free to post
Their various advertisements. I made
No question as to matter, so they paid.
My god — the public whim; espousing, spurning,
Free love, divorce, and universal burning,
I wrote for praise and money, and I'd puff
The Devil, if he'd pay me well enough.'"

In the author's characterization of a critic, there is a certain soreness which suggests harsh treatment at the hands of representatives of the critical function: —

"The duty of this critic was to look
Once at the title-page of every book,
Giving one glance along the author's name,
And one to find the firm from whence it came.
Then, from these data, making a division
Of those with high from those with no position.
This done, the former ones were duly noted,
Their various excellencies puffed and quoted
With such consummate skill in the 'review,'
A novice might suspect the thing was true,
And forthwith buy the treatise."

From these specimens our readers can judge of the author's style. It is rather heavy, but well suited to his matter and method of treatment. Some of his strokes of satire, which we have not room to quote, are very effective; and, though the poem lacks grace and finish, it contains some good metal that is susceptible of effectual polish. Succeeding "Hades" are several shorter pieces, of which "The Skeleton" is most noteworthy as a *tour de force* of the imagination, and prolific of gruesome fancies. "Nigger Joe," the story of an escaped slave, is terrifically dramatic; here is a specimen: —

"The hissing of waters through shivered rocks,
The howling where wild-waves bound
Through deep-voiced caverns with echoing domes,
The roar of the cataract crashing
Down granite-jawed gorges, and plunging below in a
maelstrom's mad foaming and dashing."

Mr. Fink has many essential qualities of the poet, which he may develop into worthy fruitage; but he ought to remember the Latin saying, *emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*. His style is too savage and slashing, and utterly devoid of humane sentiment. He ought to read Wordsworth, and get a glimpse of the beauties of the inner life. But we congratulate him on his improvement, remembering some of his poems that we read several years ago.

* Hades; or a Journey Through the Lower Regions in the Year 1976, and other Poems. By W. W. Fink. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Dr. P. H. Mell starts off in his little book on "Prayer," with some sweeping assumptions. He says that some things in the Bible are to be accepted simply because they are revealed. We cannot harmonize "God's sovereignty over sin and man's free agency in the commission of it, . . . not because they are irreconcilable, but because the subject is above human capacity." If all theological mysteries could be so easily disposed of, the world would breathe more freely. The author's statement that there is no tribe, however ignorant, that has not a system of religion, conflicts with the testimony of recent travellers in Africa. He proceeds to consider the doctrine of prayer, its utility, its relations to Providence. In conclusion, he finds an argument in illustration of the efficacy of prayer in the philanthropic enterprise of Muller, in Bristol, England; and affirms that Prof. Tyndall's prayer-gauge scheme is based on a misconception of the doctrine of prayer. This little treatise presents in a simple and clear form the Orthodox doctrine of prayer, and will meet the needs of those who do not demand strong argument and original views. [Sheldon & Co.]

— Mr. M. F. Sweetser may justly be called the American Baedeker. His guide-books are models, and have contributed largely to the comfort and pleasure of thousands of tourists. His latest benefaction is "The White Mountains," which, to quote his own words, "is intended to make a fair display of the scenery and advantages of each route, with reference only to its natural capabilities and æsthetic wealth." His descriptions are minute and well written, and his book is like an intelligent companion, who entertains without boring. Its scope is extensive, and few demands will be made on it by the tourist which it cannot answer. In form it is substantial, but not cumbrous, and contains several well-executed maps. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, JULY 1, 1876.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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THE REVOLUTION IN BOOKS.

WE have already referred to the current revolution in book-making as a significant fact. By this revolution, we mean the abstinence of publishers from the issue of new books, and the flood of old ones reconstructed, with which they inundate the market. This change of policy may be regarded as proof that the writing and sale of books have become less remunerative than they used to be, and may forebode a permanent decline of literary taste and appetite among the American people. Comparing our condition, with respect to current literature, with that of England, we note a striking difference. Her presses are continually giving forth new books in all departments of literature, — *belles-lettres*, history, travel, science, and theology; while we content ourselves with reprinting this fresh matter, or with reproducing in a cheap form the standard literature of our own or England's past.

Thus a chief stimulus to native genius is withdrawn, and we gradually lapse into a state of indifference to native productions, and dependence on the source which we have aspired to rival. Even granting that the inclination to write is still strong among us, what encouragement does the author find in the present condition of things? He sees original productions crowding the counters of the book stores, while reprints and new editions monopolize the feeble stream of trade. So long as publishers pursue this policy of virtually ignoring living native genius, and imposing on the reading public books which lack the freshness of the present and fail to harmonize with the universal movement of progress and improvement, so long will American literature languish.

THE RIGHTS OF THE CRITIC.

WE have recently had occasion to vindicate the rights of the critic, and our experience has suggested some thoughts that it may be well to put on record. Finding a book sent to us for review to be grossly demoralizing, we frankly expressed an opinion to that effect, and warned our readers against it. Soon came from the author a vituperative letter, denouncing our criticism, and imputing to us vile motives, even implying that we were instigated to disparage the book by some enemy of the author. The latter took pains to belittle our paper, affirming that it had no circulation or reputation, and that it was called in some quarters a "black-mail sheet." To these imputations we had but one answer, — dignified contempt. Finding little profit in abusive letters, the author resorted to the public press, and having secured notices in some obscure papers which embodied puffs of the book and offensive reflections on the *Literary World*, scattered these in the form of advertisements throughout the country.

We do not complain of this act as an injury to ourselves or our paper, but as a wrong in the abstract, so far as it is an invasion of the critic's rights. A publisher — we take pleasure in saying that, in the case above stated, the publishers of the book had no hand in the onslaught on ourselves — sending a book to a journal for review, submits it absolutely and without conditions to the reviewer's judgment, to be commended or condemned. The author has no relations with the reviewer. By entrusting his book to the publisher, he impliedly instructs the latter to forward its distribution and sale; and to this end the publisher employs the usual means. By universal consent, the reviewer is permitted to tell what he believes to be the truth about any book, whether this truth be favorable or damaging to it. Were it otherwise, where would be the value of literary criticism? — how could the public trust to literary reviewers for guidance in the reading and buying of books? Our policy has always been to render an unbiassed opinion of all books that are sent to us for notice: in this we have been sustained by the highest literary authorities, and by liberal public patronage; and we purpose to continue it, despite the malignity of writers who deliberately invite censure.

CENTENNIAL LITERATURE.

YOU can hardly take up a paper, a magazine, or a new book, just now, without encountering the adjective, if it be an adjective, which heads this paragraph. There are Centennial sermons, orations, odes, stories, &c., in such multitude as is almost tedious. This profusion is natural enough at this time, when every thoughtful person reverts in imagination to "the days that are no more." But it is possible to overdo this retrospective business, and, it seems to us, this error has been committed. Thanks to Mr. Bancroft, who, in his compendious and noble history, has almost literally photographed the life of our forefathers for the twenty-five crucial years of our controversy with Britain, there is little need of special sketches of phases of that life. He has brought the latter within the focus of his historical glass, and the impression produced is of a whole nation seen at a glance in all its attitudes and relations. He has thus anticipated the throng of scribes who counted upon a harvest of dusty reminiscences in the dim archives of the past, leaving them only meagre gleanings.

For this reason, which covers many minor ones, no writer should turn his steps toward the Revolutionary past unless he is sure of bringing back something novel and precious. We should welcome spirited ballads of those troublous times, and finished biographical sketches of its active figures; but the many namby-pamby novels which drag into half-light the men and women of the last century, and array them in unnatural posture and with adventitious surroundings, are a burden to the educated and fastidious reader. We have been disappointed in the average quality of the Centennial literature thus far issued; the poets, especially, have failed to do justice to their opportunity.

THE STUDY OF SCIENCE.

IN reviewing the publications of the last five years, one cannot fail to notice the ever increasing respect that is paid by writers to science in all its departments. This field of knowledge, not long ago the close preserve of the learned few, is now open to the public, and multitudinous has been the influx of curious inquirers. Books on science, if they do not rival novels in number, are surely, if slowly, encroaching on the latter's domain; and the day may not be distant when, among the most cultivated classes, at least, the reading of books of fiction will be only an occasional recreation. We have not room to speculate as to the consequences of this possible reform; but its probable influence on our national character it is easy to forecast. Nature is the great repository of knowledge, from whose inexhaustible resources man may draw all information that is needed for his earthly perfection; and his welfare, it is reasonable to assume, will be enhanced in proportion to the extent to which he avails himself of Nature's teachings. The history of the last three centuries goes far to prove this proposition: the enfranchisement of conscience was speedily followed by that of intelligence, and man emerged from darkness into ever-spreading light. The cry that science is hostile to religion is growing fainter, and representatives of nearly all the faiths of Christendom join in a welcome to science as an ally, not an enemy.

— The state of the editor's health compels him to take a respite from his labors, and he will be absent during the month of July. The *Literary World* for August will be mainly made up by other hands.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "*J. E. H.*," *Altamonte, Fla.*, informs us that "'The Ballad of the Rain,' for which '*C. E. B.*' inquires in the May number, [that correspondent did not inquire about that poem, but about "The Face Against the Pane"], was written by Mrs. Juliet H. E. Campbell, and published in the *Home Journal* about twenty years ago, when Willis compared it to Poe's 'Raven.'"

— "*R. E. W.*," *San Jose, Cal.*, writes: "In your number for May, '*C. E. B.*' writes for information relative to the literary career of Mrs. C. F. Alexander, author of the 'Burial of Moses.' In a late number of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in a life of her husband, a bishop or dean of the Episcopal Church in Ireland, a short account is given of Mrs. C. F. Alexander."

— "*B.*," *Louisville, Ky.*, writes: "I think that you are wrong. 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' undoubtedly comes from an old Scotch song, in Muirhead's Collection. In that song, a Scotchman is endeavoring to persuade a girl to marry him, — that would be in harmony with her life, — instead of looking to marriage with one so much above her. In that song, while speaking of pictures in frames far beyond any thing she had seen, he uses the phrase, 'A jewel consistency is;' and from that we derive the phrase."

Our correspondent only repeats a story that was long ago set aside as untrustworthy. It is like the ingenious fiction of "The Greenwich Magazine for Marines," of 1704. Now, did our correspondent ever see "Muirhead's Collection"? Did he ever know any one who had seen it? Does he know when and where it was published? Will he help us to a sight of it? We have sought in vain in "Phillips's Biographical Dictionary," Allibone's, and other works of like character, for the name of Muirhead in a poetical connection. There are a dozen theories as to the origin of the phrase, and most of them are quite as plausible as our correspondent's. If he will prove to us that there is such a book as "Muirhead's Collection," we will mitigate our incredulity.

"*H. N. C.*," *Providence*, quotes from "Disputed Questions of Authorship," the old story of "Robin Roughhead," which is only a myth.

A third correspondent, whose letter has been mislaid, writes that Sir John Sewell, in a speech in Doctors' Hall, London, used the expression,

> "Consistency 's a jewel;"

and that Thomas Moore thereupon wrote some verses, beginning, in substance, in this way: —

> "Consistency 's a jewel,
> For so said Sir John Sewell."

This poem, our correspondent adds, was omitted from Moore's edition of his own poems, but was included in the Galignani edition. We have sought in vain to find a copy of the latter in the book-stores and libraries of this city. On the whole, we conclude that nothing is known beyond doubt as to the origin of this mysterious phrase. The true state of the case is, no doubt, set forth in this paragraph from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations": —

"This is one of those popular sayings, like 'Be good and you will be happy,' or, 'Virtue is its own reward,' that, like Topsey, 'never *was* born, only jist growed.' From the earliest times, it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says: —

> "'*Good name*, in man or woman, dear, my lord,
> Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls.'

Then, we have in other plays of Shakespeare: 'Experience a jewel;' 'Modesty, the jewel in her [Miranda's] dower,'" &c.

"*Fogy*," *Savannah, Ga.*, refers us to "Robin Roughhead;" as does "*B.*," of Louisville. But we refuse to be referred, for reasons assigned in "*B.'s*" case.

— "*M. E. B.*," *New Bedford*, answers "*Ella's*" query as to these lines of Miss Baillie's, which may be found in "The Lady in Her Car" (a night scene by the sea): —

> "Learned, and loving learning well;
> For college hall or convent cell
> An inmate meet; yet all the while
> As meet, with repartee and smile,
> Mid easy converse, polish'd, blithe, and boon,
> To join the circles of the gay saloon."

— "*H. B. T.*," *Prairie City, Ill.*, writes: "Do you have back numbers of the *World* on hand? The Index in the last issue reminded me that I lack several numbers of Vol. 6. I find it just the thing to keep me posted on current literature, and am gratified to know there is *one* magazine that preserves its independence in reviewing. Please inform me, in 'Notes and Queries,' the price of the cheapest form of Michelet's 'France,' in French."

A complete edition of Michelet's "France," in twenty-four volumes, paper, will cost here a trifle less than $50, — say $49.

"Also, a good history or manual of French literature."

Taine's is probably as good as any.

"Can Grote's 'Greece' be procured in cheaper form than the 12-vol., $18.00 edition?"

No.

— "*Van*," *Clinton, Iowa*, writes: "Will you please state in your next number who the person is who contributes a great deal for *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly*, and signs 'Eugene Lawrence?' Is it not an assumed name?"

Our correspondent will find an answer under the head of Literary News.

"Also what author is the best Grecian Historian?"

According to Macaulay, Thucydides. Or, do you mean an English historian? Grote or Curtius; take your choice.

— "*Bertrand*," *N. Y.*, writes that "the poem your correspondent ('*C. A. M.*,' Fitchburg) wants, can be found in a collection by Miss Muloch, and is the one entitled 'Violets Sent in a Little Box,' the first verse of which is as follows: —

> "'Let them lie, yes, let them lie,
> They'll be dead to-morrow;
> Lift the lid up quietly,
> As you'd lift the mystery
> Of a shrouded sorrow.'

"'Fetching Water from the Well' is to be found in William Cullen Bryant's 'Library of Poetry and Song,' among the anonymous poems."

— "*G. J. S.*," *Vicksburg, Miss.*, asks: "Who is the author of a poem which begins:

> "'There is no death; the stars go down'?"

Our correspondent must have had in mind the stanza of Longfellow's "Resignation," which reads, —

> "There is no death: what seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call death."

— "*J. G. R.*" *Boston*, writes: "Will you kindly inform me, if possible, through the columns of the *World*, if there has ever been a life of Paul Revere published; or, the title of any book which has any thing like an extended account of his life and his services during the Revolution?"

The most extended notice of Revere, of which we have any knowledge, was written by Mr. Buckingham, and may be found in the Annals of the Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association, Boston, 1853, or in its supplement.

— "*H. A. B.*" *Washington, D. C.*, refers us to "Murtagh's Collection," for "consistency," &c. It is easy enough to make the reference, but who will find the book? Until some one can do this, it is simple folly to cite it; and we decline to print any thing more about Murtagh, unless it is accompanied by proof of the existence of such a book.

— The same correspondent questions our statement that Mr. Calvert had no historical warrant for representing Benedict Arnold's wife as portraying the advantages of an espousal of the British cause, and refers us to Parton's "Burr." "H. A. B." must have a queer idea of historical authority; Parton's statements, in cases where imagination may be serviceable, are about as trustworthy as his judgment of the Massachusetts marriage law.

— "*H. C. W.*," *Savannah, Ga.*, writes: "Through my friends, John M. Cooper & Co., of this city, I enjoy monthly your valuable *Literary World*. The justness and independence of your criticisms, with the judicious extracts given, constitute its merit, and enable the student, or book-reader, to select his literary aliment with judgment. I regard the *Literary World* as a necessity for a library, public or private.

"Fifty years ago, when a small boy at school, I accidentally came across a number of a magazine published in Philadelphia, called, I think, '*The Casket*,' but of the name I will not be positive. In it, however, I read some lines, that so impressed themselves upon my boyish homesickness (for we had no ocean steamers nor railroads in those days, and letters were twenty-five cents the one-half ounce), the opening lines of which have remained with me through life, as follows: —

"'There is a bond that spirits know,
A spell that binds the soul;
Oceans may flow, or deserts roll,
But far as pole from pole,
Love, love its living watch will keep,
Smile with our smile, or with our anguish weep.'

"These are all I remember. Perhaps circumstances may have invested the lines with more interest than they really merited, in my young mind. Still the sexagenarian would like to see them again as one of the pleasures of his youth. Can you, or any one of your readers, say by whom they were written, and where to be found?

"You are a little hard on Macaulay, but we must recollect that egotism is almost inseparable from greatness."

— "*E. J. McD.*," *Chicago*, asks where he can find the poem which contains the sentiment, "Off with the old love before you are on with the new." We must refer him to our correspondents.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Prof. Charles Rau's papers on "Early Man in Europe," which originally appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, are now published in an octavo volume. They do not purport to record original investigations, but are rather a summary of recent discoveries, and furnish a mass of general knowledge touching early Man, that will suffice for the average reader. In the five chapters of the book are treated The Drift, The Caves, the Troglodytes (in two chapters), Kitchen-Middens and Lake Settlements, Neolithic Implements. The author shows that the Stone Age was not a fixed and common period to all existing races, but that while it prevailed in one part of the world, the Age of Metal may have been in progress in another. The comparative advancement of the North American tribes, and of the Mexicans and Peruvians, is cited in proof of this proposition. The use of iron on this continent dates back no farther than the arrival here of European colonists. The first chapter is mainly occupied by an account of the drift-deposits in France, and contains but little matter that is new. The climate of Europe, the author thinks, was much colder at the date of these deposits than it is now: yet the discovery of bones of the cave-lion, elephant, and other natives of a warm region, would seem to favor a contrary view. This chapter includes a summary of the discoveries of Boucher de Perthes and others on the river Somme, in France, and minute descriptions of the animals coexistent with man during the drift. The old story of the Tungusian hunter and his mammoth is reproduced. It seems that the race of aurochs of the old time is still represented on the earth; the Russian government has preserved a herd, numbering several hundred at last accounts, in a forest of Lithuania. The author says of these animals, "a few also *occur* wild in the Caucasus mountains." The verb is felicitous — *run at*. In the second chapter, a very interesting account of the exploration of caves in several European countries is given. The author's explanation of stalactites and stalagmites seems unnecessary. To the Troglodytes two chapters are given, — probably the most entertaining in the book. The author rejects Ovid's idea of the Paradisaic happiness of primitive man, and assigns to the latter the position of a savage far below the Pawnee. This work, though fragmentary, is useful, and gives one a good general idea of what has been learned (or assumed) about primitive man. It contains many illustrations, and is printed from large, clear type. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— The Fall of the Stuarts, and Western Europe from 1678 to 1697, has been added to "Epochs of History." It is the work of Rev. Edward Hale, who is not a brilliant writer. He gives, considering his title, far too much space to affairs on the Continent, and his narrative of events in England is rigorously concise. But the book conveys a reasonably clear idea of the causes which led to the downfall of the Stuarts. In its characterization of the principal figures of the time, it is deficient, — the author's portrait of William of Orange being meagre. We find in it, however, many important facts not familiar to the average reader; the origin of the habeas corpus act, for instance, in 1679, and of the names Whig and Tory. The first was originally applied to Scotch Covenanters, and in Galloway was a synonyme of sour whey. Tory was borrowed from the wildest Irish outlaws. Many of the Cameronians were cruelly persecuted by the Duke of York, in 1680; those who were not executed being sent to "the Plantations," — which was equivalent to slavery, — or to a regiment in the Spanish service. There are some blunders in the book. On page 193, we read that "Ginkell, an experienced Dutch officer, had been placed by William *under* command of the English," &c. Corruption reigned in British political circles in 1695, as it now reigns in American. The Speaker of the House of Commons, confessing the receipt of bribes, was expelled from the House. Of course, a little volume of 248 pages cannot furnish a satisfactory sketch of twenty years of English and Continental history; but, as far it goes, this work is remunerative. The narrative of the struggle of the allies against Louis XIV., though fragmentary, is interesting. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— Mr. F. G. Fleay's dedication of his "Shakespeare Manual" seems to us not only in bad taste, but absurd: "To Alfred Tennyson, who, had he not *elected* to be the greatest poet of his time, might easily have become its greatest critic." The blunder is in the use of "elected." Did Shakespeare "elect" to be the greatest dramatist of the world? If Mr. Fleay is right, then Providence is relieved of all responsibility as to the careers of mortals. Will he give us the date of Tennyson's election? With this blundering start, he begins the compilation of a learned and useful book, which must be, indeed, indispensable to all students of Shakespeare and the early English drama. We are glad, by the way, to note his adoption of what we deem the only correct form of Shakespeare's name. The author's biography of him contains nothing new, and omits much of the stock material. He propounds a theory as to Shakespeare's marriage, which is injurious to Anne Hathaway, and for which he gives no grounds whatever. The value of the work is mainly in its statistics and its extracts from the literature of Shakespeare's time, in which allusion is made to him. The notes to the plays are full of interesting matter, but the author's *dicta* as to the authenticity of the plays seem often very summary. His judgment of Henry VI. is a case in point. "Romeo and Juliet," he says, is "certainly Shakespeare's earliest tragedy." "Shakespeare makes Cæsar be killed in the Capitol" sounds odd. The "Taming of the Shrew" the author credits to Shakespeare and Marlowe. A list is given of twelve plays which have been attributed to Shakespeare, but are, the author says, spurious. Theatre-goers will enjoy the brief account of a play at the "Curtain," in 1596, and the annals of the stage from 1584 to 1595. [Macmillan & Co.]

— We can think of no question of more general interest than "Is Eternal Punishment Endless?" which is the title of a very small, but important, volume. It was written, says the author, who is an Orthodox clergyman, for the eye of a lady curious as to the belief due from her touching the future state. We can believe that she was comforted by her teacher's conclusions, but are skeptical as to her enjoyment of the processes thereto, for these are very theological, — hermeneutical, indeed, and that's worse. The whole grand question, are the wicked to be damned and tortured *for ever*, — that is, for a period which has a beginning but no end, — this question turns on an ordinary and harmless-looking Greek adjective, known as *ἀιώνιον*, which the author translates *œonian*. The meaning usually given to it in English theology is *eternity*. The author denies that this meaning is by any means general, and enforces his denial by many quotations from the Scriptures, showing that *œonian* sometimes means a long time, sometimes a short time, and, again, a period not longer than a spasm. The discussion of this word will no doubt be keenly enjoyed by students of theology; but we have found it advisable to skip the processes and seize the conclusions. We examined the evidence adduced sufficiently, however, to warrant the opinion that the author has the best of the controversy. He gives the great theological authorities — Prof. Stuart, Dr. Hodge, Prof. Bartlett, and others — what a contemporary aptly calls a "dig," the pertinence and penetrating power of which are admirable. The great Dr. Hodge (or Hoge) makes the doleful declaration that "we have, therefore, the direct assertion of the Word of God that the sufferings of the lost are unending;" on which the author snaps out, "A more unfounded statement could hardly be made."

His final conclusion about the word is: "To affirm that it *always* implies duration without end, is as contrary to fact as to affirm that it *never* does." In the second chapter, it is questioned whether the misery of the wicked in the future state — this state being assumed to be a finality — is relative or absolute. The author argues vigorously in favor of the relative condition, sharply examining the famous passage, Matthew xxv. 46. There is much good criticism in the book, and much good sense; but, while it will either anger or fascinate the theologian, it can hardly attract the general reader. It is an argument for schools, not for the unlearned masses. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— We have had pleasure in praising "Susan Coolidge's" "What Katy Did," &c., and are favorably impressed by her new volume, "For Summer Afternoons;" but it must be pronounced inferior to its predecessors. Most of the stories that occupy its pages are bright, natural, and pleasing; but "Edson's Mother" is repulsive, almost coarse; and "The Gibraltars" is commonplace. In "Lota's Missionary Field," we find a sharp, and, no doubt, in former times well deserved, satire on the practice, at a well-known seminary, of parading the young ladies in presence of missionaries looking for wives as a part of their outfit. We know one lady who got a husband — of rather poor quality, by the way — in this manner; but the usage has been virtually abandoned. "An Easter-Egg" is a very pretty story, that leaves a pleasant impression in the reader's mind. "Martin" is quite touching. In "A Camp-Meeting Idyl," a pair of lovers exchange vows while kneeling to be prayed for, — a very daring *coup de theatre*. "Blue Beard" is a lesson for "nagging" husbands, which ought to be supplemented by a lesson for wives who have the same habit. Several poems are scattered through the volume. In one — "In Time of Solstice" — is this rather obscure passage:

> "Sweet airs, sweet harmonies of hues,
> Surround, caress me everywhere;
> The magic of the dusk and dews,
> My senses steal, my reason wooes,
> And sings a lullaby to care."

The last three lines present a singular ambiguity as to subjects and predicates. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "Against Fate," by Mrs. M. L. Rayne, is one of those books which illustrate the policy of doing evil that good may come. It is the story of a young country girl, who wins the admiration of a gay young man from the city. He contrives to have her seek employment there, and ruins her. The narrative of her career is painful, and its moral is weighty, or would be if the meretricious character of the action did not blind the reader's eyes to it. Some of the scenes are too high-colored for the pure-minded, and the general effect of the book is unwholesome. It has considerable dramatic power and literary merit; but we cannot commend it. [W. B. Keen, Cooke, & Co.]

— Mr. Simeon Nash is not, we think, widely known as an author, but there is common-sense and wisdom enough in his "Crime and the Family" to furnish a score of volumes of average weight. He writes with a deep insight, with sympathetic earnestness, and a profound sense of the importance of his subject, and gives ample evidence that he has studied it *à fond*. He finds the origin of crime in the family, and holds parents responsible for the growth and consequences of crime. Believing that only religion can work such a reform in humanity as will check or prevent crime, he is yet liberal enough to affirm that "clergymen are, in most cases, ill-fitted to address such men," — criminals, — and gives good reasons for this opinion. The true policy is not to punish criminals, but to prevent crime; and this can be done by educating children on the right plan. The first measures to this end fall upon parents, and theirs it is to decide whether their children shall be honest and industrious, or dissolute and lawless. This is a trite sentiment; but the author transforms it into a vigorous and impressive truth that no thoughtful mind can fail to apprehend and appreciate. Crime, he says, is not a fatality, but an act of free will; if it were the former, it would not be a crime, and we should pity, not punish it. He shows why the majority of criminals come from our cities and large towns, — the chief reason being the absence of temptations in the rural districts; and another potent one, the general laxity of family government in cities. "If all parents would do their duty, — would so teach and govern their children as they ought to do, — vice and crime would disappear, and virtue and order mark all the developments of society and all the actions of men. If this is the case with most children, why cannot it be the case with all?" On the fact that the proportion of female criminals is infinitely smaller than that of males, the author makes forcible and suggestive comments. "If education and training," he asks, "if social conventionalism can save girls from becoming criminals, it can also save the boys from a like destiny." In the chapter on Teaching — Society, he gives some admirable rules of personal conduct. This book is clear, direct, practical, and in all respects well adapted to its end. We confidently commend it to parents, sharing the author's opinion that the true policy is to prevent crimes, and that education begins at home. [Robert Clarke & Co.]

— The new edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson's works is in all respects attractive, though some readers might dispute the clearness of the type. As to its literary value, it is too late to urge an opinion. His writings are ever fresh; indeed, improving with age, and the two volumes just issued: "The Conduct of Life," and "Society and Solitude," represent some of the best efforts of his mind. "Fate," the opening essay of the first-named volume, we have always regarded as one of his most characteristic and substantial essays. The pages 14–23 are hardly equalled by any passages of equal length in our literature in hard sense and suggestiveness. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— "A Century of Gossip," by Willard G. Nash, is a sketch of life in a rural town of Maine. It is vivid and reasonably faithful to real life, though some of the personages are exaggerated. The principal character is Deacon Wells, a compound of all human villanies, which are illustrated in his conduct with considerable skill; but we know enough of Maine to convince us that no man so vile would be tolerated as a church-officer in any town of that State. There is a good deal of humor in the book, generally coarse; but some of the anecdotes are very funny, and rustic characteristics are set forth with singular sharpness. There is a love-story, in which a prodigious young lawyer, son of the Deacon, champions an oppressed orphan girl, and, of course, has his reward. The book, though not of a high order of merit, is readable. [W. B. Keen & Cooke.]

— Two volumes have recently been added to Osgood's neat and handy series of Mr. Emerson's writings, — The Essays, First Series, and Miscellanies. The first contains some of the author's best essays; the second, his public addresses.

— A woman's name is seldom found on the title-page of a work so practical as "Two Years in California," by Mary Cone. She seems to have traversed that State with the determination to see every thing that was worth seeing, giving the preference to material subjects. She writes intelligently of the climate, agriculture, the Chinese question, &c., and has made a very instructive book. [S. C. Griggs & Co.]

— Several papers on religious topics, written by George S. Merriam, have been collected in a volume called "The Living Faith." They are short, clearly written, and eminently practical. Mr. Merriam is a man of liberal views, and earnest in the cause of true religion. We would specially commend the essay on "Religion in the Future," in which his general policy is outlined. He looks forward to the time when "it will be recognized that to think with perfect honesty — that is, with perfect freedom — is not only a right, but a Christian duty. When that is fully understood, exclusion from the Church for opinions will be unknown." The essay on "Neglect of Worship" is rich in important truths and suggestions. In it is the point that men of to-day do not go to Church to be instructed, but to exercise themselves in devotion, — a point which he expounds with great felicity. These essays are suited to all classes, and are especially admirable for their simplicity. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Mr. George H. Calvert is one of the most persevering American writers of verse. His poems breathe a truly patriotic spirit, and thus make a claim on the people even stronger than that of those who have higher quarters on Parnassus. His latest volume is in a patriotic vein, and is called "The Nation's Birth, and Other National Poems." In the first, the course of the colonists is traced in the career of Washington, who is made the moving spirit of the Revolution, and to whom the author pays eloquent and deserved tributes. The metre is irregular, and not always musical; but the effect of the poem is elevating. A shorter poem on Washington embodies a touching incident of respect to his memory by a British naval officer. [Lee & Shepard.]

— All Miss Coolidge's books have been popular and deservedly so, though none of her later ones have been equal in merit to "A New Year's Bargain," and "What Katy Did." "For Summer Afternoons," comprises thirteen short stories, most of which are very bright and good, — "Lota's Missionary Field," "The Gibraltars," "Blue Beard," and "Polly's Pies" being, perhaps, the best. "Edson's Mother" we do not like; it is coarse and repulsive; jesting about death is never in good taste. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, is one of the most powerful novels of the day; in brilliancy and effectiveness of plot it is surpassed by no recent work of fiction; and in point of portraiture it is wonderful. Reginald Dundas,

one of the aristocratic residents of a remote English neighborhood, brings home a Spanish wife, whose nature proves to be hardly better than Satanic. An adventuress arrives in town, representing herself as a Marquise, and fascinates almost every member of the high society. Dundas, who hates — and with good reason — his Spanish wife, falls desperately in love with the new-comer, and takes her into his house as governess for Leam — his wife having suddenly died. She soon brings him to her feet, and they are married; but their wedded bliss is brief, for Leam, the Spaniard's daughter, poisons her stepmother. The latter left a little daughter, Fina, whom Dundas adopted. By and by, Major Edgar Harrowby, the magnate of the community, comes home, and is generally expected to marry Adelaide, the daughter of Dr. Birkett, the rector. But he catches a glimpse of Leam, now grown into an exquisitely lovely woman, and makes desperate love to her. When he declares his passion, she stuns him with the avowal that she has murder on her soul. She disappears, and, in due time, he marries Adelaide. Travelling in Scotland, the unloving pair encounter the missing girl, whom death soon snatches from a life of trouble. The episode of Alick Corbett, a boy who has loved Leam from her childhood, contributes a strong element of pathos to the story, which, though distinctively material, is intensely interesting. The relations of Edgar with the poisoned Marquise may easily be guessed at. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— The fourth edition of "Bachelder's Popular Resorts and How to Reach Them" has just been issued by Mr. Bachelder, whose office is at Lee & Shepard's. It contains plans of thirty-two routes, which cover almost every section of the country; and many illustrations add to its usefulness and value.

— Miss Fischer (Christian Reid) has favored the public with a novel bearing the paradoxical title of "The Land of the Sky." It is a narrative of the adventures of some tourists in the mountain regions of North Carolina, and is as volatile as "floating island," though not unpleasant reading. There are two or three young couples in the party, who make love after the usual fashion; there are jealousies and wanton flirtations; there are perils and promenades; anger, fun, tears, and laughter; in fine, all the vicissitudes of a tourist's experience in a rough, but romantic, region. The book is of light weight, but it will pleasantly while away an hour or two. [D. Appleton & Co.; Lee & Shepard.]

— Miss Lucy Larcom has compiled a pretty volume of verse, which will be a welcome companion to the summer tourist. It is called "Roadside Poems," and has a neat dress, with a red-line title-page. The poems tell of natural scenery, mountains being especially favored; but sea and sky, and sun and flowers, and forests and fairies have reverence; and through the pages Nature smiles with all her faces. The selection seems to be judicious, — American writers having a generous representation. The general effect of the collection would be improved by the introduction of a few lighter, more *riant* pieces. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— Miss Haderman's new story, "Heavy Yokes," contains the essential elements of exciting fiction in full measure. Nearly all human passions are illustrated in its pages through a series of events, which, though not probable, are yet possible. The opening of the story is dramatic, and enfolds the secret of the mysteries that are to follow. Staunton, a man of the world, and long a foreign resident, finding himself near death, sends for Miss Morgan, a lady whom he had loved in youth, and to her hands entrusts his young daughter, Delphine. When the latter approaches womanhood, a woman, apparently French, comes and claims to be the child's mother. Her story is strongly supported, and, despite her maternal title, she is, strangely enough, permitted to become the child's teacher. Max, Miss Morgan's brother, has fallen in love with Delphine, which fact lends a new measure of interest to the complication. A Frenchman — the strange woman's accomplice — comes on the stage, and the course of action, which eventuates in the exposure of the criminals and the marriage of the young lovers, constitutes the body of the story. We should be glad to notice it more at length; but, for want of space, can only commend it as natural, rapid, and impressive in movement, and quite ingenious in the conception and development of its plot. We are glad to commend its purity at this time when vice is exalted in feigned essays on behalf of virtue, by female writers of fiction. [W. F. Gill & Co.]

— "A Story of Three Sisters," by Cecil Maxwell, has not a little merit, but is not entitled to high praise. It is evidently the work of an inexperienced writer, who lacks the knack of writing rather than the material. The scene is laid in an English country-town, the tameness of whose ever-present life and scenery is rather wearisome. The characters, with one or two exceptions, are commonplace, and the *finale* is sad and disappointing. Pamela and Harold have well-defined individuality; their attachment, though suppressed on both sides, is sincere, and poetic justice should have conciliated the reader's desire to see them happily united. But Pamela dumbly yields to the persuasions of her sordid grandmother and inert father, and promises her hand to George, the boyish son of Lord Lynton. He is an honorable young fellow, and, seeing unmistakable evidence that Pamela loves Harold better than himself, abandons his claim. Harold, who, believing that Pamela was to be Mrs. Lynton, had married a poor girl in pity, plunging into the river, saves the lives of Pamela and Anne's child, but sacrifices his own. There is a certain freshness in the book, and its refinement is beautiful; but its plot lacks strength and vividness, and variety of action. [Henry Holt & Co.; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— No. VIII., in the Science Primer Series, treats of Botany, the author being J. D. Hooker. It is quite elementary, but is valuable as a preparative for the learner. It contains sixty-eight illustrations, and a full index of plants to be used in the process of instruction. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— The revised, two-volume edition of Dr. John W. Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" will receive a hearty welcome. This work long ago became standard, and its merit has recently been recognized by the American Academy of Science in the bestowal on its author of the Rumford medal. Its character is too well known to require explanation at this day. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Several papers written by Prof. L. T. Townsend have been published in a pamphlet, called "The Chinese Problem." They constitute an earnest protest against the increasing proscriptive spirit manifested by Californians against resident Chinese. He shows that treaty obligations compel us to receive these strangers, and grant them their rights; that they are industrious, prudent, and, in effect, set a worthy example to men of other races. As to their filthy habits of life and anti-sanitary practices, Prof. Townsend pertinently suggests that the task of curing these falls on the very people who cry out against them. The pamphlet contains much information as to the efforts that have been made to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese. The problem is a grave one, and the author has thrown a strong light on it. [Lee & Shepard.]

— "Philadelphia and its Environs" is a guide-book remarkable for the number and excellence of its illustrations. By its help, one can get a fair idea of the appearance of the city and the Exposition buildings, not being within physical view of them. [Lippincott & Co.]

— E. E. White's "Manual of Arithmetic" is designed to accompany the Graded-school Arithmetics. It comprises two parts — the first elementary, and the second devoted to the solution of the more difficult problems in the author's higher books. It illustrates what is called the natural method of teaching, — a union of the analytic and inductive methods, the peculiarities of which are clearly defined. The exposition of this method is very interesting, and will reasonably command the attention of teachers. The gradation of the lessons seems to be judicious and fitted to lead the learner by easy steps to a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic. [Wilson, Hinkle, & Co.]

— The next volume in Holt & Co.'s Leisure Hour Series will be "Ida Craven," a story of life in India, by Mrs. Cadell. Harper & Brothers will presently publish "Cripps, the Carrier," by Blockmore.

— Mr. Rolfe's edition of Thomas Gray's Select Poems gives evidence of his careful study of earlier editions. He seems dissatisfied with these, but generally contents himself with affirming their faultiness. The selections are only seven in number, including, of course, the Elegy "On a Distant Prospect," &c.; "On the Death of a Favorite Cat," &c. His notes are quite profuse. He does not quote, we notice, Dr. Johnson's words about the ode on the "Prospect of Eton College," — very bitter and Johnsonian words they are. Wordsworth once tried to show that the language of the Elegy is unintelligible. As a small specimen of Gray's Poems, this pretty volume is valuable; but we question the policy of restricting the great poets to so inadequate a representation. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— A most fitting and timely collection of verse is "Morning Songs of American Freedom," by C. F. Orne. The poems treat of nothing outside of American history, and mainly of events of the Revolutionary War. One of the best of them is "The Minute-Men of Barnstable," in which the spirit of the volunteers has a firm, yet subdued, expression. These opening stanzas are full of feeling: —

> "The news came down to Barnstable,
> That pleasant April day, —
> 'Up, minute-men, for Lexington!
> On with your war array!'

"At the shrill call of fife and drum,
Our hurrying footsteps came;
We were nineteen; we could not wait:
Our hearts were all aflame.

"Before the meeting-house we stood;
I cast my eyes below,
And marked along the Sandy Neck,
The sand-hills long and low.

"The sand-hills with their thin, brown woods,
And swamps more brown than they;
While stretching widely past them all
The broad, dark marshes lay."

Many of the poems are in a similar spirit, though most have more of action, and are more ballad-like. Many a pulse will leap over "The Boy of Bennington," at the thought of the old man waiting for tidings from Bennington, where his five sons fought with Stark; his heart "most of all with the youngest one,"

"Whose golden locks and soft blue eyes
Were like hers who in the churchyard lies."

Neighbors approach, and the old man cries:

"'What tidings bring ye from Bennington?
What of my boys? of my fair-haired son?'
'The battle was fierce, but the Hessians fled:
We've pris'ners by hundreds, and Baum is dead;
But thy son, — the tale is too bitter to say.'
Flashed the father's eyes 'neath his locks of gray:
'Did he leave his post?'
'Oh no! but worse' —
'What! Did his mother a coward nurse?
Did he run?'
'Oh no! a sadder sight!
He fought like a hero, but fell in the fight!'
'Now God be praised! I am satisfied, —
Doing his duty, my son has died:
I can give up my child with joy,
Let me look once more on my noble boy.'"

These pieces do not rank high as poetry, the metre being very faulty; but their warmth and appropriateness will commend them. [A. Williams & Co.]

JULY MAGAZINES.

Harper's. — Mr. Trowbridge contributes some verses called "The Ballad of Arabella." There is far more fun than poetry in them. Even a poet has no right to substitute "the forest" for "the swamp" in the saying about a crooked stick. Charles Lanman writes an account of Block Island, which is fresh and interesting: "A more complete colony of pure native Americans does not exist in the United States." The paper includes a history of the wreck of the "Palatine." The plot of "Clemence" is rather worn; but the story is well told. The sketch of "The Father of the Revolution," — Samuel Adams, — is mainly made up from Wells's tedious life of that famous patriot. It tells nothing new about him, but gives some pleasant glimpses of Revolutionary times. "Polly Pharaoh" has the merit of freshness if none other; its heroine is a colored girl of very strong character. If the story is not true, it is well invented. Paul Hayne's ballad, "Macdonald's Raid," is a vigorous piece of verse, and does justice to the valor of its hero. Mr. Holly's third paper on "Modern Dwellings" treats of furniture, and opens with the indisputable proposition that bad taste prevails in our private houses. The writer condemns the use of marble tops on side-boards; but does not object so seriously to marble mantels. Mr. Stoddard furnishes another Macaulay hash. Dr. Osgood writes about the Bryant Vase, and calls Mr. Bryant "the living father of our literature." He has small grounds for pride in his offspring. G. M. Towle has been looking over files of old newspapers, and reproduces some particulars of past National Conventions. Mr. Aldrich's poetry has come to be so precious that he dispenses it in homœopathic doses, — four lines each. In this number, the anecdote of Sumner and Macaulay's meeting at dinner is borrowed from the *Literary World*, without credit, and is followed by a version somewhat different. We told the story as it was told us by Prof. Theophilus Parsons, who received it from Mr. Sumner himself. We are sorry to see so unappreciative and unjust a notice in the Literary Department of Morris's translation of the Æneid. The critic's comparison of Morris's version with Cranch's seems almost "sarcastical."

Lippincott's. — The closing of the Centennial Exhibition must prove quite damaging to magazines and newspapers, — especially to the former; for while the latter can fall back on politics and scandal, the former must trust to their regular contributors, some of whom are getting to be tedious. The writer of the Centennial series in this magazine has evidently profited by our counsels, for his style has grown livelier, and his tone less solemn. The present instalment exhibits leading characteristics of the several national displays very clearly. Mrs. Harding Davis returns to a topic which she is well qualified to treat, — the state of society and politics in Philadelphia a century ago. She illustrates very cleverly the conflict between ruling Quaker opinion and the radicalism of the liberals. Our courage fails us in contemplation of Mr. Lanier's "Psalm of the West." Like some fundamental Trinitarian doctrines, it must be taken for granted. Without attempting to criticise, we venture to describe it as a collection of strips of very epithetic prose arranged in unequal lengths, whereof the sense may be interpreted at will by every reader. If Centennials are going to promote such stuff as this composition and the same poet's ode, the next one should be held in some capacious lunatic asylum. Robert Wilson's "On the Eastern Shore" is not so good as some of his sketches of South Carolina rural life, with which he is evidently more familiar; but it is a readable account of a peculiar region, of which few are well-informed. The very queer story of "Thee and You" comes to a queer end. While it bears marks of positive power, its effect is decidedly unpleasant.

The Atlantic. — But for Mr. Howells' paper on the Centennial, which buoys it up, this number would win the fate of heavy things in a rare atmosphere. As a whole, it is very dull, and might be recommended as an efficient sudorific in these sweltering days. Even Mr. Warner seems to write under the influence of a heavy perspiration, and tells us little that is worth reading, except about the ephemeral and now-forgotten Maine colony at Jaffa. "The American" increases in interest, though Mr. Babcock is not a valuable addition to its resources. Even Mrs. Kemble is duller than usual this month. The anonymous writer of "Characteristics of the Centennial" runs back a long way to get a good start. Beginning with the original settlement of Philadelphia, he notes the gradual changes in popular sentiment and customs, which have made possible the Exposition. "A few years ago," he says, "*it* would have been impossible," though "it" has no recognizable antecedent. Mr. Howells' paper, "A Sennight of the Centennial," represents him toiling under difficulties. Many readers will remember his struggle with the Boston Jubilee; and, having read this second effort at the description of aggregated humanity inspired by a common motive, will hardly wonder that he fails to charm as in his essays in a smaller theatre. Yet his sketch of the Centennial is readable, albeit a little arrogant. He carried the Cambridge atmosphere with him, and did not remain long enough to escape from it. His view of the Centennialities is rather kaleidoscopic, and covers only the surface of things. But he saw many objects of interest, including the War-eagle, "*whom* a Wisconsin regiment carried through the war." Good humor pervades the paper, though the writer is roiled by the exorbitance of the foreign *restaurateurs*. Mrs. Thaxter contributes a poem, which, for a wonder, has no light-houses, and only mere mention of the sea, in it. The first stanza illustrates her command of adjectives: —

"The day is bitter. Through the hollow sky
Rolls the clear sun, inexorably bright,
Glares on the shrinking earth, a lidless eye,
Shedding no warmth, but floods of blinding light."

Astronomers ought to look into this phenomenon.

LITERARY NEWS.

— In a notice of "Miss Follen's Fortunes," in our last number, was a most provoking blunder — the interpolation of the words, "her maiden name." The carelessness of the writer was efficiently supplemented by that of the proof-reader, and the blunder resulted. The author of this pleasant book, now Mrs. Talcott, wife of Prof. Talcott, of the Bangor Theological Seminary, and formerly Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, is well known through her popular novels of "Madge Sherbrooke," and "Dr. Howell's Family." These fortuitous annoyances confirm one's belief in the doctrine of the depravity of inanimate things.

— Two French authors have recently written books on America — "*La Vie aux États-Unis*," by Xavier Eyma; and "*Un Français en Amérique* — Yankees, Indians, and Mormons," by Paul Tontain.

— The *Nation*, we need not say, long ago proved itself superior to most persons and things, and now it has assumed a superiority to grammar. In its issue of June 8, we find this shapeless and anomalous sentence: "Instead of letting the reader skip for himself in the unabridged work, the skipping will be done for him by Mr. ——." Now who "lets" the reader, or, rather, does *not* "let"? The only possible subject for this participle, "letting," is "skipping." A more awkward and inexcusably bad sentence we never saw in the average penny daily.

— It is said that when Lord Campbell was a reporter on the London *Morning Chronicle*, he wrote a criticism of one of Shakespeare's plays, and spoke of it as "apparently by an inexperienced writer, who, if he took pains, might yet attain a respectable skill in the profession which he had chosen."

— We noticed, not long ago, Gen. Doubleday's "Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie," and commented upon the author's evidently unwarranted imputation of lukewarmness and inefficiency to Major Anderson. The latter has found an able champion in Edward L. Anderson, late of the Ohio Vol-

unteers, who, in a communication to *Harper's Weekly*, decisively vindicates the patriotism and good judgment of his namesake. We remarked in our notice of Doubleday's book, that that officer had evidently taken pains to make himself the conspicuous abolitionist of the garrison, and Capt. Anderson's vindication convinces us that Doubleday's prejudices blinded his judgment.

— Several European literary lights have recently been extinguished. George Sand, one of the ablest female writers of all time, has passed away; and now Henry Kingsley has followed his brother, the late Canon Charles, to the other shore. He was the author of "Ravenshoe," "The Hillyars and Burtons," &c.

— W. Gifford Palgrave has written a book on Dutch Guiana, — "Surinam; or a Creole Eden." Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish it.

— Widdleton has in press a Life of Edgar A. Poe, by Eugene L. Didier, of Baltimore.

— The government of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O., has issued a circular with reference to an institution known as "The Great Western Literary Bureau," and "The Great American Literary Association of Yellow Springs, O.," which has brought odium on the college. The Bureau has lately been conducted by one man, — Wm. M. Hafner, with several *aliases*. He issued advertisements, from which we take the following: "We receive patronage from all the States and Territories, and have a corps of able and experienced writers that enables us to furnish applicants, on short notice, with all kinds, styles, and grades of literary exercises; consisting of essays, lectures, orations, sermons, salutatories, valedictories, poems, abstracts, reviews, critiques, translations, &c., &c. All who have been in connection with the 'American Association,' and those in connection with it now, are graduates, and consequently, having gone through 'the mill,' know just what kind of exercises students need and desire. Applicants must state the occasions on which they wish to deliver the exercises, and such exercises will be written suitable and appropriate (sic); and also whether a strictly first-class production is desired. Exercises used once only; charges moderate. Correspondence may be addressed to us in any language. . . . Our productions are sent closely sealed. All communications strictly confidential."

The Faculty affirm that they have found this Hafner "guilty of plagiarism, of obtaining articles from their authors upon false pretences, and of selling the same production repeatedly." "The Destiny of Genius," written by a young lady in the Baltimore Female College, he sold "at least ten or twelve times." Having obtained, by false pretences, a graduating oration, he used it twenty times. Hafner wrote to an inquirer: "We usually charge $15 for a production on subjects of your choice; $10 on ours. We will prepare what you want for $8." The Faculty are entitled to the thanks of the public for the exposure of this fellow who preys on the ignorance and credulity of young persons possessed of more literary ambition than brains.

— Messrs. J. H. Coates & Co. have been appointed American agents for the privately printed new editions of Edmund Spenser and Samuel Daniel. These are edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, editor of "Fuller's Worthies." He has been helped by Professor Child, of Harvard, Francis Turner Palgrave, Prof. Ward, of Owens College, Wm. Aldis Wright, of Trinity College, and others.

— Messrs. Holt & Co. have decided to postpone the publication of "Condensed Classics" till Autumn. This delay is due to an attempt to produce some peculiar effects in the binding of the books, which involved serious mechanical difficulties that have now been overcome.

— In connection with the London publishers, Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have just brought out a new Kensington edition of Thackeray's works. It contains his novels and miscellanies, and is complete in twelve handsome and well-illustrated volumes. Its steel-plates are inserted in no other editions than those imported by this house. The same firm offer a new and cheap edition of Dickens's writings.

— Miss Duhring's "Gentlefolk" is just out from the press of Lippincott & Co., and inherits the popularity of its predecessor, "Philosophers and Fools."

— Messrs. Osgood & Co. have nearly ready a story by Marion Douglass. It deals with events of a century ago.

— "The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" has been added to the Centennial Series of Poets. It is uniform in style with the edition of Whittier, which we recently noticed, and contains all of the author's poetical compositions, with many interesting notes.

— A volume containing fourteen of Cicero's orations has been added to Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, — very neat and pretty 18mos. The new spelling of Latin is used in the series, and it seems odd enough to one who learned Latin twenty-five years ago, to read "suspitionis;" "iam" instead of *jam*, "iustum" for *justum*, "iucundi" for *jucundi*, "condicio" for *conditio*, &c.

— No English writer in the higher departments of literature has recently won so wide a popularity in this country as Philip G. Hamerton, in whom are joined the enviable gifts of high artistic and literary power. His books have had an ever-increasing sale in this country since the publication of "The Intellectual Life," and his fame has been greatly enhanced by "The Sylvan Year," and "Round My House." We find much pleasure in holding out the promise of another book from his hand, — one, too, which seems likely to surpass all its predecessors in interest and beauty. It will be called "The Mount," taking its name from the theatre of the author's experience in successive years. To the Mount, — the site of a Gaulish fortress city near his residence in France, — he is accustomed to go for a visit every year, being the guest of an antiquary, who has long superintended the excavations at that point for the discovery of Gaulish and Gallo-Roman antiquities. From the summit of the Mount, at favorable moments, the observer can see Mont Blanc and the river Loire. Around this central object, rich in antique and romantic associations, the author will weave a pleasant narrative combining in some measure the characteristics of "The Sylvan Year," and "Round My House." The human element in it will be stronger than in either of the books just named. We are sure that the author's admirers may anticipate a rare treat in this new composition.

— We quote these striking passages from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* on "Quakers and Quakerism:" "As a system, Quakerism must be regarded as essentially defective. It mutilates life, instead of consecrating it as a whole. Poetry, art, music, all the changeful lesser lights of life, are blotted out in its soft, drab shadow. This defective side of Quakerism is unconsciously expressed in its rejection of the Sacraments. The Founder of Christianity took the two commonest actions of life, washing and eating, and made them the symbols of the awful and the divine, the outward and visible signs of His religion; thereby consecrating man's life in Nature, forbidding us to call any part of it common or unclean. The mountain stream, as it dashes past us, is made the symbol of a higher and purer life; the commonest element witnesses to us of the purification of a Divine Love. The corn that makes the valley rich with the gold of God, the grape with its sun-sweetened clusters, speak to us of our union with the Light of Men, and of that Feast in which all other feasts — the feast of the eye, and of the ear, as well as the feast of social mirth — are consecrated. The Sacraments, as ordained by Christ, were the consecration of human life with all its gracious dependence on the kindly creatures of God, all its harmless play in the sunshine, all its touching wants and limitations, which yet make room for the divine. And in rejecting them because of the superstitious and often idolatrous use to which they have been put, Quakerism, unconsciously, betrayed its deep inner defect."

— Mr. Browning has a new volume of poems nearly ready for publication. It will bear the seductive title, "Pacchiarrotto, and How He Worked in Distemper; with other Poems."

— Daniel Deronda proves to be of Jewish birth.

— George Walter Thornbury died in London, recently, at the age of forty-eight years. He early turned his mind to literary pursuits, and thought of entering the Church, but at last resolved to become a student of art. He did not desert letters, however, but soon became an esteemed contributor to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, &c. He also wrote books of travel, a history of buccaneers, and in 1863 and 1864 produced two novels, "True as Steel," and "Wildfire." He was, in fine, a novelist, essayist, biographer, critic, and did good work in each capacity. He died in consequence of excessive brain-work.

— Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in preparation a book called "Historical Studies," by Eugene Lawrence. It is a collection of the author's papers on Romanism in its various aspects, — a subject to which Mr. Lawrence has given years of study. In the words of his Preface: "The chief aim of the Roman Church has been the destruction of the intellect. The chief result of the overthrow of persecution has been the rapid growth of the popular mind. It is well, therefore, to review these remarkable mental struggles by the light of republican progress. Our benefactors in the past have been, not kings, popes, or princes, but those memorable men who have lived and died for religion and knowledge.

To them it has at last become customary to trace the most valuable results of modern progress. Education, intelligence, virtue, religion, have flourished in spite of the intolerance of popes and kings; and the New World, in the Centennial year of freedom, turns gratefully to the heroes who died that men might be free." Curiosity has been very general as to Mr. Lawrence's identity, and his name has been pronounced a false one. We are able to correct this error, and to add that he is a real personage, lawfully entitled to the name he bears. His age is about fifty; he is a lawyer, a fine classical scholar, and — our lady readers will be interested in knowing — handsome.

— A sanguine writer in the *Catholic World* foresees the ultimate domination of Roman Catholicism in America. "Protestantism," he says, "which has been the religion of the vast majority of our countrymen, is gradually losing its hold upon their convictions. The religion alone which can claim the attention of all mankind is the Catholic. It alone has all the notes of truth, both inward and outward, in its favor." How a man of even mediocre intelligence, and even feebly disposed to tell the truth, can deliberately state so monstrous a proposition as that conveyed in the sentence beginning, "The religion alone," &c., we cannot understand. The history of four centuries gives him the lie, — demonstrating by the growth of freedom of mind and action, of industry and learning, in that period, that human progress is in proportion to man's emancipation from ecclesiastical tyranny. An assumption so audacious and unwarranted must disgust the most earnest believers in the Catholic church.

— When John Adams was Vice-president, Isaiah Thomas wrote a very severe pamphlet against him, entitled "The Dangerous Vice P—t." It contained these lines: —

> "Gods! how they'd stare, should fickle Fortune drop
> The mushroom lordlings where she picked them up, —
> In tinker's, cobbler's, or book-binder's shop."

The allusion in the last line is to the fact that Adams's father was a shoemaker, while Gen. Knox was originally a book-binder.

— Button's coffee-house in London was the successor of Will's, and Addison was its chief patron, as Dryden had been of Will's. Addison used to spend his evenings there, fleeing from his unloved countess. Dick Steele was also a frequent visitor, and Pope often made one of the company, till one day he received a sound beating with a stick in the hands of Ambrose Phillips, the pastoral poet, who was offended by Pope's criticisms on some of his (Phillips's) idyls. One night, a great company being present, a man in travelling dress entered. Swift looked at him long, and at last said: "Excuse me, sir, have you ever seen such good weather in this world?" The stranger presently replied: "Yes, sir, thank God, I have seen many good days." "That is more than I can say," returned Swift: "I cannot remember any weather which was neither too hot, too cold, too wet, nor too dry; but God Almighty manages to arrange it, so that it all comes to the same thing at the end of the years."

— An article on "Domestic Service," in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, contains much good sense. Having answered the question, how to secure greater competency in servants, by projecting a training-school, the writer proceeds to inquire if nothing can be done to increase the number of women willing to undertake domestic work. He would first dismiss all unnecessary servants, and would have each lady of the family perform regularly a certain share of the work. These remarks — which are as true of this country as of England — are worth quoting: "Girls seem content to know nothing whatever of domestic work or of the management of children; expend their superfluous energy either in croquet or dancing, sewing for fancy fairs, or distributing tracts and teaching Sunday classes, and believe that they work hard. They marry and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that state while totally ignorant of the duties it involves. Is it surprising that much evil and unhappiness result? Every young woman in the middle classes ought to know, not only how to spend and keep account of money, but each detail of household work. This knowledge she can only attain [attain only] by some practice in her father's house; nor should she feel this work, though sometimes called 'menial,' in any sense degrading. As habitually used, the term 'menial' is utterly vague, and frequently means just what we wish it to mean. It is a degradation to be idle, whether rich or poor, and it is a degradation to do badly any work which one has undertaken; but no household duty that a lady chooses to do can degrade her, *if she does it well*. If every girl, after school-life is ended, undertook a certain portion of the daily work in her home, a number of servants might be dispensed with."

— "The Life, Public Services, and Select Speeches of Rutherford B. Hayes" is announced by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. Mr. J. Q. Howard, a journalist, will edit the work.

— Madame de Sévigné once said: "Coffee and Racine will be forgotten together." Racine was born in 1639, and coffee came into France in 1644. The French turned up their noses at the new beverage. In 1670, a servant of the Turkish Ambassador opened the first coffee-house in Paris; but no one entered it, and the disappointed merchant closed his doors next day. The first coffee-house was opened in London in 1658. A strong prejudice against coffee prevailed in England at this time. One writer calls the drink "syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes." In 1657, one James Farr, a coffee man, was complained of for "making a drink called coffee, by the manufacture of which he offended the neighbors with an evil smell." According to Hatton's "New View of London," there were nearly three thousand coffee-houses in that city in 1708.

— Harriet Martineau died, a few days ago, aged seventy-four years. Her Huguenot ancestors were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She received a good education, and early resolved to earn a living by teaching music; but, later, took a bias toward literature, and began by writing some highly moral novels. Still later, she essayed a higher flight, and wrote essays on metaphysical and theological topics, and political economy. In 1834, she visited this country, and four years later, put forth her famous book, "A Retrospect of Western Travel," which gave her great popularity here. Her brother, Rev. James Martineau, is one of the ablest of English Unitarian divines. A new edition of her "Eastern Life, Past and Present," was published recently by Roberts Brothers. She leaves a reputation for intellectual power and literary skill such as has been won by few, if by any, other English women.

— The birth of the English newspaper-press dates from 1622. An Irishman named Butler took advantage of the public eagerness to get news from the war — the Thirty Years' War, which had just begun — to publish "Weekly Relations of News," which was continued as "The Certain Newes of this Present Week." For one year this was the only newspaper in England. In 1642 appeared the first number of the "Mercurius Aulicus," the court organ: the opposition organ, "Mercurius Britannicus," was born the next year. Many other papers sprang into existence under the general name of "Mercury." They were sold in the streets by women, who heartily espoused the causes of their respective periodicals, and were wont to belabor one another with their fists, and even to throw snuff and pepper into one another's eyes, in order to attest the sincerity of their convictions.

— William Black's new volume of tales will be called "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and Other Stories."

— There will be a reunion of American authors, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July. In compliance with an invitation from Colonel Etting, over one hundred writers have promised to attend and read biographical sketches of men who figured in the Revolution. Others unable to be present have forwarded contributions. Wendell Phillips flatly declined the invitation; Charles Francis Adams will read a sketch of John Hancock, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop one of General Artemas Ward. Messrs. Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier will not be able to attend.

— Madame Dudevant ("George Sand"), who died a few days ago, was born in Paris, in 1804, and had nearly completed her seventy-second year. Her home in childhood was Nohant, in Berri, and there she died. She was partly educated in a convent, and for a time was resolved to become a nun; but her devotional engrossment gave way to a condition of melancholy, in which she seriously contemplated suicide. In 1822, she became the wife of M. Dudevant; but the marriage proved unhappy, and they soon separated. She began to write in 1831, producing her first book, "Rose et Blanche," in coöperation with Jules Sandeau. Her second, "Indiana," was wholly her own handiwork. At this time she assumed the *nom de plume* of "George Sand," and was ever afterward known by it in literature. The list of her novels is very long. Her earlier ones were objectionable from a moral point of view; those written later were not. An address, written by Victor Hugo, — who was unable to be present, — was read at her funeral. Her last words were, "*Laissez la verdure*" (leave the grass). Her children were puzzled, but finally, remembering her dislike of slabs and crosses on tombs, determined that she wished a grassy grave.

— Gen. Lew. Wallace, author of "The Fair God," has written a tragedy founded on the Roman story of Commodus, which we shall try to notice at length in a subsequent number.

— A writer in *Macmillan* gives a lively account of "The Private View at the Academy," from which we quote the opening passages:

"Now we are on the stairs leading up to the galleries in Burlington House. It is the Friday nearest to the First of May, and we are eager to see both the pictures and the people. Like the new Cabinet Minister, who remarked how very kind every one of his colleagues was when he first met them in council, what strikes one most at the Private View of the Academy is the civility of all the officials. There is no gruff demand for payment at entrance, and as for catalogues, they are handed to you most politely, gratis. On this day there are no unmannerly attempts to deprive poor cripples of their sticks, no snatching of sacred umbrellas and parasols out of elderly women's hands. There is nothing of all this at the private view; and every one, visitors and officials alike, is on his best behavior. And here let us observe that it is a pity that visitors are not invited in pairs, as the beasts and birds and the creeping things came to Noah in the Ark, or guests to a civic feast at the Mansion House. It is probable that on no day in the year are there so many unprotected ladies abroad as at the private view. All through the day, you flush your female friends singly like a scattered covey of partridges in a turnip field. It is quite true that, so gregarious is man, you occasionally see husbands and wives side by side the livelong day; nay, more, you come upon whole families, — father, mother, sons, and daughters, — steadily making the round of the rooms, and taking picture after picture in order, very like that man who, taking to reading at a mature age, read Scott's novels right through from "Waverley" to "Count Robert of Paris;" altogether refusing the advice of an enthusiastic friend to dash off after "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" to "Ivanhoe" and "Quentin Durward." He would have nothing out of its turn, and read steadily on till he had accomplished his task. Just so our family party at the Academy, like goslings led by a goose and gander, begin with No. 1 and end at No. 1522. It is their duty thus to see the pictures, and so they see them. Sometimes, indeed, a giddy young thing of a daughter or an unstable son breaks away from the heads of their house and takes a short flight toward some fine picture by a famous hand; but this license is soon checked by the voice of the anxious parents, which recalls their erring offspring to the path of duty. 'That is not the way to see the exhibition,' they seem to say. 'All things have their lesson, and the lesson taught by the private view is to see the pictures right on and straightforward.'

"But we are neither single nor elderly women; still less are we fortunate enough to secure tickets for the private view for all our family. We know well that there are some people whose power of asking and disposing of tickets is inexhaustible. Had they as many sons and daughters as Priam and Hecuba, they would find cards for all of them. We are none of these; one card in buff is all that falls to our lot; we are thankful to get it, and it carries with it one blessing, selfish it is true, but very pleasant; when we step into gallery No. 1, we are free, — free to see the pictures and the company after our own fashion. And what is our fashion? Well! we must own that compared with the proceedings of those single women, or of that solid and most respectable family, our way of seeing the pictures is very flighty and fatiguing. We see them very much as the song-birds behave themselves in this month of May, which would be so merry were it not so starving cold. We hop hither and thither, we flit to and fro, now on lowly twig, now on a tall tree top; we fly about and about from meadow to garden, and from garden to wood, sometimes lingering, but for the most part ever on the wing. Of course, as in this state of existence man has no wings, we only accomplish this feat at a great expenditure of shoe leather. The soles of that family party would show far less wear than ours at the end of the day; for they never retrace their steps, while we return a hundred times to the same spot. They behold once and pass on like fate; we gaze often at one picture; the end of the day finds us still gazing long after our respected friends have seen the last number and are sitting down at home to their family dinner, which they eat steadily through from oysters to oranges; shortly after retiring to sleep out the night watches in tiers of stories one atop of the other, — a dreamless generation all sleeping on their backs in the proud consciousness that, having done a good day's work, they have enjoyed a well deserved dinner, and are now refreshing their weary minds and bodies in a warm bath of slumber. There we leave them snugly tucked up, soon we hope to return to Great Snoring, or it may be to Much and Little Hadham; for we forgot to mention that the father of the family must be of what the lunatic at Hanwell called "the clerical persuasion."

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"And now we are free to fly to those yards of canvas on which Leighton has revived or rather created the procession of the Daphnephoria at Thebes. Attracted by quantity as the loadstone draws iron to itself, can we look at this picture and say that it excels in quality as well? Before we pronounce an opinion, let us linger a little, and listen to what the bystanders say. First comes a man, a real critic, mind you, and not an ignorant, volatile butterfly, like to us. His first words are: 'Good picture, I should think so; known it since it was no bigger than my hand, two years ago;' at which we mentally remarked how it must have grown in that interval. 'At first,' he babbles on, 'it had much less drapery' — very natural, we think that a picture when just born should be naked — 'but as it got on, private judgment couldn't stand so much nude flesh, and a deal more clothes and ribands, and that sort of thing, was put on.' So he passed on, and was lost in the crowd. He was speedily followed by a lady. 'It puts me quite out of patience,' she said, 'to see a set of fools staring and gaping at a pack of half and ill-dressed women and children, screaming away with their mouths wide open.' Then came another more charitable. 'Sweet little children all of a row, singing with all their might and main, like thrushes in a nest.' 'What is that young woman in the bluest dress about to do? Is she going to sing like the rest, or has she no voice, and so is ready to burst out into a dance all to herself, that she hitches up her "things" in that awkward way?' Here we had another criticism, and this, too, by a woman. Next came a man. 'No, I don't like it at all, it is as flat as a teaboard; there is no relief in it from first to last; and as for the "symbolic standard, called the *kopo*," I never saw any thing like it, except the barbarous Mahratta trophies, once the property of Lord Lake, which some years back were dispersed by auction, in King Street, St. James's.' Thus wagged on the tongues of critics, male and female; but for all that, we, throughout the day, ever and anon returned to the great picture, and each time, in spite of sprawling length and flatness, and ungainly action in some of the figures, we found still more to admire in it."

JUNE PUBLICATIONS.

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Current Literature.

HIDDEN PERILS.*

MISS HAY is tending toward the dramatic — or, we might say, the sensational — school in fiction, — a policy which seems to us unwise, considering her excellent qualification for milder enterprises. She has not yet regained the standard of her first novel, "Old Myddleton's Money," though the one under notice is better than its two immediate predecessors. It contains one character which would command attention, if the book had no other merit. We mean Lorraine, the heroine, who reminds us not remotely of George Eliot's Gwendolen. Regarded by her father, Mr. Gaveston, as the price of his first wife's life, she was virtually excluded from the family life, and sent to live in London with an aunt who made her home a purgatory. She runs away and appears at home, carefully concealing her presence from her father. This escapade gives occasion for the introduction of three principal male personages, — two young men, Rourke Trenham, heir to the estate of Hohve; Athol Vere, a physician just beginning practice; and Abram Bartle, a farmer near that estate, and who had married a daughter of the aristocratic house of Surle. His marriage was unhappy, and after his wife's death he had lavished all his affection on Rourke and Lorraine. He is a fine, natural character, and one would wish for him a more conspicuous and happier part in the story.

Rourke's father had died, and the estate was controlled by his step-mother, who had entrusted its management to her steward, Newley, whom, in spite of his evident disingenuousness and against Rourke's protest, she had admitted to her closest confidence. This Newley is drawn with great skill; his insolence is crafty and restrained, yet sufficiently palpable to keep Rourke in a rage which he cannot always control. Rourke becomes engaged to Una, Lorraine's sister, and travels for two years. Meantime, Athol Vere had been struggling to gain a footing in his profession, and with his passion for Lorraine, which had possessed him since boyhood. His sister, Lucilla, is prominent in the later stages of the story. She is interesting, but is hardly true to life, her conversion from selfish dependence to kindly helpfulness is too sudden to be credible. Rourke, returning, sees Lorraine, and instantly realizes that she, not Una, is the true object of his love. Then follow scenes of great power, in which he strives at once to indulge his new passion, and to preserve, in appearance at least, his plighted allegiance to Una. In these complications, Lorraine is the central and absorbing figure. Long ago she had given her heart to Rourke, but she was marble to his vehement supplications, strong in her sisterly obligation, though loving him with a fervor not less than his own.

Mrs. Trenham dies, leaving a will, which conveys the entire estate, except a small farm that is devised to Rourke, to Newley. Rourke's rage may be imagined. Newley at once assumes the dignity of his new position, and coolly asserts his social rights. Then follows a rivalry between the two in extravagant expenditure, Rourke resolving to employ his last farthing in an attempt to ruin the upstart. The latter avowedly admires Lorraine and pretends to her hand; but she treats him with disdain. Rourke and Una are married, but the latter soon dies, and Rourke thinks of nothing but the repeal of the English law which forbids a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. Standing for Parliament, that he may help to forward this consummation, he is beaten by Newley. But he does not cease to persecute Lorraine with his professions. How the drama comes to an end; how Athol and Lorraine witness Rourke's fatal assault on Newley, and with what high-handed and amazing measures they plot to hide the former's guilt, we have not space to tell at length. Only the narrative itself can adequately convey an understanding of the terrors of this situation. Rourke presently puts an end to his own misery; and Lorraine, awakened at last to a knowledge of her sincere love for Athol, gives him her hand, and the story ends with a picture of their domestic felicity. We should have made mention of Lucilla Vere's courtship of Mr. Surle, her certainty as to his liberal testamentary intentions toward her, her triumph in the possession of his will, which he had entrusted to her, and her dismay when that document, drawn in her favor, is found to be shorn of its seals and its signature.

There is a good deal of humor in the early parts of this book. Lorraine, in childhood, is a winning little sprite, whose precocity is full of spirit. Grown to womanhood, she inspires awe and wonder by her endurance of agonies indescribable, by her relentless subjection of heart to conscience. Her attempts, while yet a girl under her aunt's guardianship, to civilize the maid, Joan, are very laughable.

"'Say grace, Joan.'

"'Behold how good and how pleasant it is'—

"'Hush!' interrupted Lorraine, softly; 'that's a psalm, not a grace.'"

. . . . .

"'Do you know, for instance, your Catechism, Joan?'

"'I've learnt it, miss,' rejoined Joan, diffidently; 'but I can't just say it, for I'm troubled with a bad remembrancer, and can't remember it. I never learnt to read; I learnt it by hearing.'"

Joan gave an entirely new version of a part of the Catechism, but at last broke down in despair.

"'You want a great deal of practice in that,' said Lorraine, demurely; 'do you entirely forget the next bit?'

"'I suppose I do, miss,' said Joan, with anxious meditation; 'less it's "Thou shalt not make to thyself *any grey nimidger*," or "Thou shalt 'bey the Queen and all that are in a thority over her." Is it one of those, miss?'"

Here is a good story about a parson whose fame was based on his skill in singing comic songs: —

"The squire took a fancy once that he was seriously ill, and sent for parson. It was during a heavy thunderstorm, and parson wouldn't have turned out, I expect, for any one else, for he wasn't over brave in the thunder. Well, he knelt down, and very uncomfortable he seemed, and took care to open his eyes every few minutes to be sure that he was safe so far. But squire kept his eyes upon him, and whenever parson's opened, he pulled him up and told him sharply to stick to his business. Poor parson stood it as long as he could; but when, at last, a terrific crash rolled just over the room, he sprang, at one bound, straight up from his knees into the bed beside the squire, and covered his head clean up. 'All right, now, Trenham,' he said, in a contented, muffled-up voice; 'blankets are non-conductors.'"

* Hidden Perils. A novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Myddleton's Money," &c. Paper, 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

COMMENTING AND COMMENTARIES.*

THIS volume appears to be a made-up book, and it struck us unfavorably as we first looked at it. The body of the book is composed of the list of commentaries, which covers 218 pages, and comprises 1,439 commentaries. The two brief lectures on Commentaries and Commenting occupy 60 pages. The lecture on Eccentric Preachers and the list of sermons are irrelevant, and were probably added to increase the bulk of the volume.

Mr. Spurgeon tells us that he writes for Calvinistic readers only; and we must, therefore, not be surprised at the tone of his criticisms, in which he reiterates his peculiar views with remarkable constancy. This habit, and the author's strong common-sense, give a piquancy to his utterances which one would hardly expect in a work of the kind.

"Students," he says, "do not find it easy to choose which works to buy, and their slender stores are often wasted on books of a comparatively worthless kind. If I can save a poor man from spending his money for that which is not bread, or, by directing a brother to a good book, may enable him to dig deeper into the mines of truth, I shall be well repaid.

* Commenting and Commentaries. Lectures addressed to the students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, with a list of the best Biblical Commentaries and Expositions: Also a Lecture on Eccentric Preachers, with a complete list of all of Spurgeon's sermons, with the Scripture texts used. By C. H. Spurgeon, president. pp. 324. New York: Sheldon.

For this purpose I have toiled and read much, and passed under review some three or four thousand volumes. From these I have compiled my catalogue, rejecting many, yet making a very varied selection."

Mr. Spurgeon is quite well aware that there are wiseacres who think they have no need to consult the works of commentators, and he considers them "not worth the trouble of conversion," though he cannot resist a sarcastic exclamation of surprise that "men who talk so much of what the Holy Spirit reveals to themselves should think so little of what He has revealed to others." For "these great originals," Mr. Spurgeon says, he does not work.

"First among the mighty for general usefulness," he mentions Matthew Henry, whom he characterizes as "most pious and pithy, sound and sensible, suggestive and sober, terse and trustworthy." We are not surprised to find, a little further on, that he is also fond of alliteration, a trait that Mr. Spurgeon seems to have imitated. Next comes Calvin, with his works in fifty-one volumes, which are unsparingly lauded. He is, "the most candid" of commentators, — "not always Calvinistic," — "no trimmer," — "a sublime genius." After these come Poole's "Synopsis" in Latin, and "Annotations" in English, which are "necessaries" for the students' libraries. Jonathan Edwards studied Poole, and if that was the cause of his greatness as a thinker, surely Mr. Spurgeon does well to commend him to the classes in his college. In the list that follows, we find John Trapp's Annotations, Dr. John Gill's Exposition, Adam Clarke's Commentary, and the works of Scott, Doddridge, Kitto, Bengel, Lange, and many others. In fact, the list comprises 1,439 works; and we can well understand the labor involved in looking them over, much more in examining them critically. Frequently, however, we find the simple remark, "We have not been able to meet with this work;" or, "As we cannot get a sight of this, perhaps some reader will present us with a copy."

It is curious to note the expression of the author's views on baptism, Puseyism, Calvinism, Unitarianism, and the like, as they appear in incidental remarks upon particular men. Of Scott's Commentaries, he says, they are "mere milk and water," and have seldom given him a thought. Yet, when he quotes the opinion of Dr. J. Mason Neale, that Scott's observations are "such as some men would not take the trouble of even thinking, many would not be at the pains of speaking, and — one should have imagined, were not the fact as it is — such as no man would have condescended to write down," he adds that the judgment "raises Scott in our esteem."

It is exceedingly entertaining to collate Mr. Spurgeon's remarks upon special authors. Moses Stuart, for instance, holds "certain philosophico-theological views" that misrepresent the divine testimony in some of the most momentous points of the Christian scheme." Dr. Tyng, of New York, is "none too lively." Tholuck destroys the reader's equanimity with "clouds of smoke and volleys of hard words." Bickersteth is "simple, devout, soundly evangelical, and, we must add, superficial and commonplace." William Perkins is "terribly prosy." Bishop Parry's Lectures on Hebrews are "so feeble that we wonder how they got through the press." Dr. Noyes, of Harvard, is a "poverty-stricken commentator from a spiritual point of view;" but his translation of Job is "honest, able, and accurate," and shows no "trace of Arian or Socinian views." J. S. S. Robertson's Lectures on Philippians "will never set the Thames on fire." Dr. Hodge's "Ephesians" is "most valuable. With no writer do we more fully agree." Dr. Octavius Winslow is "always sound and sweet," but "extremely diffuse." Addison Alexander's "Acts," is, "in all respects, a work of the highest merit." Mr. Spurgeon is "disappointed" with Beecher's Life of Christ. Greenleaf's "Testimony of the Evangelists" is very highly commended. Of Bishop Oxenden's works, it is said, "Why Oxenden's books sell we do not know. We would not care to have them for a gift. Milk for babes, watered without measure." Quesnel "says many good things of a very harmless character." Of Boys's New Testament it is said, "Students do not require this Boys' Exposition." It is curious to note that Jonah has found more commentators than any other prophet.

The lecture on Commenting contains many valuable suggestions, and that on Eccentric Preachers many old and somewhat amusing anecdotes. The whole volume, properly used, will be very helpful to the class for which it is intended. It would be greatly improved if the advertisement of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were replaced by a good index.

ORTON'S COMPARATIVE ZOÖLOGY.*

WE have looked through Professor Orton's work with much interest. Its elegant page, its numerous illustrative engravings, and the clearness of its statements, have commended it very strongly to us, aside from the intrinsic importance of the subject it treats. We think the Professor has framed his book on the right principle. He takes the whole animal kingdom as a unit, compares the development and variations of the organs and their functions, from the simplest to the most complex state, and, after the pupil has mastered the structural affinities upon which classification is founded, introduces systematic zoölogy. He utters no truer sentiment than this, that "so far as a book is encyclopediac it is unfit for a text-book." We wish that more writers and teachers understood this truth. But, alas! it cannot be acted upon until it is allowed that the teacher should be master of the text-book. The fullest encyclopædia would be insufficient to enable a teacher, otherwise uninformed, to give good instruction in zoölogy or in any other science, and yet there are teachers in Massachusetts to-day, who think they need little special knowledge in order to take classes through a course in any particular branch. The best text-books demand the best teachers, and, as "the best" are always scarce, we may have to hope long before all of the books our children use are what they should be.

Professor Orton first gives us a sketch of zoölogy as a science, and of its history as a study. The remainder of the volume is nearly equally divided between "Structural" and "Systematic" zoölogy. In the first division he shows the difference between minerals and organized bodies; between plants and animals, and the relations of these three divisions of Nature. Next the nature of life is briefly discussed, and we are frankly told that "An impenetrable veil hides the nature of life." We look in vain for the heterodox views that are supposed to lurk in all references to "protoplasm," — as of course we ought to expect to do in a book sent out by a professor permitted to hold forth in the halls of Vassar.

Nutrition, respiration, locomotion, the nervous system, reproduction, and development are then fully treated. As we should expect again, from a teacher of girls, the matter of reproduction is made plain without coarseness, or even the suggestion of impropriety, showing that there is a way of treating a delicate subject in a delicate way, and yet the necessary information is given, as it should be. It is not necessary that we follow the author through the second division of his book. It relates to the classification and distribution of animals. We notice that, following some other good examples, Professor Orton gives a bibliography of the subject, and completes his book by a good index. We wish he had likewise given a list of the hundreds of engravings with which the work is furnished. We have spoken of them as "illustrating" the text, because it is not always that the pictures in our text-books accomplish this.

Our readers will find the chapter on "Development" of much interest: for there the changes that occur after the egg is laid are described; the likeness and variation of parents and offspring; the homologies of limbs; the relations of numbers, size, form, and rank, and the struggle for life, owing to the tendency to increase, which makes it necessary that "the meekest creatures must fight or die."

Here the author remarks: "Function is the test of worth. Not mere work, however,

* Comparative Zoölogy, Structural and Systematic. For use in Schools and Colleges. By James Orton, A. M., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College. pp. 396. New York: Harper and Brothers.

for we must consider its quality and scope. Complexity of organization, variety and amount of power, are secondary to the degree in which the whole organism is adapted to the circumstances which surround it, and the work which it has to do. Advance in rank is exhibited, not by the possession of more life (for some animalcules are ten times more lively than the busiest man), but by the setting apart of more organs for special purposes. The higher the animal, the greater the number of parts combining to perform each function. The power is increased by this division of labor. The most important feature in this specialization is the tendency to concentrate the nervous energy toward the head (cephalization). It increases as we pass from the Oyster up to Man." Again, speaking of "Natural Selection," or the "Survival of the Fittest," he says: "Offspring are continually varying from their parents, for better or worse. If feebly adapted to the conditions of existence, they will finally go to the wall. But those forms having the slightest advantage over others inhabiting the same region, being hardier or stronger, more agile or sagacious, will survive. Should this advantageous variation become hereditary or intensified, the new variety will gradually extirpate or replace other kinds."

"THE GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART."*

WE consider this book one of the signs of the times. Cardinal Manning says that its preparation was begun at the time of that Catholic revival which made itself marked by the pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, in Burgundy, to the shrine of Mary Margaret Alacoque, who was sainted by the present Pope, Aug. 19, 1864. Mary Margaret lived in the reign of Louis XIV., and her enthusiastic devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which, she averred, the Saviour had Himself miraculously exhibited to her, proved so attractive to the devout that it was approved by Clemen, XII., and Clement XIII., and finally, after the lapse of a century, the nun was herself canonized, as we have said, by Pius IX. The worship of the Sacred Heart has spread from France all over the world.

Creeds and dogmatic statements separate men, but any thing that affects the heart rather than the intellect binds them together. The revivals under such men as Moody and Sankey touch the heart, and therefore stir men and women who have no sympathies except in their common humanity. The revival in England which took the crowd to Paray-le-Monial had its strength in the same fact. It promised to show them the heart of the Saviour, — to bring them nearer to Him in actual experience. Cardinal Manning says that he was disappointed in his "yearning hope" that the pilgrimage would stir the Church of England very deeply; and, as appears to us, he sends out the present volume as a means of generating the devotion he desires. Perhaps, however, some of his own flock are weak in the faith.

It is not our province to discuss the subject of this book from any but a literary point of view. It treats the subject under ten divisions: The Divine Glory of the Sacred Heart; The Sacred Heart God's Way of Love; Dogma the Source of Devotion; The Science of the Sacred Heart; The Last Will of the Sacred Heart; The Temporal Glory of the Sacred Heart; The Transforming Power of the Sacred Heart; The Sure Way of Likeness to the Sacred Heart; The Signs of the Sacred Heart; and The Eternal Glory of the Sacred Heart. There are three appendices to the first chapter, treating, respectively, the Deification of the Sacred Humanity, the Adoration of the Deified Humanity, and the Adoration of the Sacred Heart. These are added because some of the clergy, who by their office are required to meet the objections of adversaries in respect to the devotion of the Sacred Heart, may not have ready access to the books supporting it.

The argument is intended to show that the worship is directed to the human heart that the Son of God took from the substance of His Immaculate Mother, and in taking deified it. "It is the Heart of God, living and life-giving, adored with Divine worship in heaven and earth, at the right hand of His Father, and in His Real Presence in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar."

* The Glories of the Sacred Heart. By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop. pp. 302. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1876.

THE TIME AND PLACE OF HOMER.*

IT is now nearly a score of years since Mr. Gladstone issued his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," in which he supported the unity of authorship of the two great poems and their strictly historic aim and character. His subsequent studies in the same line have given him the right to speak with authority on the subject, if, indeed, any man has such a right.

In his previous works, Mr. Gladstone has contended that though there was a solid basis of fact in the account of the Trojan war, though the poems of Homer are in the highest sense historical, yet there did not exist any adequate data for fixing Homer's place in chronology. Mr. Gladstone thought that, though Homer's genealogies are careful and consistent, they do not connect themselves with the general course of human affairs outside of his sphere of time and place. In "Juventus Mundi" it was suggested that the time might be at hand (in 1868) when, with the aid of further investigations, it would be possible to define with greater precision these periods of the Egyptian chronology to which the Homeric poems and their subject appeared to be related. Thinking that now the data which had been gathering have been lately much enlarged, Mr. Gladstone has prepared the present work in order to expand and add to his former suggestions.

In the preliminary part matters connected generally with the place and date of Homer in history are treated under four heads. I. The plain and site of Troy. II. The Hissarlik Remains, recovered by Dr. Schliemann. III. The European *habitat* of Homer, and his priority to the Dorian conquest. IV. The authorship of the Hymn to the Delian Apollo.

The second part contends: I. That there are matters detailed as of fact in the poems, which fit themselves on to other matters of fact, either originally made known to us or brought into greatly clearer light by the Egyptian monuments. II. That we have a large number of scattered indications of Homer's Eastern, and especially his Egyptian knowledge, in his cosmological ideas and representations as well as in a variety of incidental notices. From these bases Mr. Gladstone endeavors to lead to the conclusion that it is historically probable that the main action of the Iliad took place, and that the time at which Homer lived may be approximately indicated to the satisfaction of reasonable minds. All of this is quite vague, and the care with which every statement is necessarily made is the best proof of the inconclusiveness of the reasoning. It shows also, however, that our author is honest, and intends to lead no one astray. It would hardly be profitable for us to attempt to analyze Mr. Gladstone's work, nor to give his reasoning in detail. In fact, such an effort could not fail to do injustice to the volume before us and to our readers as well. We therefore commend it to all who are interested in the subject. In typographical appearance and in its binding, this is one of the most unexceptionable books we have lately seen.

* Homeric Synchronism. An Enquiry into the Time and Place of Homer. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., Author of "Juventus Mundi," &c. pp. 284. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1876.

PIDGIN-ENGLISH SING-SONG.*

MR. LELAND has made a very humorous book, which happily explains the medium whereby the native Chinese and the English-speaking residents of China are able to exchange thoughts. He prefaces his collection of specimens with a valuable Introduction, in which "Pidgin-English" is clearly defined,

* Pidgin-English Sing-Song; or, Songs and Stories in the China-English Dialect. With a Vocabulary. By Charles G. Leland. 16mo. pp. 139. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

and by useful "Hints to the Reader." We quote a specimen poem, "Wang-Ti," remarking that in it *l* has the sound of *r*: —

"Last year my look-see plum*l*ee all flower all same he snow,
This sp*l*ing much plenty snow-flake, all same all plum*l*ee blow
He snow-flake fallee, meltee, he *l*ed leaf turnee b*l*own,
My makee first-chop sing-song how luck go uppy-down.

One time belongey [1] China-side one student-man, Wang-Ti
He wantchee be one Manda*l*in, he wantchee gettee high,
In Fo*l*est of he Pencils [2] he hopee name to see
He wantchee go in Gate of Hung [3] an' takee first deg*l*ee.

Suppose one man no catchee cash, he no can play at game,
Supposey pigeon no have wing, can no make fly all-same.
Wang-Ti he t*l*y fly up can go, he workee hard for some,
But all same one fire-*l*ocket stick he makee fly-down come.

But bat by night may blongey, b*l*ight-sun,[4] a butterfly;
One tim you catchee angel spose you look-see devil-kwei [5]
Wang-Ti no pass, he no can do, he no can catch deg*l*ee,
You make ear-hear, I talkee how this all come good fo' he.

One night Wang-Ti go walkee — he feel like lonely goose:
How allo study *m-chung-yung* [6] — be never bit the use.
How some man pass and catch deg*l*ee while he stick fass behind,
Like one big piecee *l*ock while waves fly pass him on the wind.

He tinkee deep, he walk like sleep *man-man* [7] inside a wood,
Wat-tim he hea*l*ee bobbe*l*y where olo Joss-house stood,
Wang-Ti he tink um devilos an' wantchee walkee wide
He neva tink that Joss-house hab got one man room inside.

Just then he savee la-li-loong [8] some tief-man muchee bad
Hab wantchee kill one fo*l*eigner, and catchee all he had,
This fan-yun he get knocta down, he look-see colo clay,
But Wang-Ti pull he volver out an' *l*obber *l*un away.

Wang-Ti he pickee st*l*anger up and helpee all he can,
He find um one young *Fa-Ke-Kwok* [9] — a flower-flag nation man.
Wang-Ti he take that Me*l*ican, — he ve*l*y good can do,
And put um in he littee bed, and pay him some samshu.

He Me*l*ican he soon get well an' walk top-side he tracks,
And muchee much chin-chin Wang-Ti fo' all his nicee acts.
They gettee f*l*in, so muchee f*l*in, they each belongey half,
That Yankee name be Doolittle; he makee photog*l*af.

If you th*l*ow rice in *l*iver, and *l*iver waito f*l*ee,
You sartin some mornin' that rice swim down to sea;
If f*l*in catch something inside heart, he nother f*l*in can know;
So Wang-Ti talkee Doolittle he tubble and he woe.

He talk: it blongey my pidgin to study fo' deg*l*ee,
My tellee all, gaiow, suppose you give ear-hear to me.
My wantchee be one first-class man and pass examination.'
'I see,' said Mr. Doolittle; 'you missed it — like darnation!'

'Now,' talk Wang-Ti, 'that Tai-fo-neen he coming *l*ound
Suppose my no th*l*oo dis tim, my life be allo vain,
My be one-same one *l*ô flower wat-tim he fadee dead.'

'*That* ain't the way,' said Doolittle, 'I vum to go ahead.'

'In olo tim,' talkee Wang-Ti, 'man p*l*intee littee book;
Man hide um in he pig-tail — or some side — hookey c*l*ook.
That book belongey classics, but Government be pat,
And talk he killee p*l*inta-man what makee book like that.

Suppose my catch dat littee book to hide in *my* pig-tail,
My'd walk chop-chop *l*ight th*l*oo Fo-shee — for my could never fail.

Then my belongey big *tai-pau* an' muchee happy too.'
'I vum!' said Mr. Doolittle, 'I'll fix that thing for you.
I s'pose when you're examined, if 'tisn't all my eye,
They let you wear your spectacles.' 'They do,' say poor Wang-Ti.
'Wall, then,' say Mister Doolittle, 'if you expect to pass,
You've got to get yourself a pair of magnifying glass.
And secondly about them books you want for your degree
I can photograph the Scriptures — complete — inside a pea.
In fact, I've seen the London *Times* — and that's exactly true —
On the little end of nothin', and read it easy too.
And if the thing will help you, — if nothing else avails, —
I'll photograph them classics upon your finger-nails.
I see you wear 'em awful long (for gougin', I suppose)
I'd put the Astor Library upon such nails as those.
I think the stuff is in us — so, by gum, let's put it through —
We'll ring into them college dons — and mighty han'some too,
And you shall shine as Number One, and do the thing first-chop,
And be the Grand Panjandrum, with a button on your top.'

They catchee book — they muchee work — they keepee awful mum,
The books of old Kung fou-tsze were all on Wang-ti's thumb,
He blessy goodee Me*l*ican that day they makee f*l*ins,
When allo lernin that he wantch was at he finger-ins.

On the eight day of he eight moon g*l*ate bobbe*l*y hab been
Fo' g*l*and examination — wat um call he Tai-fo-neen,
They look-see allo student-men insidee he pig-tail,
But neva tink of littee spots on Wang-Ti's finger-nail.

He look-see muchee innocen', he look-see muchee wise,
Hab catch one piece new spectacle that sit top-side he eyes.
They lock um up in littee house t*l*ee day till allo done,
And then Wang-Ti come out *Tai-pai*, first-chop and Numpa One.

Wang-Ti have got that thing *maskee;* Wang-Ti he mighty g*l*and,
He go top-side al-not 'ha in allo China land,
But allo tim no man can tell, or savvy what it meant,
How Doolittle catch contracts from the Chinese government."

[1] There was in China.

[2] The Forest of Pencils, the highest degree of literary graduates.

[3] Entering the Gate of Hung is to obtain the first degree in the School of Confucius.

[4] Blight-sun — To-morrow.

[5] Kwei — A devil.

[6] M-chung-yung — In vain.

[7] Man-Man — Slowly.

[8] La-li-loong — Knew that thieves.

[9] Fa-Ke-Kwok — American.

LITERARY NEWS.

— We quote at length from the "Life of John Locke," by H. R. Fox Bourne, just published in two large octavo volumes. The work seems to be absolutely exhaustive, covering the whole period of Locke's life and labors. The account of his youth and education is peculiarly interesting, and his peculiar relations with Shaftesbury and other great men are sketched with great power. John Locke was born August 29, 1632, and died October 23, 1704: —

"Locke passed six years in Westminster School, a year longer than the ordinary curriculum. At Whitsuntide, in 1652, he obtained a junior studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. We have no direct information concerning his life and occupations during the interval; but it is not difficult to understand something about them.

"The famous Dr. Richard Busby was headmaster of Westminster in his day, having been appointed to the post in 1638, and holding it until his death in 1695; and under his rule there was no relaxation in the discipline of the school, albeit some change in theological training and forms of religion during the Commonwealth period. There was more hearing of sermons and prayers, but not less attendance to the school routine.

"The boys rose, dressed themselves, and attended prayers before six o'clock in the morning, when the school-work began. Two hours were spent in Greek and Latin grammar repetitions, in extempore Latin paraphrases and expositions by the elder scholars of passages given to them out of Greek or Latin authors, and in repetitions by the younger scholars of passages that they had learnt overnight, under the correction and instruction of the masters. An hour was then allowed them in which to prepare other exercises, and between nine and eleven they were examined in prose and verse composition, still of course in Greek and Latin, were called upon to translate *viva voce* passages from English authors into Latin or Greek, according to their capacities, and listened to their masters' expositions of classical authors on which they were to be examined in the afternoon. Two hours were devoted to dinner and such pastime as the reading of Latin manuscripts, in order that they might be familiar with mediæval handwriting. Between one and three they were examined in the passages previously expounded to them, and exercised in 'construing and other grammatical ways, examining all the rhetorical figures, and translating out of verse into prose, or out of prose into verse, out of Greek into Latin, or out of Latin into Greek.' Between three and four they were allowed to walk about in the recreation ground; and after that, till supper time, they were chiefly employed in translating Greek or Latin prose into English prose, or Greek or Latin verse into English verse, and in preparing their exercises for the morrow. So four days of the week were filled. Fridays were set apart for repetitions, and Saturdays for Greek and Latin declamations. In the upper forms, part of the time was devoted to the study of Hebrew and Arabic, instead of the classical languages, and during the summer, after supper, a little elementary geography was taught.

"With such a wonderful school diet, it is not strange that a good many Westminster boys should have become either pedants or dolts. 'I heard and saw such exercises,' wrote Evelyn, on the 13th of May, 1661, 'at the election of scholars at Westminster School to be sent to the university, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, in themes and extemporary verses, as wonderfully astonished me in such youths, some of them not above twelve or thirteen years of age. Pity it is that what they attain here so ripely, they either do not retain, or do not improve more considerably when they come to be men; though many of them do.'

"John Locke was one of those who did improve in learning when he came to be a man; but very little of his eminence can have been due to the excessive quantity of indigestible scholarship that was forced upon him in his youth; and long after he had left school he took occasion, in his 'Thoughts concerning Education,' to condemn the teaching and the method of teaching to which he had been subjected. 'A good part of the learning now in fashion in the schools of Europe, and that goes ordinarily into the round of education,' he wrote, 'a gentleman may in good measure be unfurnished with, without any great disparagement to himself or prejudice to his affairs.'

"These 'Thoughts concerning Education' furnish, by inference, if not directly, so many illustrations of Locke's own school-boy experiences, that it is proper here to quote a few of them, though the terms in which they are expressed give utterance to the ripe wisdom of a

full-grown man, rather than the raw judgment of a youth of nineteen.

"He of course approved of classical studies, if there was time for them, and if they were to be put to any good use hereafter. But he objected that 'custom, which prevails over every thing, has made it so much a part of education, that even those children are whipped to it, and made spend many hours of their precious time uneasily in Latin, who, after they are once gone from school, are never to have more to do with it as long as they live.' 'Can there' he asked, 'be any thing more ridiculous than that a father should waste his own money and his son's time in setting him to learn the Roman language, when at the same time he designs him for a trade wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which, 'tis ten to one, he abhors for the ill-usage it procured him?' And he objected yet more to the way in which it was taught. 'How necessary soever Latin be to some, and is thought to be to others to whom it is of no manner of use or service,' he said, 'yet the ordinary way of learning it in a grammar-school is that which, having had thoughts about, I cannot be forward to encourage.'

"The interminable study of grammatical rules he strongly condemned; yet more the custom of compelling boys to write themes and verses in Latin. 'Do but consider,' he said in words that were evidently prompted by his own experience, 'what 'tis, in making a theme, that a young lad is employed about. 'Tis to make a speech on some Latin saying, as "*Omnia vincit amor*," or "*Non licet in bello bis peccare*," &c. And here the poor lad, who wants knowledge of those things he is to speak of, which is to be had only from time and observation, must set his invention on the rack to say something where he knows nothing; which is a sort of Egyptian tyranny, to bid them make bricks who have not yet any of the materials; and therefore it is usual in such cases for the poor children to go to those of higher forms with this petition, "Pray give me a little sense!" which, whether it be more reasonable, or more ridiculous, is not easy to determine. Would you not think him a little cracked who would require another to make an argument on a moot point, who understands nothing of our laws? And what, I pray, do school-boys understand concerning those matters which are used to be proposed to them in their themes as subjects to discourse on, to whet and exercise their fancies?'

"Locke of course disapproved yet more of Latin verse-writing than of Latin theme-writing, and of writing themes and verses in Greek yet more than in Latin.

"'Of another thing very ordinary in the method of grammar-schools,' he said, 'I see no use at all, unless it be to baulk young lads in the way of learning languages, which, in my opinion, should be made as easy and pleasant as may be, and that which is painful in it as much as possible quite removed.' 'That which I mean here, and complain of, is their being forced to learn by heart great parcels of the authors which are taught them; wherein I can discover no advantage at all, especially to the business they are upon. Languages are to be learnt only by reading and talking, and not by scraps of authors got by heart, which, when a man's head is stuffed with, he has got the furniture of a pedant, and 'tis the ready way to make him one, than which there is nothing less becoming a gentleman. For what can be more ridiculous than to mix the rich and handsome thoughts and sayings of others with a deal of poor stuff of his own, which is thereby the more exposed, and has no other grace in it, nor will otherwise recommend the speaker, than a threadbare russet coat would, that was set off with large patches of scarlet and glittering brocade? Indeed, where a passage comes in the way, whose matter is worth remembrance, and the expression of it very close and excellent (as there are many such in the ancient authors), it may not be amiss to lodge it in the mind of young scholars, and with such admirable strokes of those great masters sometimes exercise the memory of school-boys. But their learning of their lessons by heart, as they happen to fall out in their books, without choice or distinction, I know not what it serves for but to misspend their time and pains, and give them a disgust and aversion to their books, wherein they find nothing but useless trouble.'"

"It may have been for Römer's benefit that Locke made some curious notes entitled by him, 'England, 1679;' from which the following passages are extracted: 'The sports of England, which, perhaps, a curious stranger would be glad to see, are horse-racing, hawking, and hunting. At Marylebone and Putney he may see several persons of quality bowling two or three times a week all the summer; wrestling in Lincoln's Inne Field every evening all the summer; bear and bull baiting, and sometimes prizes, at the Bear-Garden; shooting in the long-bow and stob-ball, in Tothill Fields; cudgel-playing in several places in the country; and hurling in Cornwall. See the East India House and their magazines; the Custom House; the Thames, by water, from London Bridge to Deptford; and the king's yard at Deptford; the sawing windmill; Tradescant's garden and closet; Sir James Morland's closet and water-works; the iron mills at Wandsworth, four miles above London, upon the Thames, or rather those in Sussex; Paradise by Hatton Garden; the glass-house at the Savoy and at Vauxhall. Eat fish in Fish street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's-head. The veal and beef are excellent good in London; the mutton, better in several counties in England. A venison pasty and a chine of beef are good everywhere, and so are crammed capons and fat chickens. Rails and heath-polts, ruffs, and reeves are excellent meat wherever they can be met with. Puddings of several sorts, and creams of several fashions, both excellent; but they are seldom to be found, at least in their perfection, at common eating-houses. Mango and saio are two sorts of sauces brought from the East Indies. Bermuda oranges and potatoes, both exceeding good in their kind. Cheddar and Cheshire cheese. Home-made drinks of England are beer and ale, strong and small; those of most note that are to be sold are Lambeth ale, Margate ale, and Derby ale; Hereford-shire cider, perry, mede. There are also several sorts of compounded ales, as cock ale, wormwood ale, lemon ale, scurvy-grass ale, College ale, &c. These are to be had at Hercules Pillars, near the Temple; at the Trumpet and other houses in Sheer Lane, Bell Alley; and, as I remember, at the English tavern near Charing Cross. Foreign drinks to be found in England are all sorts of Spanish, Greek, Italian, Rhenish, and other wines, which are to be got up and down at several taverns. Coffee, tea, and chocolate, at coffee-houses. Mum at the mum houses and other places; and Molly, a drink of Barbados, by chance at some Barbados merchants. Punch, a compounded drink, on board some West India ships; and Turkish sherbert amongst the merchants. Manufactories of cloth, that will keep out rain; flannel, knives, locks and keys; scabbards for swords; several things wrought in steel, as little boxes, heads for canes, boots, riding-whips, Rippon spurs, saddles, &c. At Nottingham dwells a man who makes fans, hat-bands, necklaces, and other things of glass, drawn out into very small threads.'"

A lady friend, hearing of Locke's connection with a rich widow, reproached him with the fact, and received the following answer: —

"The greatest good the widow is ever like to do me is the having procured me a letter from my Laudabridis, and giving me the opportunity to let you know you possess the conquest you have made by a power that will hold it against any widow coming with her hundred thousands. A heart that you think worth looking after cannot but be yours, and where gratitude joins with inclination to make good your title, you need not fear a little absence; only I wish you would shorten it as much as you could. For, though I shall not fail you, yet I shall suffer for want of you, and the more faithful I am, the less can I bear the want of your company. Your letter satisfies me as much as you can desire that you are not indifferent whether you lose me or no. Let your return satisfy me that 'tis tenderness to me more than glorying over your rival that makes you look after me. For, if she steal me not away, yet, if your absence kill me, 'twill be but an odd way of expressing your kindness to your Joannes, who having satisfied you that he is proof against money, the temptation of old men, you ought to remove his doubts that the pride and triumph which so usually accompany youth and beauty in a young lady do not make a great part of that care wherewith you hedge me in from the widow. If you think me to blame for this suspicion, you should not have showed me the example. If jealousy be allowable in either, it will be more excusable in my age and experience than in your gayety. But a little touch of it sometimes does well, and is sauce to affection, and I take yours kindly as you have managed it. I suspect my daughter more than you, but not your way. But she has so little ill in her that I cannot take amiss any thing that she does or designs. Remember me very kindly to her, if she be with you still, and give my most humble service to Sir Robert and my lady and all the rest of your good company. Everybody here is well, and want you — Bully and all.

"I am, madam, your most humble and most faithful servant,

"JOANNES."

Locke's political labors are thus summarized: —

"No man ever strove more, or did more, to bring metaphysics out of the desert of idle speculation or the dreamland of foolish fancy into the domain of common-sense and every-day life; and no metaphysician ever concerned himself more, or more worthily, with the practical business of his own time and country. His first and unpublished writings gave evidence of his interest in public affairs, and nearly all his published works were mainly designed to promote the political, social, and religious well-being of the world, and especially of his immediate contemporaries. They were, indeed, too much rather than too little in the nature of pamphlets. In all of them, however, profound views of permanent value, though offered only in the way of suggestions to be improved upon by others, were cogently advanced. In his work on Government he

not only laid the foundations, but supplied much of the superstructure, of political science, and made an important contribution to the establishment of the yet undeveloped science of political economy, other and hardly less important contributions thereto being made in his tracts on Interest and Money. The relations of religion to politics were convincingly and conclusively defined in his writings on Toleration, and the relations of religion to theology were clearly enough indicated, and suggested with amazing boldness for a Christian of that time, in 'The Reasonableness of Christianity,' and in the commentaries on the Epistles of St. Paul. That he never performed his half-given promise to write in detail upon ethics, may be regretted, but is not to be wondered at when we remember that he found for his own guidance, and recommended others to find, a complete ethical system in the Bible; and ethical hints of the highest value, with much else connected therewith, were contained in 'Some Thoughts concerning Education,' and in 'The Conduct of the Understanding.' Here surely was a wide enough range of subjects for one man to handle, and to handle, as Lady Masham said, in ways that 'express the largeness of his mind, his great penetration, the strength of his judgment, and the wonderful perspicacity and clearness which was in all his notions.' 'I will only beg,' she added, 'that, in reflecting upon this part of his character, it may not be forgotten that he possessed all these and many other rare qualities, without that any one of them ever appeared, if I may say so, to possess him.'"

— Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have just issued the late W. H. Prescott's Biographical and Critical Miscellanies, in a handsome volume. In it he writes of Charles Brockden Browne, George Bancroft, Washington Irving, Scott, Cervantes, Molière, Chateaubriand, and others. The volume is a treasury of useful information, presented with rare rhetorical skill. From the essay on Browne, who may be called the first American novelist, and whose merits are but little known to the present generation of readers, we make liberal quotations: —

"He was born at Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1771. . . . From his earliest childhood he gave evidence of his studious propensities, being frequently noticed by his father, on his return from school, poring over some heavy tome, nothing daunted by the formidable words it contained; or mounted on a table, and busily engaged in exploring a map which hung on the parlor wall. This infantine predilection for geographical studies ripened into a passion in later years. . . . A visitor at his father's house having rebuked him, as it would seem without cause, for some remark he had made, give him the contemptuous epithet of 'boy,' 'What does he mean,' said the young philosopher, after the guest's departure, 'by calling me boy? Does he not know that it is neither size nor age, but sense, that makes the man? I could ask him an hundred questions, none of which he could answer.' At the age of sixteen, young Browne sketched the plans of several epics on the discovery of America and the conquests of Mexico and Peru. He once wrote a poetical address to Franklin, for the Edentown newspaper. 'The blundering printer,' he says in his journal, 'from zeal or ignorance, or perhaps from both, substituted the name of Washington. Washington, therefore, stands arrayed in awkward colors; Philosophy smiles to behold her darling son; she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory on the field of battle, to this her favorite candidate, who had never participated in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquest of philosophy alone. The printer, by his blundering ingenuity, made the subject ridiculous. Every word of this clumsy panegyric was a direct slander upon Washington, and so it was regarded at the time."

Young Browne chose law for his profession; but soon found it distasteful, and withdrew from it. He objected to it as having in it something immoral. His intellect, which would have largely profited by the stern discipline of legal study, was now left to the influence of chance winds of doctrine, and naturally enough grew susceptible to the breath of scepticism exhaled by the French Revolution. His first work, "Alcuin, a Dialogue on the Rights of Women," published in 1797, embodies the speculations of a theorist, charges exclusively upon human institutions the essential defects of human nature. His second essay, a romance, was never completed. His third, "Wieland," was the first of a series which flowed rapidly from his pen during the ensuing three years. This novel, and its immediate successor, "Osmond," constitute the real beginning of American fiction. Of them and his other novels, Mr. Prescott says: —

"They may probably claim to be regarded as having first opened the way to the successful cultivation of romantic fiction in this country. Great doubts were long entertained of our capabilities for immediate success in this department. We had none of the buoyant, stirring associations of a romantic age; none of the chivalrous pageantry, the feudal and border story, or Robin Hood adventure; none of the dim, shadowy superstitions, and the traditional legends, which had gathered like moss round every hill, stone, and valley of the olden countries. Every thing here wore a spick-and-span new aspect, and lay in the broad garish sunshine of every-day life. We had none of the picturesque varieties of situation or costume,— every thing lay on the same dull, prosaic level; in short, we had none of the most obvious elements of poetry,— at least, so it appeared to the vulgar eye. It required the eye of genius to detect the rich stores of romantic and poetic interest that lay beneath the crust of society."

— The life of the late Edwin Forrest, written by Rev. W. R. Alger, will be put into the printer's hands about September 15. It has been prepared under the careful supervision of James Oakes, Esq,, Mr. Forrest's executor.

— Mr. Emerson says, in his "Conduct of Life:" "I remarked in England, in confirmation of a frequent experience at home, that, in literary circles, the men of trust and consideration, book-makers, editors, university deans and professors, bishops, too, were by no means men of the largest literary talent, but usually of a low and ordinary intellectuality, with a sort of mercantile activity and working talent. Indifferent hacks and mediocrities tower by pushing their forces to a lucrative point, or by working power, over multitudes of superior men, in Old as in New England."

— Many readers have been devoured by curiosity as to the authorship of "Ready-money Mortiboy," — a very bright novel, published several years ago. We are fortunate in being able to give the names of the joint authors, — Messrs. James Rice and W. Besant.

— A literary lady went into the station at Portland, and asked an official at what time the half-past two train went out. Her phraseology was criticised by the editor of a local newspaper; and the lady replied, through the *Galaxy*, defending it. Was she right? As the case is stated, the question was purely general. "At what hour does the train habitually leave?"

—Bayard Taylor concludes a review of the Marquis of Lorne's poem, "Guido and Lita," with this sentiment: "We are very sure that the intelligent and high-minded Duke of Argyle would be very proud to present the Marquis of Lorne as my son, the poet; and we are sincerely sorry that we see no likelihood, judging from the indications given in the present volume, that he will ever be able to do it." No living "poet," we think, could pronounce this statement so feelingly as Mr. Taylor; he knows how it is himself, to want to be a poet, and not to be.

— The announcement of Roberts Brothers' "No Name" series of American fiction is very warmly received. The authorship of each book is to be kept inviolably secret, and the list of names will include many of the most eminent American writers. We quote a poem which will appear in one of the early volumes: —

A WOMAN'S BATTLE.

Dear foe, I know thou'lt win the fight;
I know thou hast the stronger bark;
And thou art sailing in the light,
While I am creeping in the dark:
Thou dost not dream that I am crying,
As I come up with colors flying.

I clear away my wounded slain,
With strength like frenzy, strong and swift:
I do not feel the tug and strain,
Though dead are heavy, hard to lift.
If I looked on their faces dying,
I could not keep my colors flying.

Dear foe, it will be short, our fight,
Though lazily thou train'st thy guns;
Fate steers us, — me to deeper night,
And thee to brighter seas and suns!
But thou'lt not dream that I am dying,
As I sail by with colors flying!

— Mr. D'Israeli is said to be engaged on another novel, which treats of the development of the imperialistic power in Europe. It will continue the career of Lothair.

— Colonel Higginson's capital History of the United States has been translated into German.

— Mr. B. R. Curtis, of this city, has written a book of travel, called "Dottings Round the Circle," treating of Japan, China, India, Egypt, Italy, France, and England. Osgood & Co. will publish it.

— William Black, the novelist, and author of "The Princess of Thule," &c., is about to pay a visit to this country, especially for his own pleasure, he would have it understood.

— Mr. Bayard Taylor has collected his "Diversions of the Echo Club," which were published anonymously in the "Atlantic," into a small volume, with his review of Browning's "Inn Album," and two other papers. The collection is published by J R. Osgood & Co., with the title "The Echo Club, and other Literary Diversions." The review of Browning appeared in the "New York Tribune," and attracted much attention because it exhibited the salient defects of that author's style. The "Echo Club" appears to have had some sort of foundation in fact. Its purpose was to imitate and caricature the work of well-

known poets, though ridicule and disparagement were to be avoided. In the first chapter, Morris, Poe, and Browning appear as the subjects upon which the club expend its energies. Among the others treated are Mrs. Sigourney, Swinburne, Emerson, Aldrich, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, Mrs. Howe, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and John Hay. Some of these are admirably adapted for imitation, on account of their idiosyncratic faults, — for faults are more easily imitated than excellencies. Despite Mr. Taylor's evident opinion to the contrary, we feel that this work is better adapted to his genius than any thing else that he has lately essayed.

— Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to their "Student's Series" "A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the city to the Fall of Augustulus, B.C. 752–A.D. 476. By Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely;" and "A General History of Greece, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great. By George W. Cox, M.A." Each is a volume of over seven hundred pages, and both are well furnished with maps and indexes. They are valuable additions to the teacher's and student's library.

— Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have added to the "Vest-Pocket Series," an illustrated reprint of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The text has the same merits that mark the previous volumes of the series, but the illustrations have little value.

— "Ida Craven," by Mrs. H. M. Cadell, is a volume of the "Leisure Hour Series," of Henry Holt & Co. It appears to us to be well written, and to embody a good moral lesson. Its descriptions of life in India are interesting and well written. We notice, on page 221, the expression, "let him take that much comfort away with him," which we cannot approve, and occasional sentences are lengthened and weakened by the too frequent use of the conjunction "and."

— No intelligent reader could have mistaken our meaning, when we said, in our last number, that, of English historians, our correspondent could choose between Grote and Curtius, — that is, histories in the English language.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Rev. Mr. Hepworth's "Starboard and Port" is rich in nautical information and spicy details of adventure. Here is a fine definition of yachting: "It consists in getting up at twelve, and keeping watch until six, in a dead calm, with a heavy ground-swell, and a fearfully unhappy revolution going on inside, to which death seems like the sleep of a child." Some of the "yarns" in the book are consumedly funny. Here is one by Fowler, a veteran tar on the yacht "Nellie:" —

"I was on board the schooner "Sarah Martin," and it was the 9th of March; and, more than that, it was one o'clock in the morning. I tell you it was awful cold, though. The wind whistled right through a feller's peajacket; and more'n once I had to look down to see if I had forgot to put any thing on when my watch was called, — it was so mighty freezing. Not much like this weather, I tell ye; but a regular old Marcher, with snow and ice in his teeth. We was off Nantucket, coddin'. There's where we was; and 't ain't easy work pullin' in a fifteen-pound cod with a forty-fathom line, and findin' a dogfish on, neither. Why, a feller's hands get so numb that he don't know he's got any, and thinks he's left 'em to home. . . . As I was a-sayin', we was coddin' off Nantucket; the wind blew heavy from the north-east. There was a mighty sea runnin'; and the cappen, seein' the rest of the fleet had come to anchor, said to me, 'Fowler,' said he, 'hadn't we better let go our mud-hook?' I cast my eyes to the nor'rard, and see it was going to blow pretty stiff all night, so I said, 'You can do as you like, Cap.; but, if she was my craft, I know what I'd do mighty quick.' 'What's that?' sez he, kinder anxious, — for I noticed he always come to me when it was a-blowin' hard. 'Why,' sez I, 'them clouds, they look ugly, and it's goin' to be a nasty night; and if we can get a fair hold of the bottom, it's all right.' So the anchor was let go, and we bobbed about a good deal worse than we did t'other night. That was a mill-pond side of the sea we were in. Talk of mountains; they warn't nowhere side o' them waves. Why, sir, once the schooner pinted her bowsprit right for the north-star, — and you know she's got to stand up pretty well on end to do that. I was just goin' out on the bowsprit to furl the jib, when a flaw of wind took the sail, and at the same minute a heavy wave struck us, and threw me off my feet. I hung on to the clew of the jib, expectin' to be landed against the larboard rail, you know. But the wind was so strong it blew the jib outboard, and, instead of droppin' on the deck, I fell flat on my back in the water. The tide was runnin' like a race-horse, and when I got about midships, as I reckoned, a roller lifted me about twenty feet above the deck, and I hollered.' 'You hollered!' said Bertie. 'Well, I guess I did; and the crew heard me, too, and the cappen, he heard me. I struck out, hoping to get hold of the rail; but 'twarn't no use. I gave myself up for lost. 'No more coddin' for me,' I said to myself. Just then I heard the cappen say: 'I'm throwin' ye a line, Fowler;' and with that I heard a splash close to me. It was so dark I couldn't see nothin'. But I heard the rope strike the water. I had the presence of mind to think that the rope would sink; so I fumbled round about a foot under water, and caught hold of somethin'. It was the whippin' of the line. Well, I hung on with an awful grip, and could feel that they were haulin' away at t'other end. I never came so near faintin' in my life; but 'twarn't no time to faint just then. The sailors was haulin' me on board, when one of them looked over the side and see that I had only the whippin' in my hand. Well, when I was most up, one of the sailors, he said, 'Cappen, hadn't we better get the gaff and make fast to him?' At that, I must say, I felt mad. 'It was bad enough to fall overboard; but to be gaffed as though I was a dogfish was more than I could stand, so I really believe I fainted away. At any rate, the next thing I knew I was in the cabin, stretched out on one of the transoms. The cappen stood over me, shaking me, and saying, 'Fowler, let go that rope.' I looked down to my hand, and found that I had hold of about three inches of it, with such a grip that I couldn't let go. So I took hold of the rope with my right hand, and kinder coaxed it away from the fingers of the other hand. I tell you that was a grip, though, wasn't it?' This remark was addressed to me, and I answered 'Yes,' without further comment on the adventure."

— A very queer book is "Allen Bay," which seems to have neither head nor tail, purpose nor result. It is the maunderings of a melancholic old man, who, having spent much of his life in pondering on his own experience, meets another old man who is a hermit, and who tells the story of his own career. The book has no definable characteristics, except, perhaps, a swelled and unpleasant style. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Lee & Shepard.]

— "The Epic of Hades," by Lewis Morris, author of "Songs of two Worlds," contains some of the finest poetry of the day. It is a series of myths, in beautiful blank verse, — the story of Marsyas, Andromeda, Helen, Adonis, Narcissus, and others. The classic spirit is strong in all these poems, which revive the ancient life and character with singular vividness. We quote a few lines from Marsyas:—

"Once among the Phrygian hills
I lay a musing, while the silly sheep
Wandered among the thyme upon the bank
Of a clear mountain stream, beneath the pines,
Safe hidden from the noon. A dreamy haze
Played on the uplands; but the hills were clear
In sunlight, and no cloud was on the sky.
It was the time when a deep silence comes
Upon the summer earth, and all the birds
Have ceased from singing, and the world is still
As midnight and, if any live thing move —
Some fur-clad creature, or cool, gliding snake —
Within the pipy overgrowth of weeds,
The ear can catch the rustle, and the trees
And earth and air are listening. As I lay,
Faintly, as in a dream, I seemed to hear
A tender music, like the Æolian chords,
Sound low within the woodland, whence the stream
Flowed full, yet silent. Long, with ear to ground,
I hearkened; and the sweet strain, fuller grown,
Rounder and clearer came, and danced along,
In mirthful measure now, and now grown grave
In dying falls, and sweeter and more clear,
Tripping at nuptials and high revelry,
Wailing at burials, rapt in soaring thoughts,
Chanting strange sea-tales full of mystery,
Touching all chords of being, and life and death,
Now rose, now sank, and always was divine,
So strange the music came."

In true classic spirit, in melody of flow, and in felicity of diction, these poems are surpassingly meritorious. The romantic traditions of mythology have never had a finer interpretation. [Lippincott & Co.; Lee & Shepard.]

— "Peter and Polly; or, Home-life in New England a Hundred Years Ago," is a new story by Marian Douglas. It possesses little merit either as a story, or as a picture of the manners of the olden time. We have been surprised at the inelegance of the writer's style, and by the utter failure to catch the conversational peculiarities of the period. At least five of the chapters open with the words, "It was," and how many of the paragraphs and sentences begin in the same way we cannot stop to discover. Inverted forms of expression, and unfinished and rough phrases, are the rule throughout the book, which is brief enough to have been carefully written.—[Boston: Osgood & Co.]

— That most exquisite of poems, John Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," has received a fitting dress from the hands of its publishers. No words can reproduce the various beauties of this marvellous poem; no ear but thrills with long, heart-reaching throes over its musical, soul-full lines. The passion of love had ne'er so vivid a portraiture. Wooing was rude in those old days; but how exquisite the tenderness that moderated it! A more finished love-drama was never evolved from the poet's imagination; lovelier words span never daintier fabric; the very spirit of poesy animates them, and the susceptible soul dissolves in sympathetic tears as it reads. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

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S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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THE ONEIROGRAPH.

WE take pleasure in announcing our invention of a device whereby the interests of literature will be largely promoted, and the oppressive yearnings of the young writer be led to happy utterance and release. It is intended to secure for him a perfect expression of his best thought, unclogged by the mechanical hindrances which now trammel him. It is called the Oneirograph, and is intended to report with absolute accuracy the thoughts that come to one in dreams and sleep. Our readers need not be told that inspiration comes beneath the curtains of one's couch, so subtle, so spiritual, that one is unconscious of its visit, and cherishes an angel unawares. Only there lingers in his memory a vague perfume as of some divine presence, telling of an indistinct and uncomprehended guest, who has come and has gone, and is unknown. There is no imaginative soul which has not known the access of this nightly invader, and awakened in the morning with vague recollections, — that can, alas! never be shaped and clarified, titillating his longing sense, and inspiring him with unattainable ambitions. How to catch and fix these fugitive intruders? How record their ghostly utterances and preserve in permanence the wit and wisdom of their words? Let the Oneirograph answer. It is not our intention to make public the distinctive peculiarities of this ingenious machine; it is enough to affirm that it is to be the savior of intellectual fruit that has hitherto been lost, that it is to secure to a thirsty world drafts of that effluence which flows from hidden springs in the spirit land, and for which man has long waited with avid lips. It will report with unimpeachable accuracy the thoughts, the sentiments, the fancies that visit the sleeping soul, and lay bare for the enlightenment of ignorant humanity the lore of a hidden world. Sleep is a filter through which supernatural wisdom percolates as through a fine sand; it charges our unconscious breasts through the long night, but with the light of the rising sun, absorbs itself and evanishes. To stay it, to preserve it, this is the mission of the Oneirograph. A fuller explanation of this remarkable invention will be given at an early day, which will amply justify our anticipations of the millennial time when the lore of the hidden world shall mingle with mere human learning, to water the fields of human efforts and fructify its swelling soil. Presently we shall have the Literature of Evangelical Insomnia.

A LITERARY NOVELTY.

WE take pleasure in forewarning our readers of a project which seems to promise a material enhancement of the advantages of writers, and a general improvement of the literary situation. It is our intention, when the pecuniary success of the *Literary World* shall have sufficiently enriched us, to devote our powers and time to the invention of a system whereby every writer shall be guaranteed a satisfactory review of his book. We are disturbed by the knowledge that, under the existing system, great discontent sours this sensitive class, and leads them into expressions of rashness which they are sure to repent. The number of instances of these vehement reprisals is overwhelming, and we will cite only one for the purpose of illustration. A reviewer ventures to characterize a certain part of a certain book as "coarse." The author promptly retorts, "Your criticism is coarse," — the juvenile form of argument, "You're another!" This state of things, so clearly indicated by this explosion of wrath, is too melancholy to contemplate. Authors can be happy and literature thrive, only when the former have full liberty to impose on the docile public their own interpretations and estimates of their own work. The tendency to claim this monopoly is especially strong on the part of lady writers. This fact may be accounted for by the simple hypothesis, that the ladies' own opinions obscure their whole horizon, and absolutely exclude from their view any other possible opinions. We hope soon to announce the perfection of our new and invaluable invention. To forward its completion, we urge immediate subscriptions to this paper by the expectant and appreciative public.

THE JOYS OF SUMMER RESORTS.

THE prime object of visitors at summer resorts is, of course, the attainment of health; the secondary, the enjoyment of social pleasures. The degree in which the latter are vouchsafed, secondary objects though they are, determines the content of the visitor. To mould with foreign and unkindred elements a harmonious and congenial society, is one of the most difficult things in the world. Yet we have known instances in which a score of strangers, congregating from divers quarters of the world, with divers tastes and habits, have merged their characteristics for the common good and joined in the promotion of common social joy. Such an instance came under our notice among the guests at the delightful Waumbek, Jefferson, N. H., during the month just ended. A scene of more hearty and refined hilarity than was formed by the sojourners at that excellent hostelry, it was never our privilege to witness. The happy consummation was mainly due to the harmonizing and shaping efforts of one of the guests, who turned his felicitous qualifications to happy account. Ascertaining the likes and dislikes of each of his co-inmates, he contrived to placate each, and in time, if not at once, to make all happy. Blessed himself with a marvellous versatility of talent, he devoted it all to the entertainment of the guests, and, neglecting none, wrought out a charming fabric of happiness for them all. He inspired and guided, he sang, he discoursed, he philosophized, he recited, he led the way to the croquet-ground, he was first to hurl a ball down the alley; he was pioneer in the making of conundrums, and gave and took jokes with an air. The cynosure of all eyes, he was at once "guide, philosopher, and friend," and his wise counsels, his genial suggestions, moved his associates as with one mental operation. How greatly this social harmony promotes the common joy we need not argue; but its effect is powerfully to re-enforce the ordinary amusements of a summer hotel, and to harmonize and refine the nature of the congregated visitors.

"CONFIRMATION STRONG."

WE found it necessary, in our notice of Mr. Lathrop's "A Study of Hawthorne," to charge him with direct disregard of that great writer's expressed wishes, with obtruding his own personality in offensive excess into the narrative, and with advancing the absurd proposition, that ignorance of his subject is the best qualification of the biographer. A letter from Mr. Julian Hawthorne, recently published, directly sustains our charges, and makes sundry additional ones which Mr. Lathrop must find it difficult to answer. To the misdemeanor of very bad literary work, he has added, according to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the grave crime of a breach of faith.

— Of all the orations delivered on the Centennial Fourth, we have seen few that equal, none that surpass, the address of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in Music Hall. In appropriateness of matter and sentiment it is preeminent, and it embodies a popular element which appeals to the general intelligence. Yet in no wise did its author descend to his audience; his classical and poetical allusions were at once pertinent and intelligible, and the spirit of the composition, preserved from the days of honest and able statesmen, wherein the author honorably figured, roused elevating thoughts in the breast of every one who listened. Mr. Winthrop has long absented himself from the rostrum; it would seem that he had garnered the thought and wisdom of years, to bestow it as a final gift on the country which he has served so long and so well.

THE EDITORIAL VACATION.

"THE Eastern, at three and a quarter," said Draco, as we parted, and with the punctuality which is essential to success in business, we rejoined company at the appointed time and place. The only noteworthy feature of the ride to Portsmouth is the frequent punch, in the administration of which the conductor indulges to an alarming degree. The process is not intoxicating, but is irritating, — not to say, penetrating. Landed in that melancholy old town, — (beg pardon! it is a city), — which seems to have lain down and gone to sleep under its lofty umbrageous elms, we make our way to the water-side, and embark upon the "Major," which, by the way, is a steamer of minor capacity. Her human freight is not heavy; in fact, estimated according to Draco as a sample, it is light. So, undiverted by those feminine charms which usually deck a steamboat, we were able to scrutinize the scenery that glided by us, with an unbiassed critic's eye. "Three-Tree Island," with its one house, and the trinal growths indicated by its name, received a passing glance, and commendation as a fit site for an arboricultural school *à la* that of Agassiz at Penikeese.

We note the fathomless depth of the Piscataqua, and evolve from it an argument in favor of the maintenance of the Kittery navy-yard, which huddles on the east side of the river, — a medley of old hulks that might have done service in Martin Pring's fleet. Here is Fort Washington, there one of the old Wentworth houses which survive in large number in this vicinity. Their multitude, however, is rivalled by that of the Pepperell houses in the adjoining town. The late residence of Captain Decatur craves a momentary scrutiny, as we turn to gaze on Agamenticus, for long years a landmark to the incoming mariner, — a character, the incomeing mariner, very rare to-day. On our right we leave a structure which bears the singular title of "Whaleback Light"; whereupon the cynical Draco remarks that there is cruel satire in the superimposition of light on a whale's back — a measure which must painfully remind him of his occupation gone. While we deplore our friend's satirical habit, we feel bound to give him credit for his great attainments, and especially for his knowledge of the Isles of Shoals, which is not Shallow or Slender.

The Isles are in sight, and Draco obligingly runs through the catalogue thereof: Star, White, Appledore, Londoner's, Haley's (Smutty Nose), Malaga, Duck, and Cedar, — eight in all. Of these, Appledore is the largest and least barren, and shares with Star the honors of hospitality. Malaga recalls the memory of childhood's rhyme, —

> "Malaga raisins! Malaga raisins!
> The very best raisins found in the town."

White has a light, but no landing; Londoner's alone possesses an Irishman. It is sometimes called "Lounger's Island"; but the chance traveller fails to see its inducements to the *flaneur*. This son of Erin had perhaps read of Thomas Macy's entry upon Nantucket, and burned to imitate him. So, having been repulsed by residents of the other islands, he squatted on Londoner's, and by and by, by dint of diligent cod-fishing, accumulated money enough to buy it, — no great sum, we guess. Now he is

> "Monarch of all he surveys;
> His right there is none to dispute."

Star island is rich in necrological memorials, as witness "Nooks and Corners." We cannot, in spite of the restrictions of space, resist the temptation of quoting this touching inscription. Hidden by a clump of dwarf willows and wild roses, lie three little graves, where rest three childish tenants, daughters of Rev. George Beebe, missionary. Under the name of Mittie, of seven years, are these tear-inviting words: "I don't want to die, but I'll do just as Jesus wants me to." Imagine the possible development of a spirit so precociously devout!

Only two of the remaining islands possess a special interest: Haley's is famous as the scene of the Wagner murder; the house wherein the dreadful deed was done has been nearly dismantled by high-toned curiosity-hunters; and Appledore, — ah! it would take pages adequately to describe the charm that binds the tourist to its verdant shores — for alone of the group it can boast of grassy fields, and prosperous plants and flowers. Beholding these latter, we wondered until their tulelary genius dawned upon us, and then our wonder became admiration. It ill becomes two sober men, given to letters, geology, and archæology, to dwell on so purely material and unæsthetic a matter as dinner; but in deference to the enthusiasm of Draco, new risen from the Appledore table, rubescent, and for the moment amiable, we permit ourselves to record his deliberate judgment on the entertainment from which he had just wrested himself: "Tip-top." The word itself is trifling; but in his utterance it meant volumes.

The discovery of these islands has generally been credited to John Smith, the multitudinous and ubiquitous hero, to whose memory a monument has been erected on Star Island; but recent investigations have made it clear that the honor belongs to Du Guast, Sieur de Monts, commissioned by Henry IV. of France, in 1603, to colonize Acadia. His claims are presented by Mr. S. A. Drake, in his admirable "Nooks and Corners of New England," with convincing force. His discovery of the Isles antedates Smith's visit nine years. The first historical account of them was written by Christopher Levett, about 1619. Their physical aspect seems to have undergone no change in two and a half centuries, for Levett said of them: "Upon these islands I neither could see one good timber-tree, nor so much good ground as to make a garden." In 1623, they were first used as a fishing-station, for which they possessed great advantages in their vicinity to the fishing-grounds, and their immunity from savage raids. The first-named advantage must have been an important one in those days, for Levett found a serious objection to the employment of Cape Ann as a fishing-station, in the fact that vessels then engaged had to send their boats *twenty miles* to get their fish. Up to the time of the Revolution, the fisheries of the Isles were prosperous; since that date, only shore-fishery has been pursued.

Between the years 1775 and 1820 the islands were nearly depopulated, and the remaining inhabitants illustrated a state of semi-civilization, which, happily, has had no parallel in this country. They lived in utter lawlessness, acknowledging no restraints, legal or moral, and utterly regardless of the rules which, in civilized society, regulate the relations of the sexes.

But how can the hurrying tourist write history? Perish the thought! The shrilly bell of the Appledore, — a word whose origin is wrapped in mystery, though it attaches to a little English seaport, but which it is easy to manufacture by a deft combination of Latin and Greek into "gifts of apples," Certes, the derivation is full of sweet suggestions, to say nothing of memories. We were going to state that the bell of the Appledore was summoning a reluctant dozen to her deck, when the obdurate Draco interjected the above poetical but impertinent fragment. Having been duly rebuked, he walked on board and gravely established himself to the leeward of the steamer's chimney. His selection of this resting-place need be no matter for speculation to those who know his predisposition to heated terms of controversy. The lines were cast off, and, by a breach of courtesy for which we find no excuse, the steamer turned its back upon the cherished scene of dinner and delight. The sea shone and twinkled like a corrugated mirror, if there be such an article of furniture; the unobtrusive breeze coyly toyed with the hirsute embellishments of my sombre friend; the blithe birds swooped in gentle curves to pick the unresponsive waves; and the harmonious engine sighed forth its satisfaction at the easy task before it.

For a time there was an impressive silence, — so utter that it seemed to be "listening for another sound." At last it came. Draco opened his mouth, hitherto the comfortable asylum of a battered cigarette, and poured forth a flood of wisdom which roused the attention of the meditative clam, and even penetrated the dull ears of the dissolute and material-minded lobster. An intellectual deck-hand, swabbing the grimy planks, paused in his labors to listen, and, poising a bucket in one hand, stood like an auditor of Memnon, trembling with the emotion of expectancy. The in-

terest of the auditors was becoming so tense, — approximating, indeed, a state of stupefaction, — that I felt it my duty to interfere, and by dint of adroit interruptions stayed the flow of metaphysical rhetoric, which had already exerted a sensible influence on the steering compass. With the profoundest respect for Draco, our obligations to the public compel us to confess that the safety of a vessel being the question at issue, we should prefer Jonah for a passenger rather than the reservoir of this voluminous and intoxicating eloquence.

Suddenly the sombre philosopher starts from his seat, and, *mirabile dictu!* complains of the heat. "It's that infernal chimney," he cries, moving scornfully away from it. Once, at least, the philosopher is mistaken: it wasn't the chimney at all; it was the furnacy land-breezes, which, stealing out from Portsmouth, had wrapped us in a sudden fiery embrace. The temperature was a degree too much even for Draco, and he subsided into a revery, from which the glitter and bustle of the Portsmouth wharf hardly availed to arouse him.

The railroad cars and the stage-coach wait for no man, unless the Jehu of the latter happens to see intending passengers in close propinquity. We spared him delay, and lightly leaped to the French roof apartments, in order to enjoy a full range of vision while traversing the variegated scene that displays itself between Portsmouth and Kittery. But ere the eager Jehu had made fast the articles of baggage upon the coach, the heavens opened, and the flood came. As it came, we went, descending like Jonah aforementioned into the bowels of the *seat*-acious monster. More fortunate than that original explorer of the nether sea, we found ourselves not alone. A bulky female, clad in sober weeds, occupied one-half — nay, two-thirds — of the rear seat, the remaining fraction being yielded to the person of John, who, with his blue eyes and his blonde locks, looked like a Viking out of business. The coach started, — and so did the windows, in answer to the summons of the driving rain; and for a few minutes we had the pleasure of testing what might be called the amphibian condition of life. Ever alert for antiquarian discourse, Draco, catching his clue from an amorphous and decrepid-looking structure which glowered at us through the rain, began to discourse of the grandeur of the Wentworths, royal governors in the good old Colony times. To his intense amazement and discomfiture, the bulky female interrupted him: "I b'long to the Wentworth folk," she said, and proceeded briefly to explain her descent from the representative of that family, yclept Benning. But we soon lost the charm of female society: the coach stopped at the way side, and the inert old lady was with difficulty landed in the mud. A few moments of silence, Draco not having recovered his equanimity, disturbed by the lady's interpellation, and we draw up at the Pepperell Hotel, in Kittery. Our stay was brief, but full of enjoyment. The only genuine excitement encountered was vouchsafed to one of us, who, strolling on the piazza till the "cunners" were cooked, was confronted by a huge dog of the Newfoundland family, attended by a retinue in the shape of a most vile aroma. The stranger, — the human stranger, retreated — but was promptly supported by the alert landlady, who, rushing forth with uplifted and threatening hands, cried "Start your boots! Who's afraid of you?" A more sudden evanishment of dog and retinue is not, we believe, on record.

But we approach a melancholy stage in our narrative, and the end of our companionship, whose tender and blissful sincerity gives the lie to the foregoing slanders upon the afflicted Draco. A sad summons came to him; we joined hands, and parted.

To the lover of tedium, the ride north by the Eastern railroad may be recommended as the sovereignest thing. The trains are appropriately late, and freight-cars run off the track at admirably-selected opportunities. Another recommendation is found in the fact, that babies constitute a majority of the passengers; and, by their cunning tricks and well-modulated voices, furnish welcome relief to the monotony of the journey. Three specimens of infantile humanity especially attracted our attention. Two of them, evidently twins, packed in the same seat with a venerable grandmother, who recalled the sacred memory of Mrs. Pipchin, maunched and maunched, like the sailor's wife, and quarreled for fragments. Their family name was not revealed to us; but there is good reason to believe that it was Crumwell. The third specimen — a boy — exemplified a strange paroxysm, such as we never saw the like of. His nostrils were inordinately estranged, and seemed to be trying to rival his eyes in expansion. In his gambols his round comb became frequently entangled in his father's straggling beard. The course of the rail leads through an agricultural region, whose face is considerably rougher than that of Massachusetts. The gatherings of rude but cunning-looking rustics at the stations and the village stores reminds one of the political enthusiasm that characterizes the people of the State; and the frequent appearance of those ill-assorted names, Tilden and Hendricks, not always correctly spelled, confirms one's growing belief in the local ascendancy of the Democratic faith. In this land of hills, you inevitably think of Isaac and his mountings. The farther north you penetrate, the more pronounced is the Democratic aspect; and, in the border counties of Coos and Carroll, Republicanism is a synonyme of isolation. The best citizen, avowing his intention to vote for Hayes and Wheeler, is regarded with pity, mildly mingled with reproach, by his neighbors. The leaders of Republicanism haunt the capital, and continue the fortifications which have progressed through the long years of Republican rule. The brawny Prescott hides in his wonted office, and, master of the enemy's position and tactics, plans shrewdly the investment of the generous party funds, and plots the removal of some ill-fated sheriff. The politics of the Granite State — paradoxical though it may seem — are like a troubled sea; and unwary barks, unballasted by ample lucre, risk many and serious perils.

But we are approaching North Conway, with its multitudinous, and alas! comparatively empty hotels. Fashion has turned her (pull) back on this once famous asylum for the frivolous and volatile, and the path to Kearsarge is little trodden by No. 1 French kids. The rustic mine-hosts are melancholy over their disappointment: the help engaged and present for service, the supplies in store, and none to devour them. But their grief has nothing of penitence in it; they recall the old days only to repine; not a thrill of reproachful conscience summons the memory of past exactions. Rates of board here and at Bethlehem are very low this year; but it has been remarked that "extras" are unprecedented in number and magnitude. It is sad to be obliged to refer to a rumor of malpractice on the part of the Bethlehemites, which is painfully inconsistent with the sacred reputation of their home. Embittered by the desertion of their old patrons, like the dog in the manger, they resolve that others shall not have the fruit that has escaped their jaws. So, the rumor goes, they have given currency to reports that malarious fever rages among the magnificent hills of Jefferson, and that the sod of her smiling valleys is sadly scarred by the handiwork of the driven local sexton. Not content with this questionable measure, they send forth minions upon the railway trains, to "buzz" the unsuspecting tourist, and divert his unconscious feet from the majestic scenery that Starr King immortalized, to the stale entertainment of their inferior heights. It may be stated, as a fact worth knowing, that actual scientific measurement assigns the loftiest altitude to the hotel, whose site was so sagaciously selected twenty years ago by that beloved pastor — the Waumbek.

We change cars for Fabyan's. The Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad Company now holds us in its grasp, and a close grasp it is. "Two dollars and forty-five cents." "What?" "2–45." "That time was beaten long ago: 2–14 is the standard." "What are you talking about?" "About the speed of horses." "Pshaw! give me your fare." "I don't see anything fair about it, — seven cents per mile, it's outrageous." "Can't help it, sir; the road cost a good deal of money." Yes, and it costs a good deal to ride on it. But compensation is coming. Most of our readers have no doubt heard the melancholy history of the Willey House, — how, while one bitter night its inmates slept peacefully, an avalanche descended upon them, and shut for ever from

their eyes the grey light of the heavens. It is told in the spelling-books of the last generation. The site is not far from Crawford's Notch, which the train enters with a premonitory jerk. By way of conciliation, the conductor has invited us to seats in the observation car at the rear of the train, and, established in comfortable Wakefield chairs, we whirl through a bewildering ravine. Three miles and more of ecstatic apprehension, of awe, of admiration, of speculation. To be or not to be, we reason, with a leaning to the latter alternative, thoughts of our families, and resolutions to lead a better life, if we ever escape this strait. Strait: no! it is far from rectilinear; it is curvilinear, perpendicular, zig-zag. It subjects the passengers to a most perplexing and involuntary act of aerostation, now lifting, now dropping him, until oscillation engenders dizziness and a feeling akin to sea-sickness; that life or death is a matter of indifference, supervenes. The variety of scenery at your command is interesting, but terrifying. On the one hand looms a trenchant cliff, whose dizzy heights challenge your straining eye. Its vertical *façades*, dull, warm in the sun's rays, are set off by protruding boulders, which seem to nod in a friendly manner, and offer to come down and accost you. On the other side, the eye drops through bristling tree-tops, to rocky steppes below. Your orders, please, say they; which will you have,—death by oblique projection or by perpendicular ponderosity? Take your choice, for you have paid your two dollars and forty-five cents. The possible forecasts on this road materially enhance the delight of the traveller. Lean from the blank-sided car, holding firmly to the coverings of your head, including hat and wig; cast your eyes a little in advance, and see the proud locomotive pressing on in a beautiful curvilinear, its haughty tail creeping after in an emulous parabola. The sight is exhilarating, especially when the wheels graze the brink of the bank and the detached gravel rushes to the bottom of the ravine with a fascinating yet monitory rattle. Suppose that sleeper should be aroused, what consequences would follow? Suppose that bolt should yield, how would you bolt! Alas, a thousand obstacles bar your escape! To the poetical mind no condition could be more titillating. Then, if ever, is the time to exercise the speculative faculties, to measure, to compare, to cast a balance of probabilities. But a sudden shadow falls on faces, pale and drawn; a huge mountain steps into the course, and the affronted locomotive suddenly veers. Shadow gives place to sunlight; the crowded trees open their dense fibres, and the light of full day floods the track and train. Wilt thou stop at Crawford's, and look back upon the awful labyrinth thou hast achieved. No! Well, onward, with a lighter heart and more careless thoughts of home and friends. The gulf is passed; the chasm is bridged; the experience is only a terrible memory.

The slackened train emerges on a wide, flat sandy plain; threatens assault on a huge fortress-like structure, whose thousand eyes, vitreous, though clear, stare out upon the intruders with menacing meaning. The fiery assailant thinks better of it, and halts. Half a dozen passengers erupt, and lose themselves in Fabyan's vast caravansery — new prisoners in a huge penal institution, bound thenceforth by a penal obligation for which there is no remission. The only noteworthy events of our stay at Fabyan's were two, — supper and breakfast. To be sure, the behavior of certain untamed temporary tourists from Lawrence, come up to take part in the Washingtonian movement by steam — the aggregative tendency which drew them all into little bow-knots in the hall of the hotel — their spick-and-span new dresses, their airs and graces and cottonspinners' mannerisms, engrossed our eager attention.

The early train for Lancaster drags us off a snail's pace, and we learn with dismay that a probation of three and one half hours await us at Wing-Road Junction. We long for wings of our own, but find none on sale at the little station. At last, worn with hunger and thirst, we reach Lancaster, and find that the coach for Jefferson will not leave till night. But some kind friend has put a word in Frank Hunkin's ear, and he at once provides us with a horse and a buggy. Thus befriended, we compass the six miles of varied landscape that like a gorgeous carpet separates Lancaster from Jefferson. A lovely jaunt of an hour brings us to the imposing Waumbek, and the obliging landlord at once introduces us to the distinguished centennial ornaments of his domain, — General Washington, John Adams, James Madison, and others. We found them very courteous and agreeable, though in the infirmity of great age they were naturally a little hazy. The kind landlord reassured us, promising that they would be out bright and early in the morning.

Having readily complied with the rites of the house, which include some ceremonies in the dining-room, we repair to the spacious piazza, where a magnificent panorama is spread out for our delectation. The supreme variety of these pictures forbids any thing like an adequate report of them. At first, we seem to be in presence of the Republican Court of 1780. We recognize the Father and his aides, the sublime Washington, the subtle Jefferson, the serene Madison, the agile Hamilton, in majestic array, who sit like statues crowned with coronals of lace. To the right shines the elegant Lafayette, and in appropriate propinquity the grand Franconian range. Far off to the west are dimly outlined the green mountains of Vermont, and southward lie the peaceful hills of Bethlehem.

Mountains to right of you, mountains to left of you, and in their midst fair-faced valleys dotted with thrifty farm-houses, and crops that smile in the strengthening sun. With a rush as of a mighty wind, great brooks plunge down their mountain channels, bearing messages of good tidings to the waiting lowlands, and hearty greetings from the misty mountain-tops. On the thickly wooded flanks of the mountains lie patches of shining sward, suggestive of the sumptuous parks of the country magnate. The various shadings of verdure daunt the skill of the most zealous imitative artist, and vie with the impressive spectacle of a vast mountain, half in light, half in gloom. Their outlines draped in shadow, the mountains look like masses of dull ore. Of the cloud effects, no human pen can adequately discourse. Here fleece, here masses of pearly lace, and again opaque, towering columns. Here through a spotless arch of cloud you may see a rosy radiance beyond, like a ruby deep at the bottom of the sea. Postures, groupings, shades, and lights, — they are infinite and ineffable. Slow, majestic moves Cleopatra's barge to Antony, looming in the shining distance. Around the crown of Lafayette uncounted *fleur-de-lis* dance in the sun, and cloud-butterflies kiss his venerable locks. Here comes Bacchus with his train, *riant*, vehement, grapes swathing his crown, and Hebes flitting at his side. Venus bestrides a puce-colored cloud, drawn by her doves divine; and attendant Cupid reins a fiery Triton curvetting to the music of Circe and her sisters. Succeeds the era of Revolution, — a vast wheel, with crystal spokes, which rebuff the sun with dazzling refractions. Its hub rests on the head of Washington, and its horizontal indexes slant coincident with the electric flashes of his silvery hair. Zephyrs from the south-west murmur sweet, lutelike strains; Eolus opens the windows of his cave, and calls the sluggish South Wind to his side.

The Waumbek house lies in the lap of Starr King mountain. Its site was selected by the sainted King after an exhaustive exploration of the entire White Mountain region. He found it unsurpassed in expansiveness of range, variety and distinctiveness of scenery, and so it has ever remained. It commands the widest possible horizons, covering parts of three States, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. In the latter may be seen the Green Mountains; in New Hampshire, the entire White Mountain range; and in Maine, Kearsarge, Pleasant Mountain, &c. To the west, the eye falls on the Franconia range, embracing the Flume, the Profile, &c. Going east, it gathers in Mount Lafayette, and Haymaker's, and Cherry Mountain, which adjoins Mount Washington. Beyond the latter loom Jefferson, Madison, Monroe.

One of the first excursions to be undertaken from the Waumbek has Mount Washington for its objective point. The way thither lies across Cherry Mountain which abuts upon

the Waumbek front-yard. A road girds it, cut through the crowded woods, and winding over its terraced surface. The distance from the Waumbek to Fabyan's, the outer station of the mountain railway, is about twelve miles, and is accomplished in about two hours. The charms of this brief journey it would be hard to describe. The road severs the woods at every step, and in its windings give glimpses of neighboring mountains and valleys that lie between. At Fabyan's, almost a score of railroads conjoin, and from it as a central point one may embark in every direction. Here we take a train which brings us to the Base-Station of the mountain road, and which, having made its rapid journey, lands us at the point of transfer. Alighting, we step into the mountain train, which comprises one car and the locomotive. These are virtually two in one, though the connection between them is so slight as to permit their instant severance. The track is about three feet in width, and resembles in appearance the ordinary track of a steam railroad. Between the rails lies a line of cogged steel, whose indentures are responded to by similar ones on the locomotive. The forward end of the latter is elevated at an acute angle to the car, — an adjustment indispensable for the vertical elevation of the latter. Off at last: a rod or two of level space, and the car becomes an inclined plane, its forward end palpably elevated, so that in order to move from its rear to its front you have to go up hill. Looking in advance, you see a massive wall confronting you, whose summit pierces the sky. To surmount it is to mount to heaven; but up we go. The slow rattle of the cogs distracts the ear; the frightful outlook engrosses the eyes; and the terrible consciousness of hair's-breadth peril holds the mind in crucial suspense. What will you do if something breaks? Leap out, to be welcomed by the jagged rocks and the cruel shafts of the withered pines? Stick to the car, to sail on a voyage whose only harbor is death? Your only refuge is in submissive trust in God. He it is who moves the mountain, and guides the sparrow. You seek consolation in the faces of your fellows: surely you will not quail, while they stand. What see you? Strong men, pale with close-bound lips, and down-cast dewy eyes; tearful women prone on their seats, their bosoms heaving with great sobs; little children wondering at the funny road, and citing mamma to strange sights which baffle her dim eyes. Comes and goes the conductor, — a burly man, who takes his life in his hand when he goes to his morning's work; comes and goes the brakeman, holding twenty lives on the tension of his brake; stands stern at his post the engineer, — keeper of all these souls, — an Atlas, with a world on his shoulders, for two and a half dollars per day. Crackle, crackle go the cogs; puff, puff, goes the steam. Still onward, still upward, — a march as inevitable as the course of fate. All nature's laws oppose: gravitation crushes; terrestrial attraction draws; intrinsic ponderosity levels; but in vain; on goes the car till the peak of Washington co-ordinates with the dim horizon.

Nous sont arrivés : le but est touché. Happy feet that light on Washington's brow. We laugh, we cry, we rejoice; we pour out gratitude; and we bethink how ever shall we go down again. To go through a second ordeal is uselessly to tempt fate. One alternative remains, — to take passage in the stage-coach that runs down to the Glen. But, alas! some one tells us that that is even more dangerous than the railway journey; and we find ourselves hopeless. Like Sterne's starling, we can't get out. But it is well enough to look about and see what is to be seen. First the prospect engages our attention, and from what has been the central object of our vision we view the vast expanse that lies like a boundless sea around Mt. Washington. We dine sumptuously, and smoke a cigar, and take sundry cocktails, and by and by comes the starting time of the train. We waver, we hesitate, we doubt, and finally we step on board, resolved to place ourselves once more in the kind hands that had already preserved us. The journey down is merely the story of the journey up retold, with this difference, that its circumstances seem even more dreadful. Ascending, half our peril was hidden from us, the broad fronts of the mountains preventing us from seeing what was beyond; going down we looked our danger straight in the eyes, without qualification or mitigation. To ascend is to enter upon hidden perils; to descend is knowingly to confront apparent dangers. But the same Providence that had held us in the hollow of his hand renewed his kindness, and brought us in safety to the base of the mountain. Jumping into the waiting carriage, we rapidly crossed Cherry Mountain, and soon found ourselves plunged into the luxurious gayety of the Waumbek.

August 14th, the hay fever begins to rage, and continues till Sept. 28. This fever begins at Gorham, N. H., and spreads through a vast region. The country of which Jefferson is the centre enjoys exemption from this pest, and is thronged by visitors who seek a brief respite from their sufferings. One chief manifestation of this disease is an incorrigible propensity to sneeze. It is derived, it is said, from a noxious weed. It is this which brings Henry Ward Beecher every year to the mountains, where he spends two months at the Twin Mountain House.

The site of the Waumbek has already been sufficiently described, though the description is necessarily utterly inadequate; for no words can do justice to its beauty and attractiveness. Situated in the heart of the mountain region, it commands a view unrivalled in expansiveness and variety, and embellished by nature's most lavish largess. Mountains surround it; valleys lie at its feet; clouds crown it, and rivers lave it; the winds woo it; the skies cradle it; the trees dot it, and lakes dimple it. It is within easy reach of the great cities from any direction, and offers to the tourist a most luscious reward for his trouble. It is a summer home, indeed, where domestic joys are happily mingled with the meretricious excitements of society, — a place where one finds one's home and one's heaven. As a mere hotel, it is without a rival; its experienced landlord exhausting his resources to gratify every want of his guests. There they may find every sort of pleasure and amusement that belongs to summer resorts, and all the enjoyment that select society in seclusion can afford. For it tourists have gradually abandoned older and once more famous hotels, which fail to offer equal natural attractions. The society which annually gathers at the house represents the wealthiest and most cultivated families of all the great cities, and constitutes a circle of most brilliant culture and accomplishments. All sections of the Union are represented by their fairest and noblest, and the Waumbek is in effect an epitome of summer joys and fashions.

About twelve miles from the Waumbek lies the domain of the "Lost Nation." It is virtually inaccessible, and few travellers have been able to penetrate its recesses. We succeeded, and found it populated by people of French and Scotch-Irish ancestry, whose fathers settled there many years ago. They are simple and prosperous farmers, and are Roman Catholic and Episcopal in religion.

THE BIRD OF PASSAGE.

A BIRD of passage, weak of wing,
I spy a group of rocky isles:
On seven my eyes see no green thing;
The eighth in verdant beauty smiles.

I veer toward it; I alight,
And fold my weary wings to rest:
Its sweetness cools my heated sight,
And stays the longing in my breast.

I rise, I dart with freshened powers,
To give my vision wider scope;
I dip my beak in dewy flowers;
I warble many a tricksy trope.

The sun descends with welcome warm,
The winds my drooping wings caress;
A lilac holds out friendly arm,
As if to stay my suddenness.

I heed: I fall, and nestle close
Between two hospitable shoots;
I whisper to a smiling rose,
"I'm safe, I'm safe, from men and brutes!

"I dread the cruel human face,
My heart shrinks at its raucous voice.
Blest be this lovely hiding-place,
Dear rose, dear rose, with me rejoice!"

"No, no," she sighs, her breath of balm
Anointing my dishevelled plumes,
Recalling memories of the palm,
And lands where tropic sweetness blooms.

"No: kind hearts are not *all* divine;
A soft heart 'tis that nurtures me;
And human lips drop into mine
This exquisite perfumery.

"But hark! She comes; her effluence
Already laps my thrilling leaves:
She waits, she listens at the fence,
And o'er that bruised geranium grieves."

I see: I quiver, half unfold
My trembling wings for skyey flight;
They fail me, and strange forces hold
Me helpless in this perilous plight.

But hark! she speaks. How soft her tone!
I shrink; her fingers press my breast.
I'm lost! white hands — a rosy zone —
Surround me with a velvet vest.

Enmesh, secure me. "Farewell, rose,
My flight will have a speedy end;
My life will find a sudden close.
What think you of your human friend?"

I hide my beak; I shut my wings;
I wreak my sight on Heaven's fair scene.
I think of that grand bird who sings
When Death solicits, — still serene.

Good-by, bright world, — I die, I die!
I feel that velvet hand enchain
My tender frame; and in my eye
Lingers the last wave of the main.

. . . . . .

I've been in dreamland! What a sound
Clings in my ear! Whose dainty hand —
'Twas human, too — so lately bound
Me miserable to the land?

To die, to cease! how sweet is death!
New life has crept into my veins;
My lungs o'erswell with mightier breath;
My eye no more is shot with pain,

When the sun smites me. But not all
Of this strange story have I told.
Into my dizzy brain-cup there did fall
A sound as if from Circe's throat of old.

"My love," the words were, "little waif,
Nest in my bosom from the coming storm;
There shalt thou dwell serene and ever safe,
My loving heart-beats shall thy body warm."

I rouse; I see that shapely hand
That strokes my plumage; on its snow
Glitters the ring which long ago
Did win my glance: the ring I know, —
That reddened with the rose's glow.

'Tis she; she folds me to her heart,
And Rose uplifts her fragrant voice,
That says, "Poor little doubter that thou art,
She is thy human friend; rejoice! rejoice!"
And sudden comes, with whispering wings, a breeze,
And blows my fluttered feathers in her face;
Repelling them with kisses sweet, she sings:
"A waif no more; this breast thy dwelling-place."

S. R. C.

OLD BOSTON CRITICISM.

WHO reckons William J. Snelling among the writers of Boston? Hardly a dozen of our readers could identify him, we think. So evanescent is literary fame; he was a burning and shining light in his day. We shall not undertake to tell the story of his life, for we know very little about the latter, but only to give some extracts from one of his publications, to illustrate the spirit and tone of Boston literary criticism nearly half a century ago. Mr. Snelling was a journalist, the editor of a daily paper long since defunct. His chief work was, "Truth, a Gift for Scribblers," of which a copy of the second edition lies before us. He wrote it under the stimulus of indignation excited by "newspaper puffs of would-be poets." Death, indeed, has its compensations: how would the poor man endure existence at the present day? In his brief preface he expresses some pointed opinions: "I verily believe that the itch of rhyme has withdrawn more persons from the useful pursuits of life than the doctrine of rotation in office, which is a bold word; and I therefore consider it my bounden duty to sacrifice some of these young cocks of Bantam to Esculapius, in hopes of retrieving the sanity of the rest." "I believe that few plants worth cultivating are so delicate as to be incapable of bearing wind and sun." "Where talent does not exist, the literary hopes of the writer ought to be blasted, even for his own welfare."

The date of this volume is 1832. The poets visited by the author's wrath have fallen into comparative oblivion; but in their day they were the chief representatives of American literature. The allusions to some writers still living we omit: —

"But where begin? When vermin thus abound,
No shaft I shoot can bloodless reach the ground.
Lo! paddling down the Nash'way, in a scow
Of his own building, Rufus * makes his bow:

And tells how Peggy, erst the kitchen's pride,
Became enamored, pined and whined, and died:
Then sings how strangely salmon swim up stream,
And, stranger still, how wolves and 'peckers' scream;
Or tells what streamlet washed his school-boy chin.
Pity the booby had not fallen in!"

. . . . . .

"Hark! little wool, great cry! that doleful whine
Is Pierpont's chanting "Airs of Palestine;"
Prime parson, but poor poet; sells, in short,
Soup for the alms-house at a cent a quart.†
His motives good; and yet I grieve to tell,
The crude concoction never would, will sell;
Scarce any food to Yankees comes amiss,
But saw-dust broth had pleased them more than this.
Pierpont a man may be of judgment clear,
Have taste and talent, and a faultless ear,
Yet be no poet; be advised by me,
Stick to thy pulpit."

. . . . . .

"'Tis stupid Croswell,* whose marauding sword
Has carved his verse from Wordsworth, word for word.
I'll take his stolen goods, but harm him not;
Poor devil! he's not worth another shot."

On Rev. Mr. Doane's (afterward Bishop, we believe) "Songs by the Way," the author bestows only a few lines, of which these are the concluding ones: —

"Yet Doane with truth may boast of merits two;
His paltry pieces are both short and few:
And still his book would be the more improved
The more the number of the lines removed."

. . . . . .

"Here's milk-and-water Mellen, just from Maine,
His native fogs condensed upon his brain.
Where gottest thou, O Mellen, so much brass,
To think thy farthings might for guineas pass?"

The author hopes to be pardoned "for not treating Mellen with the severity he deserves. It is true, few American writers have done, or continue to do, so much to degrade the literary reputation of the country; but no one of them sustains a better character as a man."

The honor of inspiring Mr. Snelling's bitterest enmity fell to N. P. Willis, who, we believe, had ventured to make fun of his critic's own work.

"Muse, shall we not a few brief lines afford
To give poor Natty P. his meet reward?
What has he done to be despised by all
Within whose hands his harmless scribblings fall?
Why, as in band-box trim he walks the streets,
Turns up the nose of every man he meets
As if it scented carrion? Why, of late,
Do all the critics claw his shallow pate?
True, he's a fool; if that's a hanging thing,
Let Lewis, Mellen, Woodworth also swing.

. . . . . .

Oh what a tip-top tailor thus was spoiled!
Had he but sat cross-legg'd what snip had moiled
To so much purpose? He had cabbaged then,
As now, and clipt the cloth of better men:
No goose had hissed like his; his want of skill
Had made our coats and breeches look as ill
As now it does mere paper. Then his shears
Had spared old authors, and his voice our ears."

On J. G. C. Brainard the author lavishes praise, pronouncing him "far superior to Kirke White as a writer," and as a man "inferior to no one that ever breathed . . . Had he received encouragement sufficient to awaken his energies, his name would have lived for ever."

We abstain from giving in full the names of some writers, still living, who are the victims of the author's malice. His treatment of these is sheer savagery, not criticism.

"Sit down, good guests; the cloth again is spread;
Our bill of fare exhibits a calf's head;
'Tis L——'s — the brains I cannot give; the lout
Long since on Byron's tomb-stone beat them out.
L—— is no poet, he has no pretence
To taste or talent — scarce to common sense:
I searched his scribblings for a painful hour,
To find some traces of the mighty power

* Rufus Dawes.

† "Airs of Palestine," the author says, was written for the benefit of the poor of Baltimore.

* An Episcopal clergyman, who, the author says, appropriated Wordsworth's "Sonnet Vindicatory," in his paper, and it was afterwards published by Kettel, over C's name.

Dunce Kettle gives him: deeper as I went
I found myself the farther off the scent;
Then, wroth to be beguiled of time by stuff
As stale, as worthless as a *Traveller* puff,
I tore the volume in resistless ire,
And put it where it should be — in the fire.

. . . . . .

L——, bless thy great good luck . . .

. . . . . .

Hung *in terrorem* to the rhyming race,
The Muses' Mount thy figure shall adorn,
Placed like a scare-crow in a field of corn."

"Scattering our babes and sucklings *sans* remorse,
Comes D——, charging on his spectre horse.
He lights, to let us know how Matthew Lee
His master's weasand slit, then went to sea,
Turned pirate, burnt a ship, and, strange to tell,
By his own bon-fire-light rode off to hell!
Classic the theme and classic are the words
That leave the lips of D——'s gallows birds."

"'Tis plain that Portland, in the State of Maine,
Can boast no hospital for folk insane:
The fact is proved by this, beyond a doubt,—
John Neal and Mellen run at large about!
When the moon waxes, plaintive Mellen howls,
But Johnny, like a bull-dog, snaps and growls.

. . . . . .

Neal, fare thee well! I do not wish thee worse
Than I've endured — to read thy own vile verse.
I pray the powers to patch thy mental flaw,
Or send thee kindest keepers and clean straw."

"When, bent on sport, I took my rifle gun,
And dunces were the game I warred upon,
How came I to o'erlook among the brood
An eye-sore of such startling magnitude
As Sumner Lincoln Fairfield; one
Who tried all arts and trades — proved good at none?
Hissed from the stage, his coat so oft he turned,
His bread in such mysterious ways he earned,
And still such tokens of full feeding gave,
That some, uncharitably, called him knave.
Their thoughts have changed, his poems came in vogue,
And proved that Fairfield could not be a rogue."

The assault on Mr. Whittier is so gross and unjust that we pass it by in contempt. However great may have been the author's critical powers, his forecast with reference to Mr. Whittier is laughably false. While Snelling is forgotten, the object of his malignant censure ranks among the great poets of America.

"Not only Boston, mother of the North,
Her hordes of lettered vandals vomits forth;
But senior sister Salem, too, can boast
She adds at least one champion to the host.
As in the field a cumbrous twenty-four
Above less noisy twelves is heard to roar,
So ponderous Pickering sways the northern flank.
Ye Salemites, my friendly counsel take —
Plant not for him the gibbet or the stake;
Let not the fear of witchcraft shake your souls,
To roast your poet were a waste of coals —
He is no wizard."

We give one more characteristic extract touching three well-known writers, who, no doubt, had brayed Mr. Snelling in their critical mortars: —

"In times of old, imperial Rome, we read,
Was doomed by three sharp swords at once to bleed;
We, too, if I may name small things with great,
Are trebly cursed in a triumvirate;
For Prentice, Norris, and the blockhead Clark,
Like poacher's dogs, in yelping concert bark
At honest men. Bestow on one a kick,
The others join and bite you to the quick;
Whatever counterfeit is coined by one
The others stamp the current mark upon."

The fact that verses like these are impossible at the present day sufficiently proves that our literature has gained in refinement and elevation. To-day, no literary man who had any respect for himself or his calling would put his name to a tirade like this volume, the vilest features of which we have, as in duty bound, suppressed. But with all its malignity and obscenity, it has some value as evidence of our literary progress. It has its use, too, in showing how contemptible and degrading is literary jealousy, which, though wearing a less offensive guise in our days, still survives and rankles. Coarse and cruel though this satire may be, it is evidently the work of a man of wit and sagacity. To one complaining that he "knows no difference of degree in sin," pursuing hawks and flies, with equal zeal, the author makes answer: —

"Howbeit shall I the scale of fools explore?
The best deserves the whip, the worst no more.
Shall one to praise or pardon make pretence
Because he digs the grave of common-sense
But five feet deep, while others sink to ten?"

Of M'Call, author of "The Troubadour," the author says: "He writes merely for amusement, and has it all to himself." That Mr. Snelling did not lack critical acumen is evidenced by his estimates of several poets who were but beginners when he wrote. Of course we except his judgment of Whittier. He speaks —

"Of Bryant, he who shines without a peer,
The brightest star that lights our hemisphere:
Clear, smooth, and strong, with classic beauty graced,
He writes no line his friends could wish effaced.

. . . . . .

Take Thatcher up and give Longfellow place;
Let Hannah Gould thy world-broad shoulders grace:
If she among the greatest and the best
May find no vacant place, set down the rest.
Give Holmes a ride, the Muse's youngest son,
Equalled by few, surpassed by none, not one —
A dawn of worth in whose meridian blaze,
Bryant with effort shall retain his bays."

The rumor reaches us that Mr. Snelling ended his days in the House of Correction.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"*W. G. B.*," *Salem*, inquires if we think it correct to say, "The day we celebrate." In other words, do we celebrate a day or an event, or both, on the Fourth of July? It is right to say, "The day we celebrate," whether the day be the Fourth of July or the Sabbath. The day is marked with a white stone, and its recurrence is what we celebrate.

— "*C.*," *Middletown, N. Y.*, writes: "Will you kindly inform me who ranks highest as a poet in the opinion of the literary and critical world, Scott or Tennyson? Again, ought we to measure an author's merit as a writer by his popularity; or, in other words, by the sale of his books?"

Opinions are divided as to the respective merits of Scott and Tennyson. The adherents of the old school unhesitatingly prefer the former, while disciples of the new support the title of the latter. Scott was an incident to the civilization of his time; Tennyson is a creator and shaping influence of the poetry of his day.

"*H. P. C.*," *Boston*, inquires: "Can you locate the authorship of these lines: —

"The tree
Seeks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish."

— "*J. B. M. W.*," South Amesbury, writes: "The poem of which '*G. J. S.*,' Vicksburg, Miss., inquires the authorship, was written by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. "*Mrs.* P.," Dorrington, Me., sends a like answer: —

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers;

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away —
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them, the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life: there are no dead.

— The Librarian of the Alton (Ill.) Public Library desires to know in which of Emerson's essays occurs the phrase "he hitched his horse to a star."

It appears on p. 27 of "Society and Solitude."

— At the last meeting of the alumni of Hamilton College, a discussion arose as to the new pronunciation of Latin. Among the speakers was Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, who affirmed that before he would accept it, he "would go to the stake."

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— The "Young Lady's Friend" was originally written by a lady of Cambridge, in 1837, and published in Boston. In 1873, it was revised by another writer, and, furnished with a preface and introduction, reissued by the present publishers. Its style, which was not essentially changed by the revision, is of the last generation, and the author's advice sounds occasionally strange for this reason. It is unquestionably a good and safe book to put into the hands of any young lady. We very much wish that some of its suggestions with regard to behavior could be brought to the attention of the young in our public schools, where teachers often find it difficult to secure good manners. The author's remarks are sensible, the connection between the usages of good society and the dictates of the Golden Rule, or the demands of common sense, is frequently pointed out and emphasized.

To give an idea of the scope of the volume, it may be mentioned that it takes the young lady at the time of leaving school, advises her regarding the improvement of time, the relations of domestic economy, the development of womanly character, the preservation of health, the care of the sick, dress and its influence, the young lady's relations to parents, brothers, sisters, gentlemen, teachers, domestics, and friends; her conduct in public places, travelling, making visits at dinner parties and evening parties; the requirements of conversation and its uses, and the means and necessity of mental culture. The moral and religious tone is, so far as we have observed, unexceptionable. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— A very large class of readers will be interested in Dr. George M. Beard's book on "Hay-Fever, or Summer Catarrh." He examines the subject thoroughly in its history, its varieties, its symptoms, and its causes; giving ample and interesting statistics, and simple rules for prevention and treatment. The hay-fever, he says, is essentially a neurosis, — a functional disease of the nervous system. To it the weakening influence of heat, and the external irritation of vegetable and other substances, are merely exciting causes, and the disease depends mainly on individual predisposition. Among the poorer classes of our population, this disease is hardly known, being confined almost exclusively to the rich and aristocratic — a fact in which the sufferers find substantial consolation. Among the eminent afflicted, may be named Robert Southey, Daniel Webster, Chief Justice Shaw, Helmholz, and Henry Ward Beecher. The disease is said to to be akin to neuralgia and nervous dyspepsia,—diseases peculiar to the nineteenth century. The study of its communicableness is curious. A gentleman who had suffered from it, and a lady who had not, were riding together. They talked of the symptoms. After their return, the lady was seized by it. The cases of personal experience narrated in this volume are very interesting. [Harper & Brothers.]

— The intrinsic value of Dr. Alden's "Studies in Bryant" is materially supplemented by a Preface from the author's own hand, in which he gives his ideas as to the study of poetry. The main office of criticism, he says, is to discover beauties; for it is these only which reward the search. "In the process adopted by the author of this work, the reader is made to see how, in a poem, one thought grows out of another; how kindred images shine by each other's light; how a single word sometimes sets a whole picture before the imagination; and how the fancy may tinge with prismatic hues a thought which, in the utterance of any but one poetically endowed, would attract no admiration." The questions that follow each selection, and which the student is expected to answer, are exceedingly instructive and suggestive. The selections are chosen with admirable good judgment. What sweeter poem than "The Planting of the Apple-Tree"? [D. Appleton & Co.]

— By adding to his volume on "The Andes and the Amazon" an account of his second journey across the continent of South America, Professor Orton, of Vassar College, has nearly doubled the size of his original book. The first expedition, as our scientific readers will recollect, was undertaken in the summer of 1867, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute. The second was made in 1873, in company with Messrs. Webb and Frost, of the School of Mines, of Columbia College, and pursued a more southerly route than the former expedition. The volume, as it now appears, is entertaining and instructive. Nearly one hundred pictures and maps explain the text, which is couched in language marked by a literary style only tolerable. We must except from commendation such a sentence as the following: "Monkey-meat cannot be recommended, as it borders on cannibalism; but many a traveller has been driven to it," — for we do not understand how "monkey-meat" can "border on cannibalism;" nor is it plain whether the author would have us believe that "many a traveller" has been driven to the one or the other. We note that, in a note to his preface, Prof. Orton says that he retains the common orthography of the word "Amazon," though he subsequently uses pretty frequently the plural, and, as he says, the more correct form "Amazons," and stamps it on the elegant outside of his book. An exact critic would object to the following sentences: "In presence of such a view from the Andes one is painfully sensible of the poverty of language. Words, however grandiose, are too clumsy for description." "The soil is black and very fertile. It beats South Carolina." "The first view of the Amazons is disappointing, as it is nearly filled up with islands." (The river, not the view, is filled.) "One never sees here the riant beauty of an English park." "Bribery is openly practised and expected." (Openly expected?) "Luxuries are exorbitant." (In price?) It is perhaps not worth while to look for literary inconsistencies in a work of this kind, which, in spite of them, conveys in a very pleasant way a vast amount of information about a most interesting part of the world. We think that any visitor to the valley of the Amazons will find Prof. Orton's elegant volume well worth his attention. — [Harper & Bros.]

— Messrs Harper and Brothers have just published, in a noble volume, "The Mikado's Empire," by William Elliot Griffis, A. M. It is an octavo of 625 pages, and is profusely illustrated. The work was written during the author's residence in Japan, and embodies the results of his personal study and observation. Its contents comprise a concise history of Japan from 660 B.C. to A.D. 1872: a record of the author's own experience within its limits; and an exceedingly rich fund of Notes touching the political, military, mercantile, mining, and agricultural institutions of the empire. The author's discourse on Buddhism in Japan is of absorbing interest. We quote a few passages: —

"Buddhism originated as a pure atheistic humanitarianism, with a lofty philosophy, and a code of morals higher, perhaps, than any heathen religion had reached before, or has since attained. Its three great distinguishing characteristics are atheism, metempsychosis, and absence of caste. First preached in a land accursed by secular and spiritual oppression, it acknowledged no caste, and declared all men equally sinful and miserable, and all equally capable of being freed from sin and misery through knowledge. It taught that the souls of all men had lived in a previous state of existence, and that all the sorrows of this life are punishments for sins committed in a previous state. Each human soul has whirled through countless eddies of existence, and has still to pass through a long succession of birth, pain, and death. All is fleeting. Nothing is real. This life is all a delusion. After death, the soul must migrate for ages through stages of life, inferior and superior, until, perchance, it arrives at last in Nirvana, or absorption in Buddha. The total extinction of being, personality, and consciousness is the inspiration of the vast majority of true believers, as it should be of every suffering soul, *i. e.*, of all mankind.

"The true estate of the human soul, according to the Buddhist of the Buddhists, is blissful annihilation. The morals of Buddhism are superior to its metaphysics. The commandments are the dictates of the most refined morality. Besides the cardinal prohibitions against murder, stealing, adultery, lying, drunkenness, and unchastity, every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precept. Among the virtues recommended, we find not only reverence of parents, care of children, submission, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, submission in time of trial, equanimity at all times; but virtues such as the duty of forgiving insults, and not rewarding evil with evil. Whatever the *practice* of the people may be, they are taught, as laid down in their sacred books, the rules thus summarized above. Such, we may glean, was Buddhism in its early purity. Besides its moral code and philosophical doctrines, it has almost nothing. An ecclesiastical system it was not in any sense. Its progress was rapid and remarkable. Though finally driven out of India, it swept through Burmah, Siam, China, Thibet, Manchuria, Eastern Siberia, and, finally, after twelve centuries, entered Japan. By this time the bare and bald original doctrines of Shaka (Buddha) were glorious in the apparel with which Asiatic imagination and priestly vanity had clothed and adorned them. The ideas of Shaka had been expanded into a complete theological system, with all the appurtenances of a stock religion. It had a vast and complicated ecclesiastical and monastic machinery, a geographical and sensuous paradise, definitely located hells and purgatories, populated with a hierarchy of titled demons, and furnished after the most approved theological fashion. Of these, the priests kept the keys, regulated the thermometers, and timed and graded the torture or bliss.

"The system had, even thus early, a minutely catalogued hagiology. Its eschatology was well outlined, and the hierarchs claimed to be as expert in questions of casuistry as they were at their commercial system of masses, still in vogue. General councils had been held, decrees had been issued, dogmas defined

or abolished; Buddhism had emerged from philosophy into religion. The Buddhist missionaries entered Japan, having a mechanism perfectly fitted to play upon the fears and hopes of an ignorant people, and to bring them into obedience to the new and aggressive faith. If there was one country in which the success of Buddhism as a popular religion seemed foreordained, that country was Japan. It was virgin soil for any thing that could be called a religion. Before Buddhism came, very little worthy of the name existed. Day by day, each new ray of the light of research that now falls upon that gray dawn of Japanese history, shows that Shinto was a pale and shadowy cult, that consisted essentially of sacrificing to the spirits of departed heroes and ancestors, with ceremonies of bodily purification; and that the coming of Buddhism quickened it, by the force of opposition, into something resembling a religious system. Swarms of petty deities, who have human passions, and are but apotheosized historical heroes, fill the pantheon of Shinto. The end and aim of even its most sincere adherents and teachers is political. Strike out the dogma of the divinity of the mikado, and the duty of all Japanese to obey him implicitly, and almost nothing is left of modern Shinto but Chinese cosmogony, local myth, and Confucian morals. If the heart of the ancient Japanese longed after a solution of the questions, When? whither? why? if it yearned for religious truth, — as the hearts of all men doubtless do, — it must have been ready to welcome something more certain, tangible, and dogmatic than the bland emptiness of Shinto. Buddhism came to touch the heart, to fire the imagination, to free the intellect, to offer a code of lofty morals, to point out a pure life through self-denial, to awe the ignorant, and to terrify the doubting. A well-fed and clothed Anglo-Saxon, to whom conscious existence seems the very rapture of joy, and whose soul yearns for an eternity of life, may not understand how a human soul could ever long for utter absorption of being and personality, even in God, much less for total annihilation.

"But among the Asiatic poor, where ceaseless drudgery is often the lot for life, where a vegetable diet keeps the vital force low; where the tax-gatherer is the chief representative of government; where the earthquake and the typhoon are so frequent and dreadful; and where the forces of nature are feared as malignant intelligences, — life does not wear such charms as to lead the human soul to long for an eternity of it. No normal Japanese would thrill when he heard the unexplained announcement, 'The gift of God is eternal life;' or 'Whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' Such words would be painful to him, announcing only a fateful fact. To him life is to be dreaded; not because death lies at the end of it, but because birth and life again follow death, and both are but links in an almost endless chain. Herein lies the power of Buddhist preaching: 'Believe in the true doctrine, and live the true believer's life,' says the bonze, 'and you will be born again into higher states of existence, thence into higher and higher heavens, until from Paradise you rise as a purified and saintly soul to be absorbed in the bosom of holy Buddha. Reject the truth, or believe false doctrine (*e. g.* Christianity), and you will be born again thousands of times, only to suffer sickness and pain and grief, to die or be killed a thousand times, and finally to sink into lower and lower hells, before you can regain the opportunity to rise higher.' This is really the popular form of Shaka's doctrine of metempsychosis.

"The popular Buddhism of Japan, at least, is not the bare scheme of philosophy which foreign writers seem to think it is. It is a genuine religion in its hold on man. It is a *vinculum* that binds him to the gods of his fathers. This form of Buddhism commended itself to both the Japanese sage and the ignorant boor, to whom thought is misery, by reason of its definiteness, its morals, its rewards, and its punishments. Buddhism has a cosmogony and a theory of both the microcosm and the macrocosm. It has fully as much, if not more, 'science' in it than our mediæval theologians found in the Bible. Its high intellectuality made noble souls yearn to win its secrets, and to attain the conquests over their lusts and passions by knowledge. Among the various sects of Buddhism, however, the understanding of the doctrine of Nirvana varies greatly. Some believe in the total nonentity of the human soul, the utter annihilation of consciousness; while others, on the contrary, hold that, as part of the divine whole, the human soul enjoys a measure of conscious personality. Persecution and opposition at first united together the adherents of the new faith; but success and prosperity gave rise to schisms. New sects were founded in Japan, while many priests travelled abroad to Corea and China, and came back as new lights and reformers, to found new schools of thought and worship. Of these the most illustrious was Kōbō, famed not only as a scholar in Pali, Sanscrit, and Chinese, but as an eminently holy bonze, and the compiler of the Japanese alphabet.

"Kōbō was born A.D. 774. Eight sects were in existence in his time, of which only two now survive. The following story is told of Nichiren, a famous ecclesiastic: "On a certain day he was taken out to a village on the strand of the bay beyond Kamakura, and in front of the lovely island of Enoshima. This village is called, Koshigoyé. At this time Nichiren was forty-three years old. Kneeling down upon the strand, the saintly bonze calmly uttered his prayers, and repeated, *namu miō hō ren gé Kiō* upon his rosary. The swordsman lifted his blade, and with all his might made the downward stroke. Suddenly a flight of blinding light burst from the sky, and smote upon the executioner and the official inspector deputed to witness the severed head. The sword-blade was broken in pieces, while the holy man was unharmed. At the same moment, Hōjō, the Lord of Kamakura, was startled at his revels in the palace by the sound of rattling thunder and the flash of lightning, though there was not a cloud in the sky. Dazed by the awful signs of Heaven's displeasure, Hōjō To-Koyori, divining that it was on account of the holy victim, instantly dispatched a fleet messenger to stay the executioner's hand, and reprieve the victim. Simultaneously, the official inspector at the still untainted blood-pit, sent a courier to beg reprieve for the saint whom the sword could not touch. The two men, coming from opposite directions, met at the small stream which the tourist still crosses on the way from Kamakura to Enoshima, and it was thereafter called Yukiai (meeting on the way) River, a name which it retains to this day. Through the pitiful clemency and intercession of Hōjō Tokimuné, son of the Lord of Kamakura, Nichiren was sent to Sado Island. He was afterwards released by his benefactor, in a general amnesty. Nichiren founded his sect at Kiōto, and it greatly flourished under the care of his disciple, his reverence Nichizo."

The foregoing extracts sufficiently show the marvellous novelty and interest of a work which must take rank among the most important publications of the year. [Harper & Bros.; Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

AUGUST MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC. — Miss Preston gives a learned review of the history of the Arthurian period on which Tennyson's Idyls are founded. Charles Dudley Warner writes of "Jerusalem." Henry James, Jr.'s, novel, "The American," is continued with unabated interest. William T. Harris writes intelligently of "The Division of School funds for Religious Purposes." The installment of "An Old Woman's Gossip" is exceptionally entertaining. E. P. Whipple prattles about Dickens. "From the Purple Island," by Lucy Ellen Guernsey, is a capital story.

JULY PUBLICATIONS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Appleton's Illustrated Handbook of American Summer Resorts. 75c.; paper, 50c.

American Angler's Guide. By J. J. Brown. Fifth edition, revised. $2.00.

The Correct Card; or, How to Play at Whist. By Captain A. Campbell-Walker. $1.00.

Fire and Flame. A Novel. Translated from the German. 8vo. Paper. 75c.

Illustrated Lessons in our Language; or, How to Speak and Write Correctly. By G. P. Quackenboss, LL.D. 12mo. 60c.

Studies in Bryant: A Text-Book. By Joseph Alden, D.D. 18mo. 50c.

Logic. By Stanley Jevons, M.A. (Science Primers). 50c.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The American Traveller's Guide. Harper's Handbook for travellers in Europe and the East. With Maps. Three vols. each. $3.00 per vol.
The Same. Three vols. in one. $7.00.

Starboard and Port: The "Nettie" Along Shore. A Summer's Yacht cruise along the coasts of Maine and Labrador. By Geo. H. Hepworth. Illus. 12mo. $1.75.

Hay-Fever; or, Summer Catarrh. Its Nature and Treatment. By George M. Beard, A.M., M.D.

Rose Turquand. A Novel. By Ellice Hopkins. 8vo. Paper. 75c.

Chipps, the Carrier. A Woodland Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. 8vo. Paper. 75c.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

Ida Craven. By H. M. Cadell. (Leisure Hour Series). 16mo. $1.25.

Life in the Open Air. By E. B. Winthrop. Same series. 16mo. $1.25.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Life's Promise to Pay. A Novel. By Miss Clara Conway. 12mo. $1.50.

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JANSEN, McCLURG, & CO., CHICAGO.

A Manual of the Vertebrates of the Northern United States. By D. S. Jordan. 12mo. $2.00.

MACMILLAN & CO, NEW YORK.

Synonyms of the New Testament. By R. C. Trench, D.D. 8th edition, revised. 8vo. $4.00.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

The Echo, and other Literary Diversions. By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. 18mo. Uniform with the "Little Classics."

Peter and Polly; or, Home Life in New England a Hundred Years Ago. By Marian Douglas. 1 vol. 18mo. Uniform with the "Little Classics." $1.00.

The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America. By Henry Wilson. Vol. 3, completing the work. 8vo. $5.00.

"Little Classic" Emerson. — Vol. 5. Essays. Second series. Vol. 6. Representative Men. $1.50 each.
"Vest-Pocket Series" —
Vol. 13. Rab and his Friends, and Marjorie Fleming By Dr. John Brown. Illus 50c.
„ 14. The Ancient Mariner. By S. T. Coleridge. Illustrated. 50c.
„ 16. The Eve of St. Agnes. By John Keats. Illustrated. 50c.

Current Literature.

THE LIFE OF GOVERNOR HAYES.*

THIS biography is in the stereotyped form of the Lives of candidates, and is, like its predecessors, *ex parte*. But it is a good book of its class; there is nothing fulsome in it; the author seems to have aimed to give a full and just sketch of his subject's career, and his success is gratifying. Even the bitterest opponent of Governor Hayes and the principles of which he has been chosen the representative, can find no efficient provocation for censure or opportunity for cavil in this volume. It is planned and written with good judgment and good taste.

Governor Hayes is of old and good Connecticut and Vermont stock. He was born in Delaware, Ohio, July 4, 1822. He is now, therefore, fifty-four years old, and in the prime of life. Having finished his academic education at several good schools in Connecticut and the West, he entered Kenyon College, in 1838. There he graduated in 1842, the valedictory oration being assigned to him in recognition of his fine scholarship. The next two years he spent at the Harvard Law School, then under the direction of Judge Story; and, March 10, 1845, was admitted to practise in all the courts of Ohio. He began practice at Lower Sandusky, and four years later settled in Cincinnati, where he soon took rank among the leaders of the bar, and, by his conduct of the famous Nancy Farrer case, won a brilliant legal reputation. In December, 1852, he married Miss Lucy W. Webb. In 1859 he was elected city solicitor by the council, whose choice was confirmed by a popular majority of twenty-five hundred votes.

In June, 1861, he was appointed major of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, of which Rosecrans was colonel. He took part in the West Virginia campaign; won distinction at South Mountain. In October, 1862, he was made colonel of his regiment. At this point, his rich uncle, Sardis Birchard, who remembered him so munificently in his will, tried to persuade him to leave the army, saying that he had done enough; but Colonel Hayes was no such man. His next military achievement was the capture of John Morgan, the dreaded raider. Then followed the battles of Cloyd Mountain, Winchester, Berryville, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek; in all of which Colonel Hayes showed dauntless courage and high military skill. He seemed to have a peculiar power of inspiriting his men; where he led, — and that was where there was fighting, — his troops were sure to follow. On the field of Cedar Creek, Sheridan made him a brigadier-general. He was wounded four times in battle, one hurt, from a shell which struck him below the knee, being severe.

In August, 1864, while Colonel Hayes was in the field, he received the Republican nomination for Congress for the Second District of Ohio. This honor he emphatically refused to accept: writing from the battle-field, on the proposition that he should go home to canvass, that "an officer, fit for duty, who, at this crisis, would abandon his post to electioneer for a seat in Congress, ought to be scalped." In the House, he was chairman of the Library Committee, and, under his direction, the accommodations of that institution were enlarged threefold; the bill to transfer the Smithsonian Library to that of Congress was passed in the House, as was the bill securing to the Library copies of all American publications. In 1866, he was returned to Congress without Republican competition. While in Congress, he gave much time and labor to the interests of the soldiers.

In 1867, General Hayes was nominated for Governor of Ohio by the Republicans, receiving 286 votes to 208 cast for Mr. Galloway. In the campaign that followed, he met the opposing candidate, Judge Thurman, frequently on the stump. Disregarding the request of his party leaders, that he would not touch on the question of negro suffrage, he persistently demanded equality at the polls, and declared that a man who was willing to give his life for the country should have a voice in its government. He was chosen Governor; but on the main issue of the campaign he was defeated.

In 186), he was renominated and reëlected Governor of Ohio, running against George H. Pendleton, — "Gentleman George," — and beating him by 7,500 majority. Refusing the offer of the United States Senatorship, in 1871, for four years he lived a retired life. In 1875, the nomination for Governor was urged upon him, as the only probably successful opponent of William Allen, who claimed for himself at least 80,000 majority. But the Democratic sage and Stentor missed a figure, and Hayes came out ahead by 5500 majority. In the concluding chapter, we find a report of the Cincinnati Convention which nominated him for the Presidency, the particulars of which are too familiar even to be summarized here. The last pages of the volume contain reports of his messages and speeches, which are well worth reading. This is the life of a strong

> "Man with heart, head, hand,
> Like some of the simple great ones gone
> For ever and ever by.
> One still, strong man in a blatant land,
> Whatever they call him, — what care I? —
> Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat: one
> Who can rule, and dare not lie."

The record of his life, private and public, inspires confidence. He never acts upon impulse, or hastily; he never seeks his own aggrandizement; he is unselfish; he is loved and trusted by all who know him; he is a model of the highest American manhood.

* The Life, Public Services, and Select Speeches of Rutherford B. Hayes. By J. Q. Howard. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 260. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE WESTERN BARBARIANS.*

AH-CHIN-LEE undertakes, in this volume, to enlighten Wo-Sung, Mandarin First Class, President of the Most Serene, the Grand Council, Colao, as to the social, moral, political, and commercial condition of the English people; and we will say at the outset that he makes out a very bad case against them. First, he ridicules their religion, tracing its history and developments with great learning, pointing out its inconsistencies, its schisms, and showing how contrary to the English religious professions is their practice; how they exult in war, in the defeat of their peers among nations, and the subjugation and robbery of inferior people. By way of illustration, he traces their career in the China Seas; how they pretended to be moved only by a desire for trade, but seized the first opportunity to employ force, and to impose the opium traffic on the Chinese. Of the Americans the author is far more tolerant. He says: —

"In this way, about one hundred years ago, the Barbarians called American [Mel-i-kan] arose. Their ships are known in our Central Kingdom by a flag named 'Starry,' because of the stars [zen-ti] which are painted upon it. These people are ardent for trade, but not so mad and reckless; and not aggressive in their intercourse with others. They are not so domineering and haughty, — humbly submitting themselves in general to the Son of Heaven, making tribute, and seeking his illustrious protection to their trade and to their ships in our central waters."

Next the author gives a sketch of the English government; accurate enough in matters of fact, but strongly tinged with Celestial prejudice. In review, he says: —

"This stubborn and brutal barbarity, love of plunder and traffic, have involved the English, during the present dynasty, in numberless wars beyond seas. They have internally avoided great commotion, although the low castes have occasionally perished in surprising numbers by famine and disease. In Ireland the depopulation has exceeded any thing recorded. The poor people of the northern parts, also, driven away from their homes, have nearly disappeared, unless in the armed bands sent over the sea. With these, the poor and despised Irish are in great numbers also; and, indeed, the strength and ferocity of the armed bands depend upon these, the most degraded and lowest caste of Barbarians. In this way, the most turbulent and ignorant have been drawn off, trained to use of arms, and used to spread and maintain the power of the English.

* Some Observations upon the Civilization of the Western Barbarians, particularly of the English; made during a residence of some years in those parts. By Ah-Chin-Lee, Mandarin of the First Class, and Member of the Enlightened and Exalted Colao. Translated from the Chinese into English by John Yester Smythe, Esq. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"When the American Barbarians had a domestic contention, — some of them wishing to deliver a poor people held in slavery by a custom in some of their provinces, from a cruel wrong, — the English Barbarians sided with those who wished to keep the slaves.

"The Provincial Militia is merely a nominal force, composed of butcher-boys, farmer-lads, and the like, who do not know how to handle a fire-arm, nor how to fight, unless in the Barbarian pastime of *the Ring;* a combat wherein the young Barbarians, two being pitted against each other, try to hit each other a terrible blow directly in the eye. This, done with the hand doubled up, nearly destroys that organ. He is victor who succeeds in hitting both eyes of his antagonist, and fairly blinding him. This, a common and admired sport, is greatly esteemed by the English Barbarians, and considered an admirable training. . . . Even in the halls of learning it is thought to be a manly *science*, fitting the young aristocracy to match any man in personal conflict, and enabling him to be self-possessed and ready to fight his way through the world."

Of the judicial system of England, the author gives a terribly gloomy picture, having even mastered the mysteries of Chancery. In the fee-bills of lawyers he noticed "that one would be charged for a thing done and for the same thing not done, — in other words, for the doing and the not doing. Thus, if one requests a thing to be done, the lawyer will charge for 'receiving instructions,' for 'reducing the same to writing,' 'for instructing a clerk,' and the like; then, having sent away the clerk on *another* matter, he will charge for taking new instructions and going over the same ground again."

The author's ideas about women will hardly win the approval of American woman-suffragists. He says: —

"A learned woman, that is, one who has acquired the sort of education recognized by the *literati*, is disliked by her own sex as well as by the men. The men will not marry her, unless she can buy a husband. This she may be able to do, if she have money in abundance. The things which may make them attractive and entertaining to the men, and be likely to secure a desirable husband, are the only things cared for. Some music, some drawing, a little acquaintance with the language of the chief tribe on the main parts, reading and writing, are the intellectual studies. But the engrossing pursuits are those which are supposed to add to female attractiveness. To dress so as to enhance the delight of form; to cover, and yet to show with added suggestion; to move with grace; to carry the head; to use with tender, or arch, or modest, or haughty expression the eyes; to turn the feet and arrange the limbs; to make the shoulders beautiful, and the neck and bust charming; to torture the hair, and ornament the whole body — the ear-tips, the fingers, the eyebrows, and lashes, — to do these and innumerable other things by which the sex shall be made irresistible; these are the real cares."

We need not add, in view of the above evidence, that the author's impressions of England were unpleasant. He was plainly continually comparing its people, institutions, and customs with those of his own land; and the advantage was always on the side of the latter. It is but fair to admit that he has attained a reasonably full understanding of the English government and character; but he did not go beyond the surface. As the observations of one who has been educated in an atmosphere utterly diverse from that of England, these pages have a unique value, which goes far to compensate for their intrinsic defects.

COMMODUS.*

GEN. LEW. WALLACE, author of the famous Aztec novel, "The Fair God," has written a tragedy, called "Commodus," which is likely to attract notice. The story of the work is eminently tragical, and the author has tried hard to do justice to it. His thorough appreciation of its spirit is unquestionable; but his treatment lacks art and delicacy. The drama is founded on historical facts originally narrated by Herodian, and which have engaged the pens of Gibbon, De Quincey, and Crevier. The story is, in substance, as follows: Maternus, an escaped slave, moved by hatred of his cruel persecutors, heads a band of outlaws, and ravages the vicinity of Rome. His repeated successes against the imperial troops drew upon him the bitterest hatred of Commodus, the dissolute reigning emperor. Surrounded by his enemies, and seeing no way of escape, Maternus formed the desperate scheme of taking Rome and claiming for himself the imperial seat. His plans prospered, and his army was gathered in Rome. One of his men made disclosures which brought about a discovery of the conspiracy and the death of its leader. These events Gen. Wallace has depicted in powerful, rather than melodious, lines; interspersing them with pictures of court life in those days of luxury and uncontrolled indulgence, and with dramatic episodes, some of which will vie in vigor with scenes in Macaulay's Lays. The strength of the author's diction is in vehement and objurgatory language; he hurls great, crushing words hither and thither, as the Titans would fling trees, till the very earth resounds under the concussion. In softer passages he is weak. Woman is not absent from these stormy scenes, but — gallant though he is — the author has assigned her to discreditable *rôles*. One of the most noteworthy scenes is laid in the royal baths, wherein two ladies — the empress and a lady of the court — exchange compliments of a tone which would hardly be tolerated in a New York *salon*. Crispina, the empress, being present with attendants, Marcia, her rival and the king's mistress, enters. Her Majesty receives the intruder with vile ribaldry, whereupon

* Commodus. An Historical Play. By Lew. Wallace. Paper.

CRISPINA [TO HER ATTENDANTS].

"Come, take up,
And let's be gone; or I may do or say
Unseemly things. I'll build a bath myself,
Where Roman wives may warded be against
Such brothel-spawn as this."

MARCIA.

"Crispina's bath!
A house for washing her! [*Laughing.*] 'Twill never be,
For, tho' the water flowed thro' ducts of gold,
And all the basins Spanish silver were;
Tho' ceiling, floor, and every wall were laid
With blocks Pentelic; though the basement roared
With flames of scented sandal-wood, and heart
Of cedar cleft from Lebanon, — a day,
One summer day, of service like to that
Would make the pile by honest women shunned,
Too low for sneer of brothel-spawn, — a hole
For swarming flies infectious. No, my sweet,
'Twill never be. The world has plagues enough.
I know a little word to bate the thing
In unborn thought, and lips divine on which
To find it."

CRISPINA.

"Oh! a woman thou,
No, beast! Thy tongue an udder is, which yields,
Not speech, but bitter drippings. Hence, in haste,
Thou loathsome! Else report of this I'll make
To Cæsar."

MARCIA [SITTING UP].

"So! Crispina, I would be
The thing you called me: I'd be a worm
Fresh crawled from earth; a bat hung hid from day
On hooked wings; a bug blind beetling through
The black of night: I'd be that thing in all
The bounds of Nature vilest, call it what
You will, before I'd be as you — a wife,
By rival mocked, displaced, and scorned: a queen
In name alone; afraid, and unassured.
Is Cæsar yours or mine? In law, I grant
Him yours — in law insensate, cold; but mine
He is in love, rich, warm, impulsive — love
Unto itself a law, divine, supreme:
The higher law, which nothing takes from will
Or word of man. So up I send my soul
To lay its claims 'gainst thine — to Cæsar's self
I send it, seeking that with which by threat
You think to scare me. Go, I pray, go find
Him! No, to wing your pride, to fire your hate,
To speed the judgment, Cæsar's here: he came
With me; and 'neath the litter's purple blind
We were as lovers, lip to lip, and cheek
To cheek, with sighs so even-drawn the two
Were one; and more, I say he will not hence
Without me."

Without questioning the fidelity of this scene as a just report of the conversational manners of court ladies at the time, we find in it no evidence of dramatic genius, except a certain fluency, which is in a sense unfortunate, because it leads the author into an excess of coarseness. If Roman ladies must, in order to be truly historical, use such language as the above, let them, for Heaven's sake, be restricted within reasonable limits!

Scene III. of Act I. exhibits considerable vigor in the harangues of Maternus to his men; but it is rough, and lacks the finish which should give keenness to the chieftain's speech. Here is a good thought, well put in his parting words: —

"Rugged men, are you, my chiefs,
In Fortune's furnace tempered hard as steel;
No harm in saying here the parting may
For ever be. Howbeit behind you leave
The sweet hope sure in woman's breast to wait
On promises of quick return — which here
They must abide."

In scenes II. and III. we have a view of the plottings and intrigues of the courtiers, male and female, who fatten on the emperor's vices, forcible illustrations of the latter's superhuman cruelty and beastliness, and the gigantic plot of his prime-minister to step into his master's place.

In scene IV. of the second act we find the author at his best in the description of the horrible. The ingenious Commodus gives a banquet to the ambassadors of all foreign nations, in order to decide a wager with Burbo, his favorite gladiator, as to the comparative courage of each nation; he having made provision for the poisoning of his guests, in order that he might scrutinize their conduct under the announcement that they had drank a deadly potion. The ambassadors drink and die; the German and the Briton having foretold vengeance. Maternus has a traitor in his camp, — no less a personage than Marcus, his lieutenant, — and, in the moment of victory, betrayed by his trusted subordinate, he falls dead when striking at Commodus.

The material chosen by the author is intrinsically dramatic, as we have said; but he has failed to develop it to its due result. His plan lacks breadth and variety of incident; the action is compressed and meagre, while it should have expanded into a portrayal of Roman life and character, and evolved at least one virtue which must have had a representative among that degenerate people. It may be said that Fadilla, the emperor's sister, fills this requirement; but she does it very feebly. We may also say that not one of the personages displays the striking individuality which is essential to tragical effect. The hand which traced so deftly and graphically the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and brought out so ingeniously successive pictures of Aztec civilization and religion, is feebler in its new and unwonted office. Battle-scenes and vivid action may spring comely and effective from an unpractised brain; but the fine art of a true dramatic poem is conditioned upon the highest culture and assiduous poetical study and practice. We should be glad to speak more warmly of this new offspring of an author whose first-born was animated by unmistakable marks of genius; but, in justice to our own reputation, we can award to it only qualified praise.

THE WHITE HILLS.*

STILL warm with the sympathy of recent residence in and study of the glorious regions described in these pages, we enter on their perusal with a peculiar zest. The sweet, strong, unequalled air seems once more to thrill our lungs, and the wide-spread feast of shining verdure and the bald monotony of the mountain-tops again attract our eyes. Alas! 'tis but a trick of memory; the magnificent panorama is closed for the season to our eyes, at least, and ere again we trace the wrinkles on the mountain-brows, the winds of winter will have swept and chilled them.

The present volume bears date of 1859, and is, of course, behind the times in many particulars. It treats of days when the bears were unscared by the shriek of the locomotive, and the nimble trout flashed securely from hiding-place to hiding-place, innocent of the writhing worm and the coruscant fly of the tourist. To one to whom the hills and valleys and shining streams of the Waumbek are but as delights just darting away, the statistical matter supplied by Mr. King is not only not helpful, but is bewildering. We read, for instance, that there is no public-house of large size in Jefferson. Why, we left the noble Waumbek only two weeks ago, and still cherish the image of its intrinsic grandeur and comforts, and the unsurpassable magnificence of the scene which it confronts. But seventeen years have sped since Starr King wrote, and even the unchanging mountains are not what they were.

Probably no traveller ever subjected the White Mountains to so thorough an inspection as they had from the sharp eyes and comprehensive intelligence of the lamented pastor; and his judgment, though referring to a time long past, as to general features, at least, must command implicit trust. His conclusive judgment, resulting from an exhaustive examination of his subject, was thus expressed:

"A ride of eight miles to the village of Jefferson, where the road from Gorham unites Cherry Mountain road to 'The Notch,' gives, as we shall show hereafter, *the very grandest view* of the White Mountain range, and of Mount Lafayette, also, which can be found."

"But there is no point in New Hampshire where it [the scenery] is so poetic and sublime, where the wilderness, miles and miles in extent, unenlivened by a clearing or the smoke of a cabin, unravaged by the axe, and unspotted by fire, flows off in such noble lines and folds from the shoulders of the bleak hills. Then a most striking contrast to all the preceding scenery is opened when the height of land in Jefferson is gained, and we look off toward Lancaster. At first sight, there is something grander than the range behind us in the long lines crowned with forests that sweep with even slope toward the Connecticut; and what breadth of prospect!"

Before death called him, Mr. King nullified his recent statement, "There is no large public-house in Jefferson." Standing on the huge mountain which now bears his name, he chose the site of the Waumbek House, and consecrated it to the loving uses of those who rejoice in the breath and the scenery of the mountains. Twice, really, he is contradicted by the fact; for he had said, "Yet, not a public-house in all the mountain region bears the name of Waumbek, which is so musical, and which might so profitably be exchanged for Alpine House, Glen House," &c. The White Mountains were called by the first white settlers, "The Crystal Hills;" but their Indian name was "Waumbek — Waumbek-Methna," — "mountains with snowy foreheads."

We should be glad to quote freely from this standard work, which most happily combines the *utile* with the *dulce*, — careful information as to routes and points of observation and natural characteristics of different regions, with feeling and poetical pictures of the varied scenery. The Flora and Fauna of the White Mountains are not neglected, Prof. Tuckerman having furnished a valuable paper thereon, in which he draws liberally from Mr. Emerson's admirable "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts."

Writing of Bethlehem, Mr. King illustrates the grasping spirit which is said to have characterized the Boniface element of that town during the last season: —

"Bethlehem is about as far from Mount Washington as North Conway is, and lies on the opposite side. The drives in the neighborhood [he omits all mention of the gigantic and interminable hills] commanding, as they do, within short (?) distances, both the Franconia and White Mountain Notches [the latter is more than twenty miles away], and the meadows of the Connecticut, are very varied and delightful. The town lies, also, at the favorable landscape distance from the hills. An enthusiastic villager used to speak to us with great contempt of the Notches, in which people used to burrow like moles; and remarked, 'I tell 'em, if they want to see the scenywry, this is the place.' Whether his taste for natural beauty was affected by the fact that he kept a small public-house in Bethlehem is a question we will not raise."

It would be a pleasure to view specifically and carefully the many features of this unique book; but we must content ourselves with endeavoring to convey a general idea of its character by naming its several departments: The Four Valleys; the Androscoggin; the Saco; the Pemigewassett; the Connecticut; Exploration of the White Hills (by Prof. Tuckerman); Lake Winnipiseogee; the Pemigewasset Valley, and Franconia; the Saco Valley, and Chocorua; the Notch, and its Vicinity; the Vegetation of the White Mountains (Prof. Tuckerman); the Androscoggin Valley; the Glen; the Ascent of Mount Washington; the Connecticut Valley. The reader receives welcome help from sixty fine illustrations of so many of the loveliest landscapes in the Mountains.

Though its issue is late, so far as the season is concerned, it is suited to every section of the year, — many days of which may be profitably spent in the reading of its pages, preparatory to a personal perquisition of the scenes it describes. It is a model of beauty in typographical details, and is altogether a most enviable addition to the literary treasures of the family centre-table.

* The White Hills: their Legends, Landscapes, and Poetry. By Thomas Starr King. With sixty illustrations, engraved by Andrew, from drawings by Wheelock. 8vo. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co. $3.00.

SOME NOVELS.*

[1] FEW better novels have been lately printed than "The Maid of Sker" and "Lorna Doone," and those who have read them will take up this latest product of the same hand with eager confidence. We fear they will meet disappointment; for the new novel is inferior to either of its predecessors named. It is well worth reading, however, and in some respects is quite up to the author's standard. It is a tale of life in a very rural English town; most of its personages are humble and rude; but the plot is unique, and the portraiture is very skilful. The hero — and the villain — is Luke Sharp, a lawyer, who devises a most startling plot to possess himself of a large estate, by abducting the daughter of Squire Ogland, with the intention of uniting her to his own son. So craftily did he lay his plans, and so propitiously did Fortune befriend him, that the missing girl was proved to be dead, and a slab erected over her remains. But some feeble forces were at work counter to the lawyer's schemes, of which the chief instrument was Zachary Cripps, one of the most original and perfectly drawn characters we ever saw in fiction. The development of the plot is gradual; but the reader's interest never flags, and the *dénouement* is at once highly tragical and poetically just. Other characters, strongly individual and happily drawn, are Christopher Sharp, Mr. Hardenow, and Etty. The flavor of local life is very strong in the book, and the special powers of the writer, already displayed in "Lorna Doone," have here strong manifestation.

[2] This is one of the best German novels we have recently read. Unlike too much of the fiction of that nation, it does not give the first place to mere sentiment, but enters deeply into a story of the human heart, and an exposition of its passions. Its *dramatis personæ* have a remarkably high and uniform excellence; not one of them is superfluous, and we have not been able to decide whether the men or the women are most artistically and vigorously drawn. All are members of high German society, and their intercourse is on a plane of exquisite refinement. The novel abounds in exciting incident, the plot is bold and wrought out with masterly audacity. Love, of course, is to the fore; but it is not the feeble, mutable, ephemeral sentiment that wearies the reader of ordinary novels. The men and women who are dominated by it are captives of lordly spirit, to whom the chief element of love is honor. No mere abstract could give a just idea of the plot, and we dismiss the book with the remark that it is exceptionally noble in tone, keen in analysis, vivid in its sketches of character, and cultivated in style. The translator has done her work with skill and good taste.

[3] The name of F. W. Robinson on the title-page of a novel is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. We may safely say that no novelist of the time can claim such uniform merit for his books, as distinguishes Mr. Robinson's. The heroine of this novel is an American girl, who visits England to repay to Adam Halfday twenty thousand pounds, of which sum he had been defrauded by her grandfather. Halfday is a member of the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, and an inmate of the Hospital of St. Lazarus. She brings a cordial letter of introduction from the son of the master of the house, whom she had met in America, and is warmly received by the father and mother. She encounters Brian and Dorcas, son and daughter of Adam, and finds them sternly opposed to the execution of her purpose of making restitution. During her stay, Adam dies; and Brian informs her that the fraud for which her grandfather, Westbrook, had been blamed, was really the work of Adam himself. Angelo Salmon, son of the master of St. Lazarus, falls desperately in love with the beautiful American; and, as she is known to be rich, the attachment is encouraged by his parents. Meantime she is learning to know Brian very intimately, and to be aware that he, too, loves her. News comes of the failure of a Boston bank, and the loss of all her property. The Salmons — except Angelo — grow cool, and she leaves their house, obstinately refusing the offer of the son's hand. He is overwhelmed by his disappointment, and seems likely to lose his mind. His parents summon Miss Westbrook, and persuade her to enter into an engagement with him, as the only means of saving his life and reason. To them at Scarborough arrives Brian, who presently offers himself to Mabel, and is accepted. The conduct of Dorcas's husband, who flirts with a brilliant widow under a false name, demands his interference; and the slighted lover, Angelo, and the detected husband join in a scheme of revenge. They decoy Brian on board a vessel; Angelo assaults and wounds him; and, while he is ill, Colonel Sewell, Dorcas's husband, poisons him. Mabel joins her lover as death approaches, and he makes his will; but it turns out that Sewell's vial did not contain poison at all. There is great rejoicing, and Mabel and Brian are soon married. The subordinate characters are intensely interesting: especially William Halfday, Brother Scone, and Dorcas. The interest of the story is unflagging from the beginning, and the character-drawing — especially in the case of Brian — is masterly.

[4] A more gloomy, saddening story than this we never read. Written with great power, and rich in information as to the coal-mining interest of England, it is a picture of deeply shadowed life, illuminated by hardly one ray of humanity or happiness. The reader's interest concentres on the principal character, Israel Mort, who is the stoniest of Sphinxes. Of the humblest origin, he rose by dint of native intelligence and industry to be, at the age of forty-nine, part owner and supreme controller of the mine. He was all intellect; no heart seemed to beat in his bosom; his cruelty was relentless and self-sufficient; he had no love, or even reverence, for God. His life is a series of wrongs — a horrible exemplification of selfishness.

[5] This is one of the author's best stories, — a graphic picture of German high life; a vivid love-drama; a gallery of striking portraits, with a moral echo infinitely impressive. The contrast of Kitty, the heiress — a pure, innocent, sincere young girl — and the vain, arrogant, selfish Flora, her half-sister, is one of the finest effects in fiction; and the characters of Moritz, the councillor, and Bruck, the physician, are not less effectively opposed. The history of the betrothal of Flora and Bruck is a tragical drama in itself, forcibly illustrating the woman's perfidy and the steadfast justice of the man. Kitty is a lovely character, who passes through many tribulations to her due reward of wedded happiness.

[6] The general atmosphere of this story is very sad; but patches of sunshine relieve its gloom. The heroine is an original and powerful creation. Left an orphan, she is taken into the family of her uncle to be a drudge and butt. She discovers a terrible family secret, — the existence of a deformed and loathsome son, — and wards off expulsion from the house only by undertaking to care for him. Her influence over the hapless youth, and his improvement under her nursing, are described with singular impressiveness; and her happy release from servitude in marriage with the man she loves forms a fitting and welcome termination to her career of suffering. The character of Mrs. Adair is a masterpiece of cold-heartedness and cruelty.

* [1] Cripps the Carrier. A Woodland Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. Paper. Harper & Brothers.

[2] Fire and Flame. From the German of Lewis Schücking. Translated by Eva M. Johnson. Paper. D. Appleton & Co.

[3] As Long as She Lived. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson. Paper. 75c. Harper & Brothers.

[4] Israel Mort, Overman. A Story of the Mine. By John Saunders. Paper. 75c. Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

[5] At the Councillors; or, a Nameless History. By E. Marlitt. Translated from the German by Mrs A. L. Wister. J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Nichols & Hall.

[6] Rose Turquand. By Ellice Hopkins. Harper & Brothers.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THE concluding volume of this noble history contains a concise but sufficient statement of the results of the researches pursued in its four predecessors. As the disquisition

* The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M. A., Hon. D.C.L. and LL.D. Vol. V. The Effects of the Norman Conquest Revised American Edition. 8vo. pp. 604. $4.00. New York: Macmillan & Co.

is always less fascinating than the narrative, so is this philosophical review of aggregate events less entertaining than the story of the events themselves. But in point of historic value, this final volume may stand as a summary of the author's previous labors, a brief epitome of the annals of centuries. Readers of the earlier volumes will need no special summons to the perusal of this; the charm of the processes which they describe necessitates an acquaintance with the results.

Properly enough, the author reveals the sources of his information, and gives an admirable account of the two great springs of knowledge, the Chronicles and the Domesday. The historical value of the latter, he truly says, cannot be overestimated; it pictures to us the condition of England at the great turning-point in its history, — the Norman Conquest. "For the present," says the author, "we shall look at Domesday as the record of the immediate result of William's Conquest, the record of the settlement of himself and his followers in the land, and of the confiscation and grant of all the temporal lands of England to grantees, mainly to foreign grantees, of the King." One feature of the Domesday is worthy of special notice; it is the absence from it of any reference to the military events of the Conquest: "It simply puts out of sight the fact that Harold reigned, or that any opposition of any kind was made to the accession of William." The process of transforming Englishmen into Normans, and Normans into Englishmen, was mainly the work under the Conqueror's direction of representatives of those nations themselves. "No time, indeed, is so bitter for the moment, as the time when wrong puts on the garb of right, when the forms of law and justice are changed into instruments of oppression. . . . To the legal tyranny of William in one age, to the legal tyranny of Henry in another, we owe, that the unbroken life of English law and English freedom has never been wholly snapped asunder."

The bulk of this volume is filled by the history of the Norman kings, — William Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, and the Angevin reigns. The characters of these monarchs are developed in coincidence with the progress of the English people, their lives being in effect a record of the national life. "Strange to say," remarks the author, "the Norman Conquest has in its results been the best preserver of the older life of England." This conquest has helped it to keep up a political being far more unbroken than those of Germany, France, or the Scandinavian kingdoms. In this connection, an interesting comparison of the reigns of William the Conqueror, and Theodoric, of Italy, is introduced. Next follows a sketch of the reign of William Rufus, which extended from 1087 to 1100. The characteristics of this strange man are drawn with remarkable vividness, and his career illustrates the force of pure intellectual power, unguided and unqualified by moral sense. The acquisition of Normandy by him may be regarded as the beginning of the long wars between England and France. His promptness and resoluteness are shown in the following anecdote: —

"He was hunting in the New Forest, when the news came that the city of Le Mans was again in the hands of its own Count. The tale runs that Rufus rode to the shore with all speed, that he crossed the sea in the first old and crazy vessel that he could find, comforting himself and the shipmen with the doctrine that he had never heard of a king being drowned. He lands at Tolques; he appears as his own messenger to the crowd who are waiting for news from England; he mounts the first horse he can find, and before long his summons to the war has gone forth, and he is again leading his host against Le Mans. Helias fled before his approach; the city was again surrendered, and it remained in William's possession for the rest of his days, though his warfare against some of the fortresses of the country was less successful."

This book is singularly free from errors; but we must note one, which may be corrected in later editions: "In any case Malcolm went away angry, and at once took his revenge *was* by a fifth invasion of England." (p. 79.) A graphic and interesting account is given of the revolutionary movements in Wales and Scotland. The future history of the latter was fixed by the accession of Edgar to the throne, in 1097. He was the son of Malcolm and Margaret, and under his rule Scotland became an English kingdom. Of William Rufus, Mr. Freeman cherishes no exalted opinion; he counts him the deadly enemy of religion, and says that England never had a king in whom evil had so distinctly stood forth as something antagonistic to good. He credits him with great powers, however, and admits that he wrought great good to the kingdom. The career of Anselm, one of the ablest ecclesiastics of his day, is traced with fine skill. It was he who, first, the highest subject of the English realm, carried in fact, if not in form, an appeal from his own sovereign to a foreign power.

In 1100, Henry, youngest son of the Conqueror, succeeded to the throne, under promising auspices. The author eulogizes him warmly, though pronouncing him "cold, crafty, politic." "The change from Rufus to Henry was the change from the fierce impulses of a personal and capricious will, to the despotism of a single man, but a despotism working according to acknowledged laws." In 1110, Henry had betrothed his daughter, Matilda, to the Emperor of Germany. It was the first time that a woman of English birth had been the bride of Cæsar; for Eadgyth and Gunhild, in former times, had died before their husbands reached the imperial dignity. "But, as in all these cases, no English queen or empress was fated to be the mother of an emperor." Queen Victoria ought to have been reminded of this solemn fact. Having lost his only son, and hopeless of issue by his second wife, Henry obtained the acknowledgment of his daughter, the widowed Empress of Germany, as his successor. This case is one of inexcusable perfidy on the part of the potentates and nobles who gave the acknowledgment, and on Henry's death supported the claims of Stephen to the throne. The origin and growth of the Cistercian Order are well described by the author. Henry died in 1135. "His end was all devotion, and something more. For we are told that the last words which he spoke about the things of this world were a charge to all around him to keep the peace and protect the poor." His nephew, Stephen, succeeded, despite the acknowledgment of Matilda's title, and his reign of nineteen years (1135–1154) was a period of anarchy. In 1140, he was made a prisoner, and all England submitted to Matilda. To his credit, indirectly, it may be stated that the University of Oxford was founded in his reign, and then were seen the first indications of a higher education than had been known before. He died in 1154; and December 24, of the same year, Henry the Second mounted the throne, and inaugurated the Angevin dynasty.

Perhaps the most important part of this great work is included in the pages which set forth the political results of the Norman Conquest. These are thus summarized by the author: —

"The power of the king was largely increased; his position and the character of his government were largely changed; but the change was far more in practice than through any formal enactment. The tendencies in a feudal direction, which had been at work before the Conquest, were strengthened and hastened by the Conquest. But they were moulded by the hands of men who took care that feudal tendencies should be encouraged so far as they could be turned to the strengthening and enriching of the Crown, that they should be discouraged whenever they could lead to its weakening. After the coming of William, a king of the English remained all that he was before, and he became something else as well. He kept all his old powers, and he gained some new ones; he kept all his old revenues, and he gained some new ones. He became universal landlord, but in so doing he did not cease to be universal ruler. At once king and lord, he had two strings to his bow at every critical moment; if one character failed him, he had the other to fall back upon. He could command the subject's obedience by a two-fold right; he could call them to his standard by a two-fold right, and by a two-fold right he could cause their money to flow into that exchequer, which was at once the *fiscus* of the feudal landlord, and the *ærarium* of the chief of the Commonwealth."

In Mr. Freeman's opinion, had the Norman Conquest never happened, England would have held a position in Europe not unlike that of Scandinavia. The history of ecclesiastical events to which England was a party is a model of perspicuous narrative. "The right of investiture was the great point of strife between the Papacy and the Empire; but not

one word is breathed against the exercise by the king of the English of the very power which is so loudly denounced in the emperor."

It will be remarked by some critics that Mr. Freeman has given too much space to the ecclesiastical phase of his subject, and not wholly without reason; but he has given us a clear and most satisfactory view of a feature of early English life of which we cannot afford to be ignorant. We sincerely regret our inability to dwell at length on the chapters on Architecture and Language; but the want of space forbids, and we must abruptly dismiss one of the most learned and exhaustive contributions that have ever been made to early English history.

THE ULTIMATE GENERALIZATION,*

BY an anonymous author, is a very interesting book. Its object is to show that the possibilities of scientific investigation are unlimited. The method of careful, systematic generalization or induction is the method of modern science, as distinguished from the methods pursued by speculative philosophy. An ultimate generalization is a universalization, an induction which covers every thing. With the progress of science, generalizations become wider. "In the present generation," says a German professor, "the several physical sciences have entered into the closest organic union: physics and chemistry, along with mathematical astronomy and geology, have been blended into a new science, — the history of the development of worlds; palæontology, systematic botany, and zoölogy have been joined in a united science of organisms, the physiology of plants and animals becoming coalesced in universal biology; the boundary between the organic and inorganic aspects of Nature is being ever more and more obliterated, and out of the several natural sciences a single, uniform, universal, natural science is being constructed."

Among the important unities at which science has arrived, are the nebulous condition of matter as the origin of all cosmical bodies and movements; the atomic constitution as common to all material substances; the idea of motion, or the unity of motion, as the unity of Nature in all forms of force; natural selection as a common mode of origin and conservation in the characteristics, physical or mental, of all vegetal or animal species. Herbert Spencer has given us the perception of likeness and unlikeness as the oneness of all mental processes; the rhythmic cycle of all action and reaction as the constitution of all movement; force, or the persistence of force, as the one cause existing in all causes; and evolution and dissolution as the summing up of all phenomena in one common movement, tendency, end, or purpose.

As to Herbert Spencer's conviction of the unknowable Absolute, the author's first inquiry is, whether the unknowable thus placed by him at the bottom of things, and to which, as he conceives, every line of investigation conducts us, is a true ultimate generalization; or, if not, is there any other of the great inductions above named, that may be so considered? Is the unknowable proved and exemplified in all we know? Is the Absolute illustrated by the Relative? The supporters of Mr. Spencer can only say that from every fact and class of facts can be drawn, as they believe, an evidence — not illustration — of the underlying and unknowable Absolute?

Opposing the argument by which Mr. Spencer reaches the unknowable without any strictly universal generalization, the author says that "the interpretation or explanation of a special fact is the bringing of the strange fact into a class of facts with which we are familiar, by discovering in it the same characteristics along with diverse characteristics or connections. The diversity is as necessary as the likeness, for, without it, there is no strangeness, — it is the same fact, — there is no generalization or explanation to be made. Two species, or special facts, at least, are necessary in order to discover and explain or illustrate the genus or generality common to both. The special fact, therefore, explains or makes clear the common quality of the class, as the common quality explains the special fact. The same is true of every special class included in a more general class, each one of which helps to illustrate more perfectly that which is common to the whole. The unity can no more be comprehended without the diversity of the special forms than the diverse facts without the unity of the generalization. Hence, the most general truth will be explained and illustrated by every minor generalization, and by every class and sub-class of these generalizations, down to the most common fact. In short, it will be the most comprehensible truth of all.

Writing of the conception of a Personal Deity, the author says that "this, which is scarcely more destroyed by placing Matter and Emotion at the background of things than by the doctrine of an unknowable Absolute, still has a substitute in that intellectual and moral order of the universe which has always been claimed as the witness of intelligent Divinity; and which, assuming the ultimate perfection of it, answers all the main purposes of such a conception. The personification of it will then remain a practical truth, or practical interpretation of the theoretical truth, so long as the need of such a personal Deity is felt by the human mind. The opposition of the theoretical and practical, in this case, instead of creating discordant feeling, will, on the part of the Correlationist, lead him to see the present practical necessity of the counterparting idea of personification; a necessity that has already been illustrated by Mr. Spencer in an essay on "The Uses of Anthropomorphism."

In conclusion, the author declares that there is, of course, no limit to the changes of thought and feeling that may occur, if the truth and authority of Correlation shall become finally established. Those mentioned are some of the most important ones that have yet been suggested. Not the least merit of these theories, as of all those advanced in the discussion, is the fact that they are entirely conceivable, and the causes indicated true natural causes; while they are also in harmony with, and supported by, our most common and familiar knowledge.

* The Ultimate Generalization: an Effort in the Philosophy of Science. New York: Charles P. Somerby.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "A Looker on in Vienna," has written a pamphlet called, "The Merchant's Wife; or, He Blundered. A Political Romance of our own Day, and other Miscellanies." The *raison d'être* of this publication is not clearly apparent. The opening story is a loosely written sensational piece of work, which neither profits nor entertains. The writer indulges her pro-English prejudices to the full, and delights in ridicule of Americans. The latter, she says, "are absurdly ignorant of the rules of etiquette, are slipshod in manners and speech, and indifferent concerning their duties, if not their inclinations, to society." Now, the writer must find herself exceedingly uncomfortable in such a state of things; and we would advise her to take the first Cunarder — or some cheaper line — home. In the essay on "Woman," the learned author lays down this startling proposition: "There are no women in heaven." The grounds of this bold affirmation she discreetly withholds. The essay on "The *Modus Operandi* of God" is too deep for us. She points out one "respect" in which the creature may almost claim to possess an advantage over the Creator. She is careless in her English, but we must forgive her, for the poor woman "cannot conceive how any American should once have listened to the English of the English (why need I qualify it, there is but one) without adopting it!" She would have us adopt such English as this: "Nationalities and ages, like individuals, are led, step by step, degree after degree, until in the contemplations of *which* we are brought to admire the sublime reticence of the Supreme Being." Or this: "You would have discovered the genii of the fair domain in the graceful personages of a yet youthful dame, with two lovely daughters." It would seem that the three had only one personage. Or this: "A female type deemed by some the most beautiful, and by all the *most unique*." How can any thing be the *most* unique? Or this: "It was not the intention of our friend to be wholly connected, and under the supervision of the missionary board." We do not hanker after such English as this. Despite her fervent admiration for the English tongue, the fickle author often abandons it in favor of the facile French, with whose natty words she plenteously besprinkles her pages. [A. Williams & Co.]

— By far the brightest, jolliest book of the year is "Helen's Babies," by a writer who persists in preserving his *incognito*. It is the story of an uncle left in charge of his sister's two boys, and whose melancholy experience is reported with singularly natural and amusing fidelity. The boys themselves — Budgie and Toddie, aged, respectively, five and three — illustrate the supreme humorous characteristics of childhood in a series of exquisitely life-like pictures; and the spectacle of the devoted uncle beleaguered, as it were, by these minions of mischief, is one of the most amusing ever devised. The pranks of these scamps are of infinite variety; there seems to be no limit to their inventive powers, or to their long-suffering uncle's endurance. They seem to have taken special pains to wound him in his tenderest point, — his love for Miss Mayton; but his affectional entanglement had a happy issue at last. It is impossible to read this very original narrative without continual laughter. [Loring.]

— "Giannetto," by Lady Margaret Majendie, is a rather slight and unremunerative novel. It is the story of a poor youth who rose from the humblest station to great eminence as a singer. The details of his married life are very pathetic, and the particulars of Italian society in its lower grades are faithful and interesting. [Henry Holt & Co.]

— "The Universal Metric System," by Alfred Colin, M. E., is a neat little volume in which the metric system is clearly explained. This system, based on our decimal system of numeration and notation, was adopted in France in 1729, was legalized in England in 1864, and in the United States two years later. It needs only to be adopted by the government in its official transactions, in order to come into common use. A glance at this volume will suffice to show its great advantages. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— "Darwinia," by Prof. Asa Gray, is a collection of the author's papers contributed to scientific periodicals. They treat of subjects kindred with the Darwinian theory, and contain much valuable information. They are not carefully written, however; such faulty sentences as these occurring frequently: "Studying the facts and phenomena in reference to proximate causes, and endeavoring to trace back the series of cause and effect, Darwin's aim and processes are strictly scientific." Now we ask Prof. Gray, in his capacity of a Harvard functionary, what is the subject of "studying" and "endeavoring"? Or to take another example: "Having no prepossession in favor of naturalistic theories, but struck with the eminent ability of Mr. Darwin's work, and charmed with its fairness, our humble duty will be performed, if," &c. Now will the learned Professor point out to us the subject of "having no prepossession"? It makes one stand and ponder on the dense ignorance of our High and Normal schools, as set forth elsewhere in these columns, to see such bad grammar in the composition of a Harvard Professor. Prof. Matthews, of Chicago University, should be called to Harvard. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— "Zerub Throop," written long ago, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is so far superior to her last novel, "Sights and Insights," that it is a pleasure to read it. It is the story of a rich and eccentric bachelor, who in former days became indebted to a Mr. Whapshare in the sum of $11,000. One day Whapshare's widow calls on him and reminds him of the debt. Throop tells her that he had been released by a bankruptcy certificate, and the widow goes away. In her home the children talk of the case, — Caroline intelligently and hopefully. Recently Dr. Plaice had hired a room in the house for an office, and things look coalescent between himself and Caroline. After the widow's call, Throop had written a few lines on a scrap of paper, and rolled it in tin foil. With other rubbish it had gone down the register. Long after his death it was found, and proved to be an order to pay Mrs. Whapshare $35,000. So Caroline found her proper Plaice. [Loring.]

— Mr. John Williams White, of Harvard College, has prepared "A Series of First Lessons in Greek, adapted to Goodwin's Greek Grammar;" and designed as an introduction either to Goodwin's "Greek Reader," or to his "Selections from Xenophon and Herodotus," or to the "Anabasis of Xenephon." His plan has some notable peculiarities; such, for instance, as the early introduction of the verb. One Greek word, *τάξεων*, which occurs in the exercise on page 2, does not appear in the vocabulary; and should not *ἀπεκρίνατο*, in the same exercise, be *ἀποκρίνατο*? The truthfulness of one sentence in the exercises we are inclined to doubt: *ὁ μάντις ἀληθεύει*, "The soothsayer tells the truth." The gradation of the steps of instruction in this book seems to be judicious, but we think there is a deficiency of explanatory text. Unaided by a teacher, the learner would find it difficult to make rapid progress in a knowledge of the language. The author seems to have forgotten that pupils are not on a level with himself in familiarity with the elements of Greek. But, this exception being made, he has made a simple and useful text-book, and his selections from Greek writers are felicitous. [Ginn Brothers.]

— "Historical Studies," by Eugene Lawrence, which we recently noticed as in preparation, has just been published in a very handsome volume. It is, as all who are familiar with the author's writings in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* will surmise, a heavy indictment against Roman Catholicism. His arguments are purely historical, and he seems to have gleaned all fields in search of his material. The general ground is thus stated: "The chief aim of the Roman Church has been the destruction of the intellect." To prove this, he cites the pages of history ecclesiastical and secular, the records of all religious denominations, and the annals of all modern nations. Beginning with the introduction of Christianity into Rome, he traces its progress through the ages, and through the serried and opposing ranks of its deadly enemies, the Roman Catholics. In the next chapter, Leo X. and Martin Luther are contrasted with powerful effect, and a full account is given of the dreadful sale of indulgences, — the enormity which first opened Luther's eyes to the iniquity of the Church. In chapter third, the gallant Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, is vividly portrayed, — a powerfully interesting story. The first Ecumenical Council was held at Nice in A.D. 325. Its proceedings were calm and earnest. . . . "From Constantine himself came the fatal blow that filled all Christendom with a perpetual unrest. It was the Emperor who corrupted the Church he had seemed to save. Soon after the Council, that dark shadow fell upon Constantine's life which was noticed by pagan and Christian observers, and he was pointed at by men as a parricide whose sin was inexpiable. The pagan Zosimus represents him as asking the priests of the ancient faith whether his offence could ever be atoned for by their lustrations, and to have been told that for him there was no hope; but that the Christians allured him to their communion by the promise of ample forgiveness. Yet from this period the mind of the great Emperor grew clouded, and the fearful shock of his lost happiness seems to have deadened his once vigorous faculties. He became a tyrant, made and unmade bishops at will, and persecuted all those who had opposed the doctrines of Arius. The Church became a State establishment, and all the ills that flow from that unnatural union fell upon the hapless Christians. Pride, luxury, and license distinguished the haughty bishops, who ruled like princes over their vast domains, and who imitated the emperor in persecuting with relentless vigor all who differed from them in faith. Bishop excommunicated bishop, and fatal anathemas, too dreadful to fall from the lips of feeble and dying men, were the common weapons of religious controversy. They pretended to the right of consigning to eternal woe the souls of the hapless dissidents. They brought bloodshed and murder into the controversies of the Church. Formalism succeeded a living faith, and Religion fled from her high station among the rulers of Christendom, to find shelter in her native scene among the suffering and poor. There we may trust she survived, during this mournful period, the light of the peasant's cottage or the anchorite's cell." Mr. Lawrence displays wide and accurate learning, acuteness and force of argument, and his conclusions claim the sympathy of all intelligent readers. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— One of the most permanently valuable contributions of the Centennial Year is unquestionably "The First Century of The Republic: A Review of American Progress." It is composed of a series of articles contributed to *Harper's Monthly* on topics of National concern and interest. The initial paper on Colonial Progress is by Eugene Lawrence, and gives a view of the condition, social, moral, and political, of the colonies. That treating of Mechanical Progress, by Edward H. Knight, is very full and very interesting, and crowded with fine illustrations. Progress in Manufacture is from the competent hand of Hon. David A. Wells; Agricultural Progress, by Prof. W. H. Brewer; The Development of our Mineral Resources, by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt; Commercial Development, by Edward Atkinson; Growth and Distribution of Population, by Hon. F. A. Walker; Monetary Development, by Prof. W. G. Sumner; The Experiment of the Revolution, with its Preparations; Educational Progress, by Eugene Lawrence; Scientific Progress, by F. A. P. Barnard, D.D., LL.D.; Natural Science, by Prof. Theo. Gill; A Century of American Literature, which is the least satisfactory article in the series, by Edwin P. Whipple; Progress of the Fine Arts, by S. S. Conant; Medical and Sanitary Progress, by Austin Flint, M.D.; American Jurisprudence, by Benj. Vaughan Abbott; Humanitarian Progress, by Charles L. Brace; Religious Development, by Rev. John F. Hunt, D.D. A full Index completes the volume. We doubt if any single composite volume is extant so rich in practical information about our country. Every article is the work of an expert, and the work is not only a credit to the nation, but a revelation to the people as to their powers and resources. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1876.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

WE call attention to the startling revelations, as to the ignorance of graduates of the High and Normal Schools of this State, published in another column. These ladies, who have been legally authorized to become teachers of the young, announced that Vienna is an Italian city, and that Tennyson is among the first of American poets. These disgraceful fallacies have, no doubt, crept into their minds in places which should have been occupied by solid and practical information, which has been crowded out by the intrusion of shallow smatterings of drawing and music. Oh, for a return of the old days, when the young were called upon to learn at school only the three R's, — "'readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic;" and when scholars carried a far more solid and useful education than the gorgeous school-houses and the complicated educational systems of to-day can give them! With the multiplicity of branches of study, the brains of young pupils in our public schools are fairly turned, and they go into the world green and unfitted for the struggle of life.

SECTIONAL NOVELS.

WE wonder that the writers of fiction do not more fully take advantage of the sectional opportunities afforded by their respective places of residence, to illustrate local life and society. The writers of the South, especially, are derelict in this particular; for no section is so fruitful in example and suggestion, and the history of none is richer in profitable incident. We of the North are all curious as to the methods of Southern life, and thirst for such information as Mrs. Caroline Gilman long ago gave us in a book, whose title we have forgotten. The Revolutionary period, illuminated by the achievements of partisan troopers, and which Gilmore Simms has immortalized by his graphic narratives, is still opulent in material. The pioneer life of the Western States, also, strongly allures the pen of the imaginative romancist; and, in the annals of Puritan love-making, the appreciative mind will find a wealth of suggestion for an attractive novel. This is the age of fiction, and we trust that these hints of ours will be availed of by writers in all parts of the country. Mr. Cable has set a shining example in his pictures of Creole life, and we trust he will be successfully imitated by writers in other latitudes.

TOO MANY IRONS.

A FAULT of most American writers is the equitational attempt to ride several steeds at the same time; and many are the tumbles that ensue in consequence. One who achieves a success as a poet must needs try his hand at a novel, and usually fails, lacking the knowledge of life and society which is essential to good fiction. Another has won fame as a critic, and ventures up the difficult path to the Pierian spring. Having scrutinized the weaknesses of other writers, he has ignored his own, and has to be apprised of them by the reading public. The simultaneous construction of a novel, a poem, an essay, and a drama is impossible. The qualities demanded by the one are not wanted by the others, which must evidently be slighted and fail. "A man of one book" is a noble example, — who has written one book and only one; into this he has put his strength, leaving none for unkindred enterprises. Mr. Howells, it seems to us, — we say it in all kindness, — has made this mistake. He began with the descriptive essay, switched off upon poetry, suddenly broke out in fiction, and lastly has essayed the drama. We will not say that there has been a gradual depreciation in his work; but he has not kept up to his original standard, and his dramatic undertaking in the September *Atlantic* is, we think, his most marrowless effort. Concentrated power tells; a bundle of loose fagots is readily broken.

— WE desire to obtain copies of the following numbers of the *Literary World*, for which we will give the sender credit at our regular subscription rates: —

Vol. I., Nos. 1, 9, 10.

Vol. II., Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Vol. III., No. 8.

June No., '73.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "*W. G. B.*," *Salem*, asks several questions, which we answer to the best of our ability: —

"I. Can you make any useful suggestions to one intending to catalogue a small miscellaneous library, — say, composed of five hundred to one thousand volumes? The writer is in some doubt as to the best way to begin, and even as to what is the precise end to have in view. He would hardly be satisfied with an alphabetical list of mere titles, whether in one alphabet or in several, under the heads, 'Fiction,' 'Nature and Science,' 'History,' &c.; but he is not decided concerning the limitations. A list of authors should be included. With so few books, the owner might be quite minute in cataloguing subjects, &c.; though he does not possess a great stock of patience. Perhaps your answer would save many from vexation and loss of time. What would you do, and how would you do it?"

To the first question, we answer that we should be satisfied with an "alphabetical list" extended and improved as the necessities of the case or one's own good judgment should suggest. It would be easy to effect such improvements by the addition of any particulars touching each book as should come to the owner's knowledge. In fine, we should make a simple alphabetical list of authors, each item containing the title of the book, its date and place of publication, and publisher's name, number of the edition, size, style of binding, price, and number of pages. To these facts add any pertinent details: such as a list of the author's other books, brief statements of critical opinion as to his works, &c.

"II. Also, the writer wishes to index the volumes of his journal separately. He has done some work on one, having made out a complete index of proper names, and a list (chronological) of remarks upon the weather. He has begun a miscellaneous index, but the course is not altogether clear. Can you give any advice about indexing; or where may it be found?"

As to the index of a journal, we can only say that the key to each entry should be the most important word: *e. g.*: "*History*, read Vol. IV. of Bancroft's United States."

"III. On the margin of a leaf in a book may frequently be seen, quite near together, a pair of square impressions in the paper, — dints, — as if made by some square-ended hard instrument. Are these produced in the binding?"

As to the dents in book-paper, these are no doubt due to rebellious "quads," which are reluctant to take their proper places.

"IV. Can you satisfy my curiosity concerning the small figures and letters frequently to be seen near the foot of a page: their use and significance?"

The small figures at the foot of a book-page indicate, no doubt, the several "signatures" that make up a volume.

"V. What are the black spots in the paper, — in *Harper's Monthly*, for instance, — at the top of the leaves, about an inch from the back of the book?"

The black spots, no doubt, indicate a defect in the manipulation of the printing-press; the plates being placed unevenly on the press.

— A correspondent is curious as to the origin and meaning of the word — now in very

general use — "disgruntled." We looked in all the dictionaries, American and English, in vain; no such word was discoverable. But at last "Hallowell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" rewarded our search, and told us that "disgruntled" is a Gloucestershire word, meaning "discomposed."

— "*E. O. W.*," *Georgetown, Col.*, informs us that the poem beginning,

"There is no death," &c.

was written by Bulwer Lytton, and that it may be found in many Spiritualistic periodicals.

— "*J. L. K.*," *St. Louis*, inquires: "Will you please inform me the name of the weed to which allusion is made in the following extract from 'Lucille': —

"'The heart of a man is like that delicate weed
Which requires to be trampled on boldly indeed,
Ere it gives forth that fragrance you wish to extract.
'Tis a simile, trust me, though not new, exact.'"

There are many plants which answer this description: geraniums, and the varieties of thyme.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S. — This number, though very light, is exceptionally good, containing lively entertainment and solid information in happy proportion. The opening paper, "Life at Long Branch," gives a graphic sketch of the pleasures and peculiarities of that famous resort. "The Mikado's Empire" is a sufficient review of the excellent book of that name, which we recently noticed in terms of praise. The historical account of Eton College is very interesting, and the reminiscences of Master Keate very amusing. We have read few sweeter or more touching stories than "Germelshausen;" never was instinctive and sudden love-making more vividly depicted. "Tom's Come Home" is a delightfully realistic poem, full of brightness and homely beauty. "Vandeleur" is not a pleasant story; while "Miss Ritter's Husband" *is*. "A Southern Lady of Shalott" lacks spirit; while "Lieutenant Boyle's Duel" is consumedly funny. Mr. T. B. Aldrich's quatrain, "Day and Night," is sententious and felicitous. Mrs. Mary Treat tells in a very entertaining manner how certain Floridian plants devour insects, — the *pinguicula vulgaris*, a *pumila*, *lutea*, and *elatior*. The account of "Mason and Dixon's Line" is timely and valuable. "Garth," "Daniel Deronda" (which will come to an end in the October number), and "The Laurel-Bush" are continued. In the Easy Chair, Mr. Curtis discourses of the Centennial Fourth of July, the conventions at Cincinnati and St. Louis, of Castle Garden, &c.

SCRIBNER'S. — This is a capital number of an excellent magazine, filled with papers of various interest. The average of the contributions is light: but one craves entertainment rather than instruction in these hot days. "Princess Ilse," the opening article, is a graceful and delightful little story from the German, admirably translated by Elizabeth McClellan. We notice that she repeatedly speaks of the moon as masculine; but such may be the German usage. Charles D. Robinson writes at length and ably of "Insanity and its Treatment;" and William North Rice gives an entertaining and well-illustrated account of the Wesleyan University. "A Fox-Hunt at Pau" is a light and graceful trifle. Henry James, Jr.'s "A Ghostly Recital" is one of his very best compositions. Miss E. S. Phelps tells the story of "The Voyage of the America" with exquisite pathos and power. It is one of the most absorbing and affecting tales we ever read. George E. Waring, Jr., writes well, as he always does, about the scenery and life on the Rhine. "Protestant Vaticanism" is the work of Augustus Blauvelt, and is a very interesting discussion of the observance of the Sabbath. Sarah E. Henshaw furnishes a capital article on the Chinese as servants, in which she has turned her own experience as a California housekeeper to excellent account. A clearer idea of John's merits and demerits in a domestic relation could hardly be given than may be found in this paper. "A Song," by Mrs. Thaxter, is a breezy poem, whispering of the sea with sweet voices. Very neat and suggestive is Paul Hayne's "Choice and Chance," which happily illustrates the vicissitudes of life.

"THE WIDE AWAKE" is really a very excellent magazine, and is continually improving. The writers are of the best of their class, and monthly cram the magazine's pages with choice stories, sketches, verses, puzzles, &c. "David Bushnell and His American Turtle" is a fresh and entertaining tale; as are "Nan, the New-Fashioned Girl," by Mrs. S. C. Hallowell; and "Mrs. McAllister's Company." The Puzzle department is one of the most interesting in the number, and the illustrations are exquisite.

LIPPINCOTT. — There is a good deal of useful information about machinery in the Centennial article. The Russian story, "The Queen of Spades," is very entertaining, though one feels inclined to complain that the spirited young German should have to lose his wife and his money. "Lapland" is an illustrated paper containing a good deal of information about that strange country. "On a House-top in Capri" is a graphic sketch of the scenery of that favorite resort. Lady Barker's "Letter from South Africa" is unusually good. "Love in Idleness," we regret to say, is not worth the time required for its perusal. Mr. Wilson's third paper on "The Eastern Shore" is very good. R. Davey is the author of a sketch of George Sand.

THE ATLANTIC. — Mr. Edward Wheelwright contributes a very pleasant paper of reminiscences of Millet, the eminent French painter. His opportunities for studying the artist were excellent, as he was virtually the latter's pupil. Intermixed with these reminiscences are delicious little pictures of peasant life. The paper is wholly fresh and entertaining. "Deephaven," by Sarah O. Jewett, is a fair story of the seaside. Mr. Howells has tried his 'prentice han' at a farce, with only moderate success. The limits of the drama are too narrow, the stage too barren of action, the *dramatis personæ* too few, and the story is tediously spun out. Mr. Warner writes about Jerusalem; but he is not so much at home in the Holy City as in his garden at Hartford, among the potato-bugs and toads. "The American" progresses with unabated interest, though it looks as if the American hero was going to fall a victim to the wiles of the noble French plotters. The fourteenth instalment of "An Old Woman's Gossip" is unusually interesting, and the paper on the Centennial is good. "A Fair Compensation" is an ingenious story, but its atmosphere is depressing.

LITERARY NEWS.

— The Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Boston Public Library is a document of great interest and value. It comprises the report of the trustees, in which some important recommendations are made; the report of the examining committee, who find some faults in the changes recently made in the central building; and the report of Superintendent Winsor, whose preëminent fitness for his responsible office is annually made more manifest. We are glad to notice that the examining committee do not overlook the importance of filling the library shelves with a pure literature. They say, — and we commend their words to Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, of Philadelphia, the author of the infamous "On Dangerous Ground," — "The Committee beg to suggest to the trustees the possibility of a more systematic and thorough supervision of the nature and character of all works of the imagination, in prose and poetry, which come within the term of light reading. No books, immoral and impure in tone, written to excite the imagination of the young, or to pander to the depraved tastes of the vicious classes, which exist in every great capital of the world, should be allowed upon the shelves for general circulation." The report of the superintendent gives a clear and full statement of the condition of the library. We quote a part of the concluding paragraph: "Its [the Boston Public Library's] three hundred thousand volumes still rank it with the most extensive [libraries]. Its circulation of nearly a million issues shows an increase of twenty-five per cent. over last year, and presents an aggregate of figures unapproached except at a great distance. The loss of one hundred volumes from the immense number of issues indicates that, on the average, nearly ten thousand volumes can be delivered with almost entire immunity from loss, while supplying the wants of a community of three hundred and fifty thousand souls; where the sections are of a population more homogeneous, as is the case with the local communities dependent upon our branches, the issues which may maintain this freedom from depredation can be reckoned by even hundreds of thousands."

— "Daniel Deronda," which has been a principal attraction in *Harper's Monthly* for many months, will be completed in the October number. The author's first work was "Scenes in Clerical Life," which was published in book-form in 1858. Prior to this she had translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," about 1842. For some time she was joint editor of the *Westminster Review*. About two months ago it was announced in London that Messrs. Moxon & Co. would publish the biography and autobiography of Elizabeth Evans, the alleged original of Dinah Morris, in "Adam Bede;" but the book which was entitled "George Eliot, &c., in Derbyshire," has never been issued.

— We have received a copy of the last Catalogue of the Roxbury branch of the Public Library, — a pamphlet of 288 double-columned pages. This branch now contains about

11,000 volumes. The titles of books are in many cases supplemented by instructive notes, which readers will find very useful. The matter in this catalogue is comprehensive and well-arranged.

— We have read with interest and profit Dr. Samuel A. Green's Historical Address, delivered at Groton, Mass., July 4, 1876. In explaining why we celebrate the centennial anniversary of our national independence, the orator presents some curious and interesting figures as to the tendency of the human mind to divide time into round periods. He finds a forcible illustration of this tendency in the last census returns of the city of Boston. "The number of its inhabitants who gave their ages as just forty-five is more than twice as large as the number of those who were just forty-four or just forty-six. The number of those who were just fifty is more than three times as great as the number of those who were just forty-nine, and about five times as many as the number of those who were just fifty-one. According to these returns, there are nearly twice as many persons who are fifty-five as either fifty-four or fifty-six; and there are four times as many who are sixty, as either fifty-nine or sixty-one. The tens have a stronger attraction than the fives, and these, in their turn, than the other numbers. This example, besides showing the untrustworthy character, in some respects, of the census returns, — a point not now to my purpose, — shows how widely pervading is the feeling about round periods; and in this universal feeling is found the answer to the question, why we have the celebration at this time." Groton was first settled in 1655; in 1676, it was destroyed by the Indians, an event of which 1876 is also a bi-centennial anniversary. The address is peculiarly rich in information as to the life of the colonists, — their hardships and perils. Suffering much from hostile Indians, they were prompt and brave in self-defence, and had an honorable part in offensive measures against the savages. Dr. Green informs us that grass was not regularly cultivated in Groton and vicinity till after 1755. Of the prominent citizens of Groton in its early days much valuable biographical information is given. The sketch of Rev. Samuel Willard, the second minister of the town, is full of interest. For many years he was acting President of Harvard College, and associate pastor, with Rev. Thomas Thacher, of the Old South Church, in this city. He was the great-grandfather of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration. To the guiding element of the colonists' lives — religion — the author gives due prominence, and of their social life and characteristics he presents life-like pictures. We venture to infer that he is not an advocate of woman suffrage, for he says: "The women then were content with domestic duties, and did not seek to take part in public affairs. It is wonderful that no murmur has come down to us expressive of the tyranny of man in withholding from them the rights which are now loudly claimed." We cannot sufficiently admire the strong local spirit which animates this address. It appeals directly and forcibly to the people of Groton and all descendants of its original founders. It tells a story which every Grotonian, by birth or descent, may be proud to read.

— In the study of words, so far as our knowledge extends, the compounds of *for* have been neglected. According to Johnson, this preposition has not less than forty-six different meanings. Among its meanings are, — a purpose, or end; the motive; profit or interest ("for your interest"); what is proper ("good for the fever"); a mistake (using one word for another); requital, payment (paid for his services); in the quality of ("suborned for a witness"); during ("chosen for life"); notwithstanding ("for all that"); with respect to ("for all he knows"). Other meanings will suggest themselves to the reader, and we will not prolong the list.

Neath, which with Be forms the word Beneath, is said to be a noun having the same meaning as Nadir. *Nether*, which is derived from it, has fallen into disuse, though centuries ago it was an honorable word; Henry VIII. having employed it to describe the House of Commons, — "The nether house of parliament." *Nether* may be found frequently in "Paradise Lost."

Welkin is interpreted by Johnson as meaning blue; but the better authority gives it the meaning of revolving or rolling.

— Mr. William D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic*, has written a Life of Governor R. B. Hayes, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The volume will also contain a biographical sketch of Mr. Wheeler.

— George McDonald contributes a fine study of the ghost in Hamlet, to the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. We quote some passages: —

"'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."

"The ghost in *Hamlet* is as faithfully treated as any character in the play. Next to Hamlet himself, he is to me the most interesting person of the drama.

"The rumor of his appearance is wrapped in the larger rumor of war. Loud preparations for uncertain attack fill the ears of 'the subject of the land.' The State is troubled. The new king has hardly compassed his election before his marriage with his brother's widow swathes the court in the dust-cloud of shame, which the merriment of its forced revelry can do little to dispel. A feeling is in the moral air to which the words of Francisco, the only words of significance he utters, give the key: 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.' Into the frosty air, the pallid moonlight, the drunken shouts of Claudius and his court, the bellowing of the cannon from the rampart for the enlargement of the insane clamor that it may beat the drum of its own disgrace at the portals of heaven, glides the silent prisoner of hell, no longer a king of the day walking about his halls, 'the observed of all observers,' but a thrall of the night, wandering between the bell and the cock, like a jailer on each side of him. A poet tells the tale of the king who lost his garments and ceased to be a king: here is the king who has lost his body, and in the eyes of his court has ceased to be a man. Is the cold of the earth's night pleasant to him after the purging fire? What crimes had the honest ghost committed in his days of nature? He calls them foul crimes! Could such be his? Only who can tell how a ghost, with his doubled experience, may think of this thing or that? The ghost and the fire may between them distinctly recognize that as a foul crime which the man and the court regarded as a weakness at worst, and indeed in a king laudable.

"Alas, poor ghost! Around the house he flits, shifting and shadowy, over the ground he once paced in ringing armor,— armed still, but his very armor a shadow! It cannot keep out the arrow of the cock's cry, and the heart that pierces is no shadow. Where now is the loaded axe with which, in angry dispute, he smote the ice at his feet that cracked to the blow? Where is the arm that heaved the axe? Wasting in the marble maw of the sepulchre, and the arm he carries now, — I know not what it can do, but it cannot slay his murderer. For that he seeks his son's. Doubtless his new ethereal form has its capacities and privileges. It can shift its garb at will; can appear in mail or night-gown, unaided of armorer or tailor; can pass through Hades-gates or chamber-door with equal ease; can work in the ground like mole or pioneer, and let its voice be heard from the cellarage. But there is one to whom it cannot appear, one whom the ghost can see, but to whom he cannot show himself. She has built a doorless, windowless wall between them, and sees the husband of her youth no more. Outside her heart, — that is the night in which he wanders, while the palace windows are flaring, and the low wind throbs to the wassail shouts: within, his murderer sits by the wife of his bosom, and in the orchard the spilt poison is yet gnawing at the roots of the daisies.

"Twice has the ghost grown out of the night upon the eyes of the sentinels. With solemn march, slow and stately, three times each night, has he walked by them; they, jellied with fear, have uttered no challenge. They seek Horatio, who the third night speaks to him as a scholar can. To the first challenge he makes no answer, but stalks away; to the second,

"'It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;'

but the jailer cock calls him, and the kingly shape

"'Started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons;'

and then

"'Shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.'

Ah, that summons! at which majesty welks and shrivels, the king and soldier starts and cowers, and, armor and all, withers from the air!

"But why has he not spoken before? Why not now ere the cock could claim him? He cannot trust the men. His court has forsaken his memory, — crowds with as eager discontent about the mildewed ear as ever about his wholesome brother; and how should he trust mere sentinels? There is but one who will heed his tale. A word to any other would but defeat his intent. Out of the multitude of courtiers and subjects, in all the land of Denmark, there is but one whom he can trust, — his student-son. Him he has not yet found, — the condition of a ghost involving strange difficulties.

"Or did the horror of the men at the sight of him wound and repel him? Does the sense of regal dignity, not yet exhausted for all the fasting in fires, unite with that of grievous humiliation to make him shun their speech?

"But Horatio, — why does the ghost not answer him ere the time of the cock is come? Does he fold the cloak of indignation around him because his son's friend has addressed him as an intruder on the night, an usurper of the form that is his own? The companions of the speaker take note that he is offended and stalks away.

"Much has the kingly ghost to endure in his attempt to re-open relations with the world he has left; when he has overcome his wrath and returns, that moment Horatio again insults him, calling him an illusion. But this time he will bear it, and opens his mouth to speak. It is too late; the cock is awake, and he must go. Then alas for the buried majesty

of Denmark! With upheaved halberts they strike at the shadow, and would stop it if they might, — usage so grossly unfitting that they are instantly ashamed of it themselves, recognizing the offence in the majesty of the offended. But he is already gone. The proud, angry king has found himself but a thing of nothing to his body-guard, — for he has lost the body which was their guard. Still, not even yet has he learned how little it lies in the power of an honest ghost to gain credit for himself or his tale! His very privileges are against him.

"All this time his son is consuming his heart in the knowledge of a mother capable of so soon and so utterly forgetting such a husband, and in pity and sorrow for the dead father who has had such a wife. He is thirty years of age, an obedient, honorable son, — a man of thought, of faith, of aspiration. Him now the ghost seeks, his heart burning like a coal with the sense of unendurable wrong. He is seeking the one drop that can fall cooling on that heart, — the sympathy, the answering rage and grief, of his boy. But when at length he finds him, the generous, loving father has to see that son tremble like an aspen-leaf in his doubtful presence. He has exposed himself to the shame of eyes and the indignities of dulness, that he may pour the pent torrent of his wrongs into his ears, but his disfranchisement from the flesh tells against him even with his son; the young Hamlet is doubtful of the identity of the apparition with his father. After all the burning words of the phantom, the spirit he has seen may yet be a devil; the devil has power to assume a pleasing shape, and is perhaps taking advantage of his melancholy to damn him.

"Armed in the complete steel of a suit well known to the eyes of the sentinels, visionary none the less, with useless truncheon in hand, resuming the memory of old martial habits, but with quiet countenance, more in sorrow than in anger, troubled, not now with the thought of the hell-day to which he must sleepless return, but with that unceasing ache at the heart, which ever, as often as he is released into the cooling air of the upper world, draws him back to the region of his wrongs, — where having fallen asleep in his orchard, in sacred security and old custom, suddenly, by cruel assault, he was flung into Hades, where horror upon horror awaited him, — worst horror of all, the knowledge of his wife! — armed he comes, in shadowy armor but how real sorrow! Still it is not pity he seeks from his son; he needs it not, — he can endure. There is no weakness in the ghost. It is but to the imperfect human sense that he is shadowy. To himself he knows his doom, his deliverance; that the hell in which he finds himself shall endure but until it has burned up the hell he has found within him, — until the evil he was and is capable of shall have dropped from him into the lake of fire: he nerves himself to bear. And the cry of revenge that comes from the sorrowful lips is the cry of a king and a Dane, rather than of a wronged man. It is for public justice and not individual vengeance he calls. He cannot endure that the royal bed of Denmark should be a couch for luxury and damned incest. To stay this, he would bring the murderer to justice. There is a worse wrong for which he seeks no revenge; it involves his wife; and there comes in love, and love knows no amends but amendment, seeks only the repentance tenfold more needful to the wronger than the wronged. It is not alone the father's care for the human nature of his son that warns him to take no measures against his mother; it is the husband's tenderness also for her who once lay in his bosom. The murdered brother, the dethroned king, the dishonored husband, the tormented sinner, is yet a gentle ghost. Has suffering already begun to make him, like Prometheus, wise?

"But to measure the gentleness, the forgiveness, the tenderness of the ghost, we must well understand his wrongs. The murder is plain; but there is that which went before and is worse, yet is not so plain to every eye that reads the story. There is that without which the murder had never been, and which, therefore, is a cause of all the wrong. For listen to what the ghost reveals when at length he has withdrawn his son that he may speak with him alone, and Hamlet has forestalled the disclosure of the murderer: —

> "'Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
> With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts
> (O wicked wit and gifts that have the power
> So to seduce!), won to his shameful lust
> The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
> Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
> From me, whose love was of that dignity
> That it went hand in hand even with the vow
> I made to her in marriage, and to decline
> Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
> To those of mine!
> But virtue — as it never will be moved
> Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,—
> So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
> Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
> And prey on garbage.'

"Reading this passage, can any one doubt that the ghost charges his late wife with adultery, as the root of all his woes? It is true that, obedient to the ghost's injunctions as well as his own filial instincts, Hamlet accuses his mother of no more than was patent to all the world; but, unless we suppose the ghost misinformed or mistaken, we must accept this charge. And had Gertrude not yielded to the witchcraft of Claudius' wit, Claudius would never have murdered Hamlet. Through her his life was dishonored, and his death violent and premature: unhuzzled, disappointed, unaneled, he woke to the air, not of his orchard-blossoms, but of a prison-house, the lightest word of whose terrors would freeze the blood of the listener. What few men can say he could, — that his love to his wife had kept even step with the vow he made to her in marriage; and his son says of him, —

> "'So loving to my mother
> That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly.'

And this was her return! Yet is it thus he charges his son concerning her: —

> "'But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
> 'Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
> To prick and sting her.'

And may we not suppose it to be for her sake in part that the ghost insists, with fourfold repetition, upon a sword-sworn oath to silence from Horatio and Marcellus?

"Only once again does he show himself, — not now in armor upon the walls, but in his gown and in his wife's closet. . . .

"Whatever the main object of the ghost's appearance, he has spoken but a few words concerning the matter between him and Hamlet, when he turns abruptly from it to plead with his son for his wife. The ghost sees and mistakes the terror of her looks; imagines that, either from some feeling of his presence, or from the power of Hamlet's words, her conscience is thoroughly roused, and that her vision, her conception of the facts, is now more than she can bear. She and her fighting soul are at odds. She is a kingdom divided against itself. He fears the consequences. He would not have her go mad. He would not have her die yet. Even while ready to start at the summons of that hell to which she has sold him, he forgets his vengeance on her seducer in his desire to comfort her. He dares not, if he could, manifest himself to her: what word of consolation could she hear from *his* lips? Is not the thought of him her one despair? He turns to his son for help: he cannot console his wife; his son must take his place. Alas! even now he thinks better of her than she deserves; for it is only the fancy of her son's madness that is terrifying her: he gazes on the apparition of which she sees nothing, and from his looks she anticipates an ungovernable outbreak.

> "'But look; amazement on thy mother sits!
> Oh! step between her and her fighting soul;
> Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
> Speak to her, Hamlet!'

"The call to his son to soothe his wicked mother is the ghost's last utterance. For a few moments, sadly regardful of the two, he stands, while his son seeks in vain to reveal to his mother the presence of his father, — a few moments of piteous action, all but ruining the remnant of his son's sorely harassed self-possession, — his whole concern his wife's distress, and neither his own doom nor his son's duty; — then, as if lost in despair at the impassable gulf betwixt them, revealed by her utter incapacity for even the imagination of his proximity, he turns away, and steals out at the portal. Or perhaps he has heard the black cock crow, and is wanted beneath; his turn has come.

"Will the fires ever cleanse *her*? Will his love ever lift him above the pain of its loss? Will eternity ever be bliss, ever be endurable, to poor King Hamlet?

"Alas! even the memory of the poor ghost is insulted. Night after night on the stage his effigy appears, — cadaverous, sepulchral, — no longer as Shakspeare must have represented him, aërial, shadowy, gracious, the thin corporeal husk of an eternal, — shall I say ineffaceable? — sorrow! It is no hollow monotone that can rightly upbear such words as his, but a sound mingled of distance and wind in the pine-tops, of agony and love, of horror and hope, and loss and judgment, — a voice of endless and sweetest inflection, yet with a shuddering echo in it as from the caves of memory, on whose walls are written the eternal blazon that must not be to ears of flesh and blood. The spirit that can assume form at will must surely be able to bend that form to completest and most delicate expression, and the part of the ghost in the play offers work worthy of the highest artist. The would-be actor takes from it vitality and motion, endowing it instead with the rigidity of death, as if the soul had resumed its cast-off garment, the stiffened and mouldy corpse, — whose frozen deadness it could ill model to the utterance of its lively will."

— The autobiographical sketch of the late Harriet Martineau, just published in England, is a very interesting book, — a narrative of the life of a truly remarkable woman. We gave some particulars as to her family in a recent number, and will now supplement that information. She was of French descent, and was born in Norwich in 1802. At an early age she was afflicted by deafness, and was compelled to use an ear-trumpet. While still in her teens, she began to write for a religious periodical called *The Monthly Repository*. Her early reading was of a religious though strongly Unitarian cast; but her mind grew out of arbitrary restraints, and during her womanhood she enjoyed absolute independence of thought and judgment. She first became known in lit-

erature through a little book called "Traditions of Palestine." Soon after its publication, her mind was turned to more thoughtful themes, and the result was the writing of "Illustrations of Political Economy." In 1828, she and her sister sustained a heavy pecuniary loss. Stimulated by comparative poverty, she projected a series of monthly papers on the same subject just mentioned, — Political Economy. She found it very difficult to arrange for its publication, but finally succeeded, and the work appeared in 1832. In a few years its sale had reached ten thousand copies; but she derived little pecuniary profit from this success. During the following ten years, she pursued the path of fiction, winning sufficient though not intoxicating encouragement. She was deficient in some of the essential qualities of a novel-writer, and frankly acknowledged it. Perhaps the most interesting of her many books to American readers are her "Society in America," and her "Retrospect of Western Travel." She once wrote a book called "The Maid-of-all-Work," and in after life frequently encountered persons who believed it was autobiographical. During her last years she lived in a little cottage at Ambleside, in the Lake District. Here she wrote "The History of the Thirty Years' Peace," "Household Education," and her condensation of Comte's "Positive Philosophy." She was one of the most masculine of female writers, and her writings breathe a strong spirit of independence. A full autobiography will soon follow this sketch.

— It may not be generally known that a company of modern witches meet on a blasted heath at Cambridge, and concoct the *olla podrida* called the *Nation*. Mr. Godkin is chief cook, and presides over the offering of tid-bits, — frogs, newts, snakes, &c., — by his associates. The mixture is ultimately decanted, clarified by a classic apparatus furnished by Harvard College, and finally emptied into the conduit, the *Nation*.

— A New Orleans correspondent writes: "Your critique of 'Hidden Perils' does Miss Hay an injustice." But he fails to tell us how, merely saying that "The book under review was published in England, either in the autumn of '72, or before March, '73." How the justice of our criticism is affected by this bare and unimportant fact, we confess ourselves unable to see.

— Mr. E. A. Freeman, the accomplished historian, contributes to the last number of the *International Review* an interesting, though not unprejudiced, paper on Macaulay. He speaks of him as amiable and charming in private and domestic life; how he justifies this conclusion by evidence drawn from Mr. Trevelyan's Life, we find it difficult to see. In his immediate family relations he was deservedly an idol, but to the external world, to which he was under no obligations, and out of which he could reasonably hope to make no capital, he was arrogant, selfish, and overbearing. This is plainly shown by the biography referred to. Mr. Freeman pronounces him a model of style, without, as we believe, due authority. His style was not controlled; it was impulsive, and, in excited passages, headlong; and we should be reluctant to hold it up, in all respects, as a model for the young writer. Mr. Freeman in effect contradicts himself, when he says, "Macaulay is a model of style," and adds, "I do not mean that it is wise in any writer to copy Macaulay's style." "Macaulay never goes on, like some writers, talking about 'the former,' 'the latter,' 'he, she, it, and they,' through clause after clause." No, he prefers to write: "Mr. Smith said to Mr. Jones that he, Mr. Smith, would be obliged to Mr. Jones, if he, Mr. Jones, would take the trouble to lend Mr. Smith the sum of five pounds." He never indulges in the affectation of French forms, — never says "Duc," but "Duke"; never "Guillaume," but "William." Now we submit that any one writing of a Frenchman must give him his own French name. Praising Macaulay's great learning, Mr. Freeman admits that of the Middle Ages he was comparatively ignorant. He says, with a frankness that does him credit: —

"Of the first thousand years of English history he shows no sign of any knowledge greater than what was needed to make him understand the last three or four hundred years. There is no sign of his having worked at the earlier history or the earlier literature for its own sake. And yet the introductory sketch of the earlier English history with which his great work opens is a very remarkable piece of writing. We must remember that it is now nearly thirty years old, and that a great deal has been done in those thirty years, of which Macaulay could not possibly know any thing. But it is worth noting that his first volumes appeared in the same year as Kemble's 'Saxons in England.' In that introduction it is not hard to find exaggerations, and even positive mistakes. For the earliest times of English history he clearly had no great love. The times which followed he looked at, not unnaturally, with the eyes of the school of Scott and Thierry. He fancied that the distinction between Norman and Englishman after the Conquest lasted much longer, and was much sharper while it lasted, than it really was. But for all this Macaulay thoroughly took in the true aspect of the long series of ages over which he ran so lightly. His sketch shows a thorough grasp of the order of causes and events, and of the bearing which the events of one age had on the next. Though Macaulay had clearly never minutely studied the earlier English history, yet he dealt with it as an historian, as a man who had gained the power of dealing with any period of history. His position with regard to the times before his own period was very different from that of men who tell us that they took to writing history for want of something else to do. Such men naturally remain in the blackness of darkness as to all times before the arbitrary point at which they begin at once their writings and their studies. But in this sketch Macaulay shows the grasp which the true historian has even over the times which he has not studied in detail. The process of thoroughly mastering certain periods, at once in their broad outline and in their minutest detail, gives him a power over other periods. His practice gives him a kind of tact by which he can see his way through what without that tact would be a mere maze, a tact which enables him to grasp boldly, truly, and firmly the broad outlines of an age, the working of causes and effects even in a time when he is by no means master of the details, and where he may even here and there make mistakes in the details. This power was never more strikingly shown than in Macaulay's introductory sketch of English history. He seems, as it were, to have put forth his hand, and to have instinctively grasped such parts of the subject as were needful to an introduction of his own subject. The feat is no small one. To have accomplished it is at least as clear a sign of true historic power as to have dealt as he did deal with the times of which he was thoroughly master."

— Several years ago, Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, — the author and artist, — published in England a novel called "Wenderholme." It had a wide popularity, but has never been reproduced in this country. It will now be brought out by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, in an enlarged form, and with a new preface. The scene is laid in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and the narrative has a pleasant flavor of dialect. In the village of Stayton live the principal personages. Isaac Ogden, a widower, with one small son, dwells with his mother. He has acquired the habit of excessive drinking; and one night in his frenzy beats his boy with a heavy whip, almost beyond endurance. The boy disappears, and the brutal father, truly repentant, spends weeks in searching for him. Dr. Bardly, the local physician, is very friendly to the boy, and keeps an eye out for him continually. One night he is staying at the house of Col. Stanburne, when he hears the cry of a child. He finds little Jacob almost dead. The discovery is kept secret, — the Doctor and the grandmother believing that the father's grief may tend to cure him of intemperance. The boy regains his health, and, on Christmas-eve, he is brought to his father. These are the introductory events of the story, and they are full of promise. We make a few extracts: —

"Little Jacob had been admitted to the ceremony of tea, and had been a model of good behavior, — being seen and not heard, which in Stayton comprised the whole code of etiquette for youth when in the presence of its seniors and superiors. Luckily for our young friend, he sat between the Doctor and the hostess, who took such good care of him that, by the time the feast was over, he was aware, by certain feelings of tightness and distention in a particular region, that the necessities of nature were more than satisfied; although, like Vitellius, he had still quite appetite enough for another equally copious repast, if only he had known where to put it. If Sancho Panza had had an equally indulgent physician at his side, one of the best scenes in 'Don Quixote' could never have been written, for Dr. Bardly never hindered his little neighbor, but, on the other hand, actually encouraged him to do his utmost; and mentally amused himself by enumerating the pieces of tea-cake and buttered toast, and the helpings to crab and potted meat, and the large spoonfuls of raspberry jam, which our hero silently absorbed. The Doctor, perhaps, acted faithfully by little Jacob, for if Nature had not intended boys of his age to accomplish prodigies in eating, she would surely never have endowed them with such vast desires; and little Jacob suffered no worse results from his present excesses than the uncomfortable tightness already alluded to, which, as his vigorous digestion operated, soon gave place to sensations of comparative elasticity and relief."

"'My wife 's always very good about letting me sit here and smoke and talk as long as I like with my friends, after she 's gone to bed,' said Col. Stanburne. 'You smile because I seem to value a sort of goodness that seems only natural, but that's on account of your old-bachelorish ignorance of womankind. There are married men who no more dare sit an hour with a cigar when their wives are gone to bed, than they dare play billiards on Sunday. Now, for instance, I was staying this autumn with a friend of mine in another county; and about ten o'clock his wife went to bed. He and I wanted to talk over a great many things. We had been old schoolmates, and we had travelled together when we were both bachelors, and we knew lots of men that

his wife knew nothing about, and each of us wanted to hear all the news the other had to tell; so he just ventured the first night I was there to ask me into his private study, and offer me a cigar. Well, we had scarcely had time to light, when his wife's maid knocked at the door, and says, 'Please, sir, Missis wishes to see you.' So he promised to go, and began to look uncomfortable; and in five minutes the girl came back again, and she came three times in a quarter of an hour. After that came the lady herself, quite angry, and ordered her husband to bed, just as if he had been a little boy; and though he seemed cool, and didn't stir from his chair, it was evident that he was afraid of her, and he solemnly promised to go in five minutes. At the expiration of the five minutes, in she bursts again (she had been sitting in the passage, — perhaps she may have been listening at the door), and held out her watch, without one word. The husband got up like a sheep, and said, 'Good-night, John;' and she led him away just like that; and I sat and smoked by myself, thinking what a pitiable spectacle it was. Now, my wife is not like that; she will have her way about her blankets, but she 's reasonable in other respects.' "

— "The Life and Times of George Whitefield" will shortly be published in London. Many letters, documents, &c., unknown to former biographers, will be utilized in this work.

— "The Poetical Remains of Miss Fanshawe," author of the famous charade on the letter H, has been published in London.

— The third volume of M. Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon I," has just been issued by Macmillan & Co. The same house publishes "The Three Brides," by Charlotte M. Yonge. "Eastern Persia:" an account of the journeys of the Persian Boundary Commission; Vol. I. "The Geography," with narratives by Majors St. John, Lovett, and Evan Smith; and an introduction by Major-Gen. Sir Frederick J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I.

— Robert Browning does not like his critics, but calls them hard names; such as gassy fools, asses, quacking ducks, vulgar banjo men who play under his window, but who cannot attain to his height.

— Rev. H. R. Harweis has written a book called "Current Coin," which deals with materialism, the devil, crime, drunkenness, pauperism, recreation, emotion, and the Sabbath.

— Miss Betham Edwards is writing a book called "A Year in Western France."

— Messrs. Lee & Shepard offer a brilliant list of new juveniles for the coming autumn. It includes "Abraham Lincoln's Favorite," — "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" By William Knox; with full-page and initial illustrations, by Miss Humphrey. "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. "Flaxie Frizzle and her Friends," by Sophie May. "Winwood Cliff; or, The Sailor's Son," by Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D. (Frank Forrester). "Daisy Travers; or, The Girls of Hive Hall," by Adelaide F. Samuels; completing the Maidenhood Series. "Life of Rubens," by George H. Calvert.

— "Going to the Bad" is the significant title of a new novel from the facile, but unscrupulous, pen of Edmund Yates. Its scene is laid partly in this country and partly in England. We hardly need to add that the story is fiery with excitement, and will please the large, though not fastidious, class of the author's admirers. Messrs. W. F. Gill & Co. will publish it in paper covers.

— In "Lays of Ind," a volume of poems by Aliph Cheem, a romantic story is told. Two of the personages, Rudge and Grant, go down to the pier at Madras, to meet the incoming steamship, "Smiling Sal," which was bringing to Rudge the unseen lady of his choice, — "Our Little Pearl." The vessel arrives, and discharged her passengers, and then came

A CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Yes, Pearl was there; and Grant, with a nudge,
As he offered a telescope,
Said, "There she is, in a blue hat, Rudge,
Holding on to a rope."

Then Grant, in a big masulah boat,
Set off to the heaving ship;
And Rudge, for a moment, regretted he wrote,
And thought of giving the slip.

But he took the photograph from his vest,
And gazed at the lovely phiz;
And, gazing, said, "I suppose it's best:
She 's an angel, gad, she is!"

The boat came back in a little space,
With Grant and the topee blue;
And Rudge stood staring down on the face
That simpered a "How d'ye do?"

It was that of a stale and elderly girl,
Of forty, at least, you'd say:
The features were those of the photo'd Pearl,
But the Pearl of another day!

For a minute or so, Rudge seemed like stone,
Then he suddenly grasped the truth;
And then there came a horrible groan
From the breast of the injured youth.

"Diddled, by Jingo! Done to a turn!
Sold, by all that's neat!
Dash it, I'll cut the whole concern!"
And then he took to his feet,

Fled from the pier, along the beach,
Fled with his might and main;
Managed the station just to reach
In time for a starting train;

Flung the lying photograph right
Under the grinding wheels;
Then raged, and fumed, and swore all night
At matrimonial deals.

The passengers set him down as drunk,
The guard declared he was mad;
But the morning came, and out he slunk
At dreary Joggereebad —

Calmer, but crushed with a sorrow deep,
A sorrow scarce to be told;
And he felt each inch of his cuticle creep,
As he thought how he'd been sold.

. . . . . .

The world heard nothing of Rudge's case,
Not even a distant hint;
For Grant suggested something in place
Of Rudge appearing in print.

Some thousands of Rudge's bright rupees
Were sent to Grant in a bag;
And brother and sister felt quite at ease
As they counted out the swag!

— We have received from the enterprising publisher, Mr. F. Leypoldt, of New York, a copy of "The Publisher's Trade-List Annual," for 1876. It comprises the full lists of American publishers, with Indexes of publishing firms and trade specialties, represented in the annuals for 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1876; a Publishers' Directory; a Guide to Works for Trade Reference; the Revised Constitution (and officers) of the American Book-trade Association; and a Review of Books and Stationery at the Centennial Exhibition. Some important improvements are to be noted in this edition. In externals it shows a large advance on previous issues, and in all respects but one must give satisfaction to the trade. For this respect the trade itself must be blamed: several of its members having delayed their lists to a day too late for publication in this volume. We congratulate Mr. Leypoldt and his co-workers on the handsome result of their industry, accuracy, and good judgment.

— Mr. Charles E. Robinson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, made a cruise in the yacht "Widgeon," from Swanage to Hamburg. *En route*, he stopped at Brunsbüttel, near Cuxhaven, long enough to learn much about its martyrs. We quote from his graphic account: —

"The most important of all the circumstances that were, about this time, conspiring to prepare the ground in Dithmarschen for the new doctrines of the Reformation was the shameless trade of the indulgence-vendor, Doctor Johannes Angelus Arcimbold. This personage held a license to sell all kinds of papal dispensations in France, Germany, and Sweden. The profits of his traffic, in which he employed as sub-agents five Dithmarschen priests, were so enormous that he could afford to travel with gold and silver pots and pans, while even his chests had golden locks. The latter, however, were painted over in oil-colors, 'that they might not glitter too much in the eyes of the desperate covetous.'

"Doctor Arcimbold's proceedings had scandalized everybody in Meldorf, who had previously entertained any objection to papistry. Nicolaus Boje, the pastor, spoke so forcibly in condemnation as to induce Augustin Torneborg, Abbot of Gray Friars, to write to Bremen that he outdid Luther himself; and so wrought upon the people that they were actually beginning to dispute with his monks on points of doctrine. A widow of good family, named Wiebe Jung, zealously took up the new teaching. She prevailed upon Boje to invite to Meldorf Heinrich of Zütphen, a noted Lutheran, the story of whose labor and martyrdom is one of deep and painful interest.

"In spite of dissuasion on the part of his friends, Heinrich disembarked at Brunsbüttel, in November, 1524, from Bremen, and reached Meldorf shortly after. The Abbot Torneborg at once raised a strong opposition. He even succeeded in persuading the Council of Forty-eight, who then administered the affairs of Dithmarschen, to decree the banishment both of Heinrich and Nicolaus Boje. The former, notified of this decree, cried out: 'Should I die here, heaven is as nigh in Dithmarsch as elsewhere, and I doubt not but that, some time or another, I must seal the Gospel with a bloody death!' Finding that their commands were not obeyed, the Forty-eight, after a stormy discussion, decided to let things remain as they were until after the General Council. The concluding words of their resolution display a most rare and uncommon trust in other people: 'What our neighbors adopt and believe, that will we also.'

"Disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, the monks raised a mob to attack Heinrich, which gathered at Henningstedt, on the 10th of December, 1524, under cover of the night.

"'Five hundred peasants had been summoned together (I am now quoting the Hauptpastor's pamphlet), for whose behoof three tuns of Hamburg beer were broached. To their criminal deed they armed themselves with fiendish ingenuity; drunkenness, that friend of the wicked and foe of all good emotions, was pressed into the service of the conspirators; and the shadows of night, which had

already concealed the birth and growth of the plot, convoyed the armed mob to the dwelling of Nicolaus Boje.

"'In order to obtain admission into the house, they had looked about them for a traitor, and found him in the person of a man called Henning Hans. This fellow daily frequented the parsonage, and now opened a trap-door in the ground to the enemies of his master. A man of Wakenhusen strode into the house, and opened the door from the inside; whereupon the wild crowd surged in, swearing and brawling, with incessant cries of "Hau dodt! Hau dodt!"

"'Nicolaus Boje was torn out of bed, beaten, and dragged naked into the street, where he was left unnoticed to lie. Heinrich was bound, and constrained in the winter cold to walk on the hard-frozen roads, over snow and ice, towards Heide. Soon his feet were mangled by the ice; he begged earnestly for a horse, but in vain: they scoffed at and abused him outrageously. To save appearances, he was brought before a tribunal, and condemned to death by fire.

"'On the 11th of December, 1524, at eight o'clock in the morning, Heinrich was taken into the market-place of Heide. His sentence, which was there read out, recited: "This villain has preached against the Mother of God and the Christian Faith; for which reasons, on the authority of his Reverence, the Bishop of Bremen, he is condemned to the flames."

"'The only answer to these words that Heinrich made was, "That I have not done;" and to the summons of submission, "Thy will be accomplished!"

"'Wiebe Junge begged earnestly for a delay of at least three days in the execution of the sentence, even offering a thousand guilders for the grant of such a respite; but her supplications were not acceded to, and the mob stamped upon the suppliant with their feet. For two long hours the flame of the pyre would not blaze, whereupon they bound Heinrich to a ladder, so that the blood gushed forth from his mouth and nose. A man tried to set the ladder on end, and prop it up with his halberd; but it slipped, and the halberd went through the back of the tortured victim. At last, a blow from a hammer, directed against him by a man named Johann Holm, put a period to his sufferings.

"'Thus died this highly gifted preacher of the Gospel, at the age of thirty-six years. His head, his hands, and feet were cut off and burned on live charcoal, the trunk was buried, and then savage dancing around the pyre concluded the awful revel. Luther himself has written the story of Heinrich of Zütphen, and addressed special epistles of condolence to his parishioners at Bremen and Meldorf, as well as to Wiebe Junge.'"

— The increased attention to the study of Art, which is so marked a feature in educational circles, has given encouragement to Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co., to issue "White's Progressive Art Studies." Six courses are before us: (1) Elementary Problems (Instrumental), by Henry E. Alvord, of Williston Seminary; (2) Application of General Principles (Ornamental), by Clarence Eytinge, of New York; (3) Advanced Problems and Mechanical Studies (Instrumental), by Mr. White, probably; (4) Examples and Analysis of Different Orders, by Clarence Eytinge; (5) Trees and Foreground Plants, by G. G. White; and (6) Rocks and Water. Each part comprises an essay on the subject, a series of examples for copying, and a set of sheets of drawing-paper for the use of the pupil, all of which is put up in a neat case. We have found the views presented sensible, and the engraved copies well prepared for use. The school-room is, we think, the place to test Mr. White's series, and we doubt not it will stand the test.

— A very neat and handsome volume is Will Carleton's "Young Folk's Centennial Rhymes," and several fine illustrations add to its charms. The poems are simply but spiritedly written, and celebrate notable events in the history of our Revolution. Gen. Gage and the Boston boys; the Captain of the Margaretta, &c. One of the brightest pieces is "The Little Black-eyed Rebel," which we quote: —

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures — how to get them? crept the question though her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find:
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said:
And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And, "Miss, *I* have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

The following facts about the "Little Rebel" will help the reader to appreciate the poem: —

"The name of 'the little black-eyed rebel' was Mary Redmond. She was the daughter of a patriot who lived in Philadelphia at the time it was occupied by the British troops. In that city, and at the above-mentioned time, the incident told in the poem took place. The following account of the young heroine is taken from 'Noble Deeds of American Women:'—

"'She had many relatives who were Loyalists, and these used to call her 'the little black-eyed rebel,' so ready was she to help women whose husbands were fighting for freedom, in getting letters from them. The letters were usually sent from their friends by a boy, who carried them stitched in the back of his coat. He came into the city, bringing provisions to market. One morning, when there was some reason to fear he was suspected, and his movements were watched by the enemy, Mary undertook to get the papers from him in safety. She went as usual to the market, and, in a pretended game of romps, threw her shawl over the boy's head, and secured the prize. She hurried with the papers to her anxious friends, who read them secretly, after the windows had been carefully closed.

"'When the news came that the British general, Burgoyne, had surrendered, the cunning little 'rebel,' so as not to be heard by her Loyalist friends, put her head up the chimney, and gave a shout for Gates, the American general.'"

— "Logic," by W. Stanley Jevons, takes its place among the Science Primers. The office of logic is to teach us to reason well; reasoning gives us knowledge; and knowledge, according to Bacon, is power. The illustration of the blanket, which is used to keep the human body warm, and a mass of ice cool, is very happy. The author's definitions of deductive reasoning, terms, classification, &c., are exceedingly simple and ingenious. The discourse on Propositions embodies the whole theory of Logic, and to read it is to attain approximate mastery of the subject. The author's concluding sentences are full of wisdom: "All correct reasoning consists in substituting like things for like things; all incorrect reasoning consists in putting one thing for another when there is not the requisite likeness." [D. Appleton & Co.]

— Our readers will remember the article in our last number, called "Old Boston Criticism," the subject of the article being William J. Snelling's "Truth; a Gift for Scribblers." Appended to this writer's autograph, we find this note: "The author of 'Tales of the Northwest,' 'Truth,' &c., was one of the best writers our country has produced, but is a fit subject for Disraeli in an edition of his 'Calamities,' for he never could steer clear of all kinds of troubles. But, the worst of all, he gave himself to intemperance, and was this year (1837) sent to the House of Correction (at his own request) as a common drunkard. There he still remains. His talents would have gained him competence in any country where literature is valued; but our communities are so much like the merciless ocean that a man of the best abilities, if, like a ship, one small thing is wanting, he is sure to founder and become a total loss." In a later note we read: "Snelling came out of the House of Correction in June last, with a determination to refrain entirely from ardent spirits. I told him he was able to do it, and he yet might do well, and that it lay wholly with himself; with many other kind hints. But it was not long before his presence disgusted me with the odor of liquor. In September, 1837, he lost his

wife. She had been guilty of too freely indulging in the use of liquor. She was own sister of F. P. Leverett, the editor of the Latin Lexicon, and many other approved works. About a month since, Snelling told me he had a good suit of clothes given him for writing an account of the House of Correction. He is now editing a paper called *The Morning News*. October, 1837."

— The final sale of the Library of the late Samuel G. Drake will be held by Bangs, Williams, & Co., in New York, September 25. It will be mainly of ancient manuscripts and autographs, some of which are exceedingly rare and of priceless value to the collector. We have been favored with the sight of Mr. Drake's Autograph Book, which is a treasury of ancient and honorable names. In it we find the autograph, "Yours, George Bancroft, 1833," and this note: "George Bancroft is the son of Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester. He is now in the prime of life, and engaged in the Herculean labor of writing a History of the United States, the first volume of which he published last year (1834), in a splendid 8vo. Those who, I supposed, knew him well were surprised when they heard of his design, thinking him altogether unequal to the task; but, when this volume appeared, his friends were disappointed, and acknowledged it to be of the highest order in every respect. I know him, and have lent him many valuable books for his help in his history. Of his learning no one will ask but his books."

This autograph letter of Aaron Burr is interesting. It bears date, "Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1805": "By this mail I write to P. Edwards about that little vexatious matter of T. Smith. I have desired Mr. E. to go with you to T. S., and that you will jointly compel an immediate settlement; as his money is always at a high rate of interest, he cannot object to pay me the legal rate. S. E. will show you my letter to him, and it may be shown to T. S., if you think proper; but see the —— and get an adjustment. S. E. has probably a copy of the affidavit, which I mentioned to you. It is with extreme reluctance that I trouble you with such bagatelles. Your visit has been of the utmost importance to me. I am to meet your new friend to-day.

"Salut,

"A. Burr."

"Mr. John Holyoke of Springfield, a member of y^e^ church there in full communion: a house-holder, and above 24 years of age, desires to be admitted to y^e^ freedome of this colony.

"John Pynchon."

Here is a curious bill from Noah Webster, the lexicographer: —

"Oliver Ellsworth, Esq., to Noah Webster, Dr.

Nov. 4, 1791.	To 2 days' work by Frank, spreading gravel, &c.	£	6	0
	To 15 loads of gravel at 2*s.* 6*d.*	1	17	6
Nov. 7, „	To 1 load of sand, and carting 300 bricks		2	3
	To 300 well-bricks, at 40*s.* a thousand		12	0
12, „	To cash p'd for cleaning his house		12	0
Jan. 12, 1792.	To a rope for the well		4	0
Ap. 18, „	To 7½ feet of chain for the cistern at 1*s.* 3*d.*		9	4
	To Frank's labor in front of the house, removing earth, 2 days at 2*s.* 6*d.*		5	0
	To a bucket for the cistern		5	0
	To 6 loads of earth for the garden, at 2*s.*		12	0
		£5	6	1

"Rec'd the contents in full.

"N. Webster."

Among a thousand other documents of rare historical interest that are to be offered at this sale, we will mention two or three: An autograph MS. of Cotton Mather on witchcraft, which begins thus: "The first case considered, whether Satan may not possibly appear in the shape of an innocent and pious, as well as of a nocent and wicked person, to affect such as suffer by diabolical molestations." Then follow six arguments in support of this proposition.

A document, — quite illegible to the average reader, — signed by John Endicott, who was Governor of Massachusetts from 1649 to 1654.

A letter from Governor Edward Winslow, Governor of Massachusetts, written in February, 1637.

A deed of land for the benefit of the Indians, — in which John Eliot's name figures, — executed in 1660.

A letter signed by Governor William Bradford, Myles Standish, John Alden, and others, and dated February 6, 1631.

Last, but not least in importance, the deed of King Philip, conveying land to Constant Southworth, signed by His Majesty and principal officers, with their marks, and dated 1672.

But to specify even a tithe of the rare and precious manuscripts that will be exposed at the approaching sale would be an almost endless task, and we must dismiss the fascinating subject with the assurance to our readers that the collector of curious script will probably never have so good an opportunity to fill his cabinets with treasures, as at the closing sale of the Drake Library.

— Roden Noel contributes to *Macmillan's Magazine* a very interesting paper called "Rambles by Cornish Seas." The episode about the Smugglers' Cave is thus told:

"Some time before the lieutenant was directed to proceed with his men to this spot, where (it had been ascertained by some fishermen who, from the water, had witnessed the mysterious disappearance of a fox among the cliffs) there was a cave with scarcely visible entrance; for here, it was believed, smuggled goods were concealed, and a gang of sheep-stealers had taken up their abode. Arrived at the little hole of an entrance, he asked who would enter first; to which no one responded, for one man armed could have defended the robbers' den against an army. The officer, however, led (as he, indeed, had intended to do), but no one was within; the party only found sheep's bones and leather, — for one of the gang had carried on here the trade of a shoemaker. This cave is close to the hill on the Kynance side. Roberts told me that he did not think any one in the place, except himself and his brother (who lately died), knew its whereabouts. But this brother had taken a young gentleman of Penzance in. We scrambled down the cliff, — the footing being insecure enough, — and wriggled ourselves into the cave, feet-foremost, with the utmost difficulty; but having no candles, we came again next day, for Roberts said the cave had never been completely explored. Gigantic, perpendicular smooth faces of serpentine, precisely like the verdantique Italian marble veined with steatites, and great masses of crimson rock rolled from above, all piled in confusion near the wash of restless seas, render the scene here a splendid one. . . . Roberts was in the cave in 1872, and told me there was a pillar supporting the roof where it gets loftier; this, however, we found fallen, and soon you will have to be as slim as a lance fish before you can get in at all. On a stone we found a paper, almost illegible from damp, with the names of the young gentleman alluded to and Roberts' brother, together with the small bones placed there by them. Roberts and I, having wriggled ourselves into every crevice of the cave, sat down on a stone in the farther chamber; and he startled me by telling me that though these two young men were in the cave only a few months previously, both were now dead, — the young gentleman having destroyed himself. We found distinct traces of others here: on some sand in the shelving corners of the floor, evidently communicating with the sea, fresh excrement and foot-marks. Also we found any amount of sheep's bones, and heard very strange, shrill cries now and then, which neither of us could account for. Water trickled down the serpentine walls; Roberts, a dark, fine-looking man, was very picturesque in the light of the taper we held, as he sat on a stone near me, telling tales of the cave and its occupants. Two of the gang came to a tragic end. Having ventured to show themselves at Lizard Town, they were pursued by the police, who were on the look-out; so they made for Greye, and took to the water there, as is supposed, intending to swim to their old haunt, or secrete themselves in some creek. But the constables summoning them to surrender, they refused; and, being kept in sight, they actually swam till both sank from exhaustion. Two of the same gang had been also concerned in a dastardly murder. . . . Roberts and I rowed a little way in; but so dangerous was the dark swirling water, which heaved foaming into its dark portal, that we should have been stove in against the rocky abutments had we attempted to proceed farther. That day we got the boat from Cadgewith, and were foolish enough to proceed to sea without looking to see if there were a plug. So we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves fast filling. I stuffed my handkerchief into the hole, while Roberts pulled as hard as he could to a pilchard-boat lying a short way off, and waiting for a look-out party on shore, to give a welcome warning of the near presence of a shoal, according to Cornish pilchard-fishery usage. The fishermen furnishing us with a bit of wood, we plugged our hole, and bailed vigorously. The rocks along the shore look black and bold from the sea; yet from the shore they are not near so fine this side of Cadgewith side of the Lizard Lights as they are on the other, — the Mullion rocks being really grand; but Cadgewith is a romantic little fishing village, with a seemingly good small inn, where (being wet one day) I got some hot toddy, and pleasant talk with host and hostess in the kitchen."

— Rev. A. H. Holloway, of Pennsylvania, has written a book on the life and character of Jesus, which will soon be published under the title, "The Beauty of the King."

— In Professor James Russell Lowell's Centennial Ode is found a noble tribute to Virginia. A Virginian wrote to the poet, asking for a copy of these lines, whereupon Mr. Lowell not only transcribed the passage in question with his own hand, but had it handsomely framed. It went forward to Virginia, accompanied by a letter breathing the same tender and patriotic spirit which characterizes the Ode.

— Often in our walks abroad, we are reminded of a saying of Cæsar's, which is not without application at the present day: "Seeing some wealthy strangers at Rome, carrying up and down with them in their arms and bosoms young puppy-dogs and monkeys,

embracing and making much of them, he took occasion, not unnaturally, to ask whether the women in their country were not used to bear children; by that prince-like reprimand, gravely reflecting upon persons who spend and lavish upon brute beasts that affection and kindness implanted in us to be bestowed on those of our own kind. With like reason may we blame those who misuse that love of inquiry and observation which Nature has implanted in our souls, by expending it on objects unworthy of the attention either of their eyes or their ears, while they disregard such as are excellent in themselves, and would do them good."

— The familiar classical reference to a "white day," has its origin in the fact that Pericles, besieging Samos, finding it difficult to repress the ardor of his troops, divided them into eight parts, — that part which had the white bean to feast, while the seven parts were fighting. Hence when people have been merry, they called the day "white," in allusion to this white bean.

— In "Shells from the Shore of Time," — a remarkable English book, by Lady Lytton, — we were much entertained by a notice of Matthew Towle's "Young Gentleman and Lady's Private Tutor. In three Parts." The first Part contains a preliminary discourse on moral and social duties, &c.; viz.: Piety, Wisdom, Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, Temperance, Love, Friendship, Humanity. The second Part contains rules for behaving genteelly in all stages of life,— of Behavior to God, Parents, Company, Brothers, Sisters, Superiors, Equals, Inferiors, Teachers, Servants, in Company, at Meals, at Cards, &c. Many other rules for all social emergencies are given, which we must omit. One may derive positive profit from Mr. Towle's conversations with one of his pupils, a young lady of high birth: —

"My little ladies, I will here give you friendly advice. I hope you will not take it amiss, as I think it my duty so to do in every thing that lies in my power. When you are seated in your place at church, do not get up again till the service is begun; then rise, place your eyes upon your prayer-book, and there keep them till such time as that part of the service is over. If you, on the contrary, get up and look about you, you will be guilty of a breach of that modesty which is peculiar to your sex, or ought to be.

"*S.* 'Yes, sir, I do not dispute your judgment; but I have seen my mamma and Lady Mears do so.'

"*M.* 'Something extraordinary might happen. Very probably your mother could not see for the sun; that might be the cause of it: and Lady Mears is always laughing, she being sensible of the crime, though she has not prudence enough to avoid it; therefore she is ashamed to show her face.'

"*S.* 'Yes, sir, my mamma hath done it, that she might look at L-d-y G—s silk gown. She hath bid me do so too. She bought me and herself a fan each, with holes in the mounts on purpose. She can tell all or most of all the ladies' dresses that are in church. There is not a stranger but what she knows who they are with, and what they have on, and who such and such gentlemen looked at.'

"*M.* 'But, my little lady, you may be mistaken. This notice she may take when the service is over.'

"*S.* 'No, sir, my mamma bid me observe, last Sunday, in the middle of the sermon, the parson's diamond ring and his white hand.'

"*M.* 'Miss, I will allow that you might understand your mamma as such, but I'm inclined to think that you are under a mistake. She might tell you to mind the parson, and not play with your hand and ring, for I am of an opinion your mamma is of a more sedate turn, or ought to be, after being the mother of ten children; so I hope you are under a mistake.'"

The author appends a note to the clause "ten children," of the following effect: "In classing the prolific among the sedatives, does Mr. Towle mean to imply that ten children are a sort of maternal henbane?"

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Phœbe, Jr.," by Mrs. Oliphant, is a very bright book, full of bright pictures of the London rich bourgeoisie, of pretty girls and dandy youths, and pompous fathers and cherished ministers, and ambitious mammas, and all the personages that go to make up that motley fabric called society. Perhaps it would give the book currency in some quarters to add that the chief personage bears the name of Copperhead. [Harper & Brothers, and Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— "The Brandons, or Workers in a Neglected Service," is the title of an English juvenile that has come to us. It is the work of Eliza Hutchinson, and is a very pleasant story. The chief fault in it is the multitude of young girls, which occasions confusion in the reader's mind. The Brandons are the chief actors, and Mr. B. is a whole-souled, liberal man. His wife is not above prejudice, and begrudges his niece, Lucy Dolby, the benefactions he bestows on her. The latter, — a lovely, spiritual-minded, and intelligent girl, — goes on the Continent as companion to Bella Allerton, who travels with her father and mother. Lucy secures a powerful influence over Bella, and the mother, made jealous by this, is unjust to her daughter's companion. Mr. Allerton is clearer-sighted, and appreciates the noble qualities of Lucy, and does his best to render her happy. The Brandons have a lovely little daughter, Nannette, who adores Lucy, and conceives a sudden passion for Adèle Senior, a niece of Mr. Richards. This child's father had been unfortunate in business, and, failing, subjects Mr. Richards to a serious pecuniary loss. Not being able to forgive this wrong, Mrs. Richards ignores the child's mother, and treats the child herself with scornful indifference. Her niece, Nina, however, loves the little girl, and this difference of sentiment causes serious trouble. Mr. Brandon befriends the child, who, with the love of her mother and brother, of Nannette and Nina, finds herself comparatively happy, even in adversity. The different methods of giving charity are happily illustrated in the story, and the beautiful characters of Mrs. Overton, Mrs. Senior, Nannette, and Lucy lend a tender charm to the narrative. Much of the book is devoted to a description of travel in Switzerland and Italy, which is quite charming. Of the many delightful sketches of Alpine Scenery, we quote this scene, which the travellers viewed in an excursion from Berne: —

"And once they ascended, by easy and circuitous paths, through fir woods, the highest hill in the vicinity, which is called the Gurten, from the extensive plateau on the summit of which a clearer view of the Snow Mountains is to be obtained. By the assistance of a map, they familiarized themselves with the precipitous aspect of the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, and Finster-Aahorn; and some one told them that, under the shadow of the dark Niesen, lies, though unseen, the old-fashioned town of Thun. Turning a little, they faced the monotonous range of the Jura, and the mountains and hills immediately around Berne." [A. Williams & Co.]

AUGUST PUBLICATIONS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Old Greek Life. J. P. Mahaffy, A.M. 18mo. 50c.

All the Way Round; or, What a Boy Saw on His Way Round the World. A Book for Young People, and Older Ones with Young Hearts. Illustrated. 12mo. $1.50.

Schools and Masters of Painting. With an Appendix on the Principal Galleries of Europe. By A. G. Radcliffe. Sm. 8vo. $3.00.

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W. F. GILL & CO., BOSTON.

Going to the Bad. A Novel. By Edmund Yates. Paper. 75c.

Current Literature.

DANIEL DERONDA.*

We always begin a review of one of this author's books with painful misgivings. We distrust our ability to understand it; we doubt the efficiency of our discriminating power to distinguish between its good and bad qualities. We doubt, in fine, if we can render true justice to the author. Our first impulse is to compare this new book with one of its predecessors, — with "Adam Bede," for instance, which has been generally esteemed her best. The most radical difference between the two is in the quality of the personages. In "Deronda," we are introduced to members of the aristocracy; to the houses of the rich, and great, and fashionable. In the other, our paths lie among shops and huts, and the lower grades of rural society. Can the same eye see, with equal clearness, from both points of view? Can the same hand depict, with uniform fidelity, the characteristics of the palace and the hovel? A reading of the two books convinces us that such a task is possible to a genius such as is George Eliot. The same broad and keen glances, the same steady, sincere touches, the same discriminately shaded colors are perceptible in each, and in each her absolute command of the English language, in every form of composition, is equally conspicuous.

"Daniel Deronda" is an æsthetically melancholy story. One grows sober over it. It has few stained windows through which strays the light of humor and geniality. It has a gloomy interior, suggestive of solemnity and gloom. It offers us no laughter, few cakes and ale; and, in this deficiency, it fails as a picture of high English life. In point of characterization, it is far beyond comparison. Deronda himself, if not quite true to nature, is absolutely unique. The influence of the suspicion that broods in his heart from boyhood, the suspicion that he nurses Hebrew blood in his veins, casts its sombre shadow over his whole life. We see it in the habits of his daily walk, in his tastes and tendencies; and it has its most conspicuous manifestations in the memorable interviews with his mother. The sweet tenderness of his nature attracts us, while his sombre mien and manner repel. At his introduction, one likes him. His treatment of the wilful Gwendolen, on their first meeting, is simply admirable, — cool, gentlemanly, earnest, yet reserved.

We pass on to Gwendolen's home life; to its hypocrisy, to its pretensions, its strivings between fashionable exigencies and stern necessity. We get a glimpse of this rash young girl's nature in her flirtation with Reginald; and the idiosyncrasies of Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne and their daughter stand out in clear relief in the complications that result from this callow affectional entanglement. The other members of Gwendolen's household appeal to us with no special force. She is queen among them, — nay, a tyrant; and, loving her mother with all the force of her strong nature, sets up her proud self always, icy and immovable, toward her.

While the memory of the mysterious young man who redeemed her necklace still lingers in her selfish heart, she takes a look at the future, dim with shifty mists and inevitable clouds. She sees but one way of escape; one only path, warm with sunshine, and grateful with bending shade. It is a rich marriage. Only that will save her, and into it she is urged by the most powerful considerations, personal and family. Her mother incites her; the sight of her helpless sisters persuades her; her worldly uncle paints to her the advantages of high life, and dwells solemnly on the possible mendicity of herself and her family. Selfish though she is, she is soft to these pictures of prospective sorrow. She cannot see her mother shabby; she cannot see her grieve. Long she deliberates, with thoughts of her mysterious benefactor flitting through her troubled mind. If he were here, she thinks, he would tell her, though she has no reason in the world to trust his judgment. It is instinct. At last the path opens, through the translucent person of Sir Henley Grandcourt, heir to divers manors and estates. He distinguishes her at archery and other social gatherings, his notice being so emphatic as to rouse the popular whisper that there is to be a match. Gwendolen hears it; of course her uncle and his wife would not fail to apprise her, and in her heart the wish is father to the thought. She does covet those broad acres, that palatial house, those shiny-coated horses, that troop of servants, those reverent tenants. And this wish covered up in her heart is warmed by family sympathy, till it heats her like a mighty flame and rouses her to the realization of her purpose. The fatal day arrives; the vows are said, and she is the plighted bride of the majestic baronet.

Of their married life the author vouchsafes us few glimpses; but we easily see that there is no love between them. He is proud of her as the Hon. Mrs. Grandcourt; holds her

> 'Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.'

He loves to think of her as a regally beautiful woman who is wholly his, — who comes and goes at his will. There is no warmth in his manner toward her; only a sense of rather contemptuous proprietorship. The most positive quality in her consideration of him is fear: she has never loved him; she does not dislike him, but she fears him. Two influences fall like a curtain between them, — the knowledge accidentally acquired by Gwendolen that her husband has an earlier living wife and children, and the strange weird memory of Deronda, to whom she is hardly more than a stranger. She takes into her husband's house the dread consciousness that she is robbing another woman of her legal rights, and this dwells for ever with her. The pair represent two types of humanity very distinctly struck, that may be possible; but we do not meet them in real life in America. Grandcourt is, no doubt, a truly typical Englishman, but his wife is a stranger here.

The most absorbing question forced upon the attention of the reader in this book is the identity of the hero, Daniel Deronda. His apparition is unaccountable, and, it seems to us, according to the rules of art, inexcusable. As a representative of human virtue he is admirable; but there seems to be a vagueness about his purposes, and an uncertainty as to his true place in the story, which affect one uncomfortably. The only really tragical incident in the book is Mirah's attempt at self-destruction, and it is very vividly handled. Its consequences comprise some of the loveliest scenes in all these pages, — glimpses of the Meyrick family life. Mirah strikes us as somewhat unfinished; we cannot conceive a course of training such as she had at the hands of her dissolute father, which could have shaped so sweet and strong a nature as hers. Hans is sometimes funny, but oftenest a bore; he is in effect an excrescence; his love for Mirah comes suddenly to naught.

In the relations of Deronda and Mordecai, we have something quite unheard of in fiction. How strong must have been the instinctive sympathy that drew this refined and cultivated young man to the intimacy of a squalid Jew! The intellectual approximation of the two, it seems to us, is far too precipitate; their mutual attraction is unnatural and forced. The chief value of this enforced intercourse is in the author's acute dissertations on Jewish topics, to which she has evidently given prolonged and earnest thought.

As a mere novel we must prefer this book to "Middlemarch;" but we find in it less evidence of general culture, and less matter of purely æsthetic interest. It is not intrinsically fascinating; the plot is not strong: its charm is in its odd views of human nature and society, its powerful characterization, and its pervading depth and purity of thought.

We have little room for quotation from these rich pages, and these scraps must suffice: —

"In general, one may be sure that whenever a marriage of any mark takes place, male acquaintances are likely to pity the bride; female acquaintances the bridegroom."

"If you have any reason for not indulging a wish to speak to a fair woman, it is a bad plan to look long at her back; the wish to see what it screens becomes the stronger; there may be a very sweet smile on the other side."

"Miss Julia Fenn, a young lady whose pro-

* Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot, author of "Middlemarch," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 411, 427. $3.00. New York: Harper & Bros. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

file had been so unfavorably decided by circumstances over which she had no control."

There are two incongruities, or what seem such to us, that may be worth mention. These are the fact that Mirah, so devoutly religious, could deliberately set about self-destruction; and the presentation of Mordecai, an aged man, as her brother.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.*

THE third volume of this well-planned history is perhaps even more entertaining than its predecessors. It treats of the intermediate and critical period of Napoleon's career, exhibiting him at the time when Fortune seems to have half veiled her face, and he can catch but a dim glimpse of her retreating figure. It falls on the time, when, balked in enterprises that had honest faces and real substance, he had turned to those of equivocal character, and success in which could only measurably reward him. It depicts him with waning intellectual strength, with faculties that the friction of severe vicissitudes has weakened, and with that meteoric judgment moving on half-blind and uncertain. He is a melancholy spectacle, — more pathetic by reason of his fading virility, whose deficiency his chance victories cannot effectually mantle, than we find him later on.

He comes on the stage in the attitude of claimant of a universal kingdom. He is the great I — not only the State, but the Kosmos. He commands the States of Europe to array themselves at once under his standard, or under that of England.

> "Under which King, Bezonian!
> Speak or die!"

At this time (1806), the spell of the French Revolution had quite lost its strength, and this strength was Napoleon's. Its glamour had faded; it was no longer the great light in the East, before which all nations must bow down and worship. The Revolution was Napoleon, and with its light went down his star. No more was France the symbol of deliverance and freedom; now she stood for the goddess of conquest, of persecution, of oppression. Napoleon's situation was apparently strong. Who were his enemies? Prussia was crushed, Austria annihilated, and Russia powerful only at home. He purposed not to re-establish Poland, but to give her a stable government; he could make her independent, but such a step did not co-ordinate with his general policy. The great powers being paralyzed, be proceeded to treat some small and foreign ones for his interest. He promised to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, warning its Sultan to choose between his friendship and England's. He engaged the Emperor of Persia to be his ally. The narrative of his campaign against the Russo-Austrian armies, on the frozen fields of Poland, is a tale of cruel horrors, and we do not care to dwell on it. Monotonous with slow military movements and counter-movements, it is illuminated and made dramatic by the grand carnage of Eylau. It had, we may say, almost no result, save the increase of the host of Napoleon's enemies.

He tried hard to placate the weak King of Prussia, but failed. With the autocrat of Russia, by dint of flatteries and gifts and insidious misrepresentations, he fared better; and for the price of two tolerable provinces got some worthy consideration. When he settled up his accounts, however, at the close of the sanguinary contest, there was little to carry to the credit side; and in France itself there was a great balance of blood against him,— warm blood in the veins of young conscripts summoned to death before their time. But he heeded not such a trifle, — not he; he only called for another levy. Significant, indeed, were the words of the noble Masséna, gazing on the sepulchral field of Eylau: "What a massacre! and without any issue." Like it was this campaign, — "without any issue."

Domestic politics mainly occupy the second chapter, which show us Napoleon in his character of statesman. The exhibit is not edifying; let us pass it by. The campaign of Friedland is red with battle scenes, but contains no special illuminations of Napoleon's character. His *tête à tête* at Tilsit with the Czar Alexander is one of the finest scenes in the work. To see this skilled angler playing with the ambitious and conceited trout, plying him with flies of varied attractiveness, and insidiously but sedulously aiming to hook the barb in his imbarbate gills, is to see the worst qualities of human nature in vehement operation.

Passing on to the war against Spain, we get a clear view of the most marvellous tricks of the accomplished Corsican juggler. A more cunning, deftly-devised humbug was never conceived by the professors of magic for the public infatuation, than the plot to oust the Bourbons. The story of the measures to this end is told with marvellous skill, and is more fascinating than the finest romance. Napoleon played his game like a chess-player, sitting at Paris or Bayonne, while his helpless pieces stumble over the plains and hills of Spain and Portugal. Of course he blundered, and blood flowed in torrents. A more gigantically scoundrelly enterprise than this attempted conquest of Spain never issued from the human brain, and the blunders by which it was essayed to carry it out make up a tale fit for Milton to versify. The utter discomfiture of the false and forging schemer exemplifies the verdict of every intelligent reader, and we all cry, Amen! At a convenient stage of this Spanish tragedy, the untiring Napoleon goes home to settle domestic affairs. With his usual marvellous originality, in order to check the growth (*lucus à non*) of the feudal system, he created a new nobility out of his military riff-raff, and enriched them all at the start, that they might effloresce with a gorgeousness worthy of his own magnificence. Next comes the Plot of the Escurial, with such a caste of *personæ!*— the poor old king, conscious dupe of his licentious wife; the Prince of Peace (Heaven save the mark!), a fool, at once, and a villain; the learned and self-styled Machiavellic diplomatist, Escoiquiz, and the precocious son, whose plotting against his father is well described: enter Napoleon with capacious bag, and gobbles every one of them! Finale at Burgos and Bayonne!

The closing scenes in this dreadful drama,— the streets of Spanish cities running full with the blood-ravage of every name, — starvation, madness, pervading every province, — a burning patriotism clashing with slavish submission, — freedom against Napoleonic feudalism. But the play was brief; for the players were weary. The further events in this drama are too well known, too far-illuminating, to need repetition here, — they are hardly paralleled in the history of any nation, — and whatever may be the faults and shames of the Spanish character, the lover of freedom will ever kneel to thank God for giving so stern and undying a love of liberty to these fierce barbarians of Iberia.

We have already commended in strong terms the two preceding volumes of this work, and that commendation we earnestly renew upon the present. Mr. Lanfrey's conception of the great soldier is, we think, the only true one ever evolved by the historian. He sees through the opaque, carnal man, — sees the keen intellect twinkling within, and the little heart shrinking in a hiding-place. He admits his marvellous military genius, which grew enfeebled with age, and was nurtured from the fickle breast of Fortune. But of the intellectual man the author's ken is not less keen; his insight seems unerring, and not a thought seems to have crawled from the Napoleonic brain, whose origin and destiny are not familiar to his apprehensive mind. We esteem the author's estimate of Napoleon Bonaparte the soundest and surest and most faithful that has ever been made.

* History of Napoleon the First. By P. Lanfrey. Vol. III. 8vo. $3.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.*

ON November 7, 1842, the subject of this memoir wrote in his Diary,—

"I have already more volumes, and multitudes of fragments, — trash inexpressible,— which I pray to God may never be exposed,

* Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, comprising Portions of his Diary. From 1795 to 1848. Edited by Charles Francis Adams. Vol. XI. 8vo. $5.00. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

but which I leave to my son, to be used according to his good judgment, for a memoir of my life; and if, by the mercy of God, the manuscript should be preserved, to be left, with those of my father, to one of my grandsons, who may be worthy of possessing and passing them [it] down to future generations."

The caution conveyed in the above extract has not, it seems to us, been faithfully heeded. The work comprises an amount of valueless matter, equal, at least, to one-third of its bulk. Page after page tells the same story, in substance if not in language. It is that "the boorish Smith of Ohio transfixed the feeble Doozenberry of Florida;" "the crafty Cushing made his customary assault on me,"—and so on *ad nauseam*, with change of name and scene. Many passages are in bad taste, as well as irrelevant; mere spots on the record of a generally pure man. Of what good can it be to parade the evidence that Mr. Adams was a fluent blackguard, and to cull coarse epithets from his repertory of abuse?

One finds little information of lasting worth in these pages, as to current legislation and politics; accounts of scandals and personal quarrels monopolize the space. The record begins just prior to the withdrawal of the members of Tyler's cabinet in 1841. The reasons for this action assigned by them seem rather puerile at this day. Ewing, of the Treasury, thought he had been disrespectfully treated by Mr. Tyler; and, further, that Mr. Tyler claimed some authority concerning the management of the Treasury, which Ewing thought contrary to law. Mr. Crittenden had special personal relations with Clay, which rendered his position in the Cabinet unendurable. Mr. Bell and Mr. Badger complained of the President's deportment toward them.

Mr. Adams flatters himself with having rendered important service to Mr. Webster. His speech on the McLeod resolution "has given him the means of saving himself from ruin, and his country from a most disastrous war. My reward from him will be professions of respect and esteem; speeches of approbation and regard for me to my friends, knowing that they will be reported to me; secret and deep-laid intrigues against me, and still more venomous against my son." Mr. Adams seems to have imagined himself the bugbear of every American statesman, and to have prided himself on the honor of Louis Philippe's dislike. With John Tyler only was he willing to share the public obloquy. Under date of January, 1842, he records that it is the White House, not the President, who [that] is visited: "From the first establishment of the government of the United States to this day, there never has been a time when the personal sympathies of the people of all parties were so utterly indifferent as they are this day to John Tyler." The objects of his own hatred are in far greater number; few names of public men pass his pen unaccompanied by sneers or direct denunciation. He notes the receipt of a letter from Fletcher Webster, "bloated with self-sufficiency as an executive officer;" and the receipt of a reply to his own letter, "as impertinent, as ignorant, as insolent, as the former." Of one of our earliest poets Mr. Adams writes: "Mr. Tyler, in a tone of fretful uneasiness had said, 'I cannot remove my friend Payne,'—meaning John Howard Payne, the histrionic parasite, who was here all the summer of 1841, currying favor by writing niminy-piminy meretricious letters of courtly adulation of John Tyler, to be published in the New York *Herald*. This was the sycophant, and this the service for which 'my friend Payne' was appointed Consul at Tunis, instead of a public servant of forty years, with a large family, to linger about the world for a beggarly subsistence."

Mr. Adams's estimate of Roger Williams is not flattering. "He came," he says, "sharpened for controversy, a polemical porcupine from Oxford; an extreme Puritan, quilled with all the quarrelsome divinity of the age. . . . Altogether he was a mere *boute-feu*, and they were amply justified in getting rid of him. I see that Bancroft tells his story with extreme, to puff him up, not only to a saint and hero, but to a transcendent genius, — a Newton, Kepler, or Copernicus." The only comment to be made on this last sentence is, that Mr. Adams "seems to tell his story" with deliberate virulence.

Mr. Adams's assumption that he was the butt of his colleagues and the politicians generally was not wholly unfounded. Henry A. Wise, who has just ended his turbulent career, once stigmatized him as "the only man in the House whose judgment he was unwilling to abide by." This was said September 11, and this entry follows, under date of September 14: "I met Mr. Henry A. Wise, who spoke to me and offered me his hand."

There is little in the contents of this volume that goes to justify its publication. For the sake of the dignity of the work, if not for that of family pride, it seems to us that the editor should have omitted the bulk of personalities which disfigure these pages.

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.*

THE noble author must have been embarrassed by the superfluity of his material, which must have gathered on him rounding the hollow globe, as moss gathers on the rolling stone. He must have stripped it off as one strips the bark from a birch tree. Few men have had a wider range among the dwelling-places of humanity: north and south, east and west, all points have noted his retreating shadow; and each has given a drop to his ever-swelling canteen of knowledge. He is not a fine writer; in fact, he is a bad one: but he has compiled a very readable book which will fill up an unoccupied hour. The story of his career gives one a clear idea of the life of an average English aristocrat, — to be born, to be beaten into a knowledge of Latin verse, to be sold into the army, to fight with honor, to travel at government expense, and to live the fag end of his years in the ease of a verdant country mansion. But to few men, even English aristocrats, it befalls to be lapped in the beneficent waters of royal society; to be the playmate of princesses, the confidant of dukes. Such was George Thomas's fate, and well does he describe it.

In his first chapter he tells about the oligarchical trunks, in whose protecting shade he spent his early years; about the ancestral Kettels who have gone to Pot; the Duke of Grafton, the Vanes, the Foxes, and other birds of the air. The pictures of his early school-days are entertaining. On his arrival, he apprises his curious school-mates that his father is the king's master of buck-hounds, and has the pleasure of being pointed at as the son of a blackguard old huntsman. His daily routine of labor is thus reported: —

"I rose as the day broke, hurried on my clothes, brushed those of my master, cleaned several pairs of his shoes, went to pump in the Great Dean's yard for hard water for his teeth, and to the cistern at Mother Grant's for soft water for his hands and face; passed the rest of the time till eight in my own ablutions, or in conning over my morning school lessons."

The anecdotes of the Princess are amusing, but for the most part coarse, and do no credit to her custodians. She was a young lady of positive nature, utterly devoid of dignity, and great with self-assertion. She had her way, obstacles notwithstanding, and woe be to the culprit who thwarts her bent. The author confesses to frequent applications of her hunting-whip to his reluctant back.

Here is a lively anecdote of Thomas Garnier, Dean of Winchester: "He was a famous dancer in his youth. While engaged in the intricate labyrinths of 'Sir Roger de Coverly,' clad in a smart coat with filagree buttons, one of these buttons caught a ringlet of a daughter of Dr. Wharton, the famous Greek professor, and, the hair not being her own, my kinsman carried the whole head-gear away with him through all the mazes of the dance, followed by the damsel in a state of fury at his 'Rape of the Lock.' He, in the mean time, was so absorbed in his favorite pastime as to have no conception of the mischief which his peccant button had caused." One Lambert was a dull scholar. "Where did he get that black eye?" asked Dr. Mure. "In fighting a 'sey.'" "Which licked?" "Lambert." "Well, if he is a good fellow and a good

* Fifty Years of My Life. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 8vo. pp. 420. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

fighter, we must not be hard upon him for his Latin and Greek."

The account of Mauritius is very interesting, as is that of Queen Caroline. With what admirable felicity was "Othello" brought out at Drury Lane during the progress of the trial! and how pertinent to the subject, exciting the English people to a fever heat, were these fine lines: —

> "How comes this trick on him?
> [*Desdemona.*] Nay, heaven doth know!
> I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
> Some busy and insinuating rogue,
> Some cogging, cozening slave, *to get an office*,
> Hath not devised this slander."

Once the author saw his first steamboat on the Thames, whereupon his coachman says: "There's the things that will ruin us coachmen." He thinks there is no doubt that Cleopatra's asp was a cobra. "One of my occupations of a morning," he says, "while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the window the movements of a bright, pretty girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favorably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation —a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton; a colored *fichu* was the only ornament she wore. The young lady I am describing was the Princess Victoria, our present sovereign, whom God preserve!"

Here are two funny legal anecdotes: —

"Chief Baron O'Grady was the presiding judge. Bush, then a king's counsel who held a brief for the defence, was pleading the cause of his client with much eloquence, when a donkey in the court set up a loud bray. 'One at a time, Brother Bush!' called his Lordship. Peals of laughter filled the court. The counsel bore the interruption as he best could. The judge was proceeding to sum up with his usual ability of speech; the donkey again began to bray. 'I beg your Lordship's pardon,' said Bush, putting his hand to his ear; 'but there is such an *echo* in the court that I can't hear a word you say.'"

"The authoress of 'The Wild Irish Girl' (Lady Morgan), justly proud of her gifted sister Olivia, was in the habit of addressing every new-comer with, 'I must make you acquainted with my Livy.' She once used this form of words to a gentleman who had just been worsted in an encounter of wits with the lady in question. 'Yes, ma'am,' was the reply; 'I happen to know your Livy, and I only wish your Livy was Tacitus.'"

We have said that Milord is not a good writer; indeed, he is a bad one. He writes: "Besides this fishery of Karmaziack, he has twenty more *others*." Again: "For Mr. Ward, the British *Chargé d'Affaires*, having forgotten to inform the authorities that we had the *Times* in our possession."

* *Découvertes et Etablissments des Français dans l'Amérique Septentrionale.*

THIS work, though printed at Paris, owes its publication to an appropriation of Congress, which has done a signal service to the historical literature of the country, in bringing to the light this unique and very important collection. Four more volumes are, we understand, to follow it, together with maps and other illustrations. The papers have been collected during thirty years and more, by the indefatigable labors of M. Margry, archivist of the Department of the Marine and Colonies, at Paris, who has devoted most of his life to researches connected with the naval and colonial achievements of his countrymen. The present collection relates wholly to French exploration in the West, and is composed of pieces various in character and interest, but all of value as exhibiting the progress of discovery and the origin of enterprises which have had a vital influence on the growth of American civilization.

The principal figure in this first volume is that of Robert de la Salle, whose portrait, apparently taken in early youth, forms the frontispiece. The features, though handsome and intellectual, are far from indicating the extraordinary energy and force which were his most conspicuous characteristics; but nobody can read the documents which exhibit the successive stages of his career without recognizing the remarkable qualities of the man. Several of these papers are of the highest interest; but, among them all, none appears to us comparable in this respect with the official narrative, occupying more than one hundred pages, in which his earlier enterprises from 1679 to the end of 1681 are reported to the Government. The romantic nature of the incidents and the freshness of the story, the lifelike manner in which men and events are presented, and the manifest spirit of truth which pervades at least all that part of it in which we trace the pen of La Salle himself, make it unsurpassed in the original chronicles of American adventure. This, with most of the remaining papers in the volume, has been largely drawn upon in Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," but no other writer has made use of them. Their publication is a boon to American historical students, and we trust that nothing will be allowed to interfere with the speedy appearance of the remaining volumes of the series. M. Margry has apparently reserved his own comments, and his indications of the sources whence the documents were drawn, to the last volume, the publication of which will therefore be looked for with the more interest.

* Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans l'Amérique Septentrionale; Mémoires et Documents originaux, recueillis et publiés par Pierre Margry. Première Partie. Paris. Imprimerie, D. Jouast. 1876.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.*

THIS is the most interesting of the author's many works, and also the most original. The circumstances under which it was written give it a peculiar interest. No writer has ever so intelligently entered into the classic spirit of the ancient writers, and none has reproduced their characteristic sentiment and style with greater fidelity to the original. Reading his eloquent pages, one seems to walk in the lofty shadow of the Acropolis, and to see the towering masts that congregate in the Piræus. Plato takes you by the hand; Pericles saunters by attendant on the magnificent Aspasia; and the indefatigable Diogenes pursues his lonely search guided by the light of his dilapidated lantern. The reverend philosophers, generals, and orators through whom he speaks preserve their original characteristics, and speak as if reading from their published works. The Dialogues give one a clear and faithful picture of life and society at Athens, polished and enriched by the treasures of his own mind, and shining with the beauties of his speech. We cannot undertake to give an analytical view of the dialogues, — which would be a task too long for our columns; we can endeavor only to show, by extracts, the general tenor and quality of the dialogues. In the colloquy between Diogenes and Plato appears this forcible passage: —

"Philosophers are absurd from many causes, but principally from laying out unthriftily their distinctions. They set up four virtues: fortitude, prudence, temperance, and justice. Now a man may be a very bad one, and yet possess three out of the four. Every cutthroat must, if he has been a cutthroat on many occasions, have more fortitude and more prudence than the greater part of those whom we consider as the best men. And what cruel wretches, both executioners and judges, have been strictly just! how little have they cared what gentleness, what generosity, what genius, their sentence hath removed from the earth! Temperance and beneficence contain all other virtues. Take them home, Plato; split them, expound them; do what thou wilt with them, if thou but use them."

In a conversation between Pericles and Sophocles, the former inquires, "Who is Chlaros?" and is answered: —

"He was born somewhere on the opposite coast of Eubœa, and sold as a slave in Persia to a man who dealt largely in that traffic, and who also had made a fortune by displaying to the public four remarkable proofs of ability. First, by swallowing at a draught an amphora of the strongest wine; secondly, by standing up erect, and modulating his voice like a sober man when he was drunk; thirdly, by acting to perfection like a drunken man when he was sober; and, fourthly, by a most surprising trick indeed, which, it is reported, he learned in Babylonia: one would have sworn he had a blazing fire in his mouth; take it out, and it is nothing but a lump of ice. The

* Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

king, before whom he was admitted to play his trick, hated him at first, and told him that the last conjurer had made him cautious of such people, he having been detected in filching from the royal tiara one of the weightiest jewels."

From a conversation between Xerxes and Artabanus, we quote these scraps: —

"*Artabanus.* Many nations, O Xerxes, have risen higher in power, but no nation rose ever to the same elevation in glory as the Greek.

"*Xerxes.* For which reason, were there no other, I would destroy it; then all the glory this troublesome people have acquired will fall unto me in addition to my own.

"*Artabanus.* The territory, yes: the glory, no. The solid earth may yield to the mighty; one particle of glory is never to be detached from the acquirer and possessor. . . .

"*Xerxes.* But if one God can do us good, fifty can do us more, aided by demigods and heroes. . . .

"*Xerxes.* I would slay only the armed. The women and children I would in part divide among the bravest of my army, and in part I would settle on the barren localities of my dominions, whereof there are many.

"*Artabanus.* Humanely and royally spoken! But did it never once occur to an observer so sagacious, that thousands and tens of thousands in your innumerable host would gladly occupy and cultivate those desert places, in which an Athenian would pine away? Immense tracts of your dominions are scantily inhabited. Two million men are taken from agriculture and other works of industry, of whom probably a third would have married, another third would have had children born unto them from the wives they left behind: of these thousands and tens of thousands God only knows how many may return! Not only losses are certain; but wide fields must lie uncultivated, much cattle be the prey of wild beasts throughout the empire, and more of worse depredators who never fear the law but always the battle, and who skulk behind and hide themselves to fall upon what unprotected property has been left by braver men. Unless our victory and our return be speedy, your providence in collecting stores during three entire years will have been vain. Already the greater part (four-fifths at the lowest computation) hath been consumed. Attica and Sparta could not supply a sufficiency for two millions of men additional, and three hundred thousand horses, two months. Provender will soon be wanting for the sustenance of their own few cattle; summer heats have commenced; autumn is distant and unpromising."

In the dialogue between Menander and Epicurus we find this bit of philosophy: —

> "There are two miseries in human life:
> To live without a friend and with a wife."

No doubt, Mr. Landor was thinking of his own wife when he wrote this; for between them were continual dissensions. He married her on sight, having no knowledge whatever of her condition or antecedents. Entering a ball-room, and seeing her, he cried: "The prettiest girl in the ball; I'll marry her!" And he did; and never ceased to regret the step.

In a dialogue with Timotheus, Lucian tells a horse story: —

"*Lucian.* Such being the case, a pleasant story will not be thrown away upon you. Xenophanes, my townsman of Samosata, was resolved to buy a new horse: he had tried him, and liked him well enough. I asked him why he wished to dispose of his old one, knowing how sure-footed he was, how easy in his paces, and how quiet in his pasture. 'Very true, O Lucian,' said he; 'the horse is a clever horse: noble eye, beautiful figure, stately step; rather too fond of neighing and of shuffling a little in the vicinity of a mare; but tractable and good-tempered.' 'I would not have parted with him then,' said I. 'The fact is,' replied he, 'my grandfather, whom I am about to visit, likes no horses but what are *Saturnized.* To-morrow I begin my journey: come and see me set out.' I went at the hour appointed. The new purchase looked quiet and demure; but *he* also pricked up his ears, and gave sundry other tokens of equinity, when the more interesting part of his fellow-creatures came near him. As the morning oats began to operate, he grew more and more unruly, and snapped at one friend of Xenophanes, and sidled against another, and gave a kick at a third. 'All in play! all in play!' said Xenophanes; 'his nature is more of a lamb's than a horse's.' However, these mute salutations being over, away went Xenophanes. In the evening, when my lamp had just been replenished for the commencement of my studies, my friend came in striding as if he still were across the saddle. 'I am apprehensive, O Xenophanes,' said I, 'your new acquisition has disappointed you.' 'Not in the least,' answered he. 'I do assure you, O Lucian, he is the very horse I was looking out for.' On my requesting him to be seated, he no more thought of doing so than if it had been in the presence of the Persian king. I then handed my lamp to him, telling him (as was true) it contained all the oil I had in the house, and protesting I should be happier to finish my *Dialogue* in the morning. He took the lamp into my bedroom, and appeared to be much refreshed on his return. Nevertheless, he treated his chair with great delicacy and circumspection, and evidently was afraid of breaking it by too sudden a descent. I did not revert to the horse; but he went on of his own accord. 'I declare to you, O Lucian, it is impossible for me to be mistaken in a palfrey. My new one is the only one in Samosata that could carry me at one stretch to my grandfather's.' 'But *has* he?' said I, timidly. 'No, he has not yet,' answered my friend. 'To-morrow then, I am afraid, we really must lose you.' 'No,' said he; 'the horse does trot hard; but he is the better for that: I shall soon get used to him.' In fine, my worthy friend deferred his visit to his grandfather; his rides were neither long nor frequent; he was ashamed to part with his purchase, boasted of him everywhere; and, humane as he is by nature, could almost have broken on the cross the quiet, contented owner of old Bucephalus."

King Alexander and the priest of Hammon thus discourse: —

"*Alexander.* Like my father, as ignorant men called King Philip, I have at all times been the friend and defender of the gods.

"*Priest.* Hitherto it was rather my belief that the gods may befriend and defend us mortals; but I am now instructed that a king of Macedon has taken them under his shield. Philip, if report be true, was less remarkable for his devotion.

"*Alexander.* He was the most religious prince of the age.

"*Priest.* On what, O Alexander, rests the support of such an exalted title?

"*Alexander.* Not only did he swear more frequently and more awfully than any officer in the army, or any priest in the temples, but his sacrifices were more numerous and more costly.

"*Priest.* More costly? It must be either to those whose ruin is consummated, or to those whose ruin is commenced; in other words, either to the vanquished, or to those whose ill-fortune is of earlier date, — the born subjects of the vanquisher.

"*Alexander.* He exhibited the surest and most manifest proof of his piety when he defeated Œnomarchus, general of the Phocians, who had dared to plough a piece of ground belonging to Apollo.

"*Priest.* Apollo might have made it as hot work for the Phocians who were ploughing his ground, as he formerly did at Troy to those unruly Greeks who took away his priest's daughter. He shot a good many mules to show he was in earnest, and would have gone on shooting both cattle and men until he came at last to the offender.

"*Alexander.* He instructed kings by slaying their people before their eyes; surely he would never set so bad an example as striking at the kings themselves. Philip, to demonstrate in the presence of all Greece his regard for Apollo of Delphi, slew six thousand, and threw into the sea three thousand enemies of religion."

The opinions of so learned a man as Diogenes are worth hearing: —

"I am weary of this digression on the inequality of punishments; let us come up to the object of them. It is not, O Plato, an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly, for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment is to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne, and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as unreluctant; for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him, no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.

"Trials, on the contrary, should be public in every case. It being presumable that the sense of shame and honor is not hitherto quite extinguished in the defendant, this, if he be guilty, is the worst part of his punishment: if innocent, the best of his release. From the hour of trial until the hour of return to society (or the dust) there should be privacy, there should be solitude.

"*Lucian.* So would I. Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually nor much elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the ramparts always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the

embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose writer to open his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field. Be authority as old and obstinate as it may, never let it persuade you that a man is the stronger for being unable to keep himself on the ground, or the weaker for breathing quietly and softly on ordinary occasions. Tell me over and over that you find every great quality in Plato: let me only once ask you in return, whether he ever is ardent and energetic, whether he wins the affections, whether he agitates the heart? Finding him deficient in every one of these faculties, I think his disciples have extolled him too highly. Where power is absent, we may find the robes of genius, but we miss the throne."

THE THREE BRIDES.*

MOST novels are blessed with only one bride; but in this we have no less than three, — all in a heap, if that prosaic descriptive phrase be permissible; and they are the happy companions of three brothers all gathered in one house. The arrivals are almost simultaneous; and the invalid mamma, who has borne and reared these great boys who have just rashly put themselves into other women's keeping, finds her head thrilling with pleasurable excitement. The brides, of course, are very lovely, and to all seeming as sweet-tempered as little kittens that cuddle round their mother; but, as the events of this story will demonstrate, the rosy nails that terminate those white and taper fingers are amply furnished with the means and appliances for scratching. Miles's wife comes first; a girl whom he found in Africa, and who had been reared in the Bush, — a still, shy, nervous little woman who goes through the formalities of her welcome in evident discomfort. Next comes Rosamond, the strong, queenly, Irish wife of the Reverend Julius; and, lastly, Cecil, — "dead perfection, no more," — the proud spouse of Raymond Poynsett. Charles and Frank, the unmarried brothers, complete the family party, which, for a day or two, at least, is a very jolly one.

But presently the novelty wears off, and the ladies begin gracefully to subside into their respective *rôles*. Cecil, the wife of the oldest son, assumes the place of mistress, which she fills with impressive dignity; ignoring, so far as she may, without palpable rudeness, the claims of the real mistress of the mansion. Her husband scowls at this assumption, and gives her a gentle chiding, which makes her pout. Anne, Miles's wife, is voted a nobody, and sits alone all day, reading Miles's letters, and pining for the Bush. Rosamond is a fine specimen of the unfettered Irish girl, so free and volatile that we wonder how a staid clergyman, and a Ritualist at that, could ever have yielded to her charms. But they seem to love one another dutifully, and the reader at once sets them down as the happiest couple of the trio. Years before, Raymond, the oldest son, had fallen desperately in love with Camilla Vivian, and his passion was evidently returned; but Lord Tyrrell, a rich and titled man, though of very bad reputation, happened along, and Camilla skipped into his arms with a nimbleness worthy of her namesake. It was a hard blow for Raymond; but he bore it manfully, and in due time poured out his woes into Cecil's sympathizing bosom.

The society around Compton, Mrs. Poynsett's estate, was very brilliant, — Sir Harry Vivian, a wretched, poor, broken-down old *roué*, who lived with Lady Tyrrel and Eleanora Vivian, both his daughters, at Sirenview; Mrs. Duncombe, a strong-minded lady who believed in woman's rights; Jenny Hornblower, a general utility girl of sweet temper; a young fellow named Herbert Bowater, a curate who keeps three huge dogs and is an active member of the cricket club. The ladies project a bazaar with the purpose of raising funds wherewith to improve the drainage of a certain corner of the town. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. On this event hangs nearly all the interest of the story. The inmates of Compton House go to work with a will, with charitable intent, and vie with one another in the attractiveness of their tables. Meantime, arrives a learned Professor from Cambridge, Mass.; a lecturer, with his accomplished wife who is going about to enlighten her benighted English sisters as to woman's rights, and the way to get them. A real-estate owner in the unsavory district consents to have the sanitary measures inaugurated on his estate; and the improvements are made, the whole vicinage drawing water from his well. In consequence, a deadly fever speedily breaks out, which seizes upon several of the personages in the story, carrying some of them to the silent grave.

Meantime, the three brides had exhibited themselves in their true characters, undergoing "a sea change" into something not exactly "rich and strange," but something very surprising. Rosamond, the seeming hoyden, proves to be a noble, tender, efficient woman; Anne, the demure, shows herself thoroughly kind-hearted and devoted, though she encounters fierce censure from her worldly (though, alas! Ritualistic) associates by reason of her practical and outspoken piety. Raymond and Cecil have learned habitually to interchange the courtesies customary among inimical cats and dogs, but sustain a semblance of tender conjugal attachment. She fancies that her husband does not love her, and finds out something fragmentary about his early flame; and that every member of the household takes pains to thwart and worry her.

Raymond takes the fever and dies, and her father comes and carries off the widow. Through the fever the Rev. Julius, the muscular Christian curate, Bowater, and Mesdames Miles and Julius Poynsett, toil with beautiful devotion at the bedsides of the sick, and defeat the arch-enemy death on not a few stricken fields. Two love affairs crawl slowly along in attendance on the events which have been recited. Frank Poynsett is the slave of Eleanora Vivian, sister of Camilla. She loves him with every pulse of her energetic young heart; but her father and brother having found ruin on the turf, she has registered a vow that she will never marry a man who risks his greenbacks on the winning horse. Now Frank, in a moment of dejection, — though he and Eleanora had enjoyed a most cordial understanding, — and seduced by the decrepit old scoundrel, Sir Harry, had gone to a neighboring race-track, overrun himself with what the Scriptures call "a mocker," and ventured a few broad pieces on the uncertain hazard of a horse-race. Camilla took care to put her pining sister in possession of this fact, and her wrath fell on Frank. But seeing him down with the fever, and pouring out his love for her in delirious strains, she softened; and when he got well, all difficulties were adjusted, and marriage ensued. Jenny Bowater is a pretty nice piece of femininity. She was engaged to Archie Douglass, a cousin of the Poynsetts — a clerk in a bank; but he and a considerable sum of money made a simultaneous disappearance, and the match had never been perfected. Miles found him in Africa; the evidence in his case was reviewed, and his innocence was established. This complication also ended in a marriage, and Archie went into the ostrich-hatching business. There is a peculiarity in this avocation which is worthy of note. Mr. Ostrich maintains two wives, and well he may, for Mrs. O. is a heedless and unfeeling mother, deserting her nest to gossip with a neighbor; but the just though stern husband drives her back, and compels her to endure her share of the session. The young curate remarked, rather wickedly, on this, that the ostrich-policy would have to be imitated, if the rights of women were asserted.

The author is not quite kind to Mrs. Prof. Tallboys, the American champion of woman's rights, though she credits her with elegance and a thorough knowledge of culinary secrets. We quote from a conversation at the Vivian House, as freely as our limits will permit: —

"'I know,' says Mrs. Tallboys, who had evidently been waiting impatiently to declaim, 'that men, even ministers of religion, from Paul, if you like, downwards, have been willing enough to exalt woman, so long as they claim to sit above her. The higher the oppressed, so much higher the self-exaltation of the oppressor. Paul and Peter exalt their virtuous woman, but only as their own appendage, adorning themselves; and while society, with religious ministers at the head of it, call on a woman to submit, and degrade the sex,

* The Three Brides. By Charlotte M. Yonge. 12mo. pp. 554. $1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co. Boston: Nichols & Hall.

we shall continue to hear of such disgraces to England as I see in your police reports, — brutal mechanics beating their wives.'

"'I fear while physical force is on the side of the brute,' said Julius, 'no abstract recognition of equality would save her.'

"'Society would take up her cause, and protect her.'

"'So it is willing to do now, if she asks for protection.'

"'Yes,' broke in Rosamond, 'but nothing would induce a woman worth sixpence to take the law against her husband.'

"'There, I think Lady Rosamond has at once demonstrated the higher nature of the woman,' said Mrs. Tallboys. 'What man would be capable of such generosity?'

"'No one denies,' said Julius, 'that generous forbearance, patience, fortitude, and self-renunciation belong almost naturally to the true wife and mother, and are her great glory; but would she not be stripped of them by self-assertion as the peer in power?'

"'Turning our flank again with a compliment,' said Mrs. Duncombe. 'These fine qualities are very convenient to yourselves, and so you praise them up.'

"'Not so!' returned Julius. 'Because they are really the higher virtues.'

"'Patience!' at once exclaimed the American and English emancipators with some scorn.

"'Yes,' said Julius, in a low tone of thorough earnestness. 'The patience of strength and love is the culmination of virtue.'

"Jenny knew what was in his mind; but Mrs. Tallboys, with a curious tone, half pique, half triumph, said: 'You acknowledge this which you call the higher nature in woman, that is to say, all the passive qualities, and you are willing to allow her a finer spiritual essence; and yet you do not agree to her equal rights. This is the injustice of the prejudice which has depressed her all these centuries.'

"'Stay!' broke in Jenny, evidently not to the lady's satisfaction. 'That does not state the question. Nobody denies that woman is often of a higher and finer essence, as you say, than man, and has some noble qualities in a higher degree than any but the most perfect men; but that is not the question. It is whether she has more force and capacity than man; is, in fact, actually able to be on an equality.'

"'And I say,' returned Mrs. Tallboys, 'that man has used brute force to cramp woman's intellect and energy so long, that she has learnt to acquiesce in her position, and to abstain from exerting herself; so that it is only where she is partially emancipated, as in my own country, that any idea of her powers can be gained.'

"'I am afraid,' said Julius, 'that more may be lost to the world than is gained! No; I am not speaking from the tyrant point of view. I am thinking whether free friction with the world may not lessen that sweetness and tender innocence and purity that make a man's home an ideal and a sanctuary, — his best earthly influence.'

"'This is only sentiment. Innocence is worthless, if it cannot stand alone and protect itself,' said Mrs. Tallboys."

This book must be censured for its prolixity, and commended for its freedom from the ritualistic twaddle which has burdened some of the author's books. Her characters are lively and individual, but the action is halting and uninteresting.

FILTH-DISEASES.*

THE endorsement of this work by so high an authority as the State Board of Health is a sufficient guarantee of its value. It deals with a subject of universal interest and importance, and one which has been more grossly neglected than any other branch of municipal concern. So long as the people are fed, and clothed, and housed, and superficially educated, the city fathers give little heed to other aspects of their welfare. They do not ask what food they eat, or what clothes they wear, or what beds they sleep in, or what drainage their houses are supplied with. These, they reason, if they reason at all, are matters for individual adjustment. So it is; and so we have fevers that devastate whole blocks, and the inferior population goes about the streets pining, sallow, and decadent. The wisdom of these lectures is derived directly from practical experience and observation in the world of London, — the finest field in the world, no doubt, for sanitary speculation. One-eighth of the annual deaths in England are said to be due to epidemics. Of each hundred deaths there, not quite ten have reached the standard old age of seventy-five years; and of each one hundred children born hardly seventy-four complete five years of life. "We next see what appears to be a widely different expectation of life in different districts of the country: that while, for instance, in a considerable proportion (about a seventh of the number) of the districts into which England is divided for registration purposes, the death-rate of infants in the first year of life ranges from eight to twelve per cent, there is a still larger proportion of districts in which it ranges even from nineteen to thirty; and that, under the influence of these Herodian districts, the infant death-rate of England, as a whole, stands at the high average of eighteen. Similarly, taking the death-rate of the population at all ages living, we find that the present general English death-rate of about twenty-two and one-half per one thousand per annum covers, on the one hand, local death-rates ranging from thirteen to seventeen; and on the other hand, local death-rates which range even to far above thirty. *Prima facie*, then, it would seem that influences hostile to life must be operating in parts of England far more vehemently than in other parts; and we turn to the registered 'causes of death' to learn from them, if we can, under what peculiarities of local assessment life is so differently taxed or muleted in the different parts of this one country. . . . Evidence has become more and more complete with regard to the vast annual excesses of disease and death on causes which in the most moderate sense may be called removable."

The doleful effects of the over-crowding of population are forcibly set forth by the author, who shows how directly the noxious influences of filthy districts can act on masses of people. What he says about enteric or typhoid fever well deserves the thought of the medical profession and of every private individual. Authorities harmonize in attributing this disease to nuisances of the excremental sort. He refers to the experience of the Medical Department in 1870–73 on this branch of disease-production. "The experience is, not only that privies and privy-drainage, with their respective shrinkings and soakings, and the pollutions of air and water which are thus produced, have in innumerable instances been the apparent causes of outbreaks of typhoid fever, but, further, that they have seemed capable of doing this mischief in a doubly distinctive way; first, as though by some aptitude which other nuisances of organic decomposition, though perhaps equally offensive, have not seemed equally, or nearly equally, to possess; and secondly, as though this specific property, so often attaching to them in addition to their common septic unwholesomeness, were not, even in them, a fixed property."

Due stress is laid on the fact that filth does not only infect where it stands, but can transmit its infective power afar by certain appropriate channels of conveyance; that, for instance, houses which have unguarded drainage,— communication with cesspools or sewers, — may receive through such communication the same filth-infections as if excrements stood rotting within their walls; and that public or private water-reservoirs, or water conduits, giving accidental admission to filth, will carry the infection of the filth whithersoever their outflow reaches. "Thus it has again and again happened that an individual house, with every apparent cleanliness and luxury, has received the contagium of enteric fever through some unguarded inlet; and that numbers of such houses have simultaneously received the infection, as an epidemic, in places where the drain-inlets in general have been subject to undue air-pressure from within the sewer. And thus equally on the other hand, it has again and again happened that households,— while themselves without sanitary reproach,— have received the contagium of enteric fever through some nastiness affecting (perhaps at a considerable distance) the common water-supply of the district in which they are."

There is a vast amount of information and much practical wisdom in this volume. The author has evidently mastered his subject, — drawing knowledge from all available sources, and digesting it with conspicuous skill. The book will be found essential to the professional student, and to every thoughtful housekeeper.

* Filth Diseases, and their Prevention. By John Simon, M.D., F.R.C.S., Chief Medical Officer of the Privy Council and of the Local Government Board of Great Britain. First American edition. Printed under the direction of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. 16mo. Boston: James Campbell.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1876.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . Editor.

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THE ANONYMOUS IN FICTION.

OMNE ignotum pro magnifico is a mighty influence in fiction. The popularity of Scott's poems and novels was largely due to his *incognito*. Every one thought that he could guess the author's identity, and read the books to grasp the secret. Seldom is the personality of a successful author so effectually concealed, and seldom is such concealment productive of such rich pecuniary results. The practice of veiling one's identity is gaining in prevalence among American authors, who have begun to recognize its value. In one or two recent cases this fact has been evidenced. The sale of "Helen's Babies" has been greatly stimulated by popular curiosity as to its authorship; and the "No Name" series was projected on the established idea that anonymity is a guarantee. A vague impression has got abroad that the first book of this series is the work of a lady very eminent in literature, and the demand for it has been heavy almost beyond precedent in the case of an unpublished book. Thousands will predict the author's name, and exult in their sagacity or bemoan their discomfiture, as the case may be. In this way an excitement is provoked about the book, which procures for it a vast circulation. On the whole, we favor the idea of anonymous authorship. It is a veil for the young writer, from which he may break forth in his triumph, with which hide his chagrin: he is thus left in an advantageous position, from which, under encouragement, he can start out on a successful literary career, or withdraw to self-consolatory seclusion.

THE FUTURE OF BOOKS.

THERE is good reason to fear that the business of publishing new books will become a barren field in this country. What with the rage for reprinting old volumes which seems to possess some of our leading houses, and the marvellous multiplicity of periodicals, — where will be room for the fresh products of the American brain? The periodical has come to be far more congenial to the American taste than regular books: it offers new things in a nut-shell; it is handy to manipulate, and — perhaps most important consideration of all — it is very cheap. Between the giving of two dollars for a book and twenty-five cents for a magazine, there is little room for doubt in the mind of the hurried American. Is there any thing in the shape of reading that the magazine does not furnish, ready to your hand? Seek you science? — there is a magazine whose specialty it is. Is fiction your desire? The magazines teem with it; not only of domestic, but also of foreign growth, for the novels of the most eminent English writers appear here and there simultaneously. Is poetry the object of your longing? Through the meadows of the magazines flow streams of all sizes, from the majestic epic to the coy couplet. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

LITERARY TRANSPLANTATION.

IT is a significant fact that locality exerts a powerful influence on the literary character. The latter proves too often so delicate a plant that it will not endure transplantation. Bret Harte has fallen from his Pacific standard, having, since his emigration to the Eastern States, done nothing worthy of his early reputation. The change from the atmosphere and society of San Francisco, with which his nature seems to have been assimilated, was too severe for his genius, which has withered and pined. The same is true, in a less degree perhaps, of Mark Twain; and even more true of Joaquin Miller. Not one of these writers has, in recent days, approached the level he occupied at the start. This curious fact, we think, is easy of explanation, if we consider how powerfully the intellectual, as well as the physical, man is affected by physical influences. To pass from the heated, material atmosphere of California to the cool, austere temperature of Boston and the East, is to sever one's self from all the inspirations of youth, and to cope with ungenial relations in an effort to accomplish under adverse conditions the same tasks that one has done under favorable conditions. Literary inspiration is local. Wordsworth drew his from the lakes; Byron his from the Grecian Archipelago. Put the one in the other's place, and he would have been voiceless.

— A subscriber desires us to "blow up" the paper-covered books. We would advise him to employ General Newton, whose grand success at Hell Gate, the other day, is a full guarantee of his engineering ability. We keep no explosive agents about these premises, since we saw the folly of it on putting a pistol-ball through our hand, three weeks ago. We are not in the "blowing up" line, and must decline to serve our subscriber in the manner he suggests. We appreciate his grievance, — we have suffered it ourselves; but after long denunciation and resistance of paper-books, we must confess that they are irresistible, like a mountain stream. Moreover, they are not all bad: in Harper's Select Library of Fiction our correspondent may find a knock-down for his argument and a beneficent balm for his grief.

— We give in another column brief extracts from what we cannot help regarding as the finest English poem of the century. A more beautiful style, greater grace and purity, more concise strength and more exquisite felicity of diction, cannot be found in the British poets. The entire poem has not yet fallen under our eyes; but these fragments sufficiently evidence its quality, and to the genuine critic approve it a masterly composition. Of its origin and history we know very little. It is the work of an Irishman, whose name is still a secret, and reached its publishers through Professor Lowell, who forwarded it with the warmest commendations. In addition to its intrinsic merit, which we cannot exaggerate, it will have a high value as an example. So far as we have studied it, it is a flawless composition which it will be safe to imitate. In sweetness it is a very hive of honey, and in melody it is like the toiling bees.

— A Boston literary gentleman, now in New York, writes: "I find my book friends are a good deal braced up by the signs of better times. They believe those signs to be substantial, and think we have at length touched the bottom of business depression."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "E. J. M." Springfield, writes: "Montreal people call 'charade' 'charàd,' the last syllable very short. On what authority?"

It is a French word, and they give it the French pronunciation.

— "Adel, 3d," Boston, contributes this paradox: "The surgeon discovered no dislocation." Three weeks after, at the Infirmary, an unreduced dislocation was discovered!

How could he *discover no dislocation* when there *was* a dislocation? [Report of Trial.]

This case illustrates the different capacities of perception, — "now you see it, and now you don't."

— "J. F. D." Union Springs, N. Y., writes: "Will you tell me in your next issue from whom Longfellow takes what he calls the old saying, in his poem delivered at Bowdoin College, last summer, — 'Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold'?"

The line is from Chaucer.

— "L. M.," Jamestown, N. C., wishes to know who is the author of the lines, —

"Night dropped her dewy curtain down,
And pinned it with a star."

It was probably written by one of the Clarks, Louis or Willis.

— "Harry Bramble," Troy, N. Y., writes: "Is it George Arnold that is referred to as 'New England's poet' in the following extract from Lowell's 'Agassiz'?"

"First he from sympathy still held apart
By shrinking over-eagerness of heart,
Cloud-charged with searching fire, whose shadow's sweep
Heightened mean things with sense of brooding ill,
And steeped in doom familiar field and hill, —
New England's poet, soul-reserved and deep,
November nature with a name of May,
Who high o'er Concord plains we laid to sleep,
While the orchards mocked us in their white array,
And building robins wondered at our tears,
Snatched in his prime, the shape august
That should have stood unbent 'neath fourscore years,
The noble head, the eye of furtive trust,
All gone to speechless dust;
And he our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had, but could not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture to our board,
The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned fanes in cloisters old,
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pavements sweet
With immemorial list of musing feet;
Young head time-tonsured smoother than a friar's,
Boy-face, but grave with answerless desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best,
But failed in riddles dark with cloudy aims,
Who now hath found sure rest.
Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
Nor by the Charles he tried to love with me,
But, not misplaced, by Arno's hallowed brim,
Nor scorned by Santa Corce's neighboring fames,
Haply not mindless, wheresoe'er he be,
Of violets that to-day I scattered over him."

The reference is to the late Arthur Hugh Clough, a poet of rare powers, who spent some time in this country, making many friends.

— "Ella," New York, inquires: "Can you inform me through your columns whether there is any ballad besides that of Miss Muloch beginning, —

"'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true,'

and whether I can find such a one in any collection this side of the water?"

Miss Muloch's is the only poem, we think, which answers to the above description.

— We have ascertained that "Curfew must not ring to-night" was written by Rosa A. Hardwick.

— "A. E.," New Orleans, writes in his kindly way: "You are always the most welcome reviewer that comes to my table, and I enjoy and profit by your monthly visits. If I could induce 500 or a 1000 men and women in this city to think as I do, 'L. W.' would be comparatively happier. You say you do not see the 'injustice,' in your criticism of 'Hidden Perils,' to the author. The book in question is undoubtedly a first effort; and, as all her subsequent books *are very good*, does not your critique lead the reader to believe that Miss Hay is deteriorating? If the fact of the 'first effort' had been mentioned in the review, there would not have been 'any injustice.'"

We did not know that the book was Miss Hay's first effort; we did not know that it was not quite new. So our correspondent's charge falls to the ground.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIBRARY LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Literary World:

I WAS pleased to see, by the last number of *The Literary World*, that the authorities of the Boston Public Library have their eyes open to the poison which pervades much of the imaginative literature of the day. Readers, I fear, have sometimes taken for granted, — from the high-sounding names given to series of stories, and from the almost matter-of-course commendation bestowed by the press on the publications of successful houses, — that these works receive competent editorial supervision. It is to be hoped that this revelation will awaken parents to a sense of their responsibility, in permitting not only an undue quantity, but an indiscriminate choice, of works of fiction. Let me say, however, that I have not singled out books belonging to series for especial reprobation, except for the implied guarantee they hold out. I commend this subject to the attention of the Convention of Librarians to be holden this month (October), in Philadelphia.

Apropos to this convention: I trust it will not fail to coöperate with the National Bureau of Education in perfecting a system of cataloguing for libraries. Prof. Jewett's was good so far as it went; but, if my memory serves, it did not discuss classification. I would like to see a system whereby the transposition of titles, and the insertion of parentheses to make them mean what they do not express, — as in an alphabetical arrangement of titles and authors, — and the use of an indefinite number of cross-references, — as in a classification which retains the alphabetical form, — would be avoided. To my thinking, the latter, however good, does not serve all the purposes of a classification; and I argue those who use it admit as much when they resort to sub-heads in the more important departments. The student often desires as much to know to what general department a minor category belongs as to which of those minor heads to refer an individual work. You would not send him to an alphabetized gazeteer to learn geography.

Nothing else can dispense with system; and how can that which is intended to unlock all human knowledge do without it? As bibliography is yet in its infancy, there may be many failures in reaching comparative perfection. Having to do with many books that are not themselves systematic, there can be nothing absolute arrived at; but that should only spur the ambition of those competent for the task to produce the best attainable guide. With a Table of Contents which should at the same time constitute a synopsis of the work, the student could scarcely fail to discover the resources of a library on any given theme of investigation, and also to find in the same group other subjects to which his particular topic would be most nearly related. The position of all the subjects in such a scheme would reflect light on each, and explain their relation. The alphabetical plan scatters cognate subjects all through the catalogue.

Of course the librarians having charge of the largest collections would be best fitted for such work, from their ability to produce representatives of the various divisions and subdivisions involved in an exhaustive scheme of knowledge. The smaller libraries would only need the more generic heads in a graduated scale, according to the variety of works to be classified.

I have just finished reading Prof. Fiske's admirable paper in the October *Atlantic*. His readers will be saved asking at least *one* question in future. *.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, has improved on Charles Dickens, and beaten the feat of writing the Lord's Prayer on a three-cent piece. He has produced in a little 18mo. of one hundred and fifty pages, a really satisfactory history of Europe. It is clear, succinct, yet sufficiently comprehensive, touching intelligently upon every most salient point in European progress from the influx of the Aryans to the present time. The author errs in saying that "the only external war the United States have had was the one with Mexico." Sundry old veterans are still living who sailed in the *Constitution*, and sundry others who fought at Lundy's Lane. Beginners in history will find this a very useful and suggestive little manual. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— The poet says in a pleasant preface to the pretty volume, "Poems of Places," which has just appeared in the "Little Classic" edition, that "this collection of Poems of Places has been made partly for the pleasure of making it, and partly for the pleasure I hope it may give to those who may read its pages." Among the authors whose treasures Mr. Longfellow has drawn upon in his collection are Shakspeare, James Montgomery, Byron, Goldsmith, Cowper, Shenstone, Crabbe, Lord Houghton, Halleck, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and many others, English and American. For the delectation of our local readers, who may like to know something about our ancient English namesake, we quote the poem, "St. Botolph's Town," with the descriptive note: "Boston, in Lincolnshire, takes its name from its founder, St. Botolph, who flourished about the middle of the seventh century. At present, the chief glory of the town [as the Old South is of new

Boston] is its church tower, built after the model of that of Antwerp Cathedral, and renowned as one of the most beautiful in England." The poem is anonymous, though surely the author need not be ashamed of appending his name to it: —

> "St. Botolph's Town! Thither across the plains
> And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
> There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
> A priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
> So that thereof no vestige now remains:
> Only a name, that spoken loud and clear,
> And echoed in another hemisphere,
> Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
> St. Botolph's Town! Far over leagues of land
> And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
> And far around the chiming bells are heard;
> So may that sacred name for ever stand,
> A landmark, and a symbol of the power
> That lies concentred in a higher word."

This promising series will comprise several volumes.

— Plainness is a welcome characteristic of Prof. Bernstein's "The Five Senses of Man." He knows just what he desires to say, and says it with admirable plainness. The sensory organs, he says, "are only instruments of the mind, which has its seat in the brain, and by means of nerves makes all of these instruments to obtain information of external objects." What could be more intelligible and satisfactory than this? Any reasonably bright child can understand and appreciate it. The book is crowded with facts of common interest of which the majority of us know little more than that they *are* facts. The sensation of light begins in the brain; the eye is nothing more than an optical instrument which receives the light, and the optic nerve nothing more than an apparatus for conveying the intelligence of an irritation to the brain. The first, second, and third parts of the work are devoted, respectively, to the senses of Touch, Sight, Hearing; and the fourth part to Smell and Taste. The amount of practically useful information in these volumes can hardly be estimated. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— In his "English Traits," — one of his very best books, by the way, — Mr. Emerson "interviews," so to speak, a multitude of illustrious men and women on the other side of the Atlantic. He writes of them in a keen-sighted, gossipy way, that is singularly pleasant; and, though he is not very critical, he is always just. Of Greenough, the sculptor, he says very kind things, which, as his opinions have great value, we quote: "He was an accurate and deep man;" "a superior man, ardent and eloquent, and all his opinions had elevation and magnanimity." Landor has much to say of Emerson in his journals, and Mr. Emerson does not neglect the lion-faced Crichton, who lay in wait for him at Fiesole. He says of him: "Mr. Landor carries to its height the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, as if to signalize their commanding freedom." Some of Mr. Landor's freaks were very queer, by the way, and transcended even an Englishman's notions of freedom. Mr. Emerson does William the Conqueror and his men serious injustice, when he says, "Twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings." Let him read carefully Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," and he will see that William and his friends were very gentlemen. They were eager for possession, to be sure, as who was not in those wild days? But they imported an element into the lovely isle, but for which England would never have become the England of to-day. Be just, Mr. Emerson! for, no doubt, you have their blood in your veins. What he says about the *Times* might be read with profit by the editors of certain American dailies, local and other: "The *Times* never disapproves of what itself has said, or cripples itself by apology for the absence of the writer, or the indiscretion of him who held the pen." Now if the editor of the A—— had recently read these words, he would have avoided the compulsory degustation of his own words pronounced *apropos* of General Hayes. Thus acutely Mr. Emerson characterizes England: "England is the best of actual nations." "London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome of to-day." "England is tender-hearted." *Vide* the Sepoy rebellion, and the New York prison-ships! "The English have given importance to individuals, a principal end and fruit of every society." [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— Dr. Holland has gathered up some of his old papers in a volume, which he calls "Every Day Topics." Whatever their original vitality may have been, they have lost some of it; and we doubt if many of those who read them in their prime issue will be induced to bestow on them a reperusal. The first one is on culture, and in it the learned author affirms that as culture goes in faith goes out. The author professes to be a man of high culture, we believe; has he lost his faith? The truth of the following is attested in the career of the Doctor himself: "When culture is selfish, all its sympathies are clannish. There is nothing outside of its circle to be either admired or tolerated." This essay is so palpably dogmatic, so evidently written from the standpoint of self, that we do not care to dwell on it, and pass to the author's specialty, literature. It is quite true, as he says, that "there is a feeling that this class (literary persons) is conceited, supercilious, selfish, and to a very great extent useless." Who is responsible for the existence of this feeling? Why, those who make the books; and of them all not one has more frequently offended than the author. We do not admit that writers deserve the contumacious epithets that the author so prodigally bestows on them. He makes no exceptions, save perhaps, mentally, himself. Here is another great truth: "An author is not judged according to what he has done for the world, but according to what he has done for himself." This position evidently coincides with the author's predisposition; for an estimate of what he has done for the world would look small indeed beside the lucre which he has accumulated for himself by his membership of what he calls the "Mutual Admiration Society." His moral essays, though not strikingly original, are superior to the others. This collection is worth putting on one's library shelves because it is generally amiable, and does not provoke contradiction. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— "The First Two Stuarts, and the Puritan Revolution," is by Samuel Rawson Gardner, in the Historical Epoch Series. It covers the period between 1603–1660. Beginning his work with a definition of the parts performed by two classes — Reformers and Puritans — he traces the progress of reform through the reign of Elizabeth, who was a Roman Catholic at heart. He next takes up the reign of James I., his estimate of that sovereign being apparently very fair, as is that of Buckingham. Farther on he gives an account of the Spanish alliances, the Gunpowder Plot, the operations in the Palatinate. In chapter IV. there is much of interest about George Herbert and Laud. The author refers to Governor John Winthrop as a bigot. One day he "came to a place named Hue's Cross. He ordered it at once to be named Hue's Folly, lest men should think that Jesuits had been there." The work is at once concise and comprehensive. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— Mr. W. J. Rolfe has edited, with notes, Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Richard the Second." He furnishes an introduction, which is largely made up of extracts from the chief Shakespearean commentators. The volume has fine illustrations. [Harper & Brothers: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— There is far less of the tragical in Wilkie Collins's new novel, "Two Destinies," than in his former works. It is the story of a boy and girl who, as playmates, live together, and in youth love one another, but whom the paternal hand rigidly separates. To the youth falls a handsome estate, which puts him at ease. He goes through life a wanderer, and is visited now and then by the *simulacrum* of his Mary. She bears now the name of Mrs. Van Brandt, but loves her George as before. The spiritual element is strong in the book, which seems quite interesting. It is issued in two forms, cloth and paper. [Harper & Brothers: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— It is not true that Mr. Cupples, of A. Williams & Co., is going into the pair business.

— Florence Marryat has surpassed her best efforts in "My Own Child." It is refined, ladylike, and fully interesting. An orphan girl, left in charge of an utterly unsympathetic maiden aunt, falls in love with a neighboring student, and a promise of marriage passes between them. The aunt exhausts the resources of tyranny in the effort to subdue the little rebel; but the latter effects her escape, and, joining Hugh, is married in London, his grandfather present and assenting. The happy pair go to Paris, where Hugh dies in a few days of typhoid fever. The widow goes to his grandfather's, in Ireland, and there gives birth to a babe, of whose education the grandmother at once assumes control. When May has grown up, she goes with her mother to Brussels, where they encounter Lord Annersly. He offers himself to the widow, who loves but rejects him; then to the daughter, who becomes his wife, and soon dies. In Sir John Power and his wife, and Mrs. Delancy, we find some fair character-drawing; and the story throughout is pervaded by a sad but strong interest. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— The first specimen of the "Condensed Novels" is Scott's "Ivanhoe," chosen, it would seem, on the principle of cutting off the heads of the tallest poppies. The editor furnishes a preface, in which there is no sign of a blush for the vandalism in which he is about to engage. His arguments in self-justification are thinner than Tweed's excuses. He puts the case in this way: "Whether such fine novels as this shall be read in this edition or a complete one." Surely, no intelligent reader could hesitate to choose the complete one. No one who is worthy to read Scott's novels will be content with a garbled and mutilated version of his books; "the whole animal or none" would be the universal verdict. To eviscerate "Ivanhoe" is like removing the pulp from a rich peach, leaving the skin and stone for the delectation of the *gourmand's* palate. Tastes differ; but none can be so degraded as to be inclined to an emasculated novel from the hand of Sir Walter Scott. The

volume offers a skeleton of "Ivanhoe." A reader of anatomical tastes may find pleasure in its articulation. Any thing in the shape of nutritious substance they cannot reasonably expect to find. For our part, this deliberate mutilation of classic novels seems not less than sacrilegious. We hope, for the publishers' sake, that the public will not agree with us. But the volume contains much good reading: we have read it with unflagging interest. [Henry Holt & Co.]

— Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co. have just published a "Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to America." These comprise information as to the growth of the country in every stage, and some of them are very rare. The collector of this kind of literature will find his account in an examination of this catalogue.

— Dr. Mozley's Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, are very vigorous and wise discourses. They treat of topics of present and deep interest with an earnest wisdom that is most helpful. The volume that comes to our hands contains eighteen sermons on such topics as these: The Roman Council; The Pharisees; Eternal Life; The Reversal of Human Judgment; War; Nature; The Atonement; The Peaceful Temper, &c. The first opens with an impressive picture of the Church under the inspection of an eye which is ever fixed on her. This eye is the saying of Christ, "My kingdom is not of this world." "We have tried the experiment of conducting the Church as a kingdom of the world, appealing to force, in any shape; and we find by experiment, — long experiment, certainly, but not the less, on the contrary so much the more, certain, — that it does not answer, that it will not answer, and that things cannot go on." This proposition is followed by a keen scrutiny of the Roman policy in preparation for the council. "It is, indeed, remarkable to see the great alteration in the point of view with which a council in primitive times was looked at and with which a council is now, from within the bosom of the Church. Then there was a kind of impetuous rush, on the part of the whole Church, into the embrace of a council; a forward leap into the belief of its doctrines, and almost in advance of them. Now the great advantage seems to be, not how much of a council's result there is necessary to be believed, but how little. There is a studious solicitude to reduce this obligation. We see already the line and rule at work to mark accurately the scale of belief. This is promulgated as true by the council, and must be believed; that is promulgated as true by the council, and need not be believed. We see a staff of theologians preceding the council, like judicious pioneers, in order to construct a road of escape for the body of the faithful from its decrees. We see them preparing their structure beforehand to act as a receptacle of these decrees; to accommodate them for the encounter with the outer world. We see them projecting, by anticipation, before the council a dissolving medium, to stand waiting ready prepared to receive the dicta when they come out." The discourse on eternal life will hardly be admired by advanced Unitarian readers. The Comtist theory, the author says, "has not struck one argumentative blow against Christianity. Its ground is that religion has no scientific evidence, and with that as an argument it begins and ends." [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

— "Snowed up; or the Sportsman's Club in the Mountains." This is a story of exciting adventure, the actors wherein are several enterprising boys. We are first introduced to them on the plain, where they are stripped of all their possessions by some ill-disposed white men. One of them has lassoed a fine horse, and him, too, the greedy robbers carried off. Their experiences in the woods while trying to make their way to the fort are quite thrilling; and one of their companions, an old Pike from Missouri, is a personage of no little note. He foolishly makes it known that he carries a million dollars in his wagon, and the robbers exult in the acquisition of such a treasure. They carefully search his vehicle, and are rewarded by the discovery of a mysterious machine, — a very enigma to them, which the old man says represents the sum of one million dollars. He explains that it is a crushing-machine, which will turn out gold like water. The sportsmen are separated in the woods; but are finally reunited in the fort, where news reaches them of Chase, a former comrade, whom they had last seen in Cuba. The narrative of his adventures is very exciting. He is confined by a Cuban Don, but contrives to escape; and makes his way to a small seaport, where he smuggles himself on board a ship bound round the world. There he receives kind treatment, and lands in San Francisco with five dollars in pocket. Here he is robbed by a tavern-keeper, and finally starts for Independence to work on the railroad. On his way he is deceived by his comrade, who pretends to have lost his money; but Chase finds him out and runs away from him. In his journey he is caught in a terrible snow-storm in the Sierras, and only with great difficulty and suffering succeeds in emerging. Finally he falls in with his old companions, and his troubles are at an end. This story is natural and easy, wholly free from affectation and slang. The sketches of Nature are apparently true to life, and the narrative is of unflagging interest. If all the volumes of the "Castlemon" series are as good as this, we can heartily recommend them to our young readers. [Porter & Coates.]

— One is inevitably struck, on opening "Talks about Labor," by its clear, strong, and restrainedly rhetorical style. It is as clear as a lake, and as strong as a mountain torrent; and is evidently the offspring of a vigorous and matured intelligence. The purpose of the author is to seek the direction in which one may hopefully look for some more harmonious and more satisfactory conjunction of capital with labor than prevails in our present social state, by finding in what direction the rules of ethics and the laws of political economy tend together. The power of capital is set forth in the first chapter with great force. The author shows how the slave, whose labor had been by main strength used by another, is succeeded by the wage laborer; the trial is still in progress, and the rights of the contending parties are still to be determined. The labor question seems to be rooted in the constitution of human society, and its inequity seems to arise from circumstances over which we, or society, have little control. Perhaps the best view of the case is to assume that the labor question belongs, not wholly, only in part, to political economy, and that we exaggerate the powers of that science when we submit to it the question, as an entirety, for its solution. There is deep truth in this passage: "Political economy is, or ought to be, strictly what may be called a systematic science — a formulation, merely, of facts as they exist. It does not embrace, by very far, even in the branches to which it relates, the whole of philosophy; because that relates to the searching out of causes and forces behind and superior to existing conditions and present facts." More practically true is this: "Capital holds over labor an oppressive advantage, which is not used, as a rule, to the full extent, but which it asserts, with too much sanction from the economical philosophy of our day, an unlimited right to use: and your demand is that the claim of right to exercise so oppressive a power shall be condemned and vetoed by the just judgment of society." A leading idea in chapter second is that "it must be intended that each should have the benefit of whatever advantage is gained for him by his own peculiar faculties, or his own peculiar character." The statement of the processes by which capital is accumulated is specially interesting. They are defined by the author as five in number, as follows: Capital, which is the residue that unwasteful consumption leaves to industrious labor, in the hands of those who have performed the labor. This includes the labor of physicians, lawyers, clergymen, artists, literary men, and the like. Secondly, capital which accrues to those who have the faculty to organize and direct with efficiency the productive labor of others; or the faculty to make large economical combinations in the exchanging of the products of labor between different parts of the world; or the ingenious faculty which improves the implements and processes of productive industry; or the enterprising, sagacious faculty that conceives and carries out great public works, which result in wider and more intimate relations between the diverse industries of the world. Thirdly, capital that is gotten into possession by what we call speculation, which is either mere gambling or a shrewd catching of opportunities in trade, produced very often by public calamities, or by disturbances of industry and commerce that are adverse to the public weal. Fourthly, capital that is received by inheritance, or otherwise passively acquired by its possessors, without any or a very small agency of their own in the acquisition of it. Fifthly, capital that is acquired by actual, unquestionable fraud. These wise words as to public borrowing deserve the closest attention: "I should make it a matter of constitutional law, applying to all the subdivisions of government, that every act which authorizes a loan shall contain in itself the provisions of extra taxation for paying the principal of the loan within three or five years at the most; and that such provisions of taxation shall be subject to no repeal, nor to any modification which impairs the revenue from them, after the loan shall have been consummated." "Theoretically," he says, "the labor-strike is a legitimate measure of self-defence and self-assertion on the part of the laboring-class against the managing capitalist class, under their present relations to one another; but, practically, I am afraid it is a measure seldom wisely or honestly resorted to." There is not a page in this book which does not shine with some striking thought; one can learn wisdom from every line of it, and it is the very wisdom that we most need: the wisdom that shall reform society, that shall adjust the delicate relations of the two great forces of energy to an exact harmony that will be the salvation of the world. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— In the competitive compilation of poems so popular among the poets of our day, Mr. Longfellow takes easy precedence, as is proved by his "Poems of Places," the second volume of which has just been issued. His selections are made in admirable good taste, and repre-

sent a charming variety of style. Compared with "Parnassus," though far less expansive, "Poems of Places" gives more pleasure to the reader. A finer coterie of poems than the first six in the volume, all treating of ancient Glastonbury, it would be difficult to find. Alford's "Ballad of Glastonbury" is hardly surpassed in the annals of religious verse. Not inferior in merit, but of a vastly different tone, is Jean Ingelow's classic "High Tide in Lincolnshire," — one of the strongest and tenderest ballads in the language. Locker's blithe lyrics lend a spice and savor to the volume. We quote James Payn's verses on Wordsworth's grave, as probably unfamiliar to many readers: —

"The Rothay's stream is running near,
Its voice is very glad and clear,
The voice that was to him so dear;
But the poet doth not hear.

All around his dwelling rise,
With their gray heads in the skies,
The noble hills that made him wise,
But he doth not ope' his eyes.

From the little church the hum
Of his old friends' prayers doth come,
As is most fit, to his tomb:
But the god-like lips are dumb.

What and if he deaf doth lie?
What and if he ope' not eye?
If death that tuneful tongue doth tie?
With God and us such ne'er can die."

This fine ode on Glastonbury is by Henry Alford: —

"On thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers
And shafts and clustered pillars many an one,
Love I to dream away the sunny hours;
Not for that here in charmed slumber lie
The holy relics of that British king
Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
Do I stand blest past power of uttering; —
But for that on thy cow-slip sprinkled sod
Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
Meek messenger of purchased peace wth God:
And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
Arose, the low preluding melodies
To the sweetest anthem that hath searched the skies."

OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Scribner's. A capital article, on "Salmon Fishing," by A. G. Wilkinson, begins this number. It is well written, fresh and lively, and is evidently from a hand that has experienced the mysteries of this fascinating sport. The scene of his pleasures is in Canada; and the lover of this amusement will find useful guidance in his ample topographical information. We are sorry to learn that the Canadian proprietors discriminate sternly against American sportsmen. Clarence Cook writes with good taste and judgment of "Beds and Chambers, Stools and Candlesticks," this being his sixth paper. Professor Boyesen contributes an excellent story, of which a Norwegian musician is the hero. He comes to this country, falls in love with his first pupil, and dies in a melancholy way. The ending of the story is disappointing. A very complimentary, if not strictly accurate, paper on the Massachusetts Agricultural College is by E. H. Libby. George E. Waring, Jr., furnishes a spirited account of a boat-voyage on the Rhine. The curious as to the Chinese question will find ample entertainment in Thomas J. Vivian's "John Chinaman in San Francisco." Donald G. Mitchell writes pleasantly about the Centennial. There are poems by Stoddard, R. C. Myers, Mrs. Dodge, and others. To the next volume of the magazine Dr. Holland will contribute a new novel, "Nicholas Minturn;" "Sketches of Foreign Travel," by General George B. McClellan; "Twelve Hours with the Microscope," by Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick, &c.

Harper's. This number opens with a long, illustrated, and entertaining paper on the silver mines of Utah. It appeals powerfully to Mr. Schenck, ex-Minister to England and Professor of "Poker," since it deals with the famous Emma mine. J. B. Underwood was its discoverer. Helped a little by two grocers of Salt Lake City, he made a beginning. In a month it was valued at $40,000. In 1872 it was really worth $2,000,000, but it was stocked at $5,000,000. At Salt Lake City, standing in a door, you could see, it was said, "three feet thick of solid gold." Only a few knew of this rich deposit; but one of these was induced to peach, and "three feet thick of solid mica" was discovered. "Hayden and His Friends" is a superficial glance at the biography of the late not very famous painter. It contains nothing new to those who have read that work. "Newark" is a very satisfactory historical article, telling about the beginnings of that old city, famous at once for its theology and lager beer. Its early days were marked by many and hot religious quarrels. In the beginning of the present century, widows and single women were entitled by the laws of New Jersey to vote in all elections. Personal safety was in danger whenever a good word was spoken for Elizabeth. Two Newark gentlemen drove to Elizabeth in a gig, on private business, and were received with a bucket of tar. Married women voted as well as single women. Three sisters, the youngest aged fifteen, changed their dresses and their names, and voted six times each. Imitate their patriotic (!) conduct, O ye girls of '76! They can only put you in the station-house; and perhaps Hayes or Tilden, or Ben Butler, will give you an office. "Lace Lore" is a paper full of information of great interest to the ladies. "Home Life in the East" is filled with good things, drawn from Van Lennep's admirable "Bible Lands." It tells us how people live in the East, their customs, &c. They dress extravagantly, the author telling of one dress that cost $10,000. "Aunt Rhodanthe's Mistake" is rather commonplace and stupid. "The Carnivorous Plants of Florida," like the first paper, is full of useful information. "Garth," "The Laurel Bush," "The Woman Hater," are continued; and "Daniel Deronda" has reached its long-delayed end. Mr. Curtis has sufficiently withdrawn his mind from politics to consider the abstruse subject of prices charged to tourists, and writes about with the feeling vehemence of a victim. He also contributes a nutritious paper on "Interview," in which he expresses an unwillingness to be "seen."

The Atlantic. General Howard happily inaugurates this number by a clear and picturesque account of the battles about Atlanta. He ventures upon some criticisms which seem well deserved, and quotes some interesting comments of leading generals. Of the prominent events of the battle he gives an effective representation. "The Thorsdale Telegraphy" may have a reason for its being; but it is not apparent to us. It is dull, headless, and pointless, and, speaking telegraphically, we could wish for it a speedier despatch. "The neighborhood of Jerusalem" is duly solemn and impressive. The author is felicitous in the painting of homely rural themes. The instalment of "An Old Woman's Gossip" is entertaining. The reminiscence of Lady Morgan's dinner is amusing: "Her kind and comical zeal to show me an Irish jig, performed *secundum artem*, when she found that I had never seen her national dance. She jumped up, declaring nobody danced it so well as herself, and that I should see it immediately, and began running through the rooms, with a black scarf that had fallen from her shoulders fluttering and trailing after her, calling loudly for a certain young member of the viceregal staff, who was among the guests invited to a large evening party after the dinner, to be her partner. But the gentleman had already departed (for it was late); and I might have gone to my grave unenlightened upon the subject of jigs if I had not seen one performed to great perfection by some gay young members of a family party while I was staying at Woosley with my friends, Lord and Lady Ellesmere, whose children and guests got up an impromptu ball on the occasion of Lady Octavia Grosvenor's birthday, in the course of which the Irish national dance was performed with great spirit, especially by Lord Mark Kerr and Lady Blanche Egerton. It resembled a good deal the salterello of the Italian peasants in rhythm and character; and a young Irishman, servant of some friends of mine, covered himself with glory by the manner in which he joined a party of Neapolitan tarantella dancers merely by his proficiency in his own native jig." "George Sand" is Mr. T. S. Perry's best composition, though that is not ecstatic praise. Miss Preston gives us an instalment of "The Songs of the Troubadours." "The American" grows in interest as it goes. The frankness of its personages is winning. There is nothing new beyond a little stipple in "Oliver Twist." John Fiske contributes an instructive paper on "The Librarian's Work." The fourth article on the International Fair is entertaining.

Lippincott's. This is an unusually good number of this standard magazine. In variety of contents it is remarkable, and it contains several special papers of more than usual value. The writer on the Centennial deals with the exhibition of specimens of foreign art, with evident familiarity and good judgment; and the copies of many classic French paintings introduced in the text lend a special charm to the article. "An African Fair Haven" is a pleasant sketch of the history of Goree, a little-known city. Very thrilling is "A Fiery Furnace," by Cornelius Dewees. Few more attractive papers appear in the magazines than "Sicilian Folk-Lore," by T. F. Crane. It is a notably fresh collection of quaint and spicy stories. Robert Wilson furnishes the concluding instalment of his pleasant "Eastern Shore" papers. Edward King's "A Day with the Vöivoda" derives special interest from its connection with Herzegovina and Servia, where the struggle against Turkish tyranny is now in progress. His sketch of Vöivoda Ljubibratic is striking; and his description of the queer people and their country is very pleasant. The instalment of Lady Barker's "Letters from South Africa" is one of her best. Maurice Thompson and Emma Lazarus contribute fine poems; and the Monthly Gossip is as lively as ever.

LITERARY NEWS.

— The concluding sale of the Drake Library was held in New York, September 29, by Messrs. Bangs, Mervin, & Co. (not by Bangs, Williams, & Co., as incorrectly printed in our

last), and attracted the largest assembly of antiquarian collectors ever gathered in this country. The treasures offered were singularly rich, and not a few of them absolutely unique. In our last issue we named some of them, and will here make a brief addition to the catalogue: "Hawthorne [an ancestor of the novelist], Major William, commission from the court appointing him to command 'the ffoote company att Salem.' Written and signed by Ed. Rawson, with the deputies consent, written and signed by William Torrey, 1 p. Fol. 1664 [interesting]." "Marblehead. Petition of Moses Maverick and others, selectmen, 'att least one particular person among ourselves be appointed as Commissioner, who for the preventing as well the charge, as especially the great disorders at Weddings in riding abroad, might solemnize marriage here at home, and be impowered to punish Drunkeness, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking,' &c. 1 p. Folio, 1677. Curious and interesting." "Warrant for execution of sentence upon 'Peter Lœphlin, ffrenchman, convicted of clipping money, to stand upon the pillory tow houres & then to haue both yo^r eares cutt of by y^e executioner.' 1 p. 4to., 1679." Not least valuable among the contents of the catalogue is a collection of one thousand engravings of ancient personages and scenes.

P. S. — We have news of the progress of the sale for the past three days. The large pamphlet collections brought out spirited competition. A fine Hakluyt, 2 vols., ed. of 1600, sold for $41.75 per volume. The average result will be higher than that of the Boston sale. The chief interest and importance are centred in the MSS. and portraits, the sale of which will occupy the last two days of the week.

— A gentleman, whose criticism does us honor, comes to protest against the use, in our last number, of the word "academical" in the sense of a course of study at academies. We bow humbly to his decision, but would say, in mitigation of our offence, that we were conscious that we were limiting the word to an unlawfully narrow sense, — its full meaning implying a university course. Besides, the proper word, "preparatory," did not come to us on our bidding.

— Arthur Gilman's School Series — "Seven Historical Ages," "General History," and "English Literature" — has been transferred to A. S. Barnes & Co. of New York, by whom they are now published.

— The announcement of a new "Bits of Talk for Young Folks" will delight all the little ones. It is a compound of prose and verse, — stories and sketches, — and has not a dull page in it. The opening poem is the beautiful legend of St. Christopher, told with singular tenderness and force. The next sweetmeat is a prose piece called "A Christmas-Tree for Cats." This is so pretty, that we quote: "When I was a little girl, I knew two old maids who were so jolly and nice that I am always ready, beforehand, to love anybody who is called an old maid. To be sure, I have never yet seen any others in the least like them; and I begin to be afraid that that particular kind of old maid has died out, like the big birds called Dodos, which used to live in Australia. But I am always hoping to see two more before I die, and that I shall find them living together in a pretty little yellow cottage, just like the one the Miss Ferrys lived in; and that they will keep four splendid cats, just like the cats the Miss Ferrys had. I never saw such cats. Nobody ever saw such cats. They were almost twice as large as common cats. Miss Esther Ferry used to say that if there was any thing in the world she utterly despised the sight of, it was a little dwarf of a cat; and as soon as she began to talk about it, her black cat Tom used to stand right up and bulge himself out until all the hairs of his fur stood out like the spokes of a wheel. Tom was the cleverest cat of the four. He really did understand more than half of all that was said before him, and sometimes Miss Esther used to send him out of the room when the neighbors were telling her any gossiping story. 'Of course I know that Tom can't repeat it,' she would say, 'but it does make me nervous to have him listen so, and he is just as well off down cellar.' Tom and Spitfire were Miss Esther's cats; we thought they were a little handsomer than Spunk and Yellow, who belonged to Miss Jane; but I think it was only because we loved Miss Esther best that we thought so. Strangers never could decide which of the four cats was the best looking. Tom was as black as ink, — not a white or gray hair about him; Spitfire was a Maltese, of the loveliest soft mouse-color all over, with a great white star on her breast; Spunk was pure white, and her eyes shone like topaz in the light; Yellow was a tortoise-shell cat, black and yellow and white; he was the largest and fiercest of the four. We were all more afraid of him than of any dog in town. . . . By quarter before six o'clock on Christmas Eve, a droll procession was to be seen walking toward the fallen cottage. Each boy and girl carried a cat hugged up tightly, and as it was pitchy dark, the cats' eyes shone out like little balls of fire moving about in the air. We had a dreadful time taking off our things in the hall, for the cats all began to mew, they were so frightened. We all wore our every-day things, because our mammas said that the cats would probably fight and spill things; but Miss Esther and Miss Jane were dressed in their best stiff black silks, and had on their biggest gold chains, and we felt quite ashamed till we forgot about our clothes. . . . There sat Tom and Spunk, and Spitfire and Yellow, all in a row, in their high chairs, with enormous paper ruffs on, so big that ours looked like nothing at all by the side of them. Tom had a white one; Spitfire had a deep blue, which was beautiful with her gray fur; and Yellow's was fiery red. There they sat as solemn as judges, and everybody in the room was screaming with laughter. Six cats besides Midge had already arrived, and they had all hid under the chairs and tables, the perfect picture of misery. . . . As soon as I saw Willie Dickinson come in with his old Iron Gray, I knew black Tom could not keep quiet, for Iron Gray and he always fought 'like cats and dogs.' In about five minutes Tom caught sight of him, and just as Miss Esther was kissing Bessie White, who had her tame Maltese kitten tucked under her arm like a hat, Tom jumped right over Miss Esther's shoulder, and came down foremost between Willie and Bessie, and stuck his claw in Iron Gray's ear. Willie sprang to catch up Iron Gray, and trode on Midge who began to mew, and for a moment it looked as if we should have a terrible time. But Miss Esther snatched Tom up and gave him a box on the ears, and put him back into his chair, where he sat looking just as guilty and ashamed as a whipped child; and Willie said he would hold Iron Gray in his lap; so all was soon quiet. As for the rest of the cats, they were as still as mice; two or three of them had crept quite out of sight, under the great hair-cloth sofa." The rest of the story is even more interesting; but we must refer our readers to the book itself for the conclusion.

— *Macmillan's Magazine* for September contains a very readable paper on "The Byways of Bookmaking," from which we quote some bright passages: "But the author of the guide to novel writing did at least aim at showing how novels might be cut out and perfected, or rather designed piece by piece, and put together; not, indeed, like boots and shoes, but rather like garlands of artificial flowers, or elaborate ball-dresses. Perhaps, however, the novel-writing guide might be most fitly compared to a cookery book. It gave instructions on the choice of a heroine, as Mrs. Glasse or *La Cuisinière Bourgeoise* tells you what sort of a fowl to pick out for your contemplated hash. It recommended for some purposes a tender hero, for others a tough one. There was a chapter on the art of serving up the heroine, or, in other words, of introducing her to the reader. Then the hero and heroine had to be stirred up together, after certain forms, according as they were disposed to harmonize, like cream and the yolk of egg, or were of seemingly antagonistic natures, like oil and vinegar. Hints were furnished on the preparation of incidental observations; and the art of blending reflection with narrative was fully treated. Of course the villain was not forgotten, nor the story; and the intending novelist was strongly advised to make the latter 'interesting.' The weakness of the book seems to consist in this: that if the aspirant to the enviable position of successful novelist could make his story interesting, — which he was enjoined to do without being told in what manner, — the rest was comparatively without importance. To profess to teach a man the art of writing a novel, and to tell him, among others, that he had better make his story interesting, is as good a joke in its way as that of informing the aspirant to poetical honors that, when he has at last finished his work, he had better keep it by him for nine years. The counsel has in each case an ironical look. But scanty thanks would be forthcoming, alike from the poet — warned that when he has followed a number of maxims on the subject of poetical composition, the best thing he can do with his poem is to hide it — and from the novelist, who, after many useful rules have been impressed upon him in respect to novel writing, is further assured that he must make his story 'interesting.' In an indirect manner the one is told as plainly as the other that teaching can be of no value to him."

— It is said that the editors and publishers of the *North American Review* have come to a disagreement as to the political course of that periodical. The editors desire to make politics a specialty in its pages, which Mr. Osgood, the publisher, opposes. We think, as we understand the facts, that he is quite right. The venerable old Quarterly should not put off its ancient and shining robe, that has been honored for nearly a century, to put on the gaudy garb of a party organ, and grind out one monotonous tune.

— Mr. Tennyson is said to have refused to permit Mr. Longfellow to use his poems in "Poems of Place." All other living English poets consented.

— The second volume of Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" will be published in October.

— From the new edition of Johnson's Dictionary we gather some facts of interest. "Taunt" is derived from the French *tanser;* "fault" from *faute.* "Docile" and "docible" are still treated as the same, despite Dr. Trench's protest. "A" is used when the word that follows begins with the sound of a consonant, as *a man, a stone.* In words like "ewer," "unit," wherever the sound is that of the semi-vowel *y* (yoo-er, yoo-nit), *a* is preferred to *an.*

— The *Athenæum* speaks of the firm of Henry Holt & Co. as a house "which has treated English authors with a liberality which merits praise."

— An amusing anecdote is told of the "Pitt" diamond. Having decorated the sword of Napoleon at Waterloo, it was sent as a gift in a costly ring by George the Fourth to the Sovereign of Persia, Fath-Ali-Shah. The bearer of this ring, Sir Harford Jones, was stopped in his journey by a messenger from the court, and desired not to enter the capital, where French interests were then paramount. After Sir Harford had exhausted every argument to show that he ought to be received, without making any impression on the Persian Khan, he said, "Well, if it must be so, I shall return; but this must go with me," and he took from his pocket the beautiful diamond ring which had been sent for the Shah. The sparkle of the gem produced a magical effect: the Khan no sooner beheld it than he lost his balance, and fell back from his seat quite out of breath; then, recovering himself, he shouted, "Stop, stop! Elchi! May your condescending kindness go on increasing. This alters the matter. I will send an express to the heavenly-resembling threshold of the asylum of the world! I will swear by your head that you will be received with honor. Mashallah! it is not every one that has diamonds like the Englis." He was as good as his word; the express courier was despatched, and Sir Harford Jones entered the city of Teheran by one gate, while General Gardanne, the French envoy, was packed off by the other.

— Charles G. Leland has written a fairy story called "Jonnykin and the Gobblins," which Macmillan & Co. will publish.

— Professor W. P. Peck's "Manual of Geometry" seems well fitted to meet its indicated purpose. It is noticeably compact, all superfluous matter seeming to have been eliminated from its pages. Its limits are reasonable and sufficient. In addition to the chapters on geometry, it contains others on conic sections, trigonometry (of which we cherish dolorous college memories), and mensuration. The general definitions on the early pages are very simple. [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

— Mr. Eugene Schuyler's "Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanate of Bokara and Kokand" has just been issued in England.

— The Life of the late Charles Kingsley will soon be issued in London. It has been prepared by his widow, with the assistance of several eminent literary men, — among whom are the author of the biography of Godwin, Mr. Percy Smith, Mr. Kingsley's curate, and others.

— Translations of "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "King Lear" have recently been made into modern Greek.

— The Comte de Paris has become a member of the Southern Historical Society, and has been elected an honorary member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

— Mrs. Leonowen's new book, "Life and Travel in India," is nearly ready. It contains about thirty illustrations of sights and scenes in India, and aims to give a correct picture of life in India.

— It is said that Mr. Longfellow is to write a poem on Indian subjects, which will treat of the boundary question, and have a political tinge.

— Messrs. J. H. Coates & Co. have in preparation "Essays in Literary Criticism," by Richard Holt Hutton, leading editor of the *London Spectator.* They treat of the character and writings of Goethe, Hawthorne, Wordsworth, Arthur Hugh Clough, George Eliot, and Matthew Arnold. To Mr. Hutton's literary talents is principally due the success of the *Spectator*, and Dr. Appleton speaks of him as "the ablest man in England in his own field." His clearness and depth of thought, delicacy of analysis, and felicity of expression are very uncommon.

— Eugene Schuyler's "Turkestan" will be published in the autumn by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. The same house will bring out a new volume of "Lange's Commentary," edited by Dr. Schaff; "Early Rome," by W. Ihne; "The Early Plantagenets," by William Stubbs; "The Adventures of Captain Mago; or, A Phœnician Expedition, B. C. 1000," translated by Ellen E. Frewer from the French of Leon Cohun; "Philip Nolan's Friends," by Rev. E. E. Hale; and "Boy Emigrants," by Noah Brooks.

— William Morris's new poem, "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs," indicates an advance on his former efforts, excelling in vividness of narrative and melody of tone. It seems (for we have not read the whole of it) to be a story of love and war, and to illustrate the mighty throes of passion that wrung the souls of Northmen in early days. We quote some passages: —

"Thus was the dwelling of Volsung, the King of the Mid-world's Mark,
As a rose in the winter season, a candle in the dark;
And as in all other matters 'twas all earthly houses' crown,
And the least of its wall-hung shields was a battle-world's renown,
So therein withal was a marvel and a glorious thing to see,
For amidst of its midmost hall-floor sprang up a mighty tree
That reared its blessings roofward, and wreathed the roof-tree dear
With the glory of the summer and the garland of the year.
I know not how they called it ere Volsung changed his life,
But his dawning of fair promise, and his noontide of the strife,
His eve of the battle-reaping and the garnering of his fame
Have bred us many a story and named us many a name;
And when men tell of Volsung, they call that war-duke's tree,
That crownèd stem, the Branstock; and so was it told unto me.

"So there was the throne of Volsung beneath its blossoming bower,
But high o'er the roof-crest red it rose 'twixt tower and tower,
And therein were the wild hawks dwelling, abiding the dole of their lord;
And they wailed high over the wine, and laughed to the waking sword.

"Still were its boughs but for them, when lo on an even of May
Comes a man from Siggeir the King with a word for his mouth to say:
'All hail to thee King Volsung, from the King of the Goths I come:
He hath heard of thy sword victorious and thine abundant home;
He hath heard of thy sons in the battle, the fillers of Odin's hall;
And a word hath the west-wind blown him (full fruitful be its fall!),
A word of thy daughter Signy the crown of womanhood:
Now he deems thy friendship goodly, and thine help in the battle good,
And for these will he give his friendship and his battle-aid again:
But if thou wouldst grant his asking, and make his heart full fain,
Then shalt thou give him a matter, saith he, without a price,
— Signy the fairer than fair, Signy the wiser than wise.'

"Such words in the hall of the Volsungs spake the Earl of Siggeir the Goth,
Bearing the gifts and the gold, the ring, and the tokens of troth.
But the King's heart laughed within him, and the King's sons deemed it good;
For they dreamed how they fared with the Goths o'er ocean and acre and wood,
Till all the North was theirs, and the utmost Southern lands.

"But nought said the snow-white Signy as she sat with folded hands
And gazed at the Goth-king's Earl till his heart grew heavy and cold,
As one that half remembers a tale that the elders have told,
A story of weird and of woe: then spake King Volsung and said:

"'A great king woos thee, daughter; wilt thou lie in a great king's bed,
And bear earth's kings on thy bosom, that our name may never die?'

"A fire lit up her face, and her voice was e'en as a cry:
'I will sleep in a great king's bed, I will bear the lords of the earth,
And the wrack and the grief of my youth-days shall be held for nothing worth.'

"Then would he question her kindly, as one who loved her sore,
But she put forth her hand and smiled, and her face was flushed no more:
'Would God it might otherwise be! but wert thou to will it not,
Yet should I will it and wed him, and rue my life and my lot.'

"Lowly and soft she said it; but spake out louder now:
'Be of good cheer, King Volsung! for such a man art thou,
That what thou dost well-counselled, goodly and fair it is,
And what thou dost unwitting, the Gods have bidden thee this:
So work all things together for the fame of thee and thine.
And now meseems at my wedding shall be a hallowed sign
That shall give thine heart a joyance, whate'er shall follow after.'

"She spake, and the feast sped on, and the speech and the song and the laughter
Went over the words of boding as the tide of the norland main
Sweeps over the hidden skerry, the home of the shipman's bane.

"So wendeth his way on the morrow that Earl of the Goth-land King
Bearing the gifts and the gold, and King Volsung's tokening,
And a word in his mouth moreover, a word of blessing and hail,
And a bidding to King Siggeir to come ere the June-tide fail
And wed him to white-hand Signy and bear away his bride
While sleepeth the field of the fishes amidst the summer-tide.

"So on Midsummer Even ere the undark night began,
Siggeir the King of the Goth-folk went up from the bath of the swan
Unto the Volsung dwelling with many an Earl about;
There through the glimmering thicket the linkèd mail rang out,
And sang as mid the woodways sings the summer-hidden ford:
There were gold rings God-fashioned, and many a Dwarf-wrought sword,
And many a Queen-wrought kirtle, and many a written spear;
So came they to the acres, and drew the threshold near,
And amidst of the garden blossoms, on the grassy, fruit-grown land
Was Volsung the King of the Wood-world with his sons on either hand
Therewith down-lighted Siggeir the lord of a mighty folk,
Yet showed he by King Volsung as the bramble by the oak,
Nor reached his helm to the shoulder of the least of Volsung's sons.
And so into the hall they wended, the Kings and their mighty ones;
And they dight the feast full glorious, and drank through the death of the day,
Till the shadowless moon rose upward, till it wended white away;

Then they went to the gold-hung beds, and at last for an hour or twain
Were all things still and silent, save a flaw of the summer rain.

"But on the morrow noontide when the sun was high and bare,
More glorious was the banquet, and now was Signy there,
And she sat beside King Siggeir, a glorious bride forsooth;
Ruddy and white was she wrought as the fair-stained sea-beast's tooth,
But she neither laughed nor spake, and her eyes were hard and cold,
And with wandering side-long looks her lord would she behold.
That saw Sigmund her brother, the eldest Volsung son,
And oft he looked upon her, and their eyes met now and anon,
And ruth arose in his heart, and hate of Siggeir the Goth,
And there had he broken the wedding, but for plighted promise and troth.
But those twain were beheld of Siggeir, and he deemed of the Volsung kin,
That amid their might and their malice small honor should he win:
Yet thereof made he no semblance, but abided times to be,
And laughed out with the loudest, amid the hope and the glee.
And nought of all saw Volsung, as he dreamed of the coming glory,
And how the kings of his kindred should fashion the round world's story.

"So round about the Branstock they feast in the gleam of the gold;
And though the deeds of manfolk were not yet waxen old,
Yet had they tales for songcraft, and the blossomed garth of rhyme;
Tales of the framing of all things, and the entering in of time
From the halls of the outer heaven; so near they knew the door.
Wherefore uprose a sea-king, and his hands that loved the oar
Now dealt with the rippling harp-gold, and he sang of the shaping of earth,
And how the stars were lighted, and where the winds had birth,
And the gleam of the first of summers on the yet untrodden grass.
But e'en as men's hearts were hearkening, some heard the thunder pass
O'er the cloudless noontide heaven; and some men turned about
And deemed that in the doorway they heard a man laugh out.
Then into the Volsung dwelling a mighty man there strode,
One-eyed and seeming ancient, yet bright his visage glowed:
Cloud-blue was the hood upon him, and his kirtle gleaming-gray
As the latter morning sundog when the storm is on the way:
A bill he bore on his shoulder, whose mighty ashen beam
Burnt bright with the flame of the sea and the blended silver's gleam.
And such was the guise of his raiment as the Volsung elders had told
Was born by their fathers' fathers, and the first that warred in the wold.

"So strode he to the Branstock nor greeted any lord,
But forth from his cloudy raiment he drew a gleaming sword
And smote it deep in the tree-bole, and the wild hawks overhead
Laughed neath the naked heaven as at last he spake and said:
'Earls of the Goths, and Volsungs, abiders on the earth,
Lo there amid the Branstock a blade of plenteous worth!
The folk of the war-wand's forgers wrought never better steel
Since first the burg of heaven uprose for manfolk's weal.
Now let the man among you whose heart and hand may shift
To pluck it from the oakwood e'en take it for my gift.
Then ne'er, but his own heart falter, its point and edge shall fail
Until the night's beginning and the ending of the tale.
Be merry Earls of the Gothfolk, O Volsung sons be wise,
And reap the battle-acre that ripening for you lies:
For they told me in the wildwood, I heard on the mountain side,
That the shining house of heaven is wrought exceeding wide,
And that there the Early-comers shall have abundant rest
While earth grows scant of great ones, and fadeth from its best,
And fadeth from its midward and groweth poor and vile;—
All hail to thee King Volsung! farewell for a little while!'"

— "Student Life at Harvard" is the title of a book in preparation by Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. It is the story of a boy's college career, clear, faithful, full of fun and life-like sketches of college life. It will specially appeal to college-men, who "know how it is themselves," but will also prove interesting to all readers.

— Dr. Robert Gordon has condensed his edition of Latham's and Todd Johnson's Dictionary from four quarto volumes into one solid octavo of 1537 pages.

— The first collected edition of Sir Henry Taylor's works is to be issued in five volumes, the first containing "Philip Von Artevelde." This edition will be known as "the author's," and will contain his latest notes and revision.

— We find in Lord William Pitt Lennox's "Coaching" a case of most genuine "sell": "Term was over; the coach was full of young Oxonians returning to their respective colleges; the morning was cold, wet, and miserable, when the well-appointed 'drag' drove up to the 'White Horse Cellar,' Piccadilly. 'Have you room for one inside?' asked as pretty a girl as you would wish to see on a summer's day. 'What a beauty!' exclaimed one; 'Quite lovely!' said another; 'Perfect!' lisped a third. 'Quite full, Miss, inside and out,' replied the coachman. 'Surely, you can make room for one,' persevered the fair applicant. 'Quite impossible, without the young gentlemen's consent.' 'Lots of room,' cried the insides; 'we are not very large; we can manage to take one more.' 'If the gentlemen consent,' replied the driver, 'I can have no objection.' 'We agree,' said the inside quartette. 'All right,' responded the coachman. The fare was paid, and the guard proceeded to open the door, and let down the steps. 'Now, Miss, if you please; we are behind our time.' 'Come along, grandfather,' cried the damsel, addressing a most respectable-looking, portly, elderly man; 'the money is paid, get in, and be sure you thank the young gentlemen;' at the same time suiting the action to the word, and, with a smile, assisting her respected grandfather into the coach. 'Here's some mistake; you'll squeeze us to death,' cried the astonished party. 'Sorry to incommode you,' replied the intruder; 'I hope you won't object to have both windows up, I'm sadly troubled with a cough.' At this moment, 'All right, sit fast!' was heard; and the 'Defiance' rattled away, best pace, drowning the voices of the astonished Oxonians."

— We are happy to make the announcement of one of the finest poems that ever issued from the American press; indeed, we may add, the English. No nobler, no lovelier verses have flowed ever from the pen of Tennyson. The title of the poem is "Deirdrè," and its author is, we believe, an Irishman. We are privileged to give our readers a taste of its exquisite quality, to prepare them for the later enjoyment of its total charms: —

THE PALACE GARDEN.

NEAR Eman's hall, beyond the outward fosse,
There was a slope all gay with golden moss,
Green grass and lady ferns and daisies white,
And fairy-caps, the wandering bee's delight,
And the wild thyme that scents the upland breeze,
And clumps of hawthorn and fair ashen trees.
And at its foot there spread a little plain
That never seemed to thirst for dew or rain;
For round about it waved a perfumed wood,
And through its midst there ran a crystal flood
With many a murmuring song and elfin shout,
In whose clear pools the crimson-spotted trout
Would turn his tawny side to sun and sky,
Or sparkling upward catch the summer fly;
On whose green banks the iris in its pride,
Flaming in blue and gold, grew side by side
With meadow-sweet and snow-white ladies'-gowns,
And daffodils that shook their yellow crowns
In wanton dalliance with each breeze that blew;
And there the birds sang songs for ever new
To those that loved them as friend loveth friend;
And there the cuckoo first his way would wend
From far-off climes and kingdoms year by year,
And rest himself and shout his message clear
Round the glad woods, that winter was no more,
And summer's reign begun from shore to shore.
Beside that merry streamlet all day long,
From month to month, was heard the craftsman's song;
For they were gathered there from many lands,
And fast the palace grew beneath their hands,
Until each fretted roof and cornice fold
Shone through the woodland sprays like fiery gold.
Then round the flowery slope and level space
They built a giant wall, from cope to base
Unbroken, save by one small massive door
With the king's shield in porphyry fashioned o'er,
And guarded by a triple gate of brass
Through which, unbid, no living wight could pass.
And never upon mortal's proudest dream
Did such a fairy sight of splendor gleam
As that gay palace glowing in the light,
With door-ways carven of the silver white,
And doors of burnished gold and ivory,
And halls roofed o'er with the pink cedar tree;
And garden glorious with all flowers that grew,
And lawn in whose green midst a jet upflew
Of water from a well of carmogal,
Backward again all diamonded to fall
In breeze-blown mists and showers of glittering spray
Upon the gold fish at their happy play.

And there they nursed the babe on breast and knee
Within these palace halls full tenderly;
And there she grew and blossomed year by year
In light and loveliness without a peer,
Like a fair fragrant flower that time by time
Gains some new beauty in its summer prime;
And oft about the garden she would run
And like a fairy dance in shade and sun,
And make companionship with every thing
That through the garden moved on foot or wing.
And scarce seven years had passed till with her tongue
Nimble with elfish questions she had wrung
The very heart from out her nurse's breast:
And all this time did no eye living rest
Upon her, save the king's own royal eye
And Caffa's, and the lady's proud and high
Who nursed her, and old Lavarcam's, the dame,
Who oft in fear and wonder thither came
To talk with her beneath the garden bowers:
And there amid the brightness of the flowers,
Laughing the child would say, —
"O Lavarcam!
Come tell me! — Oh come, tell me what I am!
Did I come here just like the summer fly
To sparkle in the sun and then to die?
I've asked the flies full oft, but murmuringly
They said they were too filled of present glee
To give me answer, and they passed away;
And once unto the streamlet did I say
'What am I?' — for in grove or garden walk
I oft feel lonely and perforce must talk
To all things round that creep or walk or fly,
And well I know their speech. And 'What am I?'
I asked the stream; and it was churlish too
And would not speak, but from its weeds upthrew
A great brown frog puffed up with too much pride,
And 'Ugly! Ugly! Ugly!' hoarse he cried;
And then from off the streamlet's grassy brim
He made great mouths at me, and I at him,
Until I grew afeared of him and me,
And ran and ran by bank and rustling tree
Up to the fount to see my gold fish glance,
And with them in the sun like this to dance!" —
Then as a swallow that from o'er the foam
Returns at last to her dear native home,
And filled with joy beneath the branches cool
In airy circles skims her favorite pool,
So round the fountain with light foot and free
The little elfish maid danced gracefully,
Now here, now there, in her wild gambolings
O'er the smooth grass, as if she too had wings!

— The London *Bookseller* gives a detailed account of the arrival in London of Macaulay's New Zealander. We quote a few passages: —

"The long-promised aborigine is over here now — not in the glory of his war paint, clothed in skins and carrying a carved club, but habited as an ordinary gentleman with exquisitely-fitting lavender kids, and wearing one of the shiniest of chimney-pots: our readers may see him any day in the park, followed by his groom. Timaru Temuka Rangiora, of Waikoutiti, Esq., Ph. D. of the Universities of Philadelphia and Salamanca, also Fellow of the Roy. Hist. Goose Trap, into which as a literary man he was inducted at half fees; and it is reported that he is to be created LL.D. at next Commemoration. In religion he is reported to be somewhat latitudinarian, for while he generally attends the early service at Margaret Street, and takes in the *Church Times*, he is frequently seen at the Abbey when the Dean preaches. He has already done Spurgeon, the Cardinal, Beresford Hope, Moncure D. Conway, Father Mackonochie, and other notorieties. He has

also attended meetings of the Anti-Vivisection, Perpetual Contagion, Woman's Suffrage, and Cremation Societies; the Derby, Lord Shaftesbury's Costermongers, Sweeny Todd's pie-shop, and a cock-fight — and he liked the latter amazingly. He came over *via* San Francisco and New York, and at the Fifth Avenue learned what a free and enlightened citizen was expected to accomplish when over here. . . .

"In turn he began to speak of the Company and its Hall, and, as he proceeded, became truly eloquent. "See," said he, "this magnificent place, the most beautifullest of all the old ancient halls; it was built upon the ruins" — "The what?" said the New Zealander. — "The ruins of Abergavenny House." His foreign friend was in ecstasies. "Do I then stand or sit over the ruins of London?" said he. "Am I at last able to fulfil the one object of my life, — to spend my days over the ruins of ancient London? Now may I die in peace. Proceed, oh noble Beadle! tell about your noble Company, and about its members." Thus encouraged, the gentleman in gold lace proceeded to give the history of the ancient guild or confraternity of Stationers: 'The fraternity of Stationers is one of the most ancient institutions in the world. When it was formed no one knows: and it is called a fraternity because fathers have always made their sons free of it, and have tried to keep all privileges and profits in the family. Caxton made his sons liverymen; and if you look at the list — you may have one for half-a-crown — you'll see how many there are of the same name. The Company was incorporated by Philip and Mary, but who Philip was I could never make out; I suppose he was Mary's son, as I've looked into the table of Kings and Queens in Moore's Almanac, and can't see any king named Philip. We had some opposition from what was called the Useful Knowledge Society; but people don't care for useful knowledge, and the Society came to grief. We bought its almanac, but it doesn't sell any thing like Moore's. I wish the Company had kept up the hieroglyphic. Many an hour my old woman and me has spent in trying to make it out; but one year, our gents all went to hear Moody and Sankey, and came back singing "Who'll be a Danell?" and as no one would, the hieroglyphic was left out. The almanac went down directly; we had to make waste paper of fifty thousand the Moody and Sankey year. Who is the Company, and how is it made? Well, I'll tell you. First, the father brings his boy to be apprenticed for seven years; the master and boy sign a piece of parchment, in which the boy promises not to get married, not to play at cards, and not to go to public-houses — as if in these days you could stop a boy from doing any thing he likes. Well, in seven years the boy is out of his time; then he pays to be made free of the Company; then he pays £60 to take up his livery: this gives him the privilege of coming here twice a year to get drunk — some of 'em claim it as one of their rights and privileges to get drunk. Others have large pockets made in their coats, and take away a lot of sponge cakes, apples, oranges, or any thing else: we call them conveyancers. The next step is to be made Renter Warden. Six are called, but two are chosen; and those who don't serve are fined £30 apiece, and if they don't pay they get into "Rotten Row." Look at this list and you'll see a lot of them altogether; they never get no higher. After having served as Renter Warden, or paid the fee, you are allowed to hold stock, as it is called; that is, you pay £40, and are allowed 15 per cent. for it; after which you get on, and are allowed to hold more — some hold £400. You can always have the money back, or you may leave it by will to your widow, and she will have the interest. Then you get upon the Court, and get a dinner once a month. You may invite your friends to dinner, and invite ladies once a year. Although they say they won't admit any one who is not in the trade, that's all moonshine. Our present Master is a ropemaker, or something of that sort; but you know you can't tie up books without twine, so he is in the line. Well, it's getting late, and I must shut up.' Here the New Zealander performed some evolutions, and promised to call again; and in answer to a question, the Beadle said, 'No, I never read —— on the Utilization of Waste.'"

— We learn from Herodotus that dentistry was practised in Egypt as a specialty as early as 500 years B. C. Teeth filled with gold have been found in Egyptian mummies. Artificial teeth were first inserted by the Hindoos and Egyptians. They were fastened by cords to their neighbors. The "History of Dental and Oras Science," published by the American Dental Association, contains a vast number of such facts as the above, and of great interest and value to physicians of all classes. Prior to the Revolution, there was only one dentist in this country. This was Robert Woofendale, who was for some time established in New York and Philadelphia. Another Boston practitioner was Josiah Flagg, who settled in Boston in 1782. He held a major's commission in the army. One of his circulars, given in this volume, is very interesting. Of the chapters on artificial teeth, mechanical dentistry, and kindred subjects, we cannot write intelligently, and therefore pass them by. The Association above named was organized at Niagara Falls in 1859. It held its ninth annual meeting in Boston, 25th inst., of which something will be said below. Accounts of other dental associations, organized in different sections of the country, fill many pages. The list of dental literature, which is full of interest to the profession, is headed by Mr. Woofendale's book, "Practical Observations on the Human Teeth, London, 1783." The paper on dental education will be appreciated by earnest students of dentistry. The reunion of the members of the American Dental Association, already alluded to, was one of the pleasantest in their experience. Their number was small, owing to several circumstances; but their hearts were warm, and their sympathies cordial. They shared an elegant dinner at Parker's, in high good humor, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" being allowed full play. The honored President, Dr. D. M. Parker, presided with his usual urbanity; and the speeches were short and spicy.

This paragraph referred to in another, in the last issue, was accidentally omitted:

— Three cheers for our noble school system! Young ladies who have graduated at High and Normal schools, and have been teachers, publicly rank Tennyson as among the chief American poets, name Shakspeare as a contemporary of Gray, credit Whittier's poems to Longfellow, make Vienna an Italian city, &c.

— A volume of poems by Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, is in preparation by Roberts Brothers.

SEPTEMBER PUBLICATIONS.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

My Own Child. A Novel. By Florence Marryatt. 8vo. Paper. 75c.

Talks about Labor and Concerning the Evolution of Justice between the Laborers and the Capitalists. By J. N. Larned. 12mo. $1.50.

The Five Senses of Man. By Junius Bernstein, Professor of Physiology in the University of Halle. Ill'd. 12mo. $1.75.

Representative Names in the History of English Literature. By H. H. Morgan. 4to. $1.00.

History of Europe. By Edward A. Freeman. 18mo. 50 cents.

The Three Brides. By C. M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. 12mo. $1.75.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. In 2 vols. Vol. II. 12mo. $1.50; paper, $1.00.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK.

The History of the Norman Conquest of England; its Causes and Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. V. 8vo. $4.00.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

Poems of Places. By H. W. Longfellow. Vol. II. $1 00. In 4 vols.

The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell. Household Edition. 12mo. $2.00.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. (Little Classic Edition.) $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

A Century of Nursing. By A. H. Woolsey. 8vo. Paper. 50c.

CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFFELFINGER, PHILADELPHIA.

The Declaration of Independence. A Poem Commemorating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the National Anniversary of the United States of America. By Joseph H. Martin. 8vo. $1.00.

A Short Latin Grammar. By Edward Roth. Part I. The Declensions. 18mo. Paper, 50c.; boards, 25 cents.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK.

Rags and Tatters. A Story for Boys and Girls. By Stella Austin. Ill'd. 16mo. $1.00.

Nothing but Leaves. A Story for the Older Girls. By Sarah Doudney. 12mo. $1.75.

The College Life. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D. 12mo. 3 vols. $1.75 per vol.

Choir-Boys of Cheswick; or, Marty and the Mite-Boxes. By Jennie Harrison. Ill'd. 16mo. $1.25.

A Houseful of Children. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford, author of "Pussy Tiptoe's Family," &c. With 31 full-page illustrations. Sm. 4to. $2.25.

GINN BROTHERS, BOSTON.

New Latin Method. By J. H. Allen. 12mo. $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

Fifty Years of My Life. By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. With three steel plates by Jeens. Large 12mo. $2.50.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. First Series. Greek and Roman Classical Dialogues. Sq. 12mo. $2.00.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice. (No Name Series, No. 1.) $1.00.

PORTER & COATES, PHILADELPHIA.

Snowed Up; or, the Sportsman's Club in the Mountains. By Harry Castleman, author of the "Gunboat Series." 16mo. $1.25.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & CO., NEW YORK.

The First Two Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. (Epochs of Modern History.) Edited by Edward E. Morris, M.A., and J. Surtees Phillpotts, B.C.L. With four maps. 12mo. $1.00.

Every-Day Topics. A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. 12mo. $1.75.

HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Rutherford B. Hayes. By William D. Howells; also, a Biographical Sketch of William A. Wheeler. With Portraits of Both Candidates. 12mo. $1.00; paper, 75c.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Comprising portions of his Diary from 1795 to 1848. Edited by his son, Charles Francis Adams. 8vo. $5.00.

Current Literature.

HISTORY AND CONQUESTS OF THE SARACENS.*

MR. FREEMAN seems to be *par excellence* the historian of the world; and his field is the world. Having finished his *magnum opus*, the History of the Norman Conquest, he evolves, almost instantly, a History of Europe; and the list of his other historical works would be too long for reproduction. The leading characteristic of his histories is — we had almost said, factiousness; we mean, a mass of facts — his marvellous power of compressing facts without sacrifice of their substance or significance. Every sentence from his hand is an integral link in a long chain of intelligence; to skip one is to miss the grand result.

In the present edition, few changes are to be noted from the first. In the lessons in the latter, drawn from the history of the Mahometans, the author has mixed new ones which have a special application to events of to-day, — events which are thrilling Europe with the agonies of war, and polluting the world with the savor of flowing blood. The yoke these struggling slaves are striving to cast off is almost as old as the world, and its grasp has the accumulated intensity of centuries. Among individuals there is no heart that does not beat for these sufferers; but the icy organ of diplomacy forbids all flow of sympathy or beneficence from treasury or arsenal or the host of armed men. Mr. Freeman scathingly reviews the timid and cunning policy of England in this great crisis; in the face of "the foul deeds with which the oppressor has striven to put down the revolt of victims, whose patience was at last exhausted," he adds: "Yet the Prime Minister of England stands up in the Parliament of England to make the evil deeds of the oppressors a subject of brutal merriment." We are ashamed of the mother who bore us! In the wisdom and justice of God there must be a day of reckoning for that black and crimeful nation, who drove her own sons from her shores to seek the free enjoyment of their faith, who slaughtered and crushed them in the effort to bend their honest wills, and again made war upon them in vindication of a grossly unjust claim of right; that nation which murdered the Sepoys as the Roman Sylla slaughtered his captives,—twelve thousand at a time. And now gorged with her pinguid commerce, and sluggish with her cold, aristocratic blood, she jests at human bloodshed, and vents quips upon struggling patriots. Verily this is a picture for the twentieth century!

But we must proceed in our exploration of the treasures of this volume. The author's subject embraces the history of the establishment of Mahometanism, and of those Mahometan nations which could lay any claim to civilization or historical importance, with the great exception of the Ottoman Turks. The volume opens with a striking comparison of the progress of the Eastern and Western nations, richly suggestive, and full of compact facts. The Western system is a system governed by law. "It admits of every form of political constitution; but in all, despotic or democratic, written law, and not an arbitrary will, is supposed to be the rule." "Christianity prescribes the general obligations of justice and mercy [Hear! O England!]; but it prescribes no form of political government, no system of civil jurisprudence. We may, then, define European society as a progressive, a legal, a monogamous, and, for the last fifteen hundred years, a Christian society."

The Lectures are six in number, and are entitled as follows: "The World at the Coming of Mahomet;" "Mahomet and his Creed;" "The Undivided Caliphate;" "The Saracens in the East;" "The Saracens in the West;" "The Later Dynasties of Persia and India." The passages which treat of Mahomet and his religion are simply admirable. No juster or more vivid, though unelaborated, portrait of the Prophet has ever been drawn, and the analysis of Mahometanism is the best we ever saw. The author has no sympathy with Mahomet's faith; but he reveres him along with the legislators of other lands. He gives no formal biography of him, but paints the salient points of his life and character with a master's hand. He views him in the successive and rapidly shifting stages of his career, — as a preacher of righteousness, a meek, persecuted apostle; next he appears a warrior and a conqueror, uniting the vagrant tribes of Arabia under one bond of spiritual and temporal obedience; and lastly, he begins the career of universal conquest and proselytism, which he left to his successors to accomplish as regards so large a portion of Asia, Africa, and Europe. The author then traces the Prophet's progress, step by step, from his humble beginning, through his assumption of prophetic power, to his agency in the Reformation, &c. Judged according to Mahomet's own principles, Mr. Freeman finds in him little to condemn.

"As in every one else, a few crimes debase a noble career. For a corrupt, debasing, and sanguinary idolatry he substituted the worship of the one God, and taught men that that one God was alike almighty and all-righteous. He gathered his people into one nation, and gave them civil and moral precepts; imperfect, indeed, but far better than any they had previously possessed. Their most revolting practices, as infanticide, he utterly abolished. Others, as polygamy and private revenge, he subjected to stringent regulations. In some respects, as the prohibition of wine, the character of his teaching was perfectly ascetic. To the world at large, Mahomet has been of a truth the Antichrist, the Abomination of Desolation; but to the Arab of the seventh century he was the greatest of benefactors."

The author's estimate of Mahomet is the most just we have ever seen. He debits him duly for his vices and his errors; but he remembers the weakness of human nature, and makes fitting allowance for irresistible circumstance. In the matter of polygamy, Mahomet seems not greatly blamable, for he limited the allowance of wives, and strictly abode by its bounds; though we must confess it is difficult to account for his own practice, — his precipitate lapse from virtue to license. We can cordially recommend, as has been intimated, Mr. Freeman's analysis of the Mahometan religion: it is fair, full, and clear, and may be consulted by the curious with profit. The moral results of Mahomet's reformation were simply enormous; we can trace them distinctly, to-day, and for this privilege alone we owe him incalculable credit.

We must dismiss this part of the narrative with this noble sentiment: "That Mahomet in his early career was actuated by the noblest intentions, and that he fully believed in his mission, is, I think, perfectly evident. That prosperity corrupted him, though it did not wholly turn him astray, is, I think, no less evident. That confidence in his own teaching followed him to the last is equally so. But this is by no means inconsistent with some alloy of conscious imposture during the later and less noble portion of his career. This view has been adopted by many eminent writers, who fully acquit him of all imposture at the beginning. That he fell off in many respects is clear; he may have even fallen so far as to put forth as divine revelations mere excuses for his own frailty, or devices to obtain his own ends. Yet I would not willingly believe this. [Take the case of the pretended revelations with which he justified his polygamy.] I would rather believe, — as appears to have been the view of Dr. Möhler, — that, even if Mahomet most grievously erred, he still never stooped to conscious forgery. Accustomed to regard all his impulses as arising from divine inspiration, he may, when one false step had permanently degraded him, have sincerely recognized a divine command in the mere impulse of his passions, or even in suggestions the reverse of divine. His moral sense was evidently obscured; he may have been open to the charge of self-delusion; but I do not believe that at any moment he was the conscious deluder of others."

We leave the record of this great man with freshened interest in, and respect for, him. We better appreciate his work, and our indignation is warmer over the injustice which has eclipsed his glory through many centuries. The author's estimate shows what his services to humanity have been; judge of them and of him, and decide if the world would not have

* History and Conquests of the Saracens. Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. Second Edition, with New Preface. 12mo. $1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

missed them. We need hardly add that the purely historical part of this work deservedly commands the warmest admiration. It describes the Conquest of Persia, by Alexander, — a most romantic episode; the removal of the Roman Government to Constantinople, or New Rome; the reigns of Odoacer, Theodoric, Khosru (King of Persia); the recovery of Italy by Belisarius and Arses; the Conquest of Syria and Persia and Egypt; and of the Ommiads of Spain,—touching whom a correspondent some time ago inquired, — he gives an excellent account. We would call special attention to his sketch of Akbar, the Third Mogul (1556 to 1605). He ran headlong, to use the author's words, into every sort of iniquity; always at war, which he carried on with moderation; his legislation always beneficent and humane, and his government truly paternal. He rejected exclusive reverence for Mahomet or any prophet, teaching that there was but one God, and that Akbar Padisha was his Caliph; he did not claim any miraculous or prophetic character; in his creed God was one and spiritual; he ordained no ritual, established no priesthood, — a few prayers and obeisances were recommended in consideration of human infirmity; indeed, he appears to have lighted on the idea of the Hindoo faith in its purer form.

We can conceive of no more substantial pleasure to the cultivated mind, than an evening spent over these remunerative pages. They instruct and entertain, and greatly clarify one's ideas of Mahometanism and its founder.

ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM.*

THESE Essays are views of half-a-dozen of the most prominent writers of recent days, — one German, four English, and one American. Mr. Hutton is not a good writer in the best sense, often using coarse words and phrases: we find him saying, "*Soaking* themselves with a few great writers," and "*costive* advice." An educated man is inexcusable for the employment of such coarse and slangy words. For "soaking," saturating would be a fitting substitute.

In dealing with Goëthe, Mr. Hutton collides rudely with Mr. Carlyle, but does not seem to have damaged him much. It is an audacity that few writers would venture upon flatly, to deny an assertion of the sage of Chelsea; but Mr. Hutton essays it. Carlyle says that Goëthe, like Shakspeare, leaves little trace of himself in his creations; whereas our author pertly asserts that "everywhere, penetrating all he writes, there is the ethereal atmosphere which travelled about Johann Wolfgang Goëthe." Of the two doctors who thus "disagree," we must pin our faith on the elder. From Mr. Lewes's moral and poetical criticism he also bluntly dissents. This essay comprises an interesting biographical sketch of Goëthe and his family. The latter's mother was a remarkable woman, though not in a creditable way. Invited to a party on the day of her death, she sends excuses saying that she "was engaged just then in dying." Mr. Hutton reproves Goëthe for the absence of any thing like devotion in his writings to any being, human or Divine, morally above himself. He (Goëthe) regarded God as inscrutable, "and as best left to reveal himself."

The essay on Hawthorne is rather fantastic, the word "ghost" in its various forms occurring frequently in it; in fact, the author pronounces our great writer of romance "the ghost of New England." He also says of him — falsely, we think — "that he had a deep sympathy with the practical as well as the literary genius of New England." We recall no evidence of this statement, but much which proves the contrary. Of Hawthorne's novels, the author says that "they are not novels in the ordinary sense; they are ideal situations, expanded by minute study and trains of clear, pale thought into the dimensions of novels." What class of compositions will he then put them into? He makes one good point which has usually been ignored by writers on Hawthorne; it is that "every detail, even the minutest, is made to point backwards to the weary past from which it derives its constitutional peculiarities." This is quite true. Hawthorne seems to have been indifferent to the present and careless of the future. This is not less true: "Hawthorne was a novelist, *because* he was an intellectual and moral inquisitor." We agree with the author in this proposition also, that "the most distinguishing deficiency in Hawthorne's mind, which is also in connection with his highest power, is his complete [a very bad word in this connection, it should be 'entire,' or 'utter'] want of sympathy, not only with the world of natural action, but with the next thing to action, namely, the world of impulsive passion. The highest power of Hawthorne is spent on the delineation of a *chronic* suffering or sentiment, in which all desire to act on others is in a measure paralyzed." "As a literary artist, if not in mere rough genius, he may safely be considered almost the first, and quite the highest, fruit of American literature." Mr. Hutton seems to have forgotten Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and others, who preceded Hawthorne by many years, and who surely deserved to be ranked among the highest fruit of our literature. He is a thorough Englishman, and though compelled to recognize the genius of Hawthorne, he does it grudgingly, and with ungracious criticisms upon his writings.

For Wordsworth the author has a strong admiration, though he points out some of his serious defects. Among these is his want of structural power, his awkwardness in handling incidents. Wordsworth's favorite among his own poems, it is said, was "To the Cuckoo." Mr. Hutton writes intelligently and often forcibly; but his diction is not choice, and his construction is often inaccurate. His opinions of these eminent men, — Matthew Arnold and Arthur Hugh Clough, and one woman, George Eliot, — are well worth reading.

* Essays in Literary Criticism. By Richard Holt Hutton. 12mo. pp. 355. J. H. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN SAINTS AND MIRACLES.*

THIS work, though anonymous, is plainly in Mr. Eugence Lawrence's line of literary labor, though we shun the risk of attributing it to his hand. The task of his life seems to be to make war on the Roman Catholic Church; and, in this book, he [or the author] strikes one of his most destructive blows. To him that Church is a *monstrum horrendum*, an aggregation of vices and crimes, possessing not a single redeeming quality. With prejudices as unbending as steel, and a stand-point from which no deviation is possible, it is no difficult undertaking to draw from the annals of ecclesiastical history a formidable indictment against this Church. This the author has done. His evidence is furnished by his enemy, in books and circulars, decrees and bulls. If his examination of such material be judicial and fair, no one could justly impugn his conclusions. We cannot admit that he has realized this condition; but the weight of his facts is overwhelming. Having briefly sketched the history of the Church in the mythic and heroic ages, — deriving his information mainly from "Vitæ Patrum, sive Historiæ Eremeticæ," — this part of the work includes an interesting review of the conviction of John Huss by the Council of Constance, despite his possession of a safe-conduct, signed by the Emperor Sigismund, the canon of the council the author interprets as claiming for the Church "universal cognizance of questions of heresy, and supreme authority to inquire into and punish that crime; and it treats as nullities all acts and ordinances of the civil power in any way conflicting with the exercise of this its exclusive jurisdiction." The doctrines of this canon are recognized and confirmed by the Papal encylical and syllabus of 1864. Dr. Newman, who has been praised by English Protestants for candor and openness in discussion of the differences between Roman and Protestant, is subjected to severe and just criticism; the comparison of his Protestant and Catholic writings is suggestive. On the processes of canonization the author dwells with severe ridicule. When it is proposed to canonize a certain person, and the large sum of money necessary has been raised, — for these honors are expensive, — the evidence of the

* Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles. Not ab Uno e Societate Jesu. New York: Harper & Brothers, Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.

candidate's miraculous achievements, his bones, or some fragment of his person or clothing, is exhibited to an ecclesiastical council, which reports on it. This report is referred to the Pope; if he approves it, the decree of canonization or beatification is issued, attended by the same formalities which distinguish the promulgation of a new dogma. The decree is expressly based on miracles, and concludes with the threat that any one who disregards it will incur the wrath of Almighty God, and of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul. The final sentences of the decree are as follows:

"Forasmuch as our most Holy Lord [a common Latin designation of the Pope] is piously persuaded that it is for the interest of the Christian name that *celestial honors* be ascribed to these five Blessed, being impelled by divine inspiration, he decrees, from this most exalted chair of Christian wisdom, which God himself has established as the oracle of Divine Truth on earth, that Isidore Agricola, Ignatius Loyola, Francis Xavier, all of Spain, and Philip Neri, of Florence, be inscribed on the roll of Holy Confessors, and that Teresa of Jesu be counted in the number of Holy virgins."

The author's observations on the literature of the Church are full of significance. "The Church, then," he says, "that is, the priesthood, from the pope to the lowest country curate, — for, in the ultramontane slang of the present day, the *church* means the clergy only, and does not include the laity, — is responsible for the degrading and demoralizing influence exerted on the people by the only literature it encourages and circulates. The very breviary, or manual of church service, prepared under a decree of the Council of Trent, and sanctioned by numerous papal ordinances, contains a number of legends, seldom, indeed, so offensive to good taste, good morals, and good sense as many of the tales of Ribandineira and the visions of Mary Alacoque; but, nevertheless, often utterly undeserving of credit, and, in a religious sense, as unprofitable as the 'Arabian Nights' tales."

Perhaps the grossest and most disgusting imposture recorded in this book is furnished by "La Vie de Marie Alacoque," a weak-minded nun, afflicted by severe heart-disease. She says of herself, that "at the age of four years she had a lively sense of the virtue of chastity," and "the sight of *men* so wounded her modesty and alarmed her innocence, that she would have fled into the desert, but for the fear of meeting them even there."

In his interviews with this nun, Christ is represented as addressing her in the language of human passion: —

"Our Lord showed me that this was the day of our spiritual betrothal; he afterward made me to understand that he wished me to taste all that was most sweet in the tender caresses of his love. In fact, these divine caresses were so overpowering that they made me quite beside myself, and rendered me almost incapable of any physical exertion."

Such is the literary pabulum furnished to its children by the Holy Church of Rome; such the blight that has withered the entire Latin race, made religion a crazy farce, and kept the world for centuries in a delirious delusion. In view of such degradation, one can pardon the author's vehemence and apparent transcendent prejudice, and justify his crusade on this fearful monster of evil. Of the glaring impostures of Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes, to which the English ritualists flocked by thousands to witness and countenance a mummery, the author gives an entertaining account. In an Appendix, he gathers a mass of information touching Ecclesiastical Forgeries, the Inquisition, the Edict of Nantes, and the devastating reign of Catholicism in France.

The subject of this work is comparatively a mystery to the general reader, and its illumination by the author is a public benefit. We should know the history of the gigantic institution that claims absolute sovereignty of the world, to award life and death, not only on this earth but in the realm beyond, and to be superior to all moral and civil laws. Its power has been materially reduced; but its pretensions are as arrogant as in the days when it made and unmade kings, and directed governments in its own interests.

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.*

THIS book possesses almost all the essential qualities of fiction except that one of prime value, — naturalness. It is extravagantly ideal; it displays to us a life that never was known on land or sea, personages whose moral and intellectual idiosyncrasies have no precedent in history. Its tone is as doleful as the moan of an *âme damnée* — there is no light or hope in it. To have written so saddening a composition must be the bitterest of memories in a humane heart.

Hardly one of the sweet qualities of the heart has illustration in it; save Prof. Dorrance, there is not a man or woman in these pages whom one would willingly call friend. We shall inspect the construction and spirit of the book more keenly, when we have given a brief statement of its course.

Mercy Philbrick, left a young widow in a Cape Cod village, is compelled by the decline of her old mother's health to remove to an inland residence, and finds herself the occupant of one half of a broken-down and repulsive house in the town of Penfield. It is owned by one Stephen White, a young lawyer's clerk, who, with his mother — a wizened and dreadful old virago — occupies the other half. The recital of these facts is introduced by a brief history of the house, in which is the nearest approach to dramatic interest that can be found in the novel. White is an indescribable — we might say, an impossible — man, — a slave to his tyrannous mother, almost a Pariah among his neighbors; he has no friends, no associates. Vague ideas about art and culture confuse his brain; but not an effort does he make to strengthen or multiply them. His occupation is merely mechanical; he gives neither his body nor his mind wholesome exercise. In a languid sort of way he conceives a sluggish, but suspicious and exacting, passion for Mercy. With an undefined, half-repellent, half-encouraging manner, she receives his advances; and, apparently with no efficient exercise of volition on the part of either, the pair become engaged. This hasty compact is sure to engender trouble. Instead of having studied Stephen's character before she plighted her troth to him, with a weakness which emphatically contradicts the author's claim of high nobility on her behalf, she snaps eagerly at his offer ("threw herself into them [his arms], and laid her head on his shoulders sobbing"); which, in view of the fact that their acquaintance was only two or three days old, seems decidedly audacious. In response, Mercy tells him: "'And I do love you very dearly,' she added in a lower voice, with a tone of such incomparable sweetness that it took almost superhuman control on Stephen's part to refrain from clasping her to his heart." The last clause would not seem out of place in a New York *Ledger* story. When the horse has been stolen, this brilliant young lady, who already writes poetry for the newspapers, locks the stable door; in other words, having promised to marry a stranger, she begins to study him. Her discoveries are interesting to the reader, but not welcome to her; but to Stephen she maintains the same simpering demeanor as at first. She finds him deceitful, and mourns over this fault. He fears that their intimacy may be remarked, and begs for private interviews. While betrothed to this "Stephen, so deceivin'," and professing to love him with her whole heart, she makes the acquaintance of Prof. Dorrance, a truly model man, who serves as her coadjutor in a glaring inconsistency. He is a fifty-five-years old widower, but he falls in love with the bright young widow, and offers her his hand and heart. She permits him to understand that his passion is fully reciprocated.

Stephen is peevish, jealous, complaining, and has not a particle of the manly nobility that should attract a woman of Mercy's calibre. Then disagreements are frequent and wide, especially on moral questions; but they always come together again, kiss, and make up. Their love-making is uniformly silly, — secret though it is, and utterly inconsistent with their characters. How a woman, whose lofty thoughts find issue in elevated verses, can condescend to address her lover in such strains as are put in her mouth, we cannot understand. On page 255, she says: "I shall always love him, I am afraid."

* Mercy Philbrick's Choice. No Name Series. 16mo. pp. 296. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

On page 241: "You ask me, dear, why I do not say that I long to see you. I am not sure that I ever do long, in the sense in which you use the word." One of her letters "was full of love; but it was, nevertheless, hard and pitiless in its tone." No woman ever lived who was so exquisitely conscientious; she deemed it heinous for one to report one's self as not at home to an unwelcome visitor, and to her the commonest little prevarications practised in the best society were blemishes of the blackest hue. We should have added to the evidence of this young woman's inconsistency the following contradictions: On page 280, in answer to Stephen's question, "Mercy, you do not love me as you used to do," — "I can't, Stephen." At last (p. 281) she spoke, in a voice of unutterable yearning and tenderness, "I do love you, Stephen." This reminds us of the childish game, "He loves me; he loves me not."

We need not repeat that this book is exceptionally well written; having all the marks of high culture, and rich in fine thoughts. In proof of this statement, we quote a few passages:—

"He had yet to learn that the lesson, which, sooner or later, the proudest, most scornful, most self-centred of human souls must learn, or must die of loneliness for the want of learning, that humanity is one and indivisible; and the man who shuts himself apart from his fellows with pitying condescension, as his inferiors, is a fool and a blasphemer, — a fool, because he robs himself of that good fellowship which is the heaven of life; a blasphemer, because he virtually implies that God made men unfit for him to associate with."

The positive author affirms that all who board at hotels are "homeless, all of them; their common vagabondage is only a matter of degrees of decency." Did she never board at a hotel; and did she count herself a homeless wanderer, — a vagabond, a tramp? She has her favorite figures,— "a slight, girlish figure, in a plain, straight, black gown like a nun's." A few pages farther on, this same young lady "looked as if she might be a nun."

"The wisest and the tenderest of men are continually making blunders in their relations with women; especially if they are so unfortunate as to occupy in any sense a position involving a relation to two women at once. The relation may be ever so rightful and honest to each woman; the women may be good women, and in their right places; but the man will find himself perpetually getting into most unexpected hot water, as many a man could testify pathetically, if he were called upon."

One notable circumstance in the action of this story must not fail of mention. Two or three days after Mercy's arrival in Penfield, Mr. Stephen White, a silent, speechless man, who dared hardly say, Boo! to a goose, bursts out in the presence of his divinity in the following glowing strain: —

"'Miss Philbrick, your face is the very loveliest face I have seen in my life. Do not be angry. Oh, do not!' he continued, seeing the color deepen in Mercy's cheeks, and a stern expression gathering in her eyes, as she looked steadily at him with unutterable surprise, 'Do not be angry with me. I could not help saying it; but I do not say it as men generally say such things. I am not like other men; I have lived alone all my life with my mother: you need not mind my saying your face is lovely, any more than my saying that the ferns on the walls are lovely.'"

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MAGO.*

THIS is a very quaint but interesting book. It deals with events of twenty-eight hundred years ago, and among its personages are many famous historical figures, — such as Hannibal, kings David and Hiram. The purpose of the book is to present sketches of the world as it was ten centuries before the Christian era, and faithfully is this done. Its historical facts are strictly authentic, and the description of the different lands visited by Captain Mago, and the customs of their people are reasonably accurate. Altogether the work is not only instructive, but also entertaining; and there is a peculiar pleasure in reviewing the people and events of a period so long past, and so different from that which is familiar to us. The history of the Phœnicians is of peculiar value.

Captain Mago sailed from Tyre to Joppa and Tarshish. His officers were experienced men, —though one of them, Bodmilcar, was a pirate and scoundrel. His expedition visited King David at Jerusalem, and gives a fine account of his visit. We quote some passages of his description: —

"Shortly before sunset, on the evening of the second day, we reached Jerusalem, a city very strongly built upon a steep and elevated plateau. The distant view of the city is extremely striking; the soil on which it is built is undulating and irregular, so as to produce the effect of the whole place being literally studded with domes and terraces; the whiteness of the walls, and the numerous roofs that are imbedded in the foliage of the olive yards that skirt the walls, — all combine to make up a picture that cannot fail most favorably to impress the traveller with its beauty. . . . When we had completed our repast, I began to prepare my presents for King David. First of all, I chose a hyacinth-colored under-tunic, made of the finest Egyptian linen, and a purple upper-tunic, embroidered round the neck and sleeves with flowers, and bordered with silver fringe; to these I added a girdle wrought in gold and silver, with a lion's head in gold for a clasp, the eyes being a bright enamel. This girdle was a most elaborate specimen of Egyptian workmanship, being one of four that I had purchased of a native artist, intending them for presents to any monarchs to whose presence I might be admitted in the course of my progress. Another gift that I selected was a drinking cup of silver with two handles; it was raised upon a stem and embossed with ornaments worked in gold, representing fruit and flowers. The whole of these I deposited in a box of the sandal-wood of Ophir, curiously inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. Remembering that the king was not only fond of music, but was a skilful performer, I further looked out for him a three-stringed harp of sandal-wood, ornamented with colored tufts, and surmounted by the figure in solid gold of a bird with open beak and outstretched wings. This instrument could not be matched out of Phœnicia, and the wood of which it was made, like that of the box, had been brought from Ophir, as an acknowledgment of his having designed some ships for him which could brave the open sea."

"Seated upon the throne was the monarch himself (David), a man of moderate stature and slight build, advanced in years, but nevertheless retaining unimpaired every symptom of agility and vigor. His straight, uncurled beard was perfectly white, but his hair was dressed in the ordinary fashion of his countrymen. His costume was very simple; neither frontlet nor coronet adorned his brow; no bracelets encircled his wrists; no rings were upon his toes; he wore a plain white tunic with a purple border, and instead of the high-heeled shoes usually worn by kings, he had on his feet a pair of mountaineer's sandals. There was nothing in his attire to distinguish him from ordinary men; only by the penetrating glance of his clear blue eye could he be marked out as one that was born to reign."

The narrative leads the reader by pleasant ways through various lands, whereof the author tells much of interest. It is very well written and illustrated, and is a thoroughly good book.

* The adventures of Captain Mago; or a Phœnician Expedition. By Leon Cohun. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. Illustrated. 12mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

IMPRESSIONS AND REMINISCENCES.*

IT is pleasant to make the acquaintance of this remarkable woman, so recently gone out of the world, in a character so different from that in which we have been wont to behold her. She has been distinctively a writer of fiction, and as such has been admired and dreaded, marvelled at and feared. The morality of her earlier novels was not questionable; it was unmistakably evil. She wrote of love only, and of a passion which will not endure the scrutiny of pure minds. She voiced the fashionable sentiment of her day and nation; and, true representative of the life she saw and shared, she is not amenable on this ground to censure. Books share and reflect the ruling public sentiment amid which the author

* Impressions and Reminiscences. By George Sand. 16mo. Boston: W. F. Gill & Co.

dwells; she only transferred to the canvas of her novels the licentious scenes which she saw with her physical eyes. With age have come to her restraint and wisdom. She is not happy; she is cynical; she regrets the affectional emotions, — the *tendresses* of the long ago past, — and finds nothing in the commonplace present wherewith to compensate herself. But her mood and her aspirations have undergone a change; she is sadly cheerful now, and in her isolation entertains herself with sombre reviews of the vanished years. As a consequence of this mutation, she has here done what must be called her best. Eliminate from it the conspicuous element of cynicism, which saddens all her utterances, and there would remain calm philosophy and safe speculation.

In this volume she treats of common themes with a nimbleness of thought, and a grace of style, which cannot be too warmly admired. Herself is her chief subject; indeed, herself is her world. Her thoughts, her reflections, her doubts, her recollections, her hopes, — these are arrayed for us in beautiful guise; but the effect of the picture is too solemn.

"These good old friends ask me *in what state* is my mind? If they could read it at all hours, they would perhaps find that it is in a state of grace, as the Catholics say. *I* should say that it is in no particular state. It has entered, long ago, that road where accidents and dangers prevent a return. I am thought too indulgent towards the affairs and the people of these times. I am not as indulgent as is believed, but have acquired only such an amount of patience as I found necessary; that is all. After having passed judgment, I have no desire to punish what I condemn: I prefer to forget it. Is this lassitude, or nonchalance? Perhaps it savors of disgust. They say that I am not suited to the present times; that I must suffer from the change that has taken place, within the last ten years, in the progress of ideas. What does one not suffer in the contemplation of reality? But we should never yield to a fruitless sorrow. Reflection, after laying us low, ought to raise us again. They avow that reflection saddens them; but let them reflect still more, and they will experience that slight internal joy, which prompts them to say, 'I taste what is good and true in life; I have no relish for what is false and poisonous. Now that I am able to discern the *true*, nothing can prevent me from making it a means of sustenance.'" . . .

"Who has not longed for the wings of a bird? I would be modest enough to be satisfied with the feet of the hare, or the comparatively immense bounds of the grasshopper. I take an interest, too, in the little hidden existence of the field-cricket, whose apartment is so warm, so neat, and its harlequin mask so serious, so comic. It holds a tambourine under its wings, and seems as happy as a savage, with its constant repetition of the same note. What gayety, what madness, is displayed at evening, in a flowery meadow, when all the insects of the field, in a feeling of security derived from the absence of man, noisily mingle their various dialects in a general conversation! Do we not feel like stopping to listen, for want of being able to join in their demonstrations? But, as to describe that incessant and prolific action which constitutes the charm of Nature would require more time than to feel and appreciate it, I shall venture to tell A——, to-morrow, that literary descriptions are but poor expressions of the half of what we feel, and that there is more pleasure in sitting still than in writing.

"A pleasure, however, which must have its limitations, not only from fear of taking cold, but A—— has just raised a scene, because I risked a cold at the open window. This excellent man cannot understand that it is better to have a cold in his head, than to deprive his soul of a sublime joy."

She writes much and well, though under prejudice about France and the French people; and the international hatred of Germany blazes out with portentous glow. She laments the old times, saying: "There is now no *bourgeoisie*. This death, with that of its sister, nobility, has been added to the record of historical mortalities. There remain but two classes: one consumes, the other produces; one is rich, or moderately so, — the other is poor, or miserable." A little farther on she dogmatizes: "I believe in a great future for the French people; but I assign no fixed time for its development. They are the best, most amiable people on the earth; but this healthy and robust body has its terrible diseases, and could easily be inoculated with the leprosy or the plague. Before realizing my expectations, it may have to pass through crises of which I dare not think."

This philosophical passage, which embodies a direct statement of her opinions, insists upon being quoted: —

"Therefore I do not reproach myself so much for not absolutely controlling my mind. I feel that its merry frolics and its listlessness arise from the nature of the impressions which it receives, and which it has not always the right to avoid. This has nothing to do with the question of good and evil. If, in perverse minds, the corrupt imagination furnishes poisonous food, it is in vain to preach free arbitration. The perverse mind will choose the freedom of evil. In holy minds, the imagination is a delicate friend, which must not be treated inconsiderately, and which, sadly or joyously, tells us of divine things; thus making amends to us for the time that it spends in actual study."

DEIRDRÈ.

OUR enthusiastic announcement of this poem having called forth many comments, some of them quite incredulous, we feel it our duty, by a careful review of the work, to vindicate our own judgment.

The scene of this story lies in Ireland in the very old days. A lovely daughter is born unto Feilimid, the story-teller of the King of Eman. Caffa, a philosopher, foresees that her great beauty will be the bane of the land. The nobles demand her "taking off;" but the king shuts her up, intending to make her his wife. Naisi, son of Usna, with his two brothers, carries her to Alba, and joins the king's army. The king of this country falls in love with her, and tries to kill Naisi and his brothers; but they flee with Deirdrè to a beautiful island. Decoyed thence by the King of Eman, who gives surety for their safety, they return under the guarantee of Fergus, son of Roy; but the king, violating his oath, orders them to be killed. We quote the opening stanzas: —

THE FEAST IN THE HOUSE OF FEILIMID.

It happed in Eman at the joyous time
When wood-flowers bloomed, and roses in their prime
Laughed round the garden, and the new-fledged bird
'Mid the thick leaves its downy winglets stirred,
That the King's story-teller, Feilimid,
'Mong all the bloom that, like a bright robe, hid
The earth's dark places, felt himself full sad,
He knew not why, and sent, to make him glad,
His henchman with a message to the King.
The nobles and the knights, and all, to bring
From the bright palace straightway to his house,
That they might hold therein a gay carouse.
And the King came, with knights and nobles all,
And soon their shields hung o'er them in the hall:
Buckles were loosened, belts and swords thrown by,
And pleasure sparkled in each warrior's eye.
Full soon the old man felt his soul restored,
As laugh and jest were bandied round the board,
As the King smiled upon him kind and gay,
As songs were sung, and harps began to play,
And cups were kissed by many a bearded lip,
And care from all hearts loosed its felon grip.
And higher rose the heart-inspiring hum
Of the glad revel through the banquet room,
As the blithe hours went on with laughter meet,
With merry jest and minstrel's music sweet,
And lay of war and tale of maid and man,
And clash of cup and clinking of the can.

Upon that revel gay the sun went down,
And the pale night put on her starry crown;
Yet higher rose the joy and jollity
Of the Great King and all that company:
Till at the very topmost of their mirth,
When jokes and jovial wit had brightest birth,
And all their hearts with generous wine were high,
Through the whole house there rang a mighty cry, —
A long, shrill-sounding, quivering wail of woe,
Like the young heifer's cry in her last throe
When a great snake coils round her on the heath,
Crackling her bones and crushing out her breath.
Round the blithe board the revellers sat still,
As rose again that cry more wild and shrill:
Amazed some held on high th' untasted cup,
Some at their swords and shields looked furtive up;
Some, readier of hand, with nervous grip
Clutched the long blade that dangled at the hip,
And eyes sought eyes with quick inquiring glance;
Till Feilimid arose, as from a trance
Of terror, with pale face, —
"O guests!" he said,
"What means this cry of anguish and of dread?
Instinctive in my heart its pangs I feel,
Like the sharp griding of the poisoned steel!
Tell me, O Caffa! — tell! thou great and wise,
Who knowest why morning dawns and daylight dies,
And comets glare and tempests pelt and beat,
And the fierce Thunder-god his brazen feet
Stamps in grim fury shaking earth and sky, —
O wise one, tell what means this woful cry!"

Then Caffa spoke, — the King's own hoary sage,
To whom all Nature like a golden page,
Well conned, lay open, full of wondrous things, —
"O knights and minstrels, — O Great King of kings,
And thou, good friend of mine, O Feilimid, —
From me of Nature's secrets few are hid.
Well do I know this portent, — well I know
Why rings throughout the house this cry of woe:
Thy wife, O Feilimid, in travail lies,
And in his strength some god speaks through her cries;
And with the last to thee a babe is born,
Bright as the dawn of May's most glorious morn!
Then let the feast go on! The goblets fill,

And round the board a great libation spill
Unto the mighty gods of Earth and Sea,
And Air and Fire, for a good destiny
To the poor babe new-born, though all in vain
I know shall be our prayers!"

Then rose again
The hubbub of the feast, as King and knight
Upstood, and brimming filled the goblets bright,
And raised them with a shout their tall heads o'er,
And turned them down, till on the shining floor
The wine flowed like the plenteous April rain,
Spattering their long limbs with its ruddy stain
Like the red tide of battle!

Through the hall
The guests again were silent one and all,
As from a far-off door there came a noise
Like that a strong wind makes, which blustering toys
With the wood's leaves — upon a summer day;
And from the door in solemn slow array
A bevy of old beldames, two by two,
Paced rustling up the hall in varied hue
Of shawls and scarfs and robes and broidery
Of silk or serge, befitting their degree
As palace women. First of all there came
Old Lavarcam, the Conversation Dame
Of the Great King, who told him all the sport
And loves and plots and scandals of the Court.
A pace before them walked she mincingly,
And to each great lord bent the pliant knee;
Sharp eyes she had, each speck and fault that saw,
And face as yellow as an osprey's claw,
And wrinkled, like tough vellum by the heat,
As moved she toward the monarch's golden seat,
Smirking and smiling on the baby bright
That in her arms lay clad in lily white,
With large blue eyes and downy yellow hair,
And skin like pink-leaves when the morns are fair.
With many a bow she stopped before the King,
Then turned to Feilimid: —

"To thee I bring
This babe thy wife gave birth for thee to-night.
Did mortal brain e'er dream so fair a sight?
Did mortal eye since Miled's day behold
Such radiant skin, such hair of downy gold?
No! never on this earth thou'lt find her peer;
Then let great Caffa tell, the noble seer,
If this sweet bud shall grow to woman's bloom,
And what of joy or grief shall be her doom!"

Then Caffa rose, at first with peering gaze,
Like one who looks through morning's misty haze
To see some dark things hid in plains beyond;
Then his eyes flashed: then with light hand and fond
He touched the little babe on brow and breast,
And thus to her alone these words addressed: —

"O lovely little bud of womankind,
In thy short day small gladness shalt thou find,
Though thou shalt bourgeon into bloom and be
Fairest of women! Mighty queens shall see
Thy fame spread wide, fulfilled of envy's gall,
And long for thy destruction. Kings shall fall
Before thee. Each thread of thy yellow hair
For some great hero's heart shall be a snare
Of love's enchantment: blue shall be thine eyes
As the deep sapphire depths of April skies;
White pearls thy teeth, thy lips and bright cheeks red
As berries in the bosky wildwood bred
'Neath summer suns, and fair and smooth thy skin
As the soft satin rose-leaves white and thin
Of the King's garden in the prime of June! —
Alas for thee, that ere the woful noon
Of thy young day, — that day of grief distraught, —
Full many a deed of darkness shall be wrought!
For thou, all beautiful, shalt wake the fire
Of jealous anger and insane desire
In many a hero's heart; and war's red field
Shall gleam with levelled lance and brazen shield
And thirsty sword, where hostile banners rise
Of kings renowned, to win thy smiles and sighs:
Alas! for in thy day, and all for thee,
Great Usna's sons shall die by treachery
And the King's wrath; and from that deed of shame
Fair Eman's halls shall feed the ravening flame
Of war and carnage, kindled by the light
Of thy destroying glances, till the night
Of woe enwrap the land accurst of men,
O Deirdrè, evil fate beyond our ken!
O leveller of Ulad's fair abodes!
O beautiful bright firebrand of the gods!"
Then rose an aged lord with haughty air
And shaggy brows and grizzled beard and hair,
Whose fierce eye o'er the margin of his shield
Had gazed from war's first ridge on many a field
Unblinking at the foe that on him glared,
And might be ten to one for all he cared.
Now unto all things was he callous grown,
And his hard heart was like the nether stone,
As on the babe he bent his dreadful eye:
"O King!" he said, "O champions great and high!
O minstrels! list this tale I tell to ye
My father brought from lands beyond the sea:" —

He proceeds to tell the story of an infant bear found by people of the far North, floating on a cake of ice. They cared for and worshipped it, and it grew to enormous size. One day it devoured a sleeping child, and they slew it. Here the narrator asks,—

"What with the she-cub first should they have done?"

And the answer comes from all the lords,—

"Slain it upon the strand."

After much fighting and sore hardships, the little band of Usnanians are lured back to Eman by the wiles of the king, and, at a banquet given in their honor, Naisi and his brothers are basely murdered. The king hastens to claim Deirdrè as his bride, but finds her cold in her dead husband's arms.

One's first thought on reading the last line of this poem is of its absolute integrity of excellence. Not a faulty line mars its expansive beauty; not a common-place sentiment degrades it. Its tone, pitched high, swells on a continuous and noble level, and sinks at last in a solemn tragedy. We have never read a poem whose perfection is so steadfastly sustained; from the first line to the last, there is no descent from the original nobility of thought and style. The metre is simply exquisite, — the cadences rolling off with a sonorous melody which suggests the music of the spheres. Its atmosphere is strangely high and healthful. Honor rules almost every act in the eventful drama; and the portraits of Naisi and his lordly brothers impress the reader's mind with a dignity and reverence hardly inferior to the tender sentiment inspired by Deirdrè's wifely and maternal devotion. The most exigent sense of duty seems to animate every personage in the poem; and the episode of their deaths illustrates the noblest qualities of human nature. The portrait of Deirdrè embodies the sweetest and most delicate touches of the poet's brush. She is an ideal woman, rich in all a woman's charms, and in all the virtues and goodness of an angel. No wonder the veteran Arman, the stalwart king of Alba, and the murderous sovereign of Eman, succumbed to the spell of her supreme loveliness. The poet's art is half-hidden by his skill; he has deftly linked event with event so as to constitute an effective series of surprises. Battle-scenes abound, and the sketches of bloody strife, of shining armor, of gallant steeds, and of valorous combat, make up the grandest features of the drama. The poet's knowledge of and devotion to Nature are exceptional. He knows the bird and beast-haunted woods, the gloomy mountains, the fecund trees, the craggy rocks, the purling streams, and the deep roaring sea, as he knew the haunts of his childhood; and he weaves their associations into his story with a fitness that has never been surpassed. The brute creation, too, has been his study, as every page illustrates. If there is a blemish in his work, it is his too frequent employment of wild beasts as instruments of embellishment. In the painting of natural beauties he has no predecessor, no peer. Under his cunning hand the world takes on new charms, and the face of Nature seems new-washed by benignant rains. Characterization is one of his strong points. No two of his personages resemble one another; each is distinct and individual, while all contribute to the honor of manliness, truth, and valor.

His diction shows that he has culled the English vocabulary with careful and reverent hand, and laden his basket with none but the choicest blossoms; and over the whole sky of his poem there broods an atmosphere of the most exquisite refinement.

But words cannot do justice to the grandeur and beauty of "Deirdrè;" it is the poem of the century, as we have said; it may be equalled in the coming time, but it can never be surpassed.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— Mrs. Farman holds an easy precedence as the writer of stories for young girls. Her administration of the editorial department of the *Wide Awake* has been eminently judicious and successful, and she has manifested a remarkable knowledge not only of the tastes but of the habits, also, of children. Her serial stories in the above-named magazine have constituted the principal attraction of each number. Her secret is a familiar acquaintance with children, their likes and dislikes, and manner of talking. These characteristics are very evident in her recent book, "The Cooking Club," which will not only entertain but instruct young readers. It is a picture of real life, such life as you and I and all our readers have seen and loved in the country. The little girls illustrate a variety of character, and clearly show the effect of home training. The moral influence of the book is admirable. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

— "Our Mutual Friend" is the second victim of the condensing process. It is a book we never liked, and we have no regret for its sufferings. Indeed, we are inclined to think that under elimination it is really improved, for there is less of it. The accomplished editor casts a ray of illumination on the theory by which condensation is attempted to be justified, when he says that, of those who "read every paragraph of a long novel, many, it seems to me, might be glad to reread, in a condensation which preserves every dramatic element in those romances which once gave them pleasure." This amounts to an

assumption that every dramatic element is preserved in this book, — which is not the fact, — and that some readers would rather have a fragmentary book than a whole. To every intelligent mind, both these propositions seem hardly less than monstrous. [H. Holt & Co.]

— "A Course of Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology" is by no means milk for babes. It is pure science, — as pure and as strong as Profs. Huxley and Martin could make it. In the Preface, by Prof. Huxley, we read that, some twenty years ago, he reached the conviction that the scientific zoölogist should no more be ignorant of the fundamental phenomena of vegetable life, than the scientific botanist of animal existence. The chapters of the volume are entitled as follows: Yeast; Protococeus; Proteus Animalcule; Colorless Blood Corpuscles; Bacteria; Moulds; Stoneworts; The Bracken Fern; The Bean Plant; The Bell Animalcule; Fresh-Water Polypes; The Fresh-Water Mussel; The Fresh-Water Crayfish, and the Lobster; The Frog; Appendix. The lecture on Yeast is full of curious information, which, indeed, may be said of all its fellows. The chief elements of yeast combine to form the Torulæ, which are a Protein compound, analogous to Casein, Cellulose, and a small proportion of the mineral in matters. The Torulæ are living bodies, — witness their growth and multiplication. Looked at in the process of multiplication, they are seen to give rise to minute buds, which speedily grow, taking on the size of their parents, and ultimately are detached, generally after they have developed other buds. The Torule does not throw out a bud; but its protoplasm divides into (usually) four masses, termed acospores, each of which surrounds itself with a cell-wall, and the whole are set free by the dissolution of the cell-wall of the parent. "The Torula being alive, the question arises whether it is an animal or a plant. Although no sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the lowest form of animal and of vegetable life, yet Torula is an indubitable plant, for two reasons. In the first place, its protoplasm is invested by a continuous cellulose coat, and thus has the distinctive character of a vegetable cell. Secondly, it possesses the power of constructing Protein out of such a compound as Ammonium Tartrate; and this power of manufacturing Protein is distinctly a vegetable quality." Each lecture contains an instalment of "Laboratory Work," which will be found very useful by the professional or *amateur* biologist. Very interesting is the lecture on Stonewort, water-weeds, found in ponds and rivers. One end of each is fixed in the mud of the bottom, while the other floats at the surface. "The plant continually increases in length in two ways. New nodes, internodes, and whorls of appendages are constantly becoming obvious at the base of the terminal bud; and these appendages increase in size, and become more and more widely separated, until they are as large and far apart as in the oldest part of the plant." More space is given to the Frog than to any other single subject. "The only species of Frog indigenous to Britain is that termed the common or grass frog (*Rana temporis*), while on the Continent there is, in addition to this, another no less abundant species, the hind-limbs of which are considered a delicacy; whence it has received the name of the edible frog: *Rana esculenta*, — "Johnny Crapaud." "The Frog, when at rest, habitually assumes a sitting posture, much like that of the dog or the cat. Under these circumstances, the back appears humped, the posterior half being inclined at a sharp angle with the anterior half. The vertebral column, however, will be found to be straight, and the apparent hump-back arises, not from any bend in the vertebral column, but from the manner in which the long iliac bones are set on the sacrum." Many facts about Biology are gathered in this book, and illustrated with singular clearness and accuracy. The authors' names are a sufficient guarantee of the latter. [Macmillan & Co.]

— Tiniest and daintiest volume is "Rab and his Friends," one of the brightest and most touching stories that ever flowed from mortal pen. The more one reads the better one loves it. Who equals the author in the painting of dogs? One can see the long, low, raking "Game Chicken," the lumbering shepherd-dog, and the great, Herculean, heavy-moulded Rab; and their death-grapple is a vivid drama before us. The contrast of Rab's moods, wreaking his slow vengeance upon the hapless "Chicken" with a sudden snap, and cowering at his master's feet, is instant and true. Rab in the sick-room is a portrait from life,— the great creature incensed by the agony of his mistress, and sobered by the restraining, glance of his master. His end is sad enough, and the reader involuntarily drops a tear into his melancholy grave. The style of the story is not its least charm, — so clear, so simple, so heartful. We almost feel inclined to pronounce this book the best composition of its kind in the English language. [Osgood & Co.]

— A worthy comrade is "Marjorie Fleming," — *Arcades ambo.* It is the biography of a little Scotch lassie in whom the bud of womanhood has early blossoming, — a precocious little thing, whose precocity sometimes renders her ridiculous. Some of her sayings are delightfully *naif* and odd, some older than her years. We quote a few of them: —

"I walked to that delightful place, Cokyhall, with a delightful young man beloved by all his friends, especially by me, his loveress; but I must not talk any more about him, for Isa says it is not proper for to speak of gentalmen, but I will never forget him."

"I am now going to tell you the horible and wretched plaege that my multiplication gives me, — you can't conceive it; the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7; it is what nature cannot endure."

"I am very very glad that Satan has not given me boils and many other misfortunes. In the holy bible these words are written that the Devil goes like a roaring Lyon in search of his pray, but the lord lets us escape from him."

"I am going to-morrow to a delightful place, Brædhead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks, cocks, hens, bublyjocks, 2 dogs, 2 cats, and swine, which is delightful. I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them [this is a meditation physiological], and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like woman-dogs; it is a hard case; it is shocking. I came here to enjoy Nature's delightful breath, it is sweeter than a fial [phial] of rose oil."

"In my travels I met with a handsome lad named Charles Balfour, Esq., and from him got ofers of marage, — offers of marage did I say? Nay, plenty heard me."

"The casawary is an curious bird, and so is the gigantic crane, and the pelican of the wilderness, whose mouth holds a bucket of fish and water. Fighting is not what ladies is qualified for; they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country! The history of all the malcontents as ever was hanged is amusing."

— Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have published a pretty little *brochure* on English History, which seems likely to meet a popular want. It is very concise, but presents the chief facts of English history in an attractive form. It is rich in facts, many of which are recondite, and not found in ordinary narratives. What is now Great Britain was formerly Britannia; Britain and its people were Britones, or Bretons. When James I. became King in 1604, the title "Great Britain" was first applied to the kingdom. The author rapidly traces the career of the Romans in Britain, and its progress under the rule of the Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman kings, and follows the sovereign order down to the House of Brunswick. England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are viewed under separate heads, the information given about them being mainly statistical. The estimate of William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, strikes us as harsh and unwarranted. It differs widely from that of Freeman as set forth in his "Norman Conquest," and is not, we think, so firmly based on evidence.

King Henry VIII. is thus characterized by the author: "He was a man of great reading, and was not destitute of statesmanlike qualities. He was the steady enemy of the power of the titled aristocracy, and had a certain desire for the prosperity of England; but his temper was imperious, his whole system a base and grinding tyranny, and the manner in which he sacrificed the lives of his best friends, when they seemed at all in his way, cannot be justified by any amount of special pleading. A steady enemy of heresy and schism, his unbending will involved him in a series of acts which made him the head of a schism, and under Providence contributed essentially to the progress of the Reformation in England. Yet he was at heart no friend to the Reformation, and burned alike Romanists and Protestants on account of their failure to conform to his will."

Of James I. the author says, "His tyranny was worse than that of the Tudors, for he claimed exemption from all law but that of his own will." He is too severe, in our opinion, in his judgment of William III. He makes the good point that the ministers of George III. were, rather than himself, responsible for the faults of his administration. A chapter is devoted to the genealogy of the British royal family. This is a pleasant little book, excellently written, and gives the reader a clear idea of the most salient events in the history of Great Britain.

— One of the finest and most feeling poems in "Poems of Place" is Moore's "Breffni," who is deceived by his false love. "Kitty of Coleraine" is so dainty and fine that we quote it entire: —

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the Fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled—the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"Oh what shall I do now; 'twas looking at you now;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy; oh, Barney M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!"

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss I then gave her before I did leave her, —
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single — that's plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

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S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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HISTORY.

THE writing of History has become a mania among the Americans, so that there is hardly a community in the country, however small, whose annals have not been carefully preserved. This is an excellent custom, worthy of long perpetuation. By it the circumstances of the origin of every settlement are revealed, the characteristics of its founders set forth, and the discipline through which it has passed to permanent vitality. These home-histories deserve hearty encouragement; but we cannot say the same of the many essays in foreign and American history which just now crowd the market. Not less than four histories of England have recently been issued, covering the same periods, and treating of the same events. In the inevitable competition, each measurably fails of its mission. The same is true, to a certain extent, of the histories of our country, which have been produced by scores, *apropos* of our Centennial Anniversary. There is not room for all of these, and in their hasty preparation inaccuracies are sure to occur.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

FEW of us appreciate the mighty power of the American press, which, it is no exaggeration to say, is the strongest force in the nation. It is especially potential in times like the present, when a fierce political contest is progressing, and when its vilest qualities are drawn into vehement and bitter expression. No conscience seems to rule in the editorial offices; no scruples obstruct the fabrication of matter favorable to the editor's party; and the people, eager for accurate information and trustworthy guidance, are subjected to a mere choice between lies. The modern editor does not hesitate to malign his political foes, deservedly or not; the effect of editorial words on them is not considered; only the effect on the party. We look in vain, even in the columns of our favorite journal, for the truth. It shapes its utterances in accordance with partisan policy, without reference to truth, law, or good morals. We heartily desire the establishment in the chief cities of the Union of newspapers of the highest integrity and the soundest principle, in whose columns one might look with confidence for wise counsel and a true statement of facts. Papers like the London *Times*, able and absolutely independent, are what we want; their helpfulness can be fairly estimated only by those who have given the subject careful thought. Nothing is more pernicious than to trust to the teachings of partisan papers; for to their wilful and damaging misrepresentations must be attributed all the political evils of the time. No man is qualified to vote who is not accurately informed as to the merits of candidates and causes. The diverse reports of the state of things at the South constitute a striking illustration of the untrustworthiness of the American press.

WHAT TO READ.

IN his "Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on the English Language," Professor Hiram Corson declares that, "to read any one good production of an author, even superficially, is far better than to read all that has been written on and around and about it." Ignoring the pleonasm of these two propositions, we must dissent from the Professor's position. Presuming that the book has a noble and fruitful subject, which the writer is utterly incapable of treating, is it not better to read the illuminations cast upon it by many and great minds, than to read its thin transparency? In the contrast of several judgments the truth appears, while the view of a single feeble mind is narrow and inadequate. The contents of any book are enriched and re-enforced through digestion by a strong and clear-sighted intelligence. They represent, after that process, the wealth of one mind added to that of another. Prof. Corson's subsequent advice, that the beginner should avoid philosophical criticism, is pertinent and valuable; but the general proposition that precedes it — that it is better to read a feeble original than the vigorous comments upon it—is false. With his position as above stated, that the original work of an author should be read, the later position, that the student should read parts only of some writers, is inconsistent.

— The art of "putting things" is happily illustrated in Messrs. Holt & Co.'s advertisement of "Condensed Novels." They quote among other notices our own, which was decidedly adverse. We wrote: "For our part, this deliberate mutilation of classic novels seems not less than sacrilegious. We hope for the publishers' sake that the public will not agree with us. But the volume contains much good reading, and we have read it with unflagging interest."

Messrs. Holt & Co. reproduce this, omitting the middle sentence.

— We heard one Sunday last month, in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) church, a sermon of true religion. It was one of our few experiences of that pleasure, for, in these days of Beechers, Newmans, and Winslows, the clerical character is no guarantee of its wearer's piety or of his power to instruct his flock. The preacher was Rev. J. T. Duryea, of the Classon Presbyterian Church. His theme was the knowledge of God, its qualities and characteristics, and the way to attain it. God has given us thinking powers, and of these we are to make steps which shall lead us up to him. The idea of Fatherhood, — the picture of the thoughtful and believing mortal, standing, confident and sustained, in the benign presence of his Maker, recognized and blessed, was drawn with the strength and vividness of the true orator, and will linger long in the minds of those who saw it. Religion, as he expounds it, is very simple in character and easy of attainment; his definition eliminates it from all the doubts and difficulties that shroud it to the popular mind. His theory of journeying up to God, by the ladder of thought and knowledge, was forcibly illustrated by instances in his own experience and observations. The mind of man he glorified with thrilling enthusiasm, exhibiting its mighty capacity by eloquent and impressive figures. "The human hand," he said, holding up one of those members, "grasps only what it can contain; but the human mind, growing with continual thought, expands to an illimitable attainment." In manner, style, utterance, and general effect, Dr. Duryea maintains an ideal harmony and ease which dispose the mind of the hearer to calm attention, and attune his thoughts to the melodies of heavenly choirs. The magnificent strains of congregational music re-enforced the serene devoutness of the audience, and the scene exemplified the sanctity of true *cultus*. Dr. Duryea has built up this church from very small beginnings, and has thus proved that some good can come out of Nazareth, that the shadow of Plymouth church and its idol has not blighted the piety and manliness of Brooklyn.

— Mr. Browning almost vies with Byron in eccentric rhymes in his new poem, "Pacchiarotto, and How he Worked in Distemper." Here are specimens: "Work ill," and "Circle;" "Fresco" and "*Quiesco*;" "Paid ease," and "Ladies;" "Was hard," and "Hazard;" "Prelude," and "Hell-hued." Here is a triplet: —

> "As for Art, where decorum's pooh-poohed it is
> By Poets that plague us with bad ditties,
> And Painters that pester with nudities."

The last line is applicable to the Art Exhibition at the Centennial. And here is another: —

> "Convocation for vassal'd prince meet,
> Wherein all the powers that convince meet,
> And mash my opponent to mince-meat."

The best compliment we can pay the poem is that it is laughable. Those who appreciate Mr. Browning's style may enjoy it. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

"SEE the Centennial, and Die;" or, if the mandate be deemed too severe,—Not to have seen the Centennial argues yourself unknown. Of the forty millions of people in the United States it is fair to assume that three-fifths have painfully explored its mysteries, — to say nothing of the many foreigners who have gazed large-eyed upon its wonders. One goes to it as to a duty. In human probability it is unlikely that any of us will take part in the celebration of 1976: the thousands who now move among the Centennial marvels, and wonder how their poor forefathers lived a hundred years ago, will have returned to the dust from which they came, and their children's children will revisit the time-honored heights of Fairmount to renew the ancestral office of commemoration. One feels proud to survey the triumphs of one's fellow-countrymen; one reverences the noiseless handiwork of Corliss, which, with a slight strain of its muscles, contributes life and motion to all the vast machinery of the hall. The consentaneous bones and tendons of the hundred-handed Briareus of New England's mechanical genius leap at once into action, and proclaim, with voice vehement and not unmelodious, the victory of American inventive power. From the desolated South comes the whirr of the busy cotton-gin; from thoughtful New England sounds the buzz of the flying spindles, and the continual click of the labor-saving sewing-machine; from the same fecund section reverberates the voice of Waltham, warning us of the flight of time; from the lusty young West rings afar the shout of the reaper, the flash of the scythe and the sickle, and the crash of the grain-giving mills. The voices of industry call upon the sluggard man to give over his slumber, and rise to the call of productive duty. The summons is answered, and the brain and muscle of the country join in a generous gift to the world.

One needs a month, at least, thoroughly to explore the treasures of this aggregate of national wealth and fecundity. The teeming soil and the teeming brain vie with one another in the conception of marvels, and the earth sighs under the burden of their welcome fruits. Far lands, under other skies, envious of the successes of the young Western champion, come, too, with their rich offerings; and semi-barbarian Tunis and New South Wales, and even the obscure State of Orange, transmit the thriving buds of prosperity. Agriculture, manufactures, science, art, and literature conspire in generous rivalry, to work a triumph over preceding nations. The triumph is easy; for the world being judge assigns the laurels to the young Republic. Even the din of political antagonism is hushed amid the busy hum of industry; and the practical asserts its easy supremacy over the ideal.

Where shall we begin the varied narrative of this magnificent exposition? Art alphabetically leads the roll. England, France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Mexico, re-enforce the artistic exhibit and stimulate us by their example. The Dutch pictures are worthy of special inspection. The range of their artists is marvellous; but they excel in pictures of domestic life, in which they have no rivals. The French pictures are mainly meretricious, though most of them are characterized by fidelity to Nature and felicity of coloring. Many of their figures are in a state of nudity, which would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Eve. In the crush of human matter and the wreck of elaborate costumes, one is ill-placed for a critical examination of works of art. With eyes fixed on the special beauties of a painting, one is hustled out of place by the surging crowd, and forced to take up another stand-point, which defeats his view. The critic's glance must be like the flash of lightning, and can carry away only the most salient features of each picture. The variety of subject and execution is perhaps the most noticeable feature of this collection. This complexity leads inevitably to confusion in the mind of the observer, and thwarts exhaustive criticism. For the first time the writer felt thrilled with the love of art; for the first time he yielded to the sensuous luxuriance of the French houris, the more massive splendor of the Spanish donna, and the buxom lustiness of the Netherlands frau; for the first time he paid the reluctant tribute of tears to the revelations of grief, and laughed in unison with the manifestations of painted mirth. A quiet joy crept upon him from the tumbling green seas, and from the misty mountain tops darted rays of happiness into his heart. *Mutabile semper!* all is change! From Bierstadt's "Mount Hood" to Trumbull's "Washington," from Brown's lovely "Venice" to Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," he turns, fascinated, bewildered. His progress is snail-like; a gem-like picture seizes and holds him, till in his absorption in its beauties he forgets that it has peers. The effect of this rapid transit through these pigmentary heavens is in the highest degree embarrassing and confusing. The delicate impression of one picture is suddenly effaced by the superior force of the other; and at the end — ah, long-delayed and dreaded end! — one seems to hold a vari-colored sea in his brain, whose shifting waves buffet and delude his eager eyes. Of the nations represented by the fruits of the painter's art in this Exposition, we may confidently give the palm to the United States, young and comparatively untutored as she is. We need but name Eastman Johnson; C. M. Johns, of Pittsburgh, whose "Tubal Cain" shows rare constructive powers; Gilbert Stuart, whose many portraits do not suffer in comparison with those from other hands; Bierstadt, who contributes "The Yo-Semite" and "Mount Hood." Copley is seen in many fine portraits, and Trumbull in his fine equestrian likeness of Washington. The pictures of Mr. Whittridge are hardly surpassed by any in the collection, in spirited conception and coloring; and Thomas Moran's "Hot Springs of the Yellowstone" deserves a rank among the most admirable. His namesake Edward Moran's "Moonlight in New York Harbor" merits praise hardly less warm. The "Elaine" of Rosenthal is impregnated with a certain sad melancholy that holds the looker with an unrelaxing grasp. Of Kensett's "Conway Valley" and other charming pictures, of McEntee's "Saturday Afternoon," of Whittredge's "Autumn," of Miss E. J. Gardner's, of Shattuck's, Sully's, Stuart's, Allston's, and Copley's contributions, we have not space to speak. We have, however, evidence enough to establish the supremacy of America in the little cosmos of the pictorial art. In one notable spot we find the portraits of Charles Sumner — a very fine one — and of Ulysses S. Grant, touching one another. A strange vicinity, surely. We wonder if they bicker through the long nights. We cannot dismiss this specialty of the Centennial Exposition, without administering a rebuke to its managers for suffering so great an excess of nude figures to offend refined visitors. France illustrates its licentious nature and habits, by its copious contribution of nude monstrosities, — women in every attitude of lewdness, representatives of both sexes toying in suggestive dalliance, — lust in every possible manifestation. To say nothing of the insult to Art implied in this grossness, we must dwell a moment on its probable effect on the tender minds of the youth who gaze upon it wonderingly. They may be ignorant of its true significance, — no doubt they are; but, in the words of a member of an eminent New York publishing-house, it robs their modesty of its maiden bloom. To the mature it is nothing, — a sight to be glanced at and forgotten; but in the heart of the young girl it may leave a stain that will poison her soul and her life. Not in its sole capacity, perhaps, does this grossness seem noxious; but its peril lies subtle in its suggestiveness, and in the possibility that it may sometime be related to knowledge coming from other sources, with which, jointly, it may work evil. It is too late for our admonitions as to this matter to do any immediate good, but they may possibly have a prospective protecting influence; and, for the sake of our own editorial reputation, we desire to record our protest against this outrage on American modesty. We expected purer things from Gen. J. R. Hawley.

One gathers rare amusement in the hosts that tread on his heels and entangle the buttons of his coat, in these spacious haunts of Art. The comments one hears are original and striking, and evidently proceed from those unversed in the technicalities of Art. One pushing lady, glancing at "Pan and The Bacchantes," thus enlightens her companions:

"Pan and His Bacchanates." Another, encountering the grim likeness of Julian the Apostate, cries, "Oh, there is Julian the Apostle!" Not to be outdone in *malapropos* utterances by the rival sex, a man, facing the picture, "The Rising of Rienzi," — "Humph!" said he; "The Risin' of Ryan's Eye!" Inspecting the painting of "The First Mourners," — Adam and Eve in the presence of Abel's dead body, — a young girl and her lover were disputing as to the sex of Eve. The unveiled bosom of the latter was proof positive to all others; but the bickering twain could not reach an agreement. In the Brazilian department are silk-worms and the appurtenances of silk-making, the process of which involves boiling. A rustic, gazing on these with wide-eyed wonder, finally demanded, "Why, what in the world are they cooking here?" Though one may not get much enlightenment from the promiscuous observations on the pictures dropped by the passing crowd, one gets abundant entertainment in their average impertinence and *malapropos*. The mass of visitors, — who, as one may imagine, are not of deep culture, wandered about with a languid and *fadé* air, occasionally pausing to view some wonder, and to exchange opinions about it with their companions. A son tenderly conducted his frail mother among the tokens of an age and an enterprise new to her worn eyes; a stolid husband plodded obediently at the elbow of his *espiègle*, prying wife; two lovers cooed in the corners, and tittered at some picture suggestive of emotions like their own. Dotting the multitude, loomed the figures of stalwart mothers, bearing stout babies in their arms, regardless of the magnificence which surrounded them, and deaf to the tumult in which they moved; engrossed in soothing the bantling with maternal pat, or sating him with the maternal pabulum. The policy of bringing babies into this whirl of turbulence, having little experience with these simian prodigies, we decline to discuss; but on first thought we decide that it is imprudent.

The Main Building seemed to be the favorite resort, the ample floors within its graceful rafters, being densely populated at all times. The riches of this repository were bewildering in their mass and variety. Looking at a sumptuous *suite* of apartments, your eyes fall upon a glittering cabinet of gems, and through the gossamer veil of plenteous laces fasten themselves on sturdy silks at $84 per yard. How many fond husbands, we wonder, pledged themselves to pleading wives, to the purchase of one of these imperial costumes! Messrs. Shoddy and Porcine were present with plethoric pocket-books, and to them the tractatory power of these treasures was irresistible. The great halls offered fine fields for the study of human nature. How differently we are impressed by the same spectacles! A brisk, bright, inquiring man in a neat suit of pepper-and-salt tweed, sidles up to a bale of sheeting fresh from the spindles of a New England mill, and sweet with the perfume of fair operatives' hands, and pries into its warp and woof with the keen curiosity of a *connoisseur*, weighs it in his hand, tests it with his teeth, and moves away, mentally calculating its market value. A female, gay in summer costume, and with an air half matronly, half fashionable, scans the tempting goods, and tacitly calculates its contents as comprised in family garments. At the golden bazaars of Tiffany, and Starr, and Marcus, gathers a swarm of jewel-loving women, drinking in the beauty of the lovely yet unattainable gem. "Oh, for the glint of that elegant bracelet on my shapely arm!" "How Charles would admire the flashing radiance of that glorious diamond *solitaire!*" "Pa shall surely buy for me that twelve thousand gem!" And so sighed and coveted and longed the flippant females hungry for the appliances and appurtenances of beauty, wherewith to lure and ensnare their admirers of the sterner sex. Through the dependent masses of rigid silks, and the waves of effluent laces, steer the determined pull-backs, with desiderant but hopeless hearts within them. Oh, to be rich; oh, to have within my grasp these triumphs of the jeweller's art, to be queen of society, to be admired and envied of all! But there are wiser lookers-on, to whom these baubles are but lures and snares. To their clear eyes far nobler and more beautiful are the stark and finished products of the busy loom, the polished proceeds of the mechanic's bench, the evidences of God's beneficence and man's skill. Not to those dumb and dead, though glittering treasures of the earth, do their hearts go in adoration: they love rather the tributes of genius and industry that so prodigally attest the bounty of Providence.

It would be a weary, tiring task to attempt to enumerate the classes of goods, *bijouterie*, articles of use and ornament, that are so lavishly scattered through these expansive halls: strong must be the pen, steady the nerves, and enduring the muscle of the chronicler who would essay this task. The wealth of Ormus and of Ind invites him; the products of the thousand mills confront, and the domestic insignia of a score of diverse peoples confuse and bewilder him. He is non-plussed; where to begin; how to end: he abandons the enterprise, discomfited.

The usual programme of visitors is to begin with an examination of the Main Building, with its singularly miscellaneous contents. This is a long two days' task, and the tourist's interest wanes as the sun sinks in the west, and his weary limbs are sullenly disposed to the demands of his inquisitive mind. The deed accomplished, he passes to the noble Memorial Hall and the Department of Art. But we have tarried there till the flesh and spirit of our readers are weak, and we forbear to dwell longer on the pictorial messages of all the nations of the world, — where the facile brush of the Frenchman reports the fluctuating sentiment of his country, the stiff fingers of John Bull revive the bright landscapes of his sunny Kent, the deft hand of the Swiss sets forth the towering Alps and the gleaming lakes of his native canton, and the slow nimbleness of the Flemish painter painfully traces the full contour of a Hamburg dame. It is a vision of the world. We stand on the apex of Atlas, and behold the swarming bees below us. Amid this stir and tumult of life, there stand dead monitory groups to warn us of the coming end. Families of Swedes and Norwegians, pallid, rigid, still, stand grouped before the household fire, as they stood in life, not long ago. The coarse skin, the dull eyes are visible; the rude but warm costumes clothe those rough but strong figures, gathered it may be for some rustic sports, or for the solemn offices funereal. There are lessons in these grave *tableaux*. They were here but a moment ago; they have done their tasks, and they are gone. They stand as they lived, types of a life that waned in the cold North, and that has partly infused itself into the genial atmosphere of the American North-West. A more touching and suggestive spectacle than these family groups present we do not know; and we do not wonder at the array of thoughtful, quiet faces that are gathered around to behold them.

The most beautiful and effective of all the Centennial buildings — though nearly all are models of architectural symmetry and grace — is the Memorial Hall, already spoken of. Its artistic decorations have already been descanted on, and a faint idea of its pigmentary attractions has been conveyed. We leave it with the concluding remark that a wiser and more rigid discrimination in the selection of its pictures would have produced far happier results. The name of its paintings is Legion, and decimation would have been their most politic treatment.

The majority of Centennial visitors occupy rooms in private houses down town, where they breakfast and dine, taking lunch on the Centennial grounds. Where to perform this enjoyable ceremony is a question which perplexes many. The most pretentious restaurant on the grounds is "Les Trois Frères au Provençaux;" but alas! their charges are exorbitant. For bringing you a cup of coffee their fee is ten cents, and all viands and services are taxed at proportionate rates. Their establishment was avoided or visited only once by all sensible visitors. Next, perhaps, in rank is the Vienna Bakery of Messrs. Flamm & Fleishmann, who felicitously show the Austrian method of defrauding. Their *menu* is extremely simple, but extremely dear. Two bits of Vienna bread, shaped in a crescent-like form (suggesting an ample repast "in a horn"), and a cup of coffee in which the white of an egg is the succedaneum of cream, — for these dainties — we will do the firm the kindness of saying that they are very delicious — the guest is mulcted

in the sum of thirty-five cents, twenty-five for the coffee and ten for the bread. Lauber's restaurant promised to be a pleasant resort; but fire damaged it so as to render it useless for a long time. Scattered over the grounds are various places of refection, more or less attractive; and in the main building is a restaurant conducted by the Lelands, where one may get a comfortable repast for a reasonable price. Apple and pea-nut marts, on a small scale, abound. The sale of liquor is not permitted on the grounds, and one can hardly find a glass of beer wherewith to cool his parched lips.

A word should be said for the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has provided most effectually for the needs of the visitor. Not only does it bear him safely, swiftly, and comfortably to his destination, but it enables him, by means of frequent crossing trains, to reach any part of the Centennial grounds. The locomotive chairs that swarm in the halls, burdened with lazy ladies, are a veritable nuisance, blocking the passages, and abrading the shins of the unwary visitor.

Of the management we cannot speak in terms of too warm praise, with the exceptions already noted, and the possible exception of excessive red-tape in the matter of tickets and admittance. The orderliness of the multitude was perfect: not an indecorous movement was noticed, not a drunken face leered at you; no rubbish disfigured the walk; no loafers obstructed your passage. National gratitude is due to the wise men who secured to their fellow-countrymen the unmolested enjoyment of this celebration of the proudest anniversary of our land. Of the success, moral, material, and pecuniary, of this daring enterprise no doubt can remain; and we congratulate the country on its triumphant and hospitable entertainment of the nations of the earth in this amicable contest for superiority in the arts of practical use and ornament.

A word about Philadelphia must bring this perhaps prolix story to a close. The city, like Midas, has filled its capacious pocket; many millions have been dropped into its coffers, and, what with its pecuniary gain and conscious pride of success, it may well rejoice with exceeding great joy. But it is not faultless. It did, unconsciously no doubt, but yet culpably, imperil the lives of its guests by exposing them to dangerous illness, through its grossly defective drainage, and consequent miasmatic diseases. The excretions of the water-closets ooze upon the sidewalks; the cleansing streams of water from the house-pipes have dwindled to the size of a knitting-needle, and effluvia ineffably offensive pervade the homes. A reform of this iniquity seems imperative: we trust that the City Fathers will see to it that it is done at once.

Of the exhibition of books by the American book-trade, we have left ourselves no space to speak. Suffice it to say that it happily illustrated their good taste and vast resources, and was an honor to the nation which they represent.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "*C. E. B.*," *Florence, Mass.*, asks where in Carlyle's writings may be found the characterization of political economy as "a dismal science." We cannot inform him.

— "*N. K. B.*," *Baltimore*, asks the wearisome question, "Who wrote 'Consistency, thou art a jewel'?" If our correspondent had been a careful reader of the *Literary World* during the last six years, he would have saved himself from the pain of doubt and the task of asking this question. The answer is as uncertain as is the family name of the Man in the Moon. There are theories enough, but each has been exploded like a congested balloon.

— "*An interested subscriber*," *Boston.* The London publishers of George Eliot are Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

— The line, "Be bold, be bold," &c., which in our last number we attributed to Chaucer, was written by Spenser.

"*R. B. S.*," *Scio, O.* No revision has, we think, been made of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary since 1864, and we have no means of knowing when one will be made.

— "*W. L. W.*," *Melrose.* There is no such word as "conniption" in the English language; it is of Yankee origin, and not of pure blood. We cannot tell you who is the author of "The Hermit in London."

— "*F. L. C.*," *Chicago*, writes, — "Will you oblige a reader by answering in a future issue, who was or is the author of 'Vestiges of Creation'?

"In an advertisement to the second American Edition published by Wiley & Putnam, New York, about 1845, Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart., F. R. S., &c., is said to be the author. He is not so named, however, by Allibone, or by any authority I can find, nor does his name appear on the title-page or elsewhere in the work."

The latest authority on this question is the Countess of Caithness. She says in her recent book that "Vestiges of Creation" was surely written by a lady.

— Some time ago a correspondent informed us that the long-mooted line, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," might be found in the Galignani edition of Thomas Moore's poems. Another correspondent now writes that his copy of that book, in which only one leaf is missing, contains no such line.

— "*J. A. E.*," *Hawley, Mass.*, writes: —

"Douglass, Douglass, tender and true."

"I think there must be an old ballad of which this is the refrain. Scott in his novel wherein Mary Stuart is a character, and over a chapter in which her Douglass lover appears, uses the above line as a heading. I have not Scott's novels by me now, and have forgotten whether the novel is *The Monastery* or *The Abbot*. But whichever it is, it must have been written long before Miss Muloch's poem. I had always supposed the newer to be suggested by the older poem. I hope some reader of the *Literary World* will be wiser than I, and give us the ballad entire."

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "The Story of Our Country" is told by Mrs. L. B. Monroe, with full success. She narrates, in colloquial form, a conversation with her two children. The narrative is divided into episodes, beginning with the voyages of Columbus, to which she gives too much space in proportion, and proceeds through the colonization of Virginia, the "Mayflower's" voyage, &c. She writes in an easy, pleasant, humorous style, skilfully imparting useful instruction to the little listeners. The volume conveys a clear idea of the history of our country in a very agreeable form. It is neatly printed, and contains very good illustrations. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— The Centennial Guide of Messrs Lippincott & Co. has had a wonderful sale; not less than two hundred thousand copies, a few weeks ago. It contains a great amount of just the information needed by the visitor, put in the most accessible form. Its contents comprise many useful particulars about Philadelphia and its environs, a fine map of the city and the Centennial territory, a list of the buildings, hotels, public institutions, railway tables, &c. Messrs. Porter & Coates' Official Guide-Book is more comprehensive, giving in substance a history of Philadelphia, and its public organizations and institutions, an elaborate account of the Centennial celebration and the buildings. The historical part of it is well written, and one reads it with real pleasure. Several good illustrations add interest to it. The same house has issued new and very fine editions of Don Quixote and "The Scottish Chiefs." The latter is by that admirable writer, Jane Porter, and deals intelligently and graphically with a critical period in Scottish history. Among the actors are some of the most famous men of the time, — Bruce, Sir William Wallace, Murray, Lennox, and Mar. The volume is a very handsome one of 740 pages, and contains fine illustrations.

— Charles Jervais's translation of "The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha" has been published by Porter & Coates in very handsome form. We need not say that this is one of the most delightful books ever put into print, and that Cervantes, the author, ranks at the head of Spanish, and as the peer of all, writers of fiction. The solemn chivalry of the knight, and the gross humor of his redoubtable squire, keep the reader in a state of delightful titillation. Many fine pictures add to the value of the book.

— We have never been able to bestow very warm praise on Mr. George H. Calvert's poetry; but it gives us pleasure to commend his efforts in what seems to be a more congenial field. He has written a pleasant and critical life of Rubens, which comprises not only much information about that great painter, but also many particulars as to the state of art in his day. The biography is very interesting. Almost as many cities have competed for the honor of Rubens's nativity as claimed to be the birth-place of Homer; but Mr. Calvert seems to settle the question in favor of Antwerp. The letter of his mother, striving to secure the pardon of her husband convicted of a heinous crime, is one of the most pathetic and remarkable compositions in history. The good fortune of Rubens, his high birth and riches, constituted him an exception in the indigent guild of artists; and his brilliant career in the courts of Mantua and Spain made him eminent, not only in the ranks of painters, but in the honorable roll of chivalry. Mr. Calvert writes with intelligence and enthusiasm about art, the student of which may find much instruction in his pages. [Lee & Shepard.]

— Messrs. Holt & Co. have issued in a handsome volume "Twenty Poems," by the late R. K. Weeks. A large majority of them treat of Nature with delicate taste and fine grace. They are distinctively meditative, and report the emotions of a fine spirit under the influence of Nature. "Andromeda" is a strong and impressive dramatic poem.

— Rev. James T. Bixby has prepared a work on "Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge," which deserves a hearty welcome from the thinking reader. It is written in a singularly calm and cool manner, shows no signs of prejudice, and seems to have as a sole purpose the unification of the two great branches of human thought. The author sets forth clearly the circumstances of the existing hostility between Religion and Science, its causes and its lamentable consequences. There are no new facts in this exhibit; but the old ones are arranged in an effective form. He argues cogently that this antagonism is quite unnecessary, basing his argument on three propositions, which alone he deems essential to true religion, — belief of a soul within man; belief in a sovereign Oversoul without; belief in actual or possible relations between them. On this rather striking idea he makes some shrewd observations: that "the sentiments of gratitude and aspiration, the peculiarities of worship, the forms of belief which religious history exhibits, are just as much phenomena of the world, just as much facts of the Kosmos, as the markings of a flower, or the transformation of a butterfly." He concludes, justifiably it seems to us, that science cannot cease, till religion becomes one of the subjects of its inquiry, and in a certain sense a part of science itself. "From the scientific stand-point," he declares, "there is no rightful quarrel between Science and Religion. Would that this conclusion might win the acceptance of all men, and the majestic twain, Religion and Science, move in harmony through all time, spiritualizing the world and humanity." The spirit of the author is pure and strong; he writes for the good of his fellow-men in a manner that appeals to the rudest intelligence, and the influence of his work cannot but be beneficent. This fine passage ends the book: "That which makes science something more than the gratification of an idle curiosity, or a low-lived utilitarianism, — that which gives to it in the thoughts of the higher-minded a sacred dignity, — is the belief that by it we are daily making clearer and clearer the ways of that Infinite Power, the features of that Divine Image, which all things shadow forth." [D. Appleton & Co.]

— One gets a world of counsel and comfort from Miss Muloch's novels. She seems to put her heart in them, and from the vicissitudes of every-day life draws lessons that linger and impress. "The Laurel Bush" is a simple little story, with common-place scenery, and few characters. The two chief of the latter, however, are very marked and individual, illustrating, as only Miss Muloch can make them do, the whitest virtues of the soul. In a Scotch family live Robert Roy, tutor, and Fortune Williams, governess, to the children of the house. For some years they have met daily; but not a word or hint of mutual attachment was ever breathed between them. Suddenly he tells her that he is going away, — to India. Each loves the other; but neither confesses it. He departs, promising that she shall have a letter the second day. This letter never reaches her; but she shuts her secret in her heart, and toils on cheerfully. Once she sees in an Indian paper a notice of the death of Robert Roy's daughter. Long after, moved by a sudden impulse, she writes to him. An answer comes back in a strange hand. It was written by another Robert Roy, who is an intimate friend of the first. Her Robert had gone to Australia, and no one knows his address. Fortune becomes governess in a rector's family, which includes two motherless girls. Their father asks her to be their mother indeed; but she remembers Robert, and declines the honor. Soon after the rector writes, asking her to care for his girls, and dies, leaving her a moderate legacy. Established in a little cottage, she leads a happy life, which at last is interrupted by an amazing bit of intelligence. Chance leads David Dalzie, a son of the house where she met Robert, to tell her of his concealment of a letter in his childhood, the mouldy remains of which he excavates from the ground. One day a gentleman asks for her, and, going down, she finds herself in the presence of Robert, accompanied by two boys, who call him father. But it presently appears that they belong to the dead Mr. Roy. Every reader will imagine the finale. The old lovers are married, and there is gossip *galore*. Yet there is a certain — we should say cruelty, if any save Miss Muloch had written it — womanly cunning in the plot which annoys. One feels almost profane when Davie hints that there *may* be a letter in his letter-box, when in fact there was, — the promised one from Robert. We quote two or three scraps of the woman's wisdom that enriches the story: "No one expects good looks in his sex; indeed, they are rather objectionable. Women do not usually care for a very handsome man; and men are prone to set him down as conceited." "There are women who will 'help a man on,' — propose to him, marry him, indeed, — while he is under the pleasing delusion that he does it all himself." "She missed him, even this week, after having for weeks and months been with him every day; but it was less like a girl missing her lover, — who was, after all, not her lover, — than a child mourning helplessly for the familiar voice, the guiding, helpful hand." "No amount of sorrow need make any human life harmful to man or unholy before God; as a discontented, unhappy life must needs be unholy in the sight of him who in the mysterious economy of the universe seems to have one absolute law. He modifies, transmutes, substitutes, re-applies material to new uses; but apparently by him nothing is ever really lost, nothing thrown away." [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Bayard Taylor has written a very interesting book, called "Boys of Other Countries," in which juvenile life in foreign lands is skilfully illustrated in narratives and stories. Many of these are very entertaining, and not only amuse but also convey a good deal of information about different countries. "Jon of Iceland" is especially meritorious. The volume is handsomely printed, and contains fine illustrations. [G. P. Putnam's Sons; Lee & Shepard.]

— "Amongst Machines," by the author of "The Young Mechanic," contains full information as to the mechanical appliances used in the manufacture of wood, metals, and other substances. The writer gives due credit to American inventive genius, acknowledging England's indebtedness for many improvements in machinery. An introduction recites the great progress in mechanical power during the last century, and points out the advantages resulting therefrom. The chapters treat respectively of Human Toil, Iron, Tilting and Rolling, Wire-Drawing, Brass Tubes, &c. [G. P. Putnam's Sons; Lee & Shepard.]

— In the preface to "Historical and Architectural Sketches," Mr. E. A. Freeman very justly complains of Mr. Augustus Hare's appropriation of his (Mr. Freeman's) articles written for the *Saturday Review*, which, he says, "was done without any leave from me or from the editor of the *Review;* and, by a further breach of the rules of literary etiquette, Mr. Hare thought proper to add my name to pieces which were still anonymous." This collection of essays is almost wholly Italian. With the author's learned architectural observations is mingled a strain of pleasant narrative in which we get a clear idea of the places he passed through, —Würtzburg to Trent, Ancient Verona, Ravenna, Trier, Aachen, Gelnhausen, Lucca, Pisa, Fæsulæ, Florence, Ariminium, Ancona, Rome, Tusculum, Southern Italy, Lombardy, Vucelli, and Aosta. One doubts which gives him most delight, the sketches of travel through the classic villages of Germany, or the terse and intelligent criticisms of architecture. The author has a quick eye for the charms of Nature, as well as for the seductive features of cathedrals, and their joint vision produces the happiest results. The first two chapters, "Würtzburg to Trent," and "The Venetian March," which comprises a keen inspection of the architectural wonders of the Venetian cities, amply illustrate the felicity of combination. Mr. Freeman is an admirable tourist, as well as an intelligent critic of churches and salient points of civilization. As a companion for the traveller, and a fount of information for the untravelled, his book has a high value. [MacMillan & Co.]

— In "The Two Great Commandments," sermons by the learned and venerable Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, we find a hint of the old New England theology, that makes one shudder by day and dream of Cotton Mather and his multitudinous witches by night. "Men have been taught that it was natural to them to hate their Maker; and such a Being as has been represented to be their Maker, — a Being who has brought them into existence, with a nature totally depraved and utterly helpless, unable to render obedience, and yet, for failing of it, to be doomed to be cast into everlasting

misery; yes, infants, little children, too, who had not sinned, doomed to be cast into everlasting fire, there to suffer, for ever, not for any thing they had done, but for Adam's fall, — such a Being, I say, men could not love; but such a Being their Maker is *not*. The dogma of endless pain for the errings of a short life is fast dying out of the world; but its influence upon our minds does not die so fast. Let not those who flatter themselves that they have escaped from the shadow of darkening creeds imagine that they have escaped altogether." "If then, there is between every soul and its Maker a bond more sacred, a relation more exalted, than any other; if this one in human experience is loftier, is more sublime than any other; if there is such a thing possible for man as the love of God, a reverence, an adoration which no words can utter, a trust and joy in the infinite rectitude, bringing perfect peace, bringing the unshaken assurance that all is well and will end well, — if such a stay and strength can be found by the weak and troubled soul, and such a profound and soul-filling satisfaction, would the study and care and prayer of a life be accounted too much to gain it?" The tone of his sermon is eminently earnest and sincere, while its effect is to soothe and reassure. The same characteristics give a high value to its fellow, and the volume is a treasure to be pondered and profited by. [James Miller.]

— "Captain Sam," by George C. Eggleston, is a capital story for boys, who will heartily enjoy his adventures "by flood and field," fighting the Indians, scouting, and conquering Jake Elliot. Sam, though still a minor, served in General Jackson's army, and rendered excellent service. The story of his achievements illustrates the value of quick wit, energy, and courage. The volume is illustrated. [G. P. Putnam's Sons; Lee & Shepard.]

— In writing "Hygeia, a city of Health," Dr. B. W. Richardson has conferred a great and lasting benefit on the people of the world. He has shown them clearly how in the great cities they may live securely, comfortably, and cheaply, exempt from the diseases which devastate large populations. The diminution of the death-rates, due to the advances of sanitary science, has steadily increased in the last half-century. In England, from 1790 to 1801, the general mortality diminished one fourth; and the same was true in France, where in 1780 only 21 per cent reached the age of fifty, while in 1817–1827 thirty-two attained that term. The author feels justified in assuming that civilization, unaided by special scientific knowledge, reduces disease and lessens mortality. His statistics of popular diseases are interesting. "No malady, once originated," he says, "has ever died out; many remain as potent as ever." Consumption is the same disease described by Cœlius Aurelianus. His plan of a City of Health is simple, and, so far as we can see, perfectly reasonable. It provides for every need and contingency, — for light, heat, ventilation, the division of labor, water, &c., by processes which seem eminently practical and easy of employment. The next important changes proposed are in chimneys, roofs, kitchens, &c. The chimneys are all to be connected with central shafts, which draw in the smoke, which, pouring through a gas-furnace, to destroy the free carbon, is discharged colorless into the open air. In bed-rooms, twelve hundred cubic feet of space is allowed to each sleeper, and from them all unnecessary articles of dress and furniture are excluded. The author concludes that, by the observance of his rules and the adoption of his plan, an average mortality of eight per thousand would be saved in the first generation. This book is a good and useful one, and deserves a wide reading; which its cheapness, 30 cents per copy, will be likely to secure for it. [Macmillan & Co.]

— A finer poem we have rarely seen than "The Legend of Roses," by Samuel James Watson, Librarian of the Ontario Parliament, Toronto. Its scene is laid in Judea in the times of rigid Hebrew rule. A lovely maiden orphaned by the death of her father, who left her great riches, is in the clutches of an uncle who covets her gold. Having fabricated a charge of idolatry against her, he secures her conviction by the priests, though she is valiantly defended by a young Greek named Arion. An interlude is occupied by a colloquy of great interest between her two guards. The pile is fired amid a weeping multitude, when Christ appears, the flames die out, and the fair Cydna steps forth with new beauty amid the popular awe and wonder. Christ vanishes. The merits of this poem are many and positive. The author's narrative power is remarkable, strong, and picturesque, and his diction is elegant. We quote a few exemplary passages:

"There is no death; for that which we call death,
For want of knowledge of all modes of work
Wherewith the Almighty works, for want of words
To picture well the little that we know, —
What we call death is nothing but divorcement:
The keen sword from the worn and fretted scabbard,
The oil and wick and flame from the weak lamp,
The breath of God ta'en back again to Heaven
After it warmed a portion of the world.
There is no death. A noble thought ne'er dies,
A good deed never dies, nor a good word,
Nor any thing which, since the world began,
Ever did good, even in the humbliest way,
Unto humanity. There is no death in Nature,
Nor in man's body, nor unto man's soul.
There is no death in any thing but doubting."

"Each to his promptings: the poor mole will burrow,
The darkness is his home, his place of pleasure;
The eagle's vans will free him to mount up,
Even if he were unwilling, the eagle's eye
Is sunward and sun-loving; if he stoop
From his blue empire, to alight on earth,
'Tis appetite, and not his nature draws him."

"When men, like starving ghouls, fight o'er the bones
Of old beliefs they fancy they have slain,
But which will not, because they cannot, die."

"It is a melancholy mystery
To think that a few grains of dust and mould
Cover the brain that grasped the universe,
Choke up the warm flow of the heart-poured speech,
Quench the sweet fire of souls that warmed a world,
And still the beating of those breasts with which
The heart of man kept unison."

"I dreamt I stood upon a lordly tower;
Before me stretched a sea of golden grain,
Which rose and rocked in many a sunny wave,
Each billow like the bounteous breast of Ceres,
At every heave, bestowing breath to others.
Behind me rose the blue sky-pillowing hills,
Upon whose sides ambitious cities soared
On wings of marble and magnificence."

"Ah, arrowy thought of keenest agony!

. . . . . .

That I am severed from the common hope
Of being the mother of Messiah.
It is this hope alone that gilds existence
For us, the daughters of a fallen race."

"Ravlan," which is also included in this volume, is a strong, eloquent tragedy, the scene of which is laid in ancient Britain, and in whose action the mightiest passions of the human soul have vehement expression. Mr. Watson is a true poet, and we doubt not he will soon take rank among the ablest poets of America. His insight is keen, his power of expression and his utterance strong at once and graceful. [Hunter, Rose, & Co., Toronto.]

— Messrs. Roberts Brothers will speedily bring out a volume by Rev. James Martineau, called "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things." "Thoughts of Marcus Antoninus," and "Thomas à Kempis" are just ready.

— The finest volume, we think, ever issued in America is "The Ancient Mariner," with a score of illustrations by Doré. In all the delicacies of typography, in paper, composition, press-work, binding, it is without a peer. One never can tire of the artist's masterly conceptions, his awful storms, his writhing figures, his ethereal skies, his massive structures. Their grandeur fills the gazer, and inspires him with potent imaginings. No more magnificent Christmas gift could be desired. Its price is only ten dollars, while it offers incalculable beauty and value. [Harper & Brothers.]

— Rev. M. J. Savage has written a little book, called "Light on the Cloud." It comprises poetry and prose, fitted for the consolation of the afflicted. He treats his subject under the following heads: The Mystery of Affliction; The Ministry of Affliction; The Divine Alchemy; Death a Blessing; Willing to Live; Happiness and Heaven. The book is simply written, and affords substantial consolation for the sufferers. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— In "The Religion of Evolution," by Rev. M. J. Savage, the author cites Professor Huxley's declaration, after looking at the Marsh collection (Yale College), that "Evolution is now a matter of fact in history as much as the monuments of Egypt." He scouts the idea that there is any real conflict between science and religion: the true state of the case, he thinks, is that men on both sides desire to establish their own positions. He recites the stages in this conflict, and deprecates the general fear of science on the part of religious men. The discourse on immortality is especially interesting. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Mr. E. P. Roe is one of the most successful of American story-writers, and his last effort is an advance on his earlier books. It is called "Near to Nature's Heart," which is not significant and not fitting, we think. The scene is laid on the Hudson in the beginning of the Revolution. The hero is a rich and spirited young man named Saville, a staunch patriot, though his mother is a royalist. He had married a rich heiress; but she espousing the king's party, the twain separated in anger. He made the acquaintance of a lovely young girl named Vera, who lived in a secluded cottage on the Heights with her father, — a man with crime on his soul and in hiding. Of course, love germinates between them. He enters the service and behaves valiantly. A large amount of military history is woven into the narrative, giving the work a certain solid value. The other characters in the story are strongly individual, and effective. Hamilton, Gen. Washington, Gen. James and George Clinton, and other distinguished men figure prominently; and Larry, Saville's servant, makes fun for the million, — his lusty wife, Molly, aiding him in no small degree. The book is well written and deeply interesting.

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

LIPPINCOTT'S. — The finest account we have yet seen of the Centennial is in this number. It is admirably written, comprehensive, yet concise, conveying clear impressions as to the contributions of the several nations, and presenting in its general view a striking *tout ensemble*. Mr. Ellis Yarnall describes a visit to Wordsworth's home, and his wanderings with Coleridge about Rydal Mount. He saw the highest habitation, save one, in England; visited Southey's residence, Greta Hall, Lodore, and many other places associated with memories of the Lake poets. George Macdon-

ald's new novel, "The Marquis of Lossie," is begun in this number. The writer of "Higher Education" discusses the definitions of that phrase, and sharply criticises an "American Graduate" in the *International Review* for his assault on American colleges, and his failure to show how they can become universities. He contends, justly, we think, "that the American people, as a community of intelligent beings, working to a common national end, does not yet see clearly how education is best begun, advanced, or finished, — how it may be adapted to all classes and stages, and made subservient to the welfare of all." There is much good sense in this article, and the author's views are fresh and vigorously expressed. An appreciative paper on "The Wagner Festival" is furnished by an anonymous writer. "The Pendulum of Fortune," a capital German story, is well-translated, though it has a very sad end. "To a Firefly" is a charming little poem. In her letter from South Africa, Lady Barker describes Kaffir weddings in a very interesting manner, together with a Kaffir market. The operations of the Paris Post-Office are admirably described by Lucy H. Hooper, who tells many charming anecdotes in her paper.

HARPER'S. — Mrs. Mulock Craik contributes a poem, "Magnus and Morna," and very pretty it is, too. A gay young fisherman, sitting by his boat, sees seven sea-maids, who, emerging from the water, dance and sing. Morna comes forward in tears; Magnus seizes and bears her away while her six sisters flee away. He woos and marries her. But his mother quarrels with her, and their home is not a happy one. Magnus, the fisherman, offers some wise counsel: —

> "When a man comes home,
> Don't begin to wrangle;
> Better far to sleep,
> In the hungry deep,
> 'Neath white sheets of foam,
> And of sea-weed tangle.
> Peace, peace, peace;
> Cease, cease, cease.
> When a man comes home,
> Don't begin to wrangle."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford writes well of mediæval furniture, of which she seems to have an extensive knowledge. "The table of the ninth century is pictured to us as a semi-circular arrangement, with a short drapery hanging around it, just beneath an upright edge similar to the guard which at sea prevents objects from sliding off the table, or the rim of the old Roman *abaci*. There was no cloth on the board itself, and only the dishes containing the viands, the knives, and the bones thrown at random. If the guests would drink from the enormous vessels provided, they turned away or left the table." In Mr. H. E. Scudder's paper on "A Puritan Gentleman in New England," we find nothing new. It is a biographical sketch of Gov. John Winthrop, made up from approved history. "An Englishwoman among the Himalayas" is a sprightly narrative. "Only a Study," a short story, by Annie Thomas, is only so-so. One of the most interesting papers in the number is Mrs. Lamb's "Tombs in Old Trinity," in which she briefly sketches the lives of the distinguished dead. Her estimate of Albert Gallatin is far too high: Morse's "Life of Hamilton" depicts him in another character. Miss Woolson's story, "Mission Endeavor," is by far her best — in fact, it is a model story — strong, fresh, and picturesque. In "A Grand Business Man of the New School," we find a type of that speculative rage that animated James Fisk, and has brought such general ruin among the *habitués* of Wall street. It is a faithful picture of modern money-madness.

THE ATLANTIC. — Mr. Hazard Stevens furnishes an admirable article on "The Ascent of Takhoma." The long inventory of his English companion's traps is delightfully sarcastic, made more so by contrast with Packwood's simple provision for a tour across the mountains, — a jack-knife and a plug of tobacco, at the cost of two and a half dollars. This paper is delightfully fresh, throwing much light on the scenery and characteristics of Washington Territory and its mountainous marvels. Miss Kate Putnam Osgood's poem, "Miller Michel," is her best, we think. Its cadence is lovely, and diction unimpeachable. The choice of metre is singularly felicitous. The plot is highly dramatic, and is worked out with great skill. Henry James's story, "The American," *crescit eundo*, grows as it goes. How fine is this, and how American: "When he shook hands with her, he always asked, with a laugh, whether she could 'stand him another evening;' and she replied, without a laugh, that 'thank God, she had always been able to do her duty.'" The conversation between the lovers, after Newman's interview with Mrs. Bread, is inimitable. We are not sure that this will not prove the great American novel. The publishers of the *Atlantic* deem it so good that they duplicate five pages of it in this number. Junius Henri Browne writes a readable paper on Giordano Bruno. Gen. Howard continues his narrative of the battles about Atlanta; Charles Wyllys Elliott writes of "Pottery at the Centennial;" Miss Preston of "Early Provençal Poetry;" Mr. Warner of "The Fair of Moses;" Mrs. Kemble's gossip is as piquant as usual. Mr. Aldrich's verses, "Rencontre," are very deft and dainty.

SCRIBNER'S. — "The Charter-Oak City" is an excellent article, giving a graphic description of the place, its institutions and industries. The writer dwells with emphasis on its wealth and attractions; but he fails to note its want of culture, as indicated by its permitting a fine library to decay. Its chief interests, insurance and manufactures, have full and interesting treatment. The attitude of the pupil in the second drawing, on page 13, his back to his teacher, is disrespectful. "The Beginnings of Life" is far too scientific for the average reader to understand; but it describes the germination of life with profuse technicality; "Mère Giraud's Little Daughter" is a strong, crisp story, strikingly descriptive of French *bourgeois* life. "A Scottish Loaf-Factory" is curious and useful. "Pictures from Rome" is remarkable for its fine illustrations. The fourth line of Mr. Aldrich's poem, "England," is rhythmically bad, but the poem itself is fine. The article on "College Expenses" is rich in information to the intending collegian. It gives full particulars as to the cost of his course. The average expense of the Harvard student is $2500; of the poor Amherst student about $350; "What one wealthy man would spend at Yale or Harvard would educate either ten or twenty poor men at Beloit, or Illinois, or from six to twelve poor men at Dartmouth." "Rodney Maverick" is a fair story.

LITERARY NEWS.

— Mrs. Piatt has prepared a new volume of poems, called "That New World." Osgood & Co. will publish it in November.

— Messrs. Lippincott & Co. announce a revised trade edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia, which will comprise eight thousand pages and four thousand engravings.

— The holiday book of that very popular writer, Horatio Alger, Jr., will be entitled "Shifting for Himself." Upon his "Tattered Tom," Mr. Edwin A. Lewis, a Western playwright, has constructed a popular play of the same name. The heroine somewhat resembles "Nan" in the "Good For Nothing."

— Among the forthcoming English books, we note the following: Autobiography of Harriet Martineau; W. H. Russell's Tour of the Prince of Wales in India; Bida's Four Gospels; English Painters of the Nineteenth Century; The Two Americans, by Sir Rose Lambert Price; Letters from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to R. H. Horne; Mothers, Wives, and Daughters, by Lady Herbert; Charles Kingsley's Letters, edited by his wife; The History of the Evolution of Man, by Professor Haeckel; A Visit to German Schools, by Joseph Payne; A Ride to Khiva, by Captain Burnaby; a new edition of the Life of Turner, by Walter Thornbury; The Hunting Grounds of the Great West, by Richard Irving Dodge. A quar-centary celebration of printing is proposed in London for 1777, — the first book, "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," having been published in 1477.

— In M. Doudan's "Correspondence," we find these comments on Strauss, the German atheist: "I am reading the first volume of Dr. Strauss, translated by your friend, M. Littré. The book shows the singular condition of men's minds in Germany. It gives proof of the terrible mania for endless innovation in all its force. I have heard the book spoken of as a trifling one. I find it more alarming than many seem to fear. The man has by no means the characteristics of a seminarist. He has an audacious air even for the present day, when it is not easy to say bold things. I don't think that the work would be dangerous for the Archbishop of Paris; but, with poorly educated minds, all this erudition, pervaded by a logic as cold as steel, may have some weight. For my part, I think that in this region of criticism, and amid the immense number of historical conjectures and explanations, you may say 'yes' and 'no' with equal force; but the negative has always the greater attraction, especially when it assumes the cold and formal manner of impartiality. Mephistopheles should counsel his *protégés* to read this examination of Christianity. I think that the translation of Hippocrates will be more useful for that portion of the human race that does not know Greek, than the translation of Strauss for those who do not read German."

— The superstition of the French peasantry is brought into prominence in "Madeline," a Huguenot story. The Bréants of the Rock-Farm are Protestants, while many of their neighbors are Roman Catholics, including the family of Marc, the miller. Madame Marc, the miller's wife, is a terrible bigot, although of the kindest disposition, and fully acknowledging the goodness and superiority of the Bréants. If grapes are sent to her from the Rock-Farm, she will not touch them, feeling assured that some judgment will sooner or later visit her if she permits herself any dealings with the Huguenots. Her husband and her son, being of a different opinion, the good lady is sometimes reduced to most absurd perplexities, involving private interviews with the curé, who is far too liberal for his penitent; and also frequent pilgrimages to the far-famed chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which, however, is assuredly *not* the Notre Dame de Bon Secours in the neighborhood of Rouen,

the frequent resort of English tourists and excursionists.

Gaspard Bréant once dines at her house. Madame Marc would fain have marked the plates, forks, and spoons, &c., which Gaspard was to touch, in order that he should always have the same; but her husband, who had discovered her once attempting to do so, had really got so angry that poor Madame Marc had cried for two days, and since that she had been obliged to submit; but she would always after the Bréants' visits go and shut herself up in her room, kneel down and pray in order that God's wrath might not fall upon them for mixing and having dealings with *Réformés*. As it was, she believed that her son's ill-health was in a great measure caused by the connection with Gaspard.

— We have had the pleasure of examining specimen pages of Mr. Joseph Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time." No American, we are sure, is so well qualified for this difficult task as Mr. Sabin; and, if his whole work bears out the promise of these specimens, the country may congratulate itself on the possession of a new historical treasure. The pages in our hands contain lists of the Works of Louis Hennepin; and A. Herr. Hennepin's books number twenty-eight, and treat exclusively of America. He was the discoverer of the Upper Mississippi. Mr. Bancroft distrusts him, saying that, "Had he loved truth, he would have gained a noble reputation, who is now remembered, not merely as a light-hearted and daring discoverer, but also as a boastful liar. The journal of a voyage down the Mississippi is a lie by the author." Mr. Sabin quotes, in support of Hennepin's reputation for veracity, Mr. Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West."

— There comes to us a copy of the "Course of Study in the Aurora (Ill.) Public Schools," of which Mr. Thomas H. Clark is Principal. It is a portly pamphlet of 303 pages, and seems to possess high value. This course has grown up in the schools of Aurora, and has thoroughly proved its own merits. Much of the work in the schools is done without the prescribed text-books, which is, we think, an admirable feature of the system. One of the greatest evils in our public schools is the superfluity and incongruity of text-books, and any plan that shall rid us of it will effect great good. The Report on the Aurora Schools, by Mr Wm. B. Powell, says that "our pupils use books more and more intelligently now than when lessons were assigned them from the assigned text-book." The course is arranged in grades, and is subdivided into terms', months', and, in some instances, into weeks' work. The volume begins with chart-work, and takes the pupil through five readers. The process in the first of these is to print, for instance, the word "boy" many times, with other words, on the blackboard. A real boy then stands out and is described by his classmates. A picture of a boy is then shown whose parts the pupils are required to name. At least twelve nouns are given to the class, as above, before a verb is brought to their attention. In this way the course runs through Language, Number, Geography, Biography, Plants, Animals, Human Body, Form, — imparting, it seems to us, in the simplest possible manner, a thorough knowledge of each subject. We confidently commend the study of this course to the friends of Education. It is not only full of useful information, but is richly suggestive of great improvement in the present system of teaching.

— Mr. Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," has written a story called "Barton's Experiment."

— Speaking of "Helen's Babies," we may say that there is a book of the same class, and very much its superior. We refer to "Mice at Play," by "Neil Forest" (Mrs. Floyd, of Staten Island). In point of naturalness, healthfulness, and consistency, — for the courtship has no just place in "Helen's Babies," — "Mice at Play" is far in advance of its successor. It is said that the facts on which Mr. Habberton based his story were furnished to him by his married sister, out of the richness of her own experience, and who gathered for him from her acquaintance divers queer and *naïf* sayings of youngsters.

— Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a Contribution to the History of Progress, and of Efforts toward Freedom of Opinion, between 1660 and 1820. The basis of the work will be the struggle of the Americans and the French for freedom.

— Mr. Aldrich's new volume of poems, "Flower and Thorn," will be issued next month, by Messrs. Osgood & Co. It is the first collection of his verse since that of 1865.

— "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." All editors are not infallible in judgment. The literary editor of the Hartford *Churchman* read and rejected the story of "Life's Aftermath," which we heartily praised in a recent issue. It was published in book form by Messrs. Dutton & Co., and won a great success; whereupon the *Churchman* "went for" it, and is printing it as a serial.

— Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke) is a good authority as to Cross-Roads Whiskey; but as a critic of poetry he fails. In a recent number of the *Independent*, he says that the songs of the late David Barker, of Maine, "ought to have been known as far as English is spoken, and to have gone down to posterity with those of Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and their kin, whom men love so because they touch their hearts to feeling, or speak what they cannot express." If the editors of the *Independent* had read these utterances of the Down-East muse, we doubt if they would have admitted Mr. Locke's criticism into their columns. For of all the gross and indecent rhymes that have come under our view, these are not far from being the worst. We read them in MS. some time ago, and turned to Rabelais to get a breath of fresh air.

— We have received a circular descriptive of a famous French book, "Notre-Dame de Lourdes," by Henry Lasserre. The publisher says, "In religious and literary history there is not, in our knowledge, a book which has produced in a few years an effect so prodigious on the world as the work of M. Lasserre. The publication of this extraordinary book has been, without exaggeration, a social event. Scarcely had the Pope, Pius IX. read this work, so irresistible and so palpably inspired by a holy spirit, that, despite the habitual reserve of the Roman Court, he hesitated not to recognize publicly the unquestionable authenticity of the events at La Grotte, and proclaiming in advance, in a solemn Brief addressed to M. Lasserre, the providential mission of such a book, he wrote these prophetic words: 'We have welcomed with profoundest joy the work entitled Notre-Dame de Lourdes. For we believe that it, which from all countries draws to itself by the miracles of its power and its beneficence multitudes of pilgrims, will also employ this book to propagate afar and arouse toward it the piety and trust of mankind, in order that they may share in the fulness of its benefactions.' And these words of the successor of Saint Peter have been at once realized with such brilliancy as gives sight to the blind. On reading this miraculous story, the people have risen in vast pilgrimages; and in a movement comparable only to the Crusades, have hurled themselves suddenly, in mid-nineteenth century, against the solid doubt of the age. Circulated in France, in several forms, in the unprecedented number of one hundred and thirty-five editions, in the brief space of seven years; translated into all languages, English, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Breton, Polish, Hungarian, even in the tongues of the East; as popular in America as in the older world, — this book has lured millions of visitors and pilgrims to this fount of miracles; and daily the records of Lourdes and of the whole world register the cure of the incurable, led by this book to this sacred spring, and the conversion of unbelievers and free-thinkers, brought by the same book to true Catholicism." The story of Lourdes, which is referred to in a notice of "Miracles of the Middle Ages," noticed elsewhere in this issue, is as follows:

"The Virgin, appearing to Bernadette, said, 'I am the Immaculate Conception,' — thus fulfilling the definition of the dogma pronounced four years earlier by the infallible Head of the Church.

"This apparition, which the author of Notre-Dame de Lourdes has described in his narrative, thrilled all minds; there was between the proclamations of the dogma and the apparitions at Lourdes a secret bond and most subtle relations." Referring to the illustrations of the volume, the publisher says, proudly, "Avoiding all mediocrity, we designed, as did the manuscript copies of the Middle Ages, that the Pleiades of the arts should surround, like an aureole, the word of truth."

— Gen. Lew. Wallace has amended his drama of "Commodus," which we noticed lately, greatly improving it. He recently submitted it to Lawrence Barrett, who said to him, "You have written the best play since 'Richelieu;'" and adding that, as a poem and an acting play, "Commodus is the best modern English drama." The play is now in the hands of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, with a view to its production.

— George McDonald has begun a new novel, called "The Marquis of Lossie." It is said to be a sequel to "Malcolm."

— The vicar of West Bromwich writes a vigorous letter to the Free Library Committee of that town. The vicar complains that "light literature" is read to excess by a great number of the elder boys and girls of the parish, who avail themselves of the use of the Free Library; and he points out the pernicious tendency of the works of the elder Dumas, and of Miss Braddon, Ouida, Miss Thomas, Miss Broughton, Miss Marryat, and Miss Edwards. He says nothing against these writers which has not been said again and again, and in our opinion with justice, in the best reviews of the day.

— During his visit to England, Mendelssohn, the composer, was received by Queen Victoria. Her Majesty — who, as well as her husband,

was a great friend of art, and herself a skilful musician — received the distinguished German in her own sitting-room, Prince Albert being the only one present besides herself. As he entered, she asked his pardon for the somewhat disorderly appearance of the apartment, and began to re-arrange the articles with her own hands, in which Mendelssohn gallantly offered his assistance. Some parrots, whose cages hung in the room, she herself carried into the next apartment, in which Mendelssohn helped her also. She then requested her guest to play something, and afterwards she sang some songs of his which she had sung at a court concert soon after the attack upon her person. She was not wholly satisfied, however, with her own performance, and said pleasantly to Mendelssohn, "I can do better — ask Lablache if I cannot — but I am afraid of you."

— A literary friend of ours, in New York, has a wife of diminutive stature, which peculiarity he makes the means of teasing her at every opportunity. When riding in the horse-cars, he says to the soliciting conductor, "One and a half fares," and gives a proportionate sum of money. The conductor hesitates, stutters, and finally walks away; but the next time he comes along, out comes the little lady's Russia-leather *porte monniaie*, and the balance due is paid.

— The Ah-Chin-Lee, author of "Observations on the Western Barbarians," published by Lee & Shepard, is not Mr. William Lee of that firm, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

— The *Commonwealth* copies the extracts from "Deirdrè," given in our last issue, and credits them to Mr. Lowell. We should guess that its editorial management is a little *Slack*.

— Literature is lucrative, after all. Rumor says that Messrs. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana have cleared over $80,000 each by their services on the American Cyclopædia.

— Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. have just issued Rev. E. E. Hale's novel, "Philip Nolan's friends; or Show Your Passports," which has been an attractive serial feature of *Scribner's Monthly*. The same house has ready "An Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by R. H. Stoddard.

— Mr. J. McLeod, Scottish Inspector of Schools, says, in a recent report, that "the great fault in teaching grammar is that it almost overlooks the true end of grammar, which is, according to the old definition, 'the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety.' Indeed, it seems to me that it is hopeless to expect a restoration of this true end to its proper place until 'parsing' and 'analysis of sentences' are abolished. I do not undervalue 'parsing' and 'analysis' as an exercise of some mental value. What I insist upon is that grammar, if properly taught, should as a mental discipline be immensely more important than the barren exercises which now usurp its place, besides its direct bearing upon the utterances of the pupil ever afterward. . . . Mr. Jolly lays it down that composition should go hand in hand with grammar from the very first. The child should be taught, as soon as it begins grammar, the nature of simple sentences, and also to form simple sentences of its own. This instruction is to be elaborated until the pupil becomes fairly acquainted with the general principles of composition." These ideas seem to us very just, and, by the way, they harmonize perfectly with the principles at the base of the Aurora Course noticed elsewhere in this number.

— A St. Louis school-official tells a plain truth, when he says: "Here is a fact beyond dispute. When a young man begins to teach, he begins to *study* up the science of *education*. He has books on the subject. He will take the *School Journal*. A young woman will spend her noon-time in reading the *Bazaar*, the *Ledger*, or the *Sun*. Women are expecting to give up the business at any moment: they hope to get married. They, as a class, have no love for the business."

— The Church Congress, which meets in this city, Nov. 14, judging from the programme already issued, will be an exceedingly interesting exhibition of the culture, ability, and speaking capacity of many of the leading members, both clergymen and laymen, in the Episcopal Church; and, while no doubt of more special interest to Episcopalians than to others, will discuss subjects in which the literary public are much interested. Such subjects as Christian Art, the Morals of Politics, the Relation of the Episcopal Church to Freedom of Religious Thought, and the Temperance Question, indicate a wide range of discussion, and show that this religious body is widening its field of thought. The list of readers and speakers includes such men as Senator Stevenson of Kentucky, Dr. Harwood and Professor Weir, of New Haven, Drs. Washburn and Cotton Smith, of New York, Bishop Doane, Dr. DeKoven, Dr. J. H. Hopkins; and the four days' tournament at Horticultural Hall will be well worth the attention of our readers.

— We are gratified to learn that Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore's noxious novel, "On Dangerous Ground," has been expelled from the Boston Public Library, and our crushing judgment of it has thus been vindicated. We trust that other libraries may appreciate and follow this noble example.

— A common colloquial form of expression is, "What did you go there for?" and the like; instead of "Why did you go there?" This form is not only very long, but is also awkward, and should be disused.

— Sherwood Bonner, in the *Sunday Times*, refers to Mrs. *Sigourney's* "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." Mrs. Stowe's name would better fit the connection.

OCTOBER PUBLICATIONS.

J. H. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Essays in Literary Criticism. By Richard Holt Hutton. Goëthe and His Influence; Nathaniel Hawthorne; Arthur Hugh Clough; Wordsworth and His Genius; George Eliot; Matthew Arnold. 12mo. pp. 357. $1.50.

GINN BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Euripides; the Medea of. With Notes and Introduction by Frederic D. Allen, Ph. D., Professor in the University of Cincinnati.

JANSEN, McCLURG, & CO., CHICAGO.

Life: What do we Know About It? An Essay read before the Chicago Literary Club. 8vo. Paper. 40c.

The Silver Question. An Essay on the proposed Remonetization of Silver in the United States. Read in the General Meeting of the American Social Science Association. 8vo. Paper. 30c.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Notes on Building Construction. Part II. Commencement of Building Stage.

The Stranger's Illustrated Pocket-Guide to Philadelphia; embracing a description of the principal objects of interest in and around the city, with directions how to reach them, including the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition. 16mo. Ill'd. 50c. Paper, 25 cents.

Dombey and Son. By Charles Dickens. Diamond Edition. 16mo. Paper. 35c.

Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens. Diamond Edition. 16mo. Paper. 35c.

D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON.

Cooking-Club Library. The Cooking-Club; Bessie's Trials. The Wentworths; Virginia. 16mo. $5.00.

LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, & CO., BOSTON.

Student Life at Harvard. 12mo. pp. 475.

The Story of Our Country. By Mrs. L. B. Monroe. 16mo. Ill'd. pp. 272. $1.50.

The Farm-Yard Club of Gotham, N. Y. By George B. Loring. Ill'd. 8vo. $3.00.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & CO., NEW YORK.

Roman History. The Early Empire. From the Assassination of Julius Cæsar to that of Domitian. By W. W. Capes. (Epochs of Ancient History.) With two maps. 12mo. pp. 240. $1.00.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK.

Hygeia. A City of Health. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D. 16mo. Paper. 30c.

Historical and Architectural Sketches. By E. A. Freeman. 8vo. $3.00.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Fallen Fortunes. By James Payn. 8vo. 224 pp. Paper. 75c.

Theory of Sound. By Blaserna. 12mo.

Janet et Ses Amis. Cloth. Ill'd. Half morocco. $3.00.

Analysis of Mill's Logic. By W. Stebbing. 167 pp. Cloth.

HURD & HOUGHTON, NEW YORK.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. 16mo. Cloth. $1.25.

The Poetical Works of Alice and Phœbe Cary. With the Memorial by Mrs. Clemmer. Portraits. 8vo. pp. 435. Cloth. $3.50.

The Ancient Mariner. By S. T. Coleridge. With Illustrations by G. Doré. Large 4to. $10.00.

A Long Time Ago. A Novel. Paper, 50c.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Mediæval and Modern Saints and Miracles. Not *ab Uno e Societate Jesu*. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

The Laurel Bush. An Old-fashioned Love Story. By the author of "John Halifax." Ill'd. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

The Uncommercial Traveller; Hard Times; and The Mystery of Edwin Drood. By Charles Dickens. Household Edition. Paper, $1.00; Cloth, $1.50.

The Ancient Mariner. By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. $4.00.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Ah-Chin-Lee. Some Observations on the Civilization of the Western Barbarians, particularly of the English, made during a residence of some years in those parts. By Ah-Chin-Lee, Mandarin of the First Class. Translated from the Chinese by John Yester Smythe, Esq. 12mo. Cloth. $1.75.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

Poems of Places. England. Vol. III. Oakley, Tynemouth. Edited by H. W. Longfellow. 280 pp. $1.00.

The Hunting of the Snark. An Agony in Eight Fits. By Lewis Carroll. With nine Illustrations by Henry Holliday. 32mo. 50c.

Fanshawe and the Dolliver Romance, completing the Illustrated Library Edition of Hawthorne's Works. 12mo. $2.00.

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The Carlyle Anthology. Selected and arranged with the author's sanction. By Edward Barrett. 12mo. pp. 386. $2.00.

Current Literature.

STUDIES IN ANCIENT HISTORY.*

THIS work discusses a subject which is decidedly "caviare to the general," not one person probably in one hundred having a glimmer of it. Only a few *savants* have pierced the mysteries which surround it, and brought forth its fundamental facts. Of these, the author is, we believe, the latest, and the most acute, expositor. He is the writer of a paper on Totemism, published in 1867, in Chambers' Encyclopedia. Totemism, as some of our readers may know, is the study of pictures of birds, beasts, &c., used by the North American Indians as a symbolic designation of family names. Totemism is thus referred to by Longfellow: —

> "And they painted on the grave-posts
> Of the graves yet unforgotten,
> Each his own ancestral *totem*;
> Each the symbol of his household;
> Figures of the bear and reindeer;
> Oft the turtle, crane, and beaver."

His subject may be described as the original structure of human groups.

In passing, the author doubles up Sir John Lubbock for appropriation of his own discoveries. That writer says that he (the author) seems to doubt the occurrence of such a fact (the capture of wives in an endogamous tribe), and cites against the author's opinion the case of the Bedouins, which case is found in the author's own "Primitive Marriage," first edition.

Capture of women was a fundamental feature of human association at its earliest stage. "Wherever we find symbolical forms," says the author, "we are justified in inferring that, in the past life of the people employing them, there were corresponding realities; and if, among primitive races which we examine, we find such realities as might naturally pass into such forms on an advance taking place in civility, then we may safely conclude (keeping within the conditions of a sound inference) that what these now are, those employing the symbols once were."

This work abounds in acute and profound observation. One of these is that, apart from the tests of truth afforded by the minute knowledge of primitive modes of life and their classification as more or less archaic, nothing could be more delusive than written history itself. In Chapter II. the author explains the different forms of capture in marriage ceremonies. This usage seems to have prevailed over the whole world, in early times. It is said that in Sparta it indicated the prevalent feeling that "a young woman could not surrender her freedom and virgin purity, unless compelled by the violence of the sterner sex."

The symbol of capture occurs whenever, after a contract of marriage, it is necessary for the constitution of the relation of husband and wife that the bridegroom and his friends should go through the form of feigning to steal the bride, or to carry her off from her relations by superior force. The marriage is agreed upon by bargain, and the theft or abduction follows as a concerted matter of form to make valid the marriage. The test, then, of the presence of the symbol in any case is that the capture is concerted, and is preceded by a contract of marriage. If there is no preceding contract, the case is one of actual abduction. At Rome, the capture of the bride was effected in the following manner: The bridegroom and his friends, having fixed upon a time, invade her house and carry her off with a show of force from her mother. In the case of "The Captive Damsel," as told by Apuleius, the lady says, that, having been dressed by her mother, the latter was overwhelming her with kisses, when a band of robbers, dressed like gladiators, rushed in with glittering swords, made straight for her chamber in a compact column, and, without any struggle or resistance on the part of the servants, tore her away, half dead with fear, from the bosom of her trembling mother. The custom still prevails among the Hindoos, the Khonds in Orissa. Gen. Campbell makes a report, in his "Personal Narrative of Service in Khondistan," of one of these rapes:

"On one occasion, I heard loud cries proceeding from some village close at hand. Fearing some quarrel, I rode to the spot, and there I saw a man bearing away upon his back something enveloped in an ample covering of scarlet cloth; he was surrounded by twenty or thirty young fellows, protected from the desperate attacks made upon him by a party of young women. On seeking an explanation of this novel scene, I was told that the man had just been married, and his precious burden was his blooming bride, whom he was conveying to his own village. Her youthful friends, as it appears is the custom, were seeking to regain possession of her, and hurled stones and bamboo at the head of the devoted bridegroom until he reached the confines of his own village."

The hurling of stones, &c., may be the spring of the old custom of throwing old shoes after a newly-married pair.

A rule prevails among the Kalmucks, that a bride shall not enter the yurt of her parents for a year or more after her marriage. The origin of the custom of capture is traced by Müller and Festus to the principle that a woman is property, and that he should take who had the power, and he should keep who can.

The writer's discussion of endogamy and exogamy is full of interest. The former means marriage within the tribe ἔνδον (within); and ἔξω means without. The tribes which practised capture were organized on the principle of exogamy. These tribes, carrying out this principle, sought their wives in other tribes. These postulates, endogamy and mutual hostility between tribes, being granted, it appears that the same conditions have existed in every case where the system of capture has been observed as a ceremony of marriage. The author proceeds to discuss with fine acumen these three questions: The prevalence of capturing wives; whether, where that practice prevails, marriage between members of the same family-group, clan, or tribe is forbidden, and the prevalence of that limitation of the right of marriage; how far the state of war prevails among primitive groups.

In Australia a captured wife bewails the wrong of her husband, who has been lured away by a fairer captive: —

> "Wherefore came you, Weerang,
> In my beauty's pride,
> Stealing cautiously.
> Like the tawny boreang,
> On an unwilling bride.
> 'Twas thus you stole me
> From one who loved me tenderly.
> A better man he was than thee,
> Who having forced me thus to wed,
> Now, so oft, deserts my bed,
> Yang, yang, yang, yoh.
>
> "Oh, where is he who won
> My youthful heart;
> Who often used to bless
> And call me loved one?
> You, Weerang, tore apart,
> From his fond caress,
> Her whom you desert and shun;
> Out upon the faithless one!
> Oh, may Boxt-yas bite and tear
> Her whom you take your bed to share.
> Yang, yang, yang, yoh."

The author thinks that the Roman tradition as to the rape of the Sabine woman must be accepted as a fabrication. The story is reproduced in the annals of many tribes. The Irish Nennius mentions the rape of Gaelic women by the Picts; and in the very old poem, "The Cruithnians, who propagated in the land of noble Alba," the Irish are reported to have given three hundred wives to the Picts, on condition that the latter's royal crown should always descend in the female line. The same facts, in substance, are narrated in Judges, chapters xx., xxi. Among the Khonds, already mentioned, intermarriage between persons of the same tribe, however large or scattered, is deemed incestuous. Among the Australian blacks men are relatives of their mother's relatives, and of none other. The author is not too familiar with North American nomenclature, for he speaks of the "Cheerookees." Among these Indians, — the Creeks and the Natchez, — it is deemed criminal for a man to marry a woman whose family name (totem) is the same as his own; and they relate instances where young men, for a violation of this rule, have been put to death by their own relatives. The Celts were anciently lax in morals, and recognized relationship through mothers only. The author concludes, and justly, we think, that he has established by irresistible evidence the fact that exogamy was a widely prevailing principle of marriage law among primitive races.

*Studies in Ancient History, comprising a reprint of "Primitive Marriage." An Inquiry into the Origin of the Form of Capture in Marriage Ceremonies. By John Ferguson McLennan, M.A., LL.D., Advocate. 8vo. London: Bernard Quaritch.

But we have already transcended our limits, and must bid farewell to this most original and noble work. Nothing at all resembling it has ever fallen under our eyes; but we hope later to pursue a recondite subject which the author has so vigorously opened. He is entitled to the hearty thanks of mankind for solving so clearly the problem of primitive marriage; his learning and perspicuity are beyond all praise.

TURKESTAN.*

BY virtue of this noble work, Mr. Schuyler has, *per saltum*, taken his place in the leading rank of American writers. We know not with whom to compare him; he is unique; as a graphic narrator, as a student of society, of commerce, of agriculture, and of domestic life, he has no rival. To the treasury of American literature he has made the most generous contribution of zeal, energy, perspicuousness, and thoroughness. No review within reasonable limits could do justice to his work, and we can hope to be able only to outline the symmetrical course of his narrative.

The author fails to state that at an unknown date before the dawn of tradition, the Aryans occupied nearly the same territory now held by the Kirghiz, and that their modes of life were not unlike those of that nation. They had marriage laws regulating the rights and obligations of husbands and wives, of parents and children; they recognized the ties of blood through both parents; they had great flocks and herds, in defence of which they often did battle, and they lived under a patriarchal government with monarchical features.

Leaving St. Petersburg, March 23, 1873, he went to Kazala. Here he sees the Kirghiz, of whom he gives a clear and most satisfactory account: —

"The Kirghiz are in general short of stature, with round, sturdy faces, insignificant noses, and small, sharp black eyes, with the tightly-drawn eye-lid which is seen in all Mongol tribes. In winter they sometimes live in underground huts, entered by crooked passages, where children, calves, and colts, all sleep and play together; but usually their habitation, both in winter and summer, is a *Kibitka*, a circular tent made of felt spread over a light wooden frame. This frame is easily taken apart and put together, and is so light as to form a load for a single camel only. The broad pieces of felt are easily stretched over it, so that the whole can be put up in about ten minutes. On one side is a door, covered by a flap of felt, and the fire is built in the middle, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof. The interior of the tent is decorated with pieces of ribbon of various kinds, used to fasten down the felt, and around the sides the Kirghiz place and hang all their valuable goods, consisting of carpets, silk mattresses, and clothes, and sometimes, in the case of richer men, of even silver articles, with the trappings of horses and household utensils. The *Kibitka* forms a most comfortable abode, being cool in summer and warm in winter."

We defy any of our readers to produce a more perspicuous, thorough, and impressive view of the habitations of man than the foregoing.

This subject is so admirably treated that we feel ourselves bound to prolong our extracts, even to the exclusion of kindred subjects: —

"The Kirghiz, owing to the simplicity of their life, are far more children of Nature than most other Asiatics, and have all the faults and virtues of children. Probably the first acquaintance with them will be found disagreeable, and certainly the side the traveller sees is the worst, but on knowing them more intimately, one cannot help liking, and even respecting them; and it is the verdict of every one who has lived in Central Asia that the Kirghiz are superior to all the other races. The men devote themselves almost entirely to the care of their horses, leaving all the work to be done by the women, and leading in general a lazy, shiftless life; although when it comes to riding they are indefatigable, and will go hundreds of miles without seeming to be in the least degree tired. They are hospitable, often to a fault, to one of their own race, or to a Mussulman, nor do I believe that a Christian would fare worse among them. I certainly, whenever I happened to meet them on the steppe, was well received, and every thing which the family possessed was offered me. . . . They are sociable, and always eager for fresh news; even the telling or repeating of it has a great charm for them; and as soon as a man arrives among them with a piece of news, one of the family will immediately start off on a fresh horse and convey the intelligence to some distant acquaintance. In this way news travels through the steppe, almost as if by telegraph. They believe all that is told them; they are, however, themselves far from truthful, though rather from laziness than from wilful intent to deceive. Their promises are little to be depended upon, and in making a bargain with them, if they once obtain what they want, it is difficult to secure the performance of their part of the contract. They are light-minded and fickle, and easily influenced by the persons with whom they are for the moment associated. One of their best traits is their respect for age and the authority of their superiors. In war they are in general cowardly, though they are found to make excellent scouts, partly from their untiringness, and partly from their acquaintance with nature and capacity for observation. They can see or somehow divine a way in the darkest night, and it seems hardly possible for them to get lost on the desert or the steppe. They measure space by the distance which the voice will reach or the eye can observe. They are not cruel by nature, and their wars or expeditions, when they undertake them, are rather for the purposes of plunder than revenge. . . . In disposition they are merry and good-natured, and devoted to music, constantly singing to themselves. . . . Being Mahometans, they use to the full extent the license of having many wives, though the first wife is always the mistress of the *Kibitka*, and takes rank over the others. The seclusion of the harem is impossible in a tent on the steppe, and the women are therefore unveiled, nor is any effort made to keep them from the observation of the men. One curious thing, however, in connection with their life, is that, as a mark of respect to their husbands and male relatives they are not allowed to mention their real names in the presence of others, but must either call them by some term adopted for the purpose, or use a circumlocution. An incident is related of a Kirghiz woman, who wanted to say that a wolf had stolen a sheep and taken it to the reedy shore of the lake. Unfortunately the men of the family bore names corresponding to most of these words, and she was obliged to gasp out that 'in the rustling beyond the wet a growler gnaws one of our woolies.'"

The book is full of funny incident and apt comment; *e.g.* "At one station we found the room occupied, much to our regret, as we were desirous of stretching ourselves; but when we heard the cause, we could not help laughing, and were willing to have a felt spread for us in the sun out-of-doors. It seems that the wife of the officer, who was accompanying him from Tashkent to St. Petersburg, had just presented him with an heir, in spite of the uncomfortableness and difficulties of the situation. We endeavored to be as friendly as travellers should be to another, and the officer was glad to accept a bottle of red wine for his wife, and some cans of condensed milk for her child."

Mr. Schuyler is not a mere historian and narrator, — a mere practical writer; sometimes he drops into sweet little passages like this: —

"During the summer, all who can afford it, leave their town-houses, and remove to one of the numerous gardens in the suburbs, where they either have a small house of a similar kind, or live in Kirghiz *Kibitkas*. Nothing can be more delightful than this. The heat does not penetrate through the thick elms and poplars; a freshness constantly exhales from the square pond and from the canals which water the garden, mixed with the perfume of roses and syringas. The *Kibitka* is spacious and comfortable; and if to this is added a Bukharan pavilion-tent, with its embroidered and variegated walls, for a *salon*, the abode is charming. When at night the paper-lanterns stand out against the dark green of the pomegranates, while the nightingale sings as the light shimmers over the still surface of the water, it is a scene taken bodily from the 'Arabian Nights.'"

Of Jura Bek the author gives an admirable portrait, which we are strongly tempted to reproduce. The Kirghiz have their Jim Fiskes, it seems. The author met a type of this class, one Azim Bai, whom he thus sketches: "Though a man of no great property, he lives in very fine style; is always dressed well, and rides a magnificent horse. He has also engaged in the business of army contracts, and fulfilled them with great accuracy; though to do so he has been obliged to borrow much money of Hindoos and others, to whom he is still largely indebted. If rumor speaks correctly, he uses his influence among the natives very badly, and takes bribes right and left. . . . He meddles in every matter, and is said, in carrying on his numerous lawsuits, to hire witnesses and buy up the Kazis.

* Notes of a Journey in Russian Turkestan, Khokand, Bukhara, and Kuldja. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D. With three maps and numerous illustrations. In two volumes. $7.50. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

[We are sorry to say that Azim was not a moral man.] In love with a girl, he plans to carry her off; when her friends asked the Kazi to interfere. But Azim so wrought on the judge that he required the girl's father to permit her to be married only at full age, and then only on condition that she should be first proposed to Azim."

Among the Tadjiks the author picks up this amusing story: "The queen, Shini Hatun, a great beauty, had two lovers, one a Tadjik, the other an Usbek. Both were persistent, and as she was at a loss which to choose, an old woman counselled her to give them some difficult work, and to marry the one who succeeded. She therefore commanded a canal through the Famished Steppe. Terbat, a strong stalwart fellow, with a simple and straightforward nature, took his spade and dug away all day, trying to turn the channel of the river; and thus formed the cataracts at Bigavat. The Tadjik, crafty and full of expedients, plaited a wicker of reeds, and laid it on the ground across the steppe. Early in the morning the sun's rays reflected from the shining reeds, and made them appear like a stream of water; and Shini Hatun thereupon called for the Tadjik, and married him. When the Usbek learned of the deception that had been practised upon him, he was in despair, and threw his spade high up in the air, so that as it came down it cut off his head with a single stroke."

We are at a loss for words wherewith adequately to characterize this work. It is in all respects the finest book of travel that has lately been given to the English language. In no feature of authorship is it lacking; its style is vigorous and polished; the author's observation is keen and sure, and his point of view is that of a learned and cultivated gentleman. We are not wont to bestow such unqualified praise on any work; but for our apology we appeal in all confidence to the unimpeachable merits of this work.

WIT, HUMOR, AND SHAKSPEARE.*

A FINE humor characterizes Mr. Weiss's "Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare," which comprises twelve essays, — on The Cause of Laughter; Wit, Irony, Humor; Dogberry, Malvolio, Troilus and Cressida (Ajax), Bottom, Touchstone; Falstaff, His Companions—Americanisms; Hamlet; The Porter in Macbeth, The Clown in Twelfth Night, The Fool in Lear; Women and Men, — Maria, Helena, Imogen, Constance; Lord Bacon and The Plays, Shakspeare's Women, Love in Shakspeare; Portia; Helena, Ophelia; Macbeth; Blonde Women — Lady Macbeth.

The opening essay is very ingenious and mirthful. Of all animals, only man can laugh, says the author; and proceeds to tell why the unfortunates are denied that cheerful privilege. The mutual attitudes of animals are humorously described, as in the following passage:

"What mutual impression do a dog and a duck make? He runs around with frolic transpiring in his tail, and barks to announce a wish to fraternize; or, perhaps it is a short and nervous bark, and indicates unsettled views about ducks. Meantime, the duck waddles off with an inane quack, so remote from a bark that it must convince any well informed dog of the hopelessness of proposing either business or pleasure to such a doting and toothless pate. He certainly must have overheard the conversation of his betters, when the Shallows, Slenders, and Silences are near. What a prompt retreat human beings make, and what wariness is expended in steering clear of them for the future! Yet I never feel quite sure that the dunces are not amused at the manœuvre. Is there a human being permitted to live without wit enough to know when he is avoided? Even this duck has a twinkle in that bead of an eye as it rejoins the other ducks, that seems to convey to us its sense of the absurdness of a creature so caninely exuberant. Or was it a duck which I noticed? I am sure I have often seen creatures who are hopelessly posed or scandalized waddle away from some superior extravagance."

Mr. Weiss tells this funny story: —

"Gen. Sherman's body-servant was a German, who went with him through the war, but could never realize the idea that the war at last was over. One day, the General, having travelled from the South to Chicago, was on the point of leaving, and ordered this man to pack a valise. The one he selected was so enormous that the General remonstrated, and examined what could be within. It was filled with hotel towels, that had been looted from Atlanta, clear through, in company with tablespoons of the Milledgeville hotel; the German plundering on every route, as if we were still marching through Georgia."

The chapter on Humor is full of delights. The author distinguishes it from wit with fine subtlety, and defines it thus aptly: "The quality of humor, depending upon various moral traits, exists only wherever a broad imagination is combined with a sweet and tolerant moral sense that is devoid of malice and all uncharitableness, and at peace with all mankind. A petulant egotism may exist with wit, but never with humor." The author's analysis of Dogberry, as to whose office a general delusion prevails, is very ingenious and acute. "Dogberry's consequence," he says, "affects inconsequential phrases, and his days on earth are a series of *non-sequiturs*." In Hamlet, he affirms, there appears not the faintest streak of humor, though Polonius belongs to comedy.

One of the most attractive of the essays is that entitled "Women and Men." In this, the obstacles which hinder a man striving to apprehend the secrets of her disposition are clearly set forth. "The greatest intimacy of marriage itself, which blends two beings into one fate, and compels them to set up housekeeping on the principle of mutualism, is still evaded by motives and moods which the woman holds in reserve, not by calculation, but through the instinct of a difference which the husband cannot entirely penetrate. It is not that man reaches results chiefly by the process of judgment, and woman chiefly by a method which is not thinking so much as it is a taste or touch of the objects she observes. . . . And, if you ask her how she reasons upon any subject, she might reply as Julia did, when pressed to give her reason for thinking Proteus the best man: —

"'I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.'"

We cannot imagine an intellect more apt to treat these fascinating themes than Mr. Weiss's. His apprehension of their characteristics is most delicate and tenacious, and his diction harmonizes exactly with his purpose. More picturesque and effective language it would be difficult to find. He has evidently made a serious study of all the personages here inspected, and mastered not only them, but the thoughts and relations which they suggest. The humor in which he dips his pen illuminates rather than obscures, and in the rays of mirth which emanate from it we descry moral lessons of great weight. The exhilaration occasioned by these brilliant papers is wonderful. The most ardent student of Shakspeare will learn something from them.

* Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare. In Twelve Essays. By John Weiss. 12mo, pp. 428. Roberts Bros.

DOTTINGS ROUND THE CIRCLE.*

NOTHING more strikingly illustrates the growth of civilization and the extension of facilities for international communication than the fact that one may start from Boston on a given day, cross the North American Continent in seven days, the Pacific Ocean in twenty more, and land at Yokohama in sixty days from Boston. How old Marco Polo's eyes would have protruded at the statement of such a fact! The author left Boston June 30, 1875, and pushed on to Salt Lake City, making frequent tarries on the way. He gives interesting descriptions of the country he passed through, and conveys a very clear idea of the vicissitudes of travelling. Of the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, the account is quite dramatic. We quote a few telling passages: —

"Leaving the main streets of the city, we arrive before long at the portion entirely occupied by Chinese, and are at once in the midst of a chattering crowd of these foreigners, who are continually entering or leaving their various places of assembly along the way. Now, curious-looking buildings are on all sides, many hung with Chinese lanterns, or bearing large signs, which, with their odd figures, give a strange air to every thing about us. Our guide conducts us up the street, and pausing at the foot of a dark, villanous-looking flight of stairs, leads the ascent, we following close behind. At the top of the stairs, we find a sort of hall, at the end of which are two large folding-doors, the entrance to the joss-house, or temple. The detective enters without cere-

* Dottings Round the Circle. By Benj. Robbins Curtis. 8vo. pp. 329. $2 50. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

mony, and, shutting the door after us, lights a candle at a small fire burning before a hideous idol directly opposite the entrance, and pauses a moment to let us look about the curious chamber. By the light of the candle, we see we are in a large room hung with various kinds of gaudy ornaments, round the sides of which, in alcoves, are standing idols representing different Chinese deities, each one resting on a sort of throne, a lamp burning dimly before them all. . . . Opposite the entrance are the gods of fire, air, and earth; near by, sits the god of commerce; while, apart from the rest, shrouded in white garments, stands a melancholy-looking figure,— the deity who disposes of the soul after death. Every good Chinaman, on the death of a relative or dear friend, feels obliged to make some present to this god, in order to secure good treatment for the soul of his departed brother; and we find some food, consisting of a thin wafer of bread, thrown down before the god, who evidently has not been hungry since its arrival."

The master-passion of the Chinese for gaming is illustrated in pleasant sketches of the games of "white-pigeon paper," and "fan-fan." In the former each player receives a square piece of paper, on which are printed various figures or characters. The banker, taking a piece similarly marked, puts a red mark on twenty of these characters, which he selects privately, the other players, of course, not being shown the different figures or squares which he has determined upon. When the banker has marked the slip, the other players endeavor to select the same twenty squares which the banker has chosen, and so accurately do they calculate that they are required to find ten squares before receiving any thing for their pains. If a Chinaman hits upon eleven of the squares that the banker has marked, he will receive from the bank the same sum that he staked upon the play; if he marks twelve squares correctly, he receives twice his original stake, and so on. If they do not mark twelve squares, at least, their stake is forfeited.

The story of the passage from San Francisco to Yokohama is very well told, effectively photographing scenes of life on shipboard; and the sketches of Japan are full of information and interest. The author thus tells his experience in a Japanese restaurant. "Here, having partaken of tea served in small cups by pretty Japanese girls, the master of the house presents his account written in strange characters on the thinnest paper; and having paid the bill (which is astonishingly small), and received the stamped receipt (which the Japanese are very particular to render), we are rewarded with hearty *ar-ri-ga-tos* (thank you) from father, mother, and daughters, — the whole family falling on their knees and showing their gratitude by humble prostrations."

He witnessed the ceremony of "chin-chinning the moon." "To-day is the middle of the Chinese month, and this evening the moon is to be chin-chinned, with all the usual illuminations, explosions, and superstitions. To-day all Chinamen must pay their bills, balance their books, and make themselves even with the world. This being done, a grand illumination is held in honor of the moon's Joss, who, if the night is fine, looks down benignly, with a full round face. . . Every doorway is bright with the light of huge red candles, or red-paper lanterns, while gold and silver joss-paper and brown joss-sticks burn slowly near by, throwing forth thick clouds of smoke, which the Joss of the moon can hardly consider a complimentary equivalent for the clear rays he is pouring over every thing. Fire-crackers snap and fizz on all sides of us; the noise from cymbals, gongs, and drums, is deafening; while every junk in the harbor, and every joss-house in the neighborhood, is hung with red lanterns, — the color always used when 'chin-chinning' a god. At an early hour, however, thin, hurrying clouds partially obscure the surface of the moon; in consequence of which the 'chin-chinning' is to be continued and finished to-morrow evening."

"The distance from Tien-tsin to Pekin — eighty miles by land, and one hundred and twenty-five by water — can be accomplished in three ways. The traveller may engage a house-boat,— a long, wide boat, with a cabin, — and be rowed up the Peiho by coolies to Mug-Chow, where donkeys can be obtained for the remaining fifteen miles of the journey; or one may ride across the country on ponies, stopping over night at the native inns; or one may hire a Chinese cart, — *horribile dictu!* — and be driven to Pekin, which is sure to be reached, if travelling by this latter method, with hardly a whole bone in one's body; for a Chinese road is only another name for a succession of deep ruts, and a profusion of stones; and while a pony may be made to avoid at least some of these obstacles, the carts, built without springs, are sure to jolt over them all. The pony has an advantage over the boat in going from Tien-tsin to Pekin; for, while four or five days are required to push the boat up stream, and for the traveller to afterwards ride from Mug-Chow to the capital, the whole distance across country can be accomplished on horseback in two days by all who are accustomed to this method of locomotion."

This narrative is uniformly lively, and, on the whole, well written. We note one or two faults: "to afterwards ride" (p. 721) should be "to ride afterwards;" "the Japanese are very particular to render," should be "very *careful*." The author says that "a stranger should invariably refuse the specimens first offered in the shops, as the best goods are only brought out when the inferior are rejected."

Mr. Curtis has written a very creditable book, — breezy and bright. It is rich in information, and remarkably free from egotism. The two Chinese illustrations, — one the seal of the U. S. Consul—are unique.

THE CARLYLE ANTHOLOGY.*

NO fountain could be found in English literature from which streams more rich and more perennial could be drawn. Carlyle has drained all territory, and the whole world has been enriched by his irrigation. No living author, and none who ever lived, save, perhaps, Francis Bacon, has bestowed so much wisdom upon humanity; and as a compendium this collection of knowledge must be regarded as inferior only to the Bible.

This is one of those books which it is impossible to review. One may criticise Carlyle if he finds pleasure in the task; but to criticise his philosophy is a work of supererogation. One can only select from the bewildering variety of wise words and phrases enough to convey a fair idea of its weight and value. This we have tried to do as well as may be done in our brief limits.

Influences. "We know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement [beginning], will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time." — *Voltaire.*

Work. "Blessed is he who has found his work: let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose: he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force, through the mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow, with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, — to all knowledge, self-knowledge, and much else, as soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that; *Properly, thou hast no other knowledge, but what thou hast got by working;* the rest is yet all a hypothesis by working; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it, and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'"—*Past and Present*, III. 11.

Sentimentalism. "Man is not what one calls a happy animal: his appetite for sweet victual is so enormous. How, in the wild Universe, which storms-in on him, infinite, vague-menacing, shall poor man find, say not happiness, but existence and footing to stand on, if it be not by girding himself together for continual endeavor and endurance? Woe, if in his heart there dwelt no devout Faith; if the word Duty had lost its meaning for him! For as to this Sentimentalism, so useful for weeping with over romance and on pathetic occasions, it otherwise verily will avail nothing; nay, less [how can there be a less than nothing?]. The healthy heart that said to itself: 'How healthy am I!' was already fallen into the fatalest sort of disease. Is not Sentimentalism twin-sister to Cant, if not one and the same with it? Is not

* The Carlyle Anthology. Selected and arranged by Edward Barrett. 12mo. pp. 386. With Index. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Cant the *prima materia* of the Devil; from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations body themselves; from which no true thing *can* come? For Cant is itself properly a double-distilled lie: the second-power of a lie."

The Dandy. . . . "And now for all this perennial martyrdom, and poesy, and even prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we would say, that you would recognize his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even, failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it: do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon: which will waste its optic faculty on dried crocodiles and Siamese twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no zoölogist classes among the Mammalia, no anatomist dissects with care. When did we see any injected preparation of Dandy in our museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Harrington may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes; it skills not. The undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side." — *Sartor Resartus*, III. 10.

To the average reader, the part of the book entitled "Portraits and Characters" will be most entertaining. This is mainly anecdotical, and is infinitely humorous. We will make a few quotations, which we are sure will prepossess the reader in favor of the compilation: —

"Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols, and popular dignitaries. He has parts even of poetic humor; but in general he seemed deficient in laughter, or, indeed, in sympathy for concrete human things, either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows on the solid earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amidst the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you at last a very dreary feeling." — *Life of John Sterling*, I. 8.

The Love of Fame. "Many authors speak of their 'Fame' as if it were a quite priceless matter; the grand ultimatum, and heavenly Constantine's Banner they had to follow, and conquer under. Thy 'Fame!' unhappy mortal! Where will it and thou be in some fifty years? Shakespeare himself hath lasted but some two hundred. Homer (partly by accident), three thousand; and does not already an Eternity encircle every Me, and every Thee? Cease, then, to sit feverishly hatching on that 'Fame' of thine, and flapping and shrieking with fierce hisses, like brood-goose on her last egg, if man shall or dare approach it. Quarrel not with me, hate me not, my brother [sister?]. Make what thou canst of thy egg, and welcome. God knows I will not steal it. I believe it to be addled." — *M. Boswell.*

An impression prevails among the many who have not read Carlyle, that he is unintelligible except to the brightest intelligence. How unwarranted is this impression plainly appears from the foregoing extracts. In them we find every form of intellectual power, — wisdom, philosophy, scorn, wit, and humor. No writer is so versatile as Carlyle, at home in eulogy and objurgation, in polished rhetoric and the rudest blackguardism. His resources seem inexhaustible, and his hold on his reader is as tenacious as the clutch of the lobster. We trust this book will introduce him to many who have not become his friends. They will find him a strong support, a wise guide and adviser, and a most genial and jolly companion. We have never reviewed a book to which we gave praise more unstinted.

HOURS WITH JOHN DARBY.*

ONE may be sure that any thing written by Dr. Garrettson is richly worth reading. He is one of the tersest, most epigrammatic, and sensible writers living. In this book he has a theme worthy of his strong and acute intellect, — Woman. His own estimate of its importance is thus stated: —

"Of all matters concerning which experience may speak to the edifying of inexperience; of things which pertain most to comfort or discomfort; of relations which affiliate or which antagonize; of joys which expand or which sadden: nothing — of all the associations of earth — is there, which may comprise so much or contain so little, as is embraced in the meaning of that one word, Wife."

The author summarily divides wives into two classes: some "who are such fools and idiots, that by some unwonted blunder on the part of Nature they would seem to have grown 'into life naught else than animated blocks;' others, a multitude, so exquisite, so finely attuned, so over-full of the delicious, so enticing, so alluring, so all-satisfying, that kings and philosophers who bow down to them, who give crowns and brains to them, who forget in their praise all other worship, who build altars to them, who live all of life in their presence, and who die all of death in their absence, — ah! my scholar, he alone who knew not Servilia blames Cæsar."

That the husband is the house-band, the author states as a natural fact: woman is the handsome bow to the band. He, the man, is supported by the weak vine, the woman: witness her bruises as evidence of her struggles. Man, strong, supported by woman, weak, is one of the strangest anomalies in nature.

Here the author becomes satirical: "Expect a woman to play the parts both of wife and man; expect complacency and soft greetings where are encountered only grumblings and hard knocks; expect the pleasure of velvet-like hands when the scarfskin is thickened and made horny with pans and kettles; expect the breath of roses where are fed only onions; expect a tired, overworked, man-crushed woman to vie with the beauty that surrounds, and then to grow into disgust for her because her face looks weary, and her limbs deny the graces of the dance, — faugh! you poor brute of an apology, rather ask yourself if even you are worthy of the hack into which you have converted your gazelle."

We do not envy the doctor his experience. We say *his* experience; for no man could make a portraiture so faithful of domestic discomfort unless all of it he saw, and part of it he was. His knowledge in this matter is not to be thirsted for: "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Are there no unjust and cruel husbands in the world? Can he not answer this question out of the abundance of his own knowledge? There are two sides to every question; and, learned as he is in the weaknesses and miseries of the wife, he must know something of the aggressions and oppressions of the husband. Very few women are aggressive: in nearly all cases of connubial quarrel, the man strikes the first blow. So ample and perspicuous is the learned Doctor's diagnosis of the feminine element in the complication, that we really hunger to see him render a like service to the masculine element. Your country's eyes are on you, Doctor: you have blackguarded woman; now do as much for man.

Under the evidence set out as above, the good Doctor invites the reader to an Herculean task, when he bids him, if he would have an angel, make one for himself. In our humble judgment, the materials, enumerated as above, are exceedingly unpromising; and he himself — despairing, no doubt, of putting his precept into practice — solemnly exhibits to his pupil — a wife: —

"Like unto rings found in the ears of women, — see these I show thee, Lycidas; outside, — paraded to the world, — jewels; inside, — hollowness, emptiness, nothingness. . . . . But the vixen, thou sayest, the born vixen, incurable, unimpressible. Pitiable owner of such a monstrosity! Let her be driven to a nunnery, my scholar; and let it be a strong place, built of heavy stone; or, still better, speed her to the devil, that thus the more quickly she may get with her kind, for strongly does it come to me to believe that a vixen is not a real woman, — body and soul, — but a wandering fiend, who, going up and down in the earth, has dispossessed of its tabernacle some beauteous one, and thus plays her part of a she-Mephistopheles. I would also add the whisper in thy [thine] ear that a wise man gets clear of a devil as best he may, and as quickly as he can."

Look on this picture and then on that, and note the author's cunning faculty of contrast: —

"An angel wife is a possession so sweet, so rapturous, so full of all wealth, so overflowing

* Hours with John Darby. By the author of "Thinkers and Thinking," &c. 16mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

with all good, that he is utterly void of wisdom who searches not the world over but that he find such treasure. Is a man ugly? in the reflection he sees himself beautified. [Does this process operate in reverse for the beautification of the wife?] Is he an unfortunate? her consolations enrich him. Is he a castaway? in her passion he finds himself lifted up. Ah, my scholar, who but the husband may know of a thousand nameless charms, charms so potent that all atmospheres save that which surrounds the beloved one, are as dreary fogs and depressing vapors, — are as emptiness when compared with fulness?"

Members of the fair sex who oppose the nuptial rite, and either favor celibacy or sustain Platonic love, *à la* George Eliot, will find comfort in the fact that, according to our author, "Juno, with a view to the deception of men who are too selfish to make good husbands, is said to be for ever whispering in their ears stories of care begotten of marriage: this intimidates them, and by such reason she saves women from falling into their power."

In view of the foregoing specimens of the author's style, we can confidently commend him as a bright and entrancing writer. His opinions are hardly consistent; but they are undeniably original, and sharp and impressive in expression. One may get his full money's worth by the purchase of this volume.

WENDERHOLME.*

MR. HAMERTON must be an all-accomplished man: there seems to be nothing in literature or art that he cannot do, and do it well too.

He has here given us one of the most interesting stories we ever read. It is curiously illustrative of remarkable sections of England, reporting the dialect, habits, and peculiarities of the people. Its plot is original and engrossing. Jacob and Isaac Ogden are brothers, but diverse as night and day. Jacob is an enormously rich manufacturer, while the latter's income is moderate. Isaac has a son, Jacob, who lives much with his uncle. Isaac has a habit of getting drunk, and in one of his excesses almost beats the boy to death. The latter runs away, and is missing several days. The uncle is torn by remorse, and hunts incessantly for his victim. Col. Stanburne finds the boy on his land and treats him kindly. Jacob returns home and renews his old life. Col. Stanburne, a prominent personage in the story, is proprietor of Wenderholme, a fine old estate. His wife, Lady Helena, and himself are not quite harmonious, but reasonably happy. He indulges his own tastes for military occupations and horses. He puts his money in a new bank, and loses all. Isaac Ogden buys his place and sets up as lord of Wenderholme, his stout and strong-minded mother living with him. Philip Stanburne, cousin of the colonel, a Roman Catholic, loves and would marry Edith Stedman, but she fades and dies. Jacob, Jr., is taken by his uncle, and put into his own business, with the promise of making him his heir. The boy is a good scholar, and well-bred, and is in love with Edith Stanburne, the Colonel's daughter. She loves him in return, but family prejudices estrange them. Jacob, Sr., desires his nephew to marry one Sally Smethurst, a great heiress, but low-bred. Stedman, Edith's father, dies abroad, leaving £35,000 to Col. Stanburne. Jacob marries Edith, after unpleasant complications.

The episode of the beating of the boy is almost too horrible to hold a place in the narrative. Nothing more dreadful than this scene has a place in our memory. The author's diagnosis of the older Jacob's psychological paroxysms is peculiarly een: the effect of a given amount of spirits upon him is gauged to a fraction.

* A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "The Intellectual Life." 12mo. pp. 433. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

IT is now many years since Müller's untimely and lamented death. Having contributed more than any other German, — perhaps it should be said, more than any other scholar of his time, — to the right appreciation of Greek literature, especially the dramatic, and of Grecian art, without ever seeing the land of his idolatry, he at length was enabled to gratify his life-long desire of visiting the scenes and the monuments of ancient achievement. There, in August, 1840, he fell, a victim to his enthusiasm. His funeral oration was pronounced in modern Greek by a professor of the University at Athens; and his body found its resting-place not far from the spot where the plays of Euripides, which he had done so much to elucidate, were originally enacted.

During the period following his death up to about 1858, no one was found competent and willing to attempt the continuation of his most useful and valuable but incomplete work on the literature of Greece. Indeed, all continuations of history of whatever kind, by another mind than that which originally projected the work and laid out the plan, have in general been failures. Whether the continuation before us is an exception to the general rule may be a subject for consideration hereafter. For the present we have to do with the part completed by Müller, which brings the history down to the age of Aristophanes, about 400 B. C., and includes the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic poetry, and sketches of the earlier philosophers and historians. We say completed by Müller, for so far as he went he left the work in the form in which he desired and expected it would be given to the world. Although the book before us was published in 1858, its contents are as fresh and interesting as when first issued. They cannot become stale. Like the evergreens of the forest, or the works they so beautifully commemorate, they live with perennial verdure.

The great excellency of Müller's work consists in this, that, — while it is sufficiently ample in regard to those minor writers, whose names and fragments of whose works have come down to us, showing that they must have been not undistinguished in their time, though they made no great mark in literature, — it deals with those great names and works which are in the mind of everybody when the classic Greece is mentioned, in a manner so lucid and satisfactory; he is so full of his theme, discusses it so thoroughly, and pours out his learning so abundantly, giving the full force and substance of each drama, and each poem, which he specially describes, and reflecting too all the delicate tints and shades of meaning, that we rise from the reading of some of his chapters with something of the feeling which we may suppose might have pervaded, not indeed the assembled Athenians who witnessed the dramatic contest in which Æschylus yielded the prize to the youthful Sophocles, but of those perhaps who were detained at home, if any could be kept at home, and heard from the lips of their more fortunate neighbors who were present the fresh recital of the representations of the play of human passions, the anger and the justice of the gods, with sketches of the plot, and snatches no doubt of the choral songs.

If it is no longer true, as was said by Mr. Ticknor, in a letter of sixty years ago, given in his recently published life, that "we do not yet know what a Greek scholar is; we do not know even the process by which he is made one;" yet the number of those who can read Greek with the ease and facility with which thousands can read and enjoy the Odes of Horace is extremely limited.

We are not all scholars. In this country, at least, the law of labor is the law of our existence. The exceptions are so few that they are not worth considering. Most of us, if we have acquired in early life some slight taste for learning, and have desired to drink at its fountains, have been obliged to repress and subdue all such longings, and give our days and nights, and all our best thoughts and faculties, to the hard but inevitable task of earning our daily bread. And if at length, perchance, in rare instances a competency is earned in some professional or commercial pursuit, by that time the faculties have become indurated; wedded to their routine, the delicate and appreciative taste for classic litera-

* A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece. By K. A. Müller, late Professor in the University of Göttingen. Continued after the author's death by John William Donaldson, D.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

ture, if not gone, is deadened; we are not what we were; we are farther still, yes, separated by an infinite gulf, from what we would have been, from what we intended to be.

What we want, then, what the great body of educated men need, for pleasure, for recreation, for recalling the enjoyments and reviving the taste for the study of the great models of classic learning, is just such a work as Müller's, which makes us seem to hear again the songs of Sappho, the recitals of Herodotus, or the plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

On the question of the identity of Homer, and the authenticity of the Iliad and Odyssey, Müller's theory — differing from that of Wolf or of Grote — is one that will be accepted by most who do not aspire to the refinements of scholarly criticism, and who are willing to enjoy, without too much of scrutiny, the noblest creations of genius; to wit, that both poems were the production on the whole of one and the same transcendent mind; but that in both there are considerable interpolations, more in the latter than in the former; sometimes, it may be, the songs of other poets or rhapsodists on the same subjects being incorporated, sometimes the amendments of subsequent versifiers introduced. It is much easier to conceive how very great alterations and interpolations might have been introduced, than to comprehend how such works, masterpieces and models of art and of genius to all ages, could have been preserved and transmitted, through several centuries, without the use of writing, by tradition and memory alone.

The Greek drama is treated by our author with a completeness and charm, arising evidently from an appreciative and familiar knowledge of the subject, which inspires in the reader a kindred desire to re-traverse those beautiful fields, to re-read and study anew those delightful works. The origin and history of the drama, from its simple and rude beginnings at the festivals of Bacchus and the Eleusinian mysteries, when it consisted merely of the choral songs and the adventures of the gods, — the *dramatis personæ* being pre-supposed, or only symbolically indicated, and the chorus representing their feelings, — until it reached its perfect development in the inimitable masterpieces of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, are traced in a concise and comprehensive manner. The exhibition in the Knights of Aristophanes of impudence and rascality, which he regarded as constituting the chief requisites of a demagogue in his time, — and probably Athens 2300 years ago was not greatly different from America at this day in this respect, — this exhibition as applied to the character of Cleon, the leather-dresser, the most consummate of ancient demagogues, will never cease to interest and amuse while charlatanry exists and satire is appreciated.

G. M. B.

THE SPLENDID ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN.*

THE author has well described his essays: they are indeed erratic, and on occasion wander beyond the bounds of reasonableness. He treats woman as a puppet, to be taken apart, analyzed, and put together again, without regard sometimes to the connections of the original adjustment. The author says the essays were written on the Horatian principle. (This recalls to us the paraphrase of Mr. Soule, lately Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy. Some students having raised a tumult in the hall of the academy, he addressed them with his wonted classicism, saying, "*Dulce est desipere in loco, sed* not in the hall.") The Latin quotation may fill the gap in the author's words. His chapter-headings may suggest the general character of the book: The Advantages of Being Ugly (which will no doubt prove to be of almost universal interest); The Dignity and Delight of Ignorance; The Delights of Deception; The Pleasure of Lying in Bed; The Pleasures of Silence; The Miseries of Being Respectable; "Cheek;" The Pleasures of Being Mad; The Art of Talking; Whistling; Saucy Doubts and Fears; An Island of Tranquil Delights; Weddings; Cock-a-doodle-doo; The Poetry of Sleep.

The author starts off smiling, and with a tender sentiment, like a flower, in his mouth: he purposes to prove that "the next dearest blessing that can befall a human being, after not having been born at all, is to have been born a woman." He adds, what is very good news, that "women are on the increase, and women and loveliness are convertible terms." They have an instinctive love of the beautiful, and, says a lady, "have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. They are far safer umpires in the matters of propriety and grace. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests." Pshaw! the bright youth is only studying ornithology. Ladies have great advantages over men in the details of travel. "Will any gentleman oblige a lady?" asks the omnibus-conductor in his blandest [of] tones. Out rushes a gentleman in soaking rains and cutting blasts to oblige a lady; that is, to save her the expense of a sixpenny cab [the scene of this speculative analysis must be in London], whom he had never seen before, and will probably never see again. Who ever yet heard of a lady getting out to oblige a gentleman? The notion is monstrous. The man who would suggest such a thing would deserve to be hanged on the nearest lamp-post. . . .

But men were only made [the 'only' should follow 'made'] to do homage to woman. Everywhere and always the same golden rule obtains. For whom are the tid-bits reserved at every feast? Who gets sugar and spice, and all things nice? Who is served first, and has the best seat at breakfast, dinner, and supper? Who polishes off the Neapolitan ices at opera and play? Woman, woman, lovely woman! Who pays for them? Man, the wretch! Who stands by patiently while they are being consumed? Man, hollow-eyed, famine-stricken man. Who comes in for all the kisses of Fortune? Woman. And who for all her kicks? Man, man, ugly man, the most unfortunate of created beings. . . . Falling an easy victim to her enchantments, man indulges in a little innocent flirtation. He loves, and rides away. Woman brings her action for breach of promise, and gets swingeing damages. Woman loves, and *she* rides away. Man brings his action for breach of promise. He is hooted out of court. Woman is privileged to dress in the costliest and most fanciful fashion. Silks, satins, velvets, the most curious fabrics of the loom; feathers, furs, laces, whatsoever things are beauteous, whatsoever are rare and splendid, — are at her disposal to equip herself withal, and make her irresistible. Even the innocent little dicky-birds are pressed into her service, and surrender their lives that woman's hat may look a little sprucer for their plumage. In her cause, the robin-redbreast lays down his melodious life, and justly so, since 'a bird in her hat is worth two in the bush.'"

And what would he say about the seventy-five per cent of women to whom these luxuries are as distant as are the Himalayas. Why does he not take into account the poor seamstress, and the makers of slop-work, and the weary shop-girl, not permitted to sit through the day. All your talk is *ex parte*, Mr. Dunphie, and no more fairly represents the condition of your countrywomen, than your feeble strain represents the voice of the American people. Go to, Mr. Dunphie, go to; and, repairing to London, peer at the pedestriennes and equestriennes in Hyde Park, and regenerate them with your shallow philosophy. They are fit subjects for your transcendent pen, fit game for your diminutive pea-shooter.

Some of the author's jokes are fair. "My dear, said a bridegroom once to his charmer, this is Poplar; and when you (*u*) are there it will be pop*u*lar; and if we both reside there long, it will be popul*ous*."

We have gone only a short distance into the vaults of this treasury of flippancies and frauds, but have extracted therefrom curiosities enough to whet the attention of the intelligent reader. To him we say, Buy the book, and laugh and jeer by turns at its humor and its folly; and then make up your mind, as we have done, that, with all this mockery, the author is more than half right.

* The Splendid Advantages of Being a Woman, and other Essays, by Charles J. Dunphie. 12mo. pp. 352. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1876.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

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"NOLI ME TANGERE."

WE adopt this motto in no unkind or vengeful spirit, but as a warning to certain persons who, offended by our plain talk about books, seek to punish us by calumnious attacks. We are safe in declaring that we have always conducted this paper in the interests of good criticism, with courtesy and fairness; and, as a rule, we take no notice of ill-tempered comments. But an assault like that below repulsed — so bad-tempered, so unjust, so mendacious — can be treated in only one way, which we adopted, and which is demolition: —

A RE-REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

"A Review of a Review" appears in the *Advertiser* of the 9th instant. Its source is instantly recognizable: the fair face of some one smiles out of it with a look of mingled mildness and malignity. The exceptionally accurate statement of dates is proof indeed. We refrain from identifying the writer; but her handiwork seems to realize that Elysian privilege, of which we wrote not long ago, of authors' reviewing their own books. If the author, in this case, did not write the "Review," she surely must have inspired it.

The reviewer concludes that our reading of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" "was a careless one." We confess the soft impeachment; we read it hastily as a task to be achieved; we could not get up an interest in it. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ:* To our fatal want of appreciation, or inability to apprehend the subtle beauties and mysteries of this wonderful book, we must sadly trace our castigation at the hands of "An Attentive Reader of the *Literary World*." The compliment implied in this signature almost palsies our hand, and persuades us to pause in our vengeful rejoinder; but the editor's first duty is to maintain his independence and his position, and this we shall try to do.

The reviewer says that "Stephen did not make any offer of marriage to Mercy." We cannot confute this, but surely he behaved as men do in like cases, having all the requisite desire, and lacking only the courage. What does a man mean when, as is told of Stephen, "they [his eyes] look at her sadly, with a world of regret and appeal and affection and almost despair in the look"? So far as our own observation extends, such is a transcript of a man's expression when subjected to the agonies of a strong and unprosperous passion. What means the author when she says: "And thus the old year went out and the new year came in for Mercy Philbrick and Stephen White, — the old year in which they had been nothing, and the new year in which they were to be *every thing to each other*."

If words mean any thing, these words mean business, — the business of a pair who contemplate marriage, or even that more tender relation which precedes it. On page 155 it is virtually confessed that Stephen is Mercy's lover. Walking out, and overtaken by Stephen, she "stood still, vainly hoping her black veil was thick enough to hide her red eyes; vainly trying to regain her composure enough to speak in her natural voice, and smile her usual smile. Vainly, indeed! What crape could blind a *lover's* eyes, or what forced tone deceive a *lover's* ears?" Who, pray, was the "*lover*"?

The unscrupulous reviewer cites this as the "most singular of all the misrepresentations:" "She makes the acquaintance of Professor Dorrance, a truly model man, who serves as her coadjutor in a glaring inconsistency. He is a fifty-five-year-old widower, but he falls in love with the bright young widow, and offers her his hand and heart. She permits him to understand that his passion was reciprocated." — *The Literary World.*

The reviewer proceeds to say: "She did not in the least reciprocate Parson Dorrance's passion, nor permit him to understand that she did so."

In crushing retort to this allegation, we quote from page 212 this little but significant colloquy: —

"The parson looked bewildered, but went on, —

"'You do love me, my child, very dearly, do you not?'

"'Oh, *you know I do!*' cried Mercy, 'You know I do!'"

How the unscrupulous reviewer can dare, in the face of this solemn and passionate declaration, to deny that Mercy Philbrick allowed Parson Dorrance to understand that his passion was reciprocated, passes our feeble understanding.

We have given this little pin-prick of Reviewer's more attention than it deserves; but we felt it our duty to say that we are not wont to pervert the text of a book while reviewing it; that we judge all books with impartiality, uninfluenced by sentiments of mutual admiration or by the obligations of any feminine literary cabal. Wishing for Reviewer better luck next time, we give his *congé*.

S. R. CROCKER.

REVIEWS OF POETRY.

THE publication of "Deirdrè" has given occasion, as rarely happens in this country, for the expression of critical opinions by our best writers on an object truly worthy of investigation. It is most interesting and profitable to compare these opinions, and thus secure the judgment of the highest literary tribunals. In the case of this poem, the large majority have decided in favor of the new poet's claims; but one or two feeble folk have dismissed his case with indifference or censure. In view of the surpassing merits of "Deirdrè," there can be but one solution of this wilful malignity; that is, the inability of the judges to appreciate its merits. The Chicago *Tribune* furnishes an example of this ineptitude. Having given a sketch of the plot of the poem, it dismisses it in three lines of contemptuous brevity. If all our judges possessed this mean spirit, our literature would soon languish. The public praise is the chief stimulant and reward of the poet; and, lacking this, he is left without audience. In many instances, the incompetency of the reviewer is at fault; sometimes, as in the case of the New York *Tribune*, a *soi-disant* bard tried his 'prentice han' in an endeavor to damn "Deirdrè" with faint praise. Because he cannot, with all his pretensions and with all the material gathered in long journeyings, write poetry himself, grim Envy bids him deny that power to others more nobly endowed.

No criticism is sound which is not friendly, or at least equitable. Prejudice should be strictly shut out from the reviewer's purview, and to praise or blame, without good reason, is not the act of an honest man.

LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE can be no doubt that the recent Centennial Exposition will result in a strong forward impulse upon Art in America. The people saw there what their own artists had done, and, comparing their work with that of their foreign rivals, as a whole, gave the palm to their countrymen. The love of Art was fostered by the trophies of home talent, and public and artists were encouraged to persevere and push on. Compared with Literature, Art has lately won but a meagre subsistence: where ten persons read, only one loves Art. While writers, therefore, have waxed fat with their copyright receipts, painters' easels have been empty and their brushes idle. We hope for an improvement in the condition of this sister of Literature. The signs in our own city point to this. Sales of pictures are lucrative, and the condition of the Artist's Club is highly and increasingly prosperous.

THE GROWTH OF POETRY.

WE have been surprised and pleased, during the last two months, with the indications, that American verse is rapidly taking a higher range, gaining in strength as well as refinement. We have received within the period named not less than five volumes which would do credit to any English poet. They come from all parts of the land, — first, "Deirdrè," "easy chief," Mr. Watson's "Legend of the Roses," than which no finer poem save "Deirdrè" has appeared in a decade. From Cleveland comes a volume filled with pieces dainty and spiritual; and from Troy another of equal excellence. Lastly, we have, from Lippincott & Co., a little book called "Sir Rae," which inevitably suggests reminiscences of Sir Walter. Verily, the skies are brightening, and our bards must get their lyres in order.

WOMEN.

IT will be seen by reference to our table of contents that two books devoted to the fascinating subject of Woman have come to us for review. This we hail as a most encouraging symptom. It brings the dear creatures before the people, which they like. It is true, alas! that both authors deliberately assail the softer sex; but, as will be seen, we have valiantly defended them, and confidently count upon our earned reward.

VERY many books came to us in the last days of the month just closed, when the columns of this number were filled. This must be a sufficient excuse for our failure to notice them. They shall receive due attention in the January issue.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"*J. M. K.*," *Troy, O.*, writes: "Some years ago I was led to conclude that Peter Bayne was a non-believer in the Scriptures, by the following passage which occurs in his Essay on Hugh Miller: —

"'In the cottage of Hugh Miller's boyhood, was that "one book wherein, for several thousand years, the spirit of man has found light and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him," and which is still the Word of God, whatever the author of these words may think.' *Essays in Biography, etc, First Series*, p. 951.

"Am I justified in drawing such a conclusion? Is he a non-believer? What class; atheist or infidel?"

We should say that you are *not* justified in reaching such a conclusion.

"*E. S. W.*," *Peoria, Ill.*, writes: "C. E. B., of Florence, Mass., will find Carlyle speaking of the 'dismal science' in his essay entitled 'The Present Time,' *Latter Day Pamphlets*.

"'Here, numerous persons, with big wigs, many of them, and austere aspect, whom I take to be Professors of the Dismal Science, start up in an agitated, vehement manner.'"

"*C. M. W.*," *Indianapolis*, writes: "In the September number of the *Literary World*, you refer to a novel by Caroline Gilman, published many years ago, giving some charming pictures of Southern life, but remark that you have forgotten the title. Was it not 'Recollections of a Southern Matron'? I remember reading the book when I was a youth, and enjoying it exceedingly. It would bear re-publication better than much of the stuff written now-a-days will bear one publication."

That is the book we referred to, and an excellent book it is. It is the best picture of Southern society ever drawn. We should heartily welcome a reprint, and hope some enterprising publishers will see their account in bringing out a new edition.

"*P. B. A.*," *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, writes in explanation of Sherwood Bonner's error in attributing "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" to Mrs. Sigourney instead of to Mrs. Stowe: "Mrs. Sigourney's book was entitled 'Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,' and published by James Monroe & Co., several years before Mrs. Stowe's book appeared."

Here seems to be a strange coincidence; or did Mrs. Stowe's imitative faculty get the better of her?

"*Harry Bramble*," *Troy, O.*, writes as follows: "The tone of St. George Mivart would lead one to conclude that he was a Roman Catholic of the most pronounced type. Is such the case? Have Strauss's 'Life of Jesus Critically Treated,' and 'The Christian Dogmatics, &c.,' ever been translated into English?"

St. George Mivart is an avowed Roman Catholic. Strauss's "Life of Jesus" has been translated into English; "Christian Dogmatics" has not.

"*Harry Bramble*," *Troy, O.*, asks what is the origin of these two quotations: —

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

> "The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
> Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
> Shall lure it back to erase half a line,
> Nor all your tears wash out one word of it."

The first quotation is from the conclusion of Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" the other we cannot trace. We think there are no English versions of the books he mentions.

"*J. A. E.*," *Hawley, Mass.*, inquires as to the authorship of these quotations. We sincerely regret that we cannot enlighten him as to such striking lines: —

> "For past the Alpine summits of great pain
> Lieth thy Italy!"

> "What grape-bloom knoweth its fiery wine?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary World: —

DEAR SIR: — While snatching an hour from school-work last evening, I read the enclosed article, published in the *Literary World* for November: —

"A St. Louis school-official tells a plain truth, when he says: 'Here is a fact beyond dispute. When a young man begins to teach, he begins to *study* up the science of *education*. He has books on the subject. He will take the *School Journal*. A young woman will spend her noon-time in reading the *Bazaar*, the *Ledger*, or the *Sun*. Women are expecting to give up the business at any moment; they hope to get married. They, as a class, have no love for the business.'"

As it seems right that one should resent an injustice, especially if it tends to permanent injury, I take the liberty to criticise the unfairness of this article. Judging from a practical experience, I assert that no lady engaged in teaching in a High School, and who properly attends to her duties there, has any idle moments in which to read the *Ledger*, *Sun*, or even the *Bazaar*. An average of five hours' work in school daily, and of three hours spent in preparatory labor out of school, allows hardly time to attend to the duties of home and society; in fact, the needed stitch in the dress and the buttonless glove are every-day proofs of this. That a woman bends her efforts to teaching until an opportunity of marriage offers, is not only an unkind statement to make, but it is full of mistake, and, I feel, is untrue.

Although there are some women who really love this profession, I doubt not there are many who use it as a stepping-stone; but how many thousands of men have made the same use of teaching! Who can affirm that one man in a hundred enters upon this profession, intending to make it his life-work; and, having made such a determination, abides by his decision? Does not the young man often, very often, teach only till the sum is collected by means of which he may pursue some other calling?

School-teaching, in its present state, demands *women* who "study up the science of education," as well as men. The former do this, or they lose their positions. A. H. R.

Medford, Nov. 15.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "A Long Time Ago" is a truly remarkable novel, — original in plot, novel in incident, strong in characterization, and dramatic in execution. Marjorie Fleming, the heroine, lives alone with her sick father. The nearest neighbor is Reuben Yool, of Yool Farm, five or six miles away. He has loved her many years, but never has spoken. Her cousin, a naval officer, comes home, and the two are engaged. He goes to sea. Three years later news comes of the loss of his ship; Marjorie's grief is bitter. She has no friend but Reuben, — for her father dying, and believing Edward Fleming to be dead, makes her promise to marry the man who has so long loved her. She tells him she cannot love him, but goes home to live with him. A crazy woman, full of devilish cunning, is an inmate of his house, and hates Marjorie with a deadly hatred, three times attempting her life. Reuben treats his wife with rare tenderness, but exacts no affection from her. But her heart is too soft, her affection too strong, to permit her to be indifferent to him, and her simplest word of kindness satisfies him. "The Dame," the crazy woman, having thrice tried to poison Marjorie, is sent away. The house is sacked by robbers, who nearly kill the latter. Edward comes, ill and destitute, having survived the wreck of his ship. Marjorie nurses him tenderly, Reuben encouraging her. Stormy scenes occur between the old lovers; but she is firm to her duty, and at last he goes. Reuben, convinced that she still loves Edward, is even more reticent towards her than before; but one day with the light of perfect truth in her eyes, she tells him that she loves him, and he is happy. The scenes of violence, of which there are many, are drawn with marvellous power. [Harper & Brothers; Lockwood & Co.]

— "Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom," by Amanda M. Douglass, would have been more agreeable in a briefer form. It is inordinately spun out, and its introductory pages are tedious. The multitude of personages is confusing, and its course prior to the departure of Aunt Adelaide from the Kinnard house is dull. Dr. Kinnard, a widower with two children, marries Nelly Endicott, a young girl, to the intense disgust of his own mother and his first wife's sister, Adelaide, a maiden lady who has charge of his children. Aunt Adelaide had ruled his house for years, and the coming of the second wife was a terrible shock to her. Naturally of a bad temper, she is stimulated by this event almost to fiendishness, and the young bride is made to lead a sorry life. Finally the house is rid of Adelaide and the senior Mrs. Kinnard, and becomes the home of happiness and order. The purpose of the book is to show how a capable and amiable woman can influence others for their own good: this type of womanhood is faithfully represented by Nelly. She and her sisters are prodigies of beauty and virtue, and all are fortunately married. In the last half of the story we have views of high society and a male flirt, who raises a tumult in several young hearts. Miss Douglass is a careless writer; she speaks of "the sisterly companionship that had characterized Fan and *I*;" "Where *is* Aunt Adelaide and the children?" Kissing seems to be the favorite pastime of the personages; and the conduct of Van Alstyne, the male flirt, is hardly better than scandalous. [Lee & Shepard.]

— We cannot unreservedly commend "Noblesse Oblige," though it is the work of the author of "M'lle Mori." It is a story of the French Revolution during the rule of the Directory, days that were red with blood. Its effect is in substance to tell how two members of the St. Aignan family succeeded in evading arrest, by the aid of persons far below them in rank. The action is not very strong, while the chief merit of the book is characterization. Edmée, the heroine, M'lle St. Aignan, Balmat and De Pelven, are drawn with great skill and distinctness. [Holt & Co.]

— "One Hundred Years of American Independence" is a timely and useful publication, supplying in small compass much matter which would have to be sought in several different works. It is a large octavo volume of over six hundred pages, well printed, and embellished with fine illustrations. Its tone is reasonably impartial, its style simple and clear, and its arrangement symmetrical. It is popular in character, void of philosophical discussion, and in all respects, it would seem, adapted for the use of the masses. [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

— The results of Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's literary labors for ten years is embodied in "The History of New York." It will be comprised in thirty parts, about a dozen of which are already issued. It seems to us that she has gone back too far for her start. Few readers are ignorant as to the early voyages for the discovery of this country, and she has dwelt too long on this part of her narrative. As a local history it has great value, is well-written, and chronologically accurate. [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

— A very handy and comprehensive little book is "Common School Literature," by J. Willis Westlake, Professor of English literature in the State Normal School at Millersville, Pa. It gives one delightful sips of literary biography, with extracts from the authors' writings. The American department is quite as rich and enlightening. These little biographies are perfect gems of conciseness and nutritiousness, and the collection called "A Casket of Thought Gems" is worth a tiara of jewels. [Sower, Potts, & Co.]

— Mr. Edward Brooks has compiled a "Normal Higher Arithmetic," which seems to be an advance on earlier treatises. He has tried to give a full treatise upon the science of numbers, and its most extensive application. Arithmetic, he says, has become a science, and stands on a level with Geometry. He exhibits the logical outline of Arithmetic, which shows that all arithmetical processes are embraced in synthesis, analysis, and comparison; the logical presentation of the language of arithmetic, showing the principle of enumeration and its relation to notation; the treatment of the greatest common divisor and least common multiple, and the extension of these processes to decimals and denominate numbers. [Sower, Potts, & Co.]

— "Castle Windows," by Latham Cornell Strong, contains some of the finest verses of the day, — strong, graphic, refined, polished. We have read nothing, lately, except "Deirdrè," that can be compared with them in power and finish. "The Rhyme of Thula" is an admirable poem, well imagined and well executed. The same is quite as true of "Treasures of the Tropic Seas," in which the element of pathos is very strong. "When Baby Died" is not less pathetic. "A Summer Idyl" is a love-story in exquisite verse. We quote a stanza or two: —

> Sitteth a maiden with forehead fair,
> And soft gray eyes, with joy complete,
> Twining with roses her russet hair
> In the shade of the garden, cool and sweet;
> Leaneth the lover below the trees,
> Over the gate where the leafage green
> Rises and falls in the dainty breeze,
> And the struggling sunbeams slip between.
> *'Tis a broken heart that crieth aloud,*
> *Oh, smooth are the folds of the wedding-shroud*
> *White bride lilies are on her breast,*
> *And the coffin-pillow is lightly pressed.*
>
> The birds were singing thro' all the land,
> And the white-capped daisy and hooded nun
> Went nodding by fields of wheat and sand
> Down to the brook in the summer sun;
> Lifteth the maiden her soft gray eyes;
> Unto the lover she smiles and says,—
> "'Tis here the four-leaved clover lies,
> That we sought together in by-gone days.
> *Solemnly tolls the cathedral bell;*
> *What does its iron service tell?*
> *Darkness, despair, and silence co'd,*
> *Dust and decay and the grave-yard mold.'*

One who can write such poetry as this may indulge the fondest hopes of distinction. No American bard whom we think of promises loftier poetical results. [H. B. Nims & Co., Troy.]

— Lippincott's "General Guide-Book to the United States and Canada," is one of the most useful and satisfactory travellers' helps in print. It describes in full detail all the most popular routes of travel in both countries, giving all information required by the tourist. The arrangement of its contents is well ordered, and many maps and illustrations add greatly to its value. "The General Guide for Settlers in the United States," issued by the same firm, is of equal value to another class of readers. It sets forth clearly the advantages and characteristics of many States and Territories to intending emigrants, offering them a wide range of selection. This volume also contains many maps and illustrations, very well executed.

— "Esel Dorf" need not be ashamed to publish his real name, for his poems would do no discredit to the most eminent poet. They are very brief and unpretentious, and deal with common, every-day topics, mainly sentimental. His work is marked by a high degree of refinement and choice diction, though his rhymes are not always perfect: *e.g.* "alone," "home," p. 19; "rhyme" and "nine," p. 30; "between" and "dream," p. 30; "time" and "twine," p. 54, &c. "A Memory" is a fair specimen of the poet's powers: —

> "She came in late December,
> When wintry winds were chill;
> While trees stood bare in sunlight,
> That glistened cross streamlet and hill.
> She came while a flurry of snow-flakes
> Obscured the fair heaven above,
> Ere they fell on this earth,
> Lightly as pity, as gently as love.
>
> "She came when the heart was callous,
> And cold as the cheerless rill;
> Love had changed places with error,
> And Hope found naught to instil.
> I had lived to think all wooing
> But a cheat of romancing youth:
> She awoke the Cynic's slumber,
> With the fair pure gem of Truth.
> The old-time trust awakened
> In the light of her sunny smile.
> Her presence soothed and charmed me,
> In her heart was there no guile.
> And oft when the day is over,
> As I sit by my fire alone,
> I muse on the glory departed,
> I worship the world that is gone."

— Prof. Pedro Blaserna's "Theory of Sound" begins with a grammatical error: "The present treatise neither pretends to nor aims at giving [what verb belongs to 'to'?] a complete description, &c." In the first chapter he discusses periodic movements, vibration of a bell, a tuning-fork, &c., of air in a sounding-pipe. The text is illustrated by diagrams. In practical music no use is made of the longitudinal vibration of strings. Among the modes of demonstrating the vibration, a tube rather long for its sectional area is taken, in which one wall is made of very thin, flexible wood. By blowing into it with some violence, a note is obtained much higher than the fundamental note of the pipe. The air in vibrating communicates its vibrations to the flexible side of the tube. Therefore if the pipe be held horizontally, and sand be sprinkled on the flexible side, the sand will dance about and accumulate in certain lines which are true nodal lines, and indicate exactly the way in which the air is vibrating in the interior of the pipe." The science of music is discussed at great length, and with high intelligence. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— One of Mr. Longfellow's noblest poems, "The Skeleton in Armor," has recently received a most fitting dress at the hands of Miss Hallock, — an artist whose fame began with "The Hanging of the Crane," — L. S. Ipsen, E. A. Abbey, and Mr. Anthony, who has supervised the artistic work. The externals of the book are simply beautiful, and the contents are quite in harmony. It is difficult to make a choice among so many exquisite engravings; but we are inclined to give our preference to the one illustrating the passage,

> "So toward the open main
> . . . . . .
> Bore I the maiden."

[J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— "Seashore and Prairie," by Mary P. Thacher, is a charming little bunch of essays about the New England coast, — a topic which seems inexhaustible. She writes of York, of Newport, of Machias, telling the old, old

story of the "Margaretta," which has contributed to fill half the papers in the Union, during the last year. The story of Hannah Weston and her sister Rebecca, two Jonesboro women, is very dramatic. She also tells about "Up the Mississippi," and stories of prairie life. The volume is a capital pocket-companion. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— "Selected Poems," by R. W. Emerson, contains many of his best pieces, that one cannot afford to leave unread. Among them is "The Problem:"—

"Not from a vain or shallow thought,
His awful Jove young Phidias brought,
Never from lips of cunning fell,
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe;
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity:
Himself from God he could not free,
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The volume also contains "May-Day," "Threnody," "Woodnotes." [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

— Half a dozen of Prof. Boyesen's magazine stories have been gathered in a pretty volume called "Tales of Two Hemispheres." All of them are good, and smack agreeably of the Norse air. A native of one country writing for the delectation of those of another has a double advantage, which Mr. Boyesen improves with good effect. We are in doubt as to which is the best story, "The Man who Lost his Name," or "The Story of an Outcast." There is fine pathos in the former; but the latter gives us a stronger savor of the author's native land. But all are readable, and the volume is worth buying. [Osgood & Co.]

— One conversant with Boston and its vicinity will not have to guess long to determine that "Long-Look House" is in the city of Cambridge. Now "Long-Look House" is a story by the Rev. Edward Abbott, and a delightful story it is. The description of the place is a model of perspicuity and graphic effect. Mr. Merrill lives in the House, with his wife, his children, Max and Jenny and Maud. He built the house according to his own notions, which seem to have been very good notions indeed. Plans of the structure were discussed in family conclave, and finally one was adopted with fine harmony. How they built the House and furnished it, and how all lent a hand, "looking up, not down," and how they all moved in, in great glee and satisfaction, the author tells with delightful detail and merry humor. How the first callers came, and how a private fire-department was organized, he also tells, with divers other particulars most charming and useful. The action of the story is breezy and lively, and its tone is healthy as a gust of mountain air. We can commend the book, without reserve, to all the little people of our acquaintance, and all the rest. We must not forget the pretty and pertinent silhouettes which are the delightful handiwork of Miss Helen Maria Hines. [Noyes, Snow, & Co.]

— Mr. Charles H. Woodman, who, we believe, was formerly connected with the Boston book trade, has written a book called "Boys and Girls of the Revolution," and which is gallantly dedicated to "Ella Farman, who leads the 'Wide-Awake' Host of Young Americans." It is rich in interesting anecdotes, and is, we think, the best compilation of its kind. Here is a story that is new to us, and that illustrates the height of Boston culture among our youths, even at that early day. "As Lord Percy marched his troops through Roxbury, to the Concord fight, the band played 'Yankee Doodle,' in derision of the Yankees. A little boy in the street cut such ridiculous antics that Lord Percy asked him why he was so merry. 'To think how you will dance by and by to "Chevy Chase,"' said the sharp lad; and the lord felt it keenly." One of the best and most affecting stories in the book is of the death of young Snyder, the first Boston martyr, a boy of eleven years. He was in a crowd that demonstrated against the merchants who refused to sign the non-importation agreement, and was shot by Richardson, the customs informer. In the boy's pockets were found seven pieces of heroic writing, which he loved to read, among them Wolfe's "Summit of Human Glory." [Lippincott & Co.]

— Mary S. Deering, author of "An Average Boy's Vacation," seems to have had good intentions, and is a fairly good writer; but she has failed to make an effective book. Its field is very narrow, its actors inspire no special interest, and there is a sameness in the story which is really tedious. There is nothing in the book which one hasn't often read before. The continuous use of the slang word "boss," not in its legitimate meaning, is vexatious: it occurs not less than twenty times in this volume of 166 pages. [Dresser, McLellan, & Co.]

— The new edition of "The Village School," by the author of "Child Nature," will be welcomed by many to whom it will be new. It is a series of poems suggested by the village schools, which are viewed in it in all aspects. Many of the pieces are humorous, and all are worth reading. The volume is fully illustrated. [Lippincott & Co.]

— "Ye Outside Fools" is the rather unprepossessing title of a book about the London stock-market; yet it has a strong significance as indicating the victims of money-ogres. The author writes in the first person, and reports the ceremonies of his initiation as confidential clerk to Messrs. Seesaw and Turnabout. These questions were put to him by the members of that firm: "Are the interests of brokers and clients identical? — Only in theory. Why so? — Because, if clients generally made money, the house must lose it, and consequently both brokers and jobbers would be ruined. How, then, can this be prevented? By concerted action on the part of both jobbers and brokers, just as in the cattle and coal markets the middlemen and dealers combine to prevent the consumer from buying of the producer. For instance, the broker frequently lets the jobber know what his client wants to do, and the price is regulated accordingly. Can you illustrate by example?" *Mutato nomine de te* (Wall Street and State Street) *fabula narratur*. The same story is true of American money-marts. The above extract will give the reader an idea of the purpose of the book. It is full of surprising disclosures as to the frauds of brokers and the gullibility of the people. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.]

— "Sir Rae" is a very beautiful poem, in an equally beautiful dress. It is the story of a lovely Highland maiden of low degree, and a youth of lordly race. She lives with a witch-like woman whom she calls Aunt Jean, and meets Rae, her lover, clandestinely. We quote an exemplary passage: —

"But still they met; they knew no wrong:
Twining their fates, as wild spring flowers.
She listened to the old, old song,
And heeded not the fleeting hours.
The rippling brooklet wandered o'er
Its pebbled bed, by moss and fern,
While sweet dissolving views it bore
Of tableaux never to return,—
The pure in heart, that knew no guile,
To whom all things were good and true.
Rae prized as life each dimpled smile,
And such joy before ne'er knew,
As when, on that May morn, they met,
Before their sun of gladness set."

The anonymous author should disclose his name, and claim the honor which is so surely his due. He has written one of the sweetest poems it has been our fortune to read, and the publishers have given it a fine dress and fine illustrations. [Lippincott & Co.]

— "London Banking Life," by William Purdy, is a serious and well-considered treatise on financial operations, from an English standpoint, comprehending in its view the transactions of all countries with which England has commercial relations. The author writes with intelligence and force, and masses a vast amount of useful information within these pages. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.]

— In "The Tiber and the Thames" we have entertaining views of both those famous rivers, and the scenery along their banks, together with a summary of interesting historical associations. The personal narrative, on which much curious information is strung, is quite piquant and readable. Many good illustrations add much to the charm of the volume. [Lippincott & Co.]

— We were not able very heartily to admire Mr. Sidney Lanier's Centennial Ode; but in his "Poems" we find better reason for according to him the name of poet. The volume contains ten poems; only two of these, in our judgment, worthy of exalted praise. These are the first and the last: "Corn," in which the beauties of Nature are depicted with rare effect; and "To ——, with a Rose." The latter we are tempted to quote: —

"I asked my heart to say
Some word whose worth my love's devoir might pay
Upon my lady's natal day.
Then said my heart to me:
Learn from the rhyme that now shall come to thee
What fits thy Love most lovingly.

This gift that learning shows;
For, as a rhyme unto its rhyme-twin goes,
I send a rose unto a Rose."

[Lippincott & Co.]

— We know of no better story than "The Sunshine in the Shady Place," by Edith Milner. We could not, if we would, find a flaw in it. The hero is a little boy named Geoffrey, who has just lost his mother, and goes to live with his uncle, Arthur Gordon, accompanied by his mother's sister, Eleanor Gordon. He is a very bright, original boy, and gives life to almost every page of the story. His uncle had been engaged to a young lady who, a week before their wedding-day, had discovered that her feeling toward her lover was friendship, not love. The match was broken off, and Arthur bore the shadow of his disappointment till Geoffrey came under his roof. She marries a curate, who afterwards becomes rector of Normanston, and his wife renews her friendship with Arthur. The sketches of life at Normanston are ineffably sunny and pleasant, Geoffrey's pranks and bright sayings affording continual amusement. One of his pranks was the emptying of a large vessel of water on the

head of Natalie, his French *bonne*, to make her grow, like the flowers. During his first service at church, he was amazed by the rector's peculiar voice, and getting up on his seat, cried, "Is he doing this to make me laugh?" Natalie, having taken a dislike to Mr. Gordon, called him a "boompkeen Anglais" in Geoffrey's presence. Shortly after, Mr. Gordon and the *bonne* being in the room, he asked his uncle if he knew what Natalie called him. The *bonne* interrupted; "*Taisez-vous*, Monsieur Geoffrey; it is not polite to praise people to their faces." "Oh, but you didn't praise him; you called him a — a — a, oh, I have it — 'a boompkeen Anglais.'" Mr. Gordon gave the annual dinner to his tenants, the description of which is really delightful, — a model representation of English rural festivities. After dinner, Geoffrey tells his aunt: "One boy cried because he could not eat another of those buns. He had eaten four already, a whole plate of bread-and-butter, and two wedges of cake. I told him to stand up, but he said he had tried that; and then I offered him some tea, but he had drunk six mugs full already. He says he is the prize-eater, and I quite believe him." "Oh, Johnny, Johnny," said Eleanor, approaching the prize-eater, "I am sorry to hear that you are as greedy as ever." Johnny rubbed his knuckles up and down his face, which was so fat and firm that he could hardly make an impression even on the cheeks. Going to the railroad station to meet some visiting friends, on their approach, Geoffrey jumped into their carriage, saying, "Oh, I am so benighted to see you!" "Do you know what 'benighted' means?" said Mr. Russell. "A great deal more than glad," answered Geoffrey. "Don't tease him with definitions, John," said Mrs. Russell. But John said, gravely, "You said you were 'benighted' to see us. Now that means overtaken by the night. I am sorry the sight of us should shorten the days, which are short enough in December." The celebration of Christmas follows, with two happy marriages, and thus this excellent book ends. [Lippincott & Co.]

— Rev. Asa Bullard, A. M., has written "Fifty Years with the Sunday-schools," an institution with which his name is, no doubt, more honorably associated than that of any living man. His whole life may be said to have been spent in endeavors for their promotion. His book is virtually an autobiography, and aside from its value as a specialty, is full of personal interest. It abounds in pertinent and affecting anecdotes, and far from addressing only those who are actively sympathetic with Sabbath-schools, appeals strongly to all lovers of religion and good morals. A fine portrait of the author appears in the volume, which many will prize. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

— "Philip Nolan's Friends," just published by Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., will be noticed in our January number.

— Mr. Emerson's "Nature," just published in the "Vest-Pocket" is one of the most valuable of his essays. The true theory of Nature he believes to be the key to all phenomena; but hardly any approach has yet been made to it. Philosophically considered, he says, the universe is made up of Nature and the Soul. Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man: space, the air, the river, the leaf. Art is applied to the nurture of his will with his aid, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together, are so insignificant, — a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, — that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result. [Osgood & Co.]

— "The Farm-Yard of Jotham" (which the capricious types, in our last issue, made to read Gotham, N. Y., instead of Jotham) is the work of Dr. George B. Loring, for whom his personal beauty and winning ways have just won a seat in Congress. We should trust him as a farmer rather than as a statesman; in fact, we fear his lowering of the Massachusetts standard of statesmanship. But as to farming, he is, no doubt, a high authority, for he has a big farm, which is visited by many admirers. The book is at once a story and an essay; the reader who will not be entertained by either must be hard to please. We do not profess to be an authority in farming; but we commend this book as a good specimen of the typographic art, and a credit to its publishers. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Copies of "That New World" and "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, have reached us too late for more than mere mention. The first-named volume is in an original vein, and will attract admiring attention. [Osgood & Co.]

— We have examined with keen interest Dr. Keep's translation of Dr. Georg Autenrieth's "Homeric Dictionary." It offers important aid to the student of that great poet, and deserves a more extended notice than, at this late day, we are able to give it. [Harper & Brothers.]

— A. Williams & Co. have published a new and neat edition of the "Poetical and Prose Writings" of the late Charles Sprague. It contains a very fine picture of the poet.

— The Anecdote Biography of Shelley is, we think, the best volume in the "Sans Souci" series. The Preface is excellent, the biography satisfactory, and the anecdotes amusing and informing. We should like to quote a dozen of these latter; but want of space forbids. The volume contains a *facsimile* copy of Shelley's chirography, and a very handsome chirography it is. Shelley is viewed in childhood, at Eton, at Oxford, Edinburgh, and London; everywhere he is seen in his own distinct self. The memorials of him, by several friends, are full of interest. The portrait of the sensitive poet exactly realizes one's ideal of his spiritual face. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— Dr. C. Maurice Davies has written a very readable book called "Mystic London." In it he narrates his observations and experience in the by-ways of London; its Ragged Schools, slave-markets, where employment-seekers meet purchasers, women's rights meetings, Sunday religious services, Penny Readings. His descriptions of the strange scenes he encounters are graphic and impressive; and one may learn much from these pages of the actual life of the great metropolis. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.]

— Miss Alcott improves in style, if not in originality and strength. Her last book, "Rose in Bloom," is one of her best, though the worm of sickly sentiment is gnawing at its heart. Why she will vitiate her stories by dressing up her boys and girls in the guise of grown folks and torturing their little hearts with the agonies of love, is a mystery to us. An excess of this sentimental nonsense is the bane of all her stories. This story is too much spun out, though it has some bright dialogue. Charley is a contemptible young puppy, whom every masculine reader will long to kick. He might have been the original of Carlyle's dandy. The little blue-blooded Campbells, most of whom turn up their noses at Phœbe when Archie wants to marry her, are mostly married off with due magnificence. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "Daisy Travers," by Adelaide F. Samuels, is the story of a young lady who established a home for orphans and destitute children. Her trials, troubles, and joys are told in a bright and entertaining narrative, which one reads from end to end with unflagging interest. The incorrigible Dora is a very original character. [Lee & Shepard.]

— The third volume of "The Young Dodge Club" series by Prof. James de Mille, is "The Winged Lion," and treats of life in Venice. The stories of this writer have a strong claim on young readers, being instructive as well as amusing. [Lee & Shepard.]

— A "Lost Love," by Ashford Owen, is a pleasant love-story, peopled by some very nice persons. Georgy, the heroine, is betrothed to Stephen Anstruther, who goes away soon after their engagement for three years' absence. Georgy, living with unpleasant relatives, repents her rashness, and refuses to marry Anstruther. She leaves her home and goes to London to Mrs. Erskine's, the mother of the man she had learned to love. He loves her, too, and they are betrothed. But Cornelia Everett, his old love, is in the same house, and Georgy suspects that his heart has returned to her. She tells him this, and breaks their engagement. He marries Cornelia, and Georgy marries Anstruther, and presently dies. [Loring.]

— "The Boy Emigrants" is the title of a popular juvenile which has been a serial in *St. Nicholas*. Its author, Noah Brooks, was, we believe, an early emigrant to California, and he writes of the overland journey thither with intelligence and graphic force. The story is mainly founded on facts in his own experience. Fine illustrations enhance the value of the book. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— Rev. Daniel Wise has written a book for boys called "Winwood Cliff." It is full of adventure, and paints a boy's character in strong colors. A narrow escape from a tragedy adds much to its interest. [Lee & Shepard.]

— Mr. R. Worthington, of New York, has sent us a copy of Chambers's "Etymological English Dictionary," a most useful book. It contains 596 double-columned pages, which are filled with concise etymological analyses of thousands of words. To the student and the writer it must prove a very valuable help. Its type is neat, its form compact and handy. An investment of $1.25 in a copy of it will prove an excellent investment.

— Sophie May has surpassed all her previous efforts in the writing of books for children, in "Flaxie Frizzle." Flaxie is the pet of the family, a chubby, loving, wilful little creature, who gets her own way by sheer sweet-

ness. It is the story of her little life that the author tells so well, — of her tricks and freaks and pranks, of her sorrows and disappointments. The record is full of interest. We know of no writer for the young who so happily mingles mirth and pathos in her admirable books. [Lee & Shepard.]

— The latest volume of the Epochs of History Series is called "The Early Plantagenets," and is the work of W. Stubbs, M.A., who is a good writer. It begins with the disastrous reign of Stephen, under whose rule feudal power had its heyday. In the next reign, that of Henry II., it was demolished. The state of England on Stephen's accession was confused and sorrowful. Several claimants of the crown were constantly fighting, and the dominion ended in bloodshed and horrors. He, alone, of all the kings of England who had preceded him, ventured to disregard the superstition which forbade a king to wear his crown in Lincoln. For Henry II. the author cherishes a profound admiration, and eulogizes him at what seems unnecessary length. Accused of treachery, he declared that his enemies had deceived themselves. He banished the Flemish and other foreign mercenaries from the realm, and demolished a vast number of baronial castles, variously estimated at from three hundred and seventy-five to eleven hundred and fifteen. The volume treats of the reigns of Stephen and Matilda, Henry II., Richard Cœur de Lion, John, Henry III., Edward I. and II., and includes full though concise accounts of the loss of Normandy, the quarrel with the Church, and submission to the Pope; the Great Charter; Simon de Montford's career; Two Crusades; Banishment of the Jews; the War of Scottish Independence. It is a useful book, really *multum in parvo*. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— "A Book of Poems," by Rev. J. W. Chadwick, is very beautiful in externals, and not inferior in literary charms. It will have fuller notice in our next number. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "The Pearl Fountain" reached us too late to receive the attention it deserves; but we testify to its beauty and attractiveness in all respects, and shall anticipate the pleasure of giving it a larger notice. [Henry Holt & Co.]

— Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, of New York, have sent us two of the holiday books for which their house is so famous. They are "Through Picture Land," by C. L. Mateaux, and "Little Folks' Picture Album." Both of them are profusely and finely illustrated, elegantly printed and bound, and will give delight to many young hearts at Christmas.

— In the Scotland volume of "Poems of Places," we find a poem from the hand of the author of "Deirdrè," in which the heroine of the recent poem of that name is celebrated.

DEIRDRÈ'S FAREWELL TO ALBA.

DEIRDRE, wife of Naise, the son of Usna, returning with her husband to Emania in Erin, laments for Alba (Scotland) her adopted country.

Alas! and alas, my sorrow!
  The pain that hath no relief,
Alas! for the dreadful morrow
  To dawn on our day of grief! —
O land in the Orient glowing,
  The last of thy smiles hath shone
On us, for Fate's wind is blowing,
  And the wave of our doom speeds on,
And a blight from the westward cometh, and the bloom of our life is gone!

O land of the morn-bright mountains
  With the purple moors at their feet,
Of the clear leaf-mirroring fountains
  And rivers of waters sweet;
Of the fragrant wood-bowers twining,
  And the cataract's sounding roar,
Of the lakes in their splendor shining,
  With the pine-woods whispering o'er, —
Ah! naught but my lord, my lover, could lure me from thy green shore!

Sweet is it in Daro's valley
  To list to the falling rill,
To the breeze in the woodland alley
  And the goshawk's note from the hill,
To the light-winged swallow pursuing
  His mate with a joyous cry,
To the cuckoo's voice and the cooing
  Of doves in the pine-tops high,
And the throstle's song in the thicket, and the lark's from the morning sky!

Under the summer arbor
  By the fresh sea-breezes fanned,
Where the waters of Drayno's harbor
  Sing over silver sand,
Happy from morn till even
  We've watched the seabirds play,
And the ocean meeting the heaven
  In the distance far away,
And the gleam of the white-sailed galleys, and the flash of the sunlit spray!

In Masan the green, the blooming,
  How happy our days did pass;
Many its flowers perfuming,
  And studding like gems the grass:
There the Foxglove purpled the hollow,
  And the Iris flaunted its gold,
And the flower that waits for the swallow,
  Its dainty bloom to unfold,
With the Hyacinth blue and the Primrose, laught in the breezy wold.

In Eta of sunny weather
  'Neath our happy home-porch hid,
On venison sweet from the heather
  And flesh of the mountain kid,
On game from the forest cover
  And fish from the crystal stream,
We feasted till eve was over,
  And the moon with her silver gleam
Soared o'er the dusky pine-woods out from the realm of dream.

O land of the East! O Giver
  Of freedom from sore distress!
O land where no cloud came ever
  To darken our happiness!
O home of pleasure and promise
  And peace unto mine and me,
When I see thy shores fade from us,
  I sigh in my misery,
And send my voice o'er the waters crying farewell to thee!

In this volume of Scottish poetry, her favorite bards are all represented, and their joint contributions make a delightful bouquet. [J. R. Osgood, & Co.]

— "Pique" is too old for a thorough notice; but in its day it enjoyed an exceptional popularity. It is a novel of English fashionable life, pitched on an extravagantly high key. Loring has published a new edition of it.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S. — This is a very good number, though some readers may complain of its lack of lightness and brightness. The opening article, "Bay Shooting," though deeply interesting to the sportsman, must be "caviare to the general" reader. We hardly know what to say about "Mr. Quatty's Great Speech:" there is something ludicrous in it, but on the whole it is coarse and improbable. A born and inveterate fool, such as Mr. Quatty seems to have been, could hardly have maintained a respectable position in a well-ordered society. In "Our Diplomates and Consuls" Mr. Albert Rhodes puts not only some good sense and amusing anecdotes, but also some bad grammar; *e.g.*, "if ever our republican form of government fails, it will be [*what* will be?] through the corruption of its officials, made so from [!] rotation in office." "Made so from" is bad enough; but made *what?* We guess the magazine proof-reader has gone to the Centennial. Miss Herrick's article on Single-Celled Plants, like all her kindred papers, is very valuable. The college paper in this number is by Donald G. Mitchell, and is of course well written. The college is Lafayette, at Easton, Pa., and its President is Dr. Junkin, who, in 1861, held the same office at Washington College, Va. His prompt action in pulling down a Confederate flag caused great excitement. If the illustrations of this sketch tell the truth, Easton must be a Dutch Paradise. Mr. James T. Fields favors the thankful public with one of his many "Peculiar Cases," and enriches the language with a word entirely new. It is "exprobation," which has no place in the dictionary. There is an "exprobration," and Mr. Fields should be made to suffer it for his blunder. This from the bosom-friend of Tennyson!

HARPER'S. — We often wonder whether this magazine will ever reach its *Ultima Thule* of excellence. We thought it had done so years ago; but it keeps moving on. There are nearly a dozen first-class articles in the number, with many others of moderate excellence. "The Home of Columbus" is one of the first, being finely written and rich in novel information. One gets from it larger and clearer ideas of Columbus than are attainable from ordinary sources. Porte Crayon's "Boys and Girls" is quite amusing in its text, and more so in its illustrations. "The Knickerbockers of New York Two Centuries Ago" is one of the regular Centennial articles, of which we have had a surfeit. Scientists will find many curious and useful facts in the "So-called Pygmy Graves in Tennessee." "My Neighbor in Portugal" is a very dramatic and surprising sketch. Mr. Trowbridge has never, we think, done any thing so good as "The Book of Gold." It is a vigorous poem, full of fine figures, and impregnated with pathos. We have never admired his serious verse; but in the presence of this composition we feel bound to change our views. The poem is one which no American poet need be ashamed to own. There is much entertainment in "The Philippines," and its illustrations add much to its charms. Most of the novels are serials. R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," "The Maid of Sker," and other excellent novels, begins "Erema." "Peat Fields" is ended, and Miss Thackeray will soon begin its successor. "The Freight of the Schooner Dolphin" is rather thin, and we cannot realize that in a community of patriots Col. Cathcart should have been allowed to put on such tory airs. Mr. Aldrich contributes one of his finest poems, "At Two-Score." The letter of Mr. Gladstone to Minister Schenck, in which he defends his conduct toward us during the war of the Rebellion, is a valuable contribution to history.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. — This is one of the best numbers of this beginning-to-be venerable magazine that we ever read. Not only are there in it several articles of exceptional merit, it has also a very high average of excellence. Mr. Parkman is brilliant and graphic, as always, in his admirable account of "Sir William Phips's Attack on Quebec." His portrait of that valiant but rather sluggish commander is a masterpiece of figure-painting. The narrative abounds in dramatic passages illustrating the undirected energies of the assailants, and the cool efficiency of the besieged; and not a few lovely landscapes soften the vista of battle, such as this: "When, after his protracted voyage, Phips sailed into the basin of Quebec, one of the grandest

scenes on the western continent opened upon his sight: the wide expanse of waters; the lofty promontory beyond, and the opposing heights of Levi; the cataract of Montmorency; the distant range of the Laurentian mountains; the warlike rock, with its diadem of walls and towers; the roofs of the Lower Town clustering on the strand beneath; the Château St. Louis perched at the brink of the cliff; and over all the white banner, spangled with *fleurs de lis*, flaunting defiance in the clear autumnal air." A more beautiful specimen of Mr. Parkman's pictorial style we do not recall. "The American" continues to deserve the encomia we have passed on it. The author contributes to this number one of the most acute and exhaustive criticisms on "Daniel Deronda" that we have seen. It also embodies casual criticisms on "Romola," "Middlemarch," and George Eliot's other novels. Pulcheria's enthusiasm about "Deronda" could not have been very fervent, as, by her own confession, she spent six months in reading it: no wonder she found it "protracted, pretentious, pedantic." Mr. James, or, rather, Theodora, does injustice to George Sand, when she says: "George Eliot is pure, and George Sand is impure." If rumor be true, each of them lived in a glass house in her earlier life. In T. B. Aldrich's "Interludes" are some very pretty and feeling little poems. Charles Hale contributes an instructive paper on "Municipal Indebtedness." Bret Harte seems to be getting into his dotage, if we may judge by "The Canvasser's Tale," and his other recent contributions. "H. H." writes brightly, as usual of "A Colorado Road." J. W. De Forest's "Crumbs of Travel" is very sprightly and entertaining. The instalment of "An Old Woman's Gossip" is as good as its predecessors. "Characteristics of the International Fair" is full of readable matter. Mr. Lowell's ode, though rather late in the season, is one of his finest poems. It breathes a sentiment rather different from that which animated his *Nation* couplets. The review of "Deirdrè" is sufficiently generous; though, as a rule, it is not fitting for one poet to review the work of another.

LITERARY NEWS.

— The accomplished editor of the *Wide Awake* has originated a charitable enterprise, which seems to deserve the fullest encouragement and success. She proposes to hold, during the ensuing autumn, a Doll's Fair. We hope it will prove an affair of many doll-ars, as well as of dolls. To all little girls of years beyond infancy she extends an invitation to take a share in this scheme of beneficence, by attiring dolls and forwarding them for exhibition at the Fair. This Fair will not be a centennial; but its delights will undoubtedly be perennial. Its object will be the establishment and maintenance of an institution for the shelter and care of destitute children, — an object of unusual significance just now, when Protestant denominations are squandering millions on gaudy churches for the rich, who persistently close their pew-doors to the poor. The style of the doll's dresses will be left entirely to the discretion of the fabricators, who may give their imagination free range in the conception of novel and effective costumes. Those who have visited the Centennial will have enjoyed a special advantage in beholding the great array of national dresses, and must find in it fruitful and beautiful suggestions. We crave for this well-meant enterprise the fullest success; and, if all the warm hearts of a million American girls can find due expression, we are sure that the *coup d'œil* to be witnessed at the coming Fair will be brilliant beyond the power of description. The dolls are expected to arrive in this city prior to December 1, and ample preparations will be made for their hospitable reception.

— Several volumes of Schoolcraft's "Archives of Aboriginal Knowledge" have long been out of print: Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have undertaken to supply this deficiency, and are now in a condition to furnish the complete work. This masterpiece would seem to be indispensable to every American Library. The same house has in preparation a new edition of Jonathan Elliot's Debates in the several State Conventions, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution. This too, highly valuable as it is, has long been unattainable.

— It may be news to some of our readers that there is in existence "The Boston Blue Book," in which is a catalogue of all blue-blooded Bostonians.

— In *Harper's Weekly* of Nov. 4, the inimitable Nast has surpassed himself. His contribution is a drawing of "Adam's Fall." It represents the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts sitting at the foot of a tree, around whose trunk a serpent twines his slimy folds. At his side sits Mr. Tilden in feminine attire, with face half averted, and a fan hiding his blushing face. With his right hand he extends to the hesitating Adam a plethoric purse, marked "Democratic nomination for governor." The expressions of the two faces defy the power of descriptive language.

— The commonest participial form of the verb "swell," is "swollen." This is wrong; it should be "swelled." "Swollen" became long ago obsolete.

— The literary editor of the Boston *Advertiser* is kind and just enough to say of this paper: —

"The November number of the *Literary World* is an excellent one. It contains reviews of seven or eight freshly-published books, and minor notices of twenty or thirty more, all written in that strain of intelligent criticism which is characteristic of its editor. We are glad to learn that so valuable and helpful a publication is winning the appreciation its merit should command. The number contains a long extract from the new poem, 'Deirdrè,' with what seems to be extravagant praise. It is a fine poem, no doubt. But to say that it is the poem of the century, and can never be surpassed, is a bold judgment."

— A writer in the New York *Tribune* whose initials are probably "B. T.," speaks of the *Literary World* as "the crockery paper." Did he recall the story of the bull in the china-shop? He will get lacerated, if he isn't careful. He shows his ignorance by inquiring what "*loric*" is. Evidently, his classical knowledge is rusty. See *lorica*, a leather cuirass.

— The Memoir of the late Dr. S. G. Howe, prepared by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, has been published in a pamphlet by the Howe Memorial Committee. It comprises a full and interesting biography, addresses delivered at his obsequies in January, 1876, &c. His life was eventful as well as eminently useful. He early espoused the cause of the struggling Greeks, and later that of the Cretans. He participated in the St. Domingo mission, acquitting himself nobly in all relations. But the grandest service to be credited to his memory is his tender beneficence to the blind, who have reason ever to cherish his honored name. The biography is unusually well written and effective.

— In a paper on "The Bogies of Bulgarian Song," in *MacMillan's Magazine*, John Oxenford incorporates the following beautfuli Christian ballad: —

"A mother had a daughter,
A daughter named Ianka;
Since the day that she was born
Docile she has ever been.
Poor Ianka now is sick.
At her side her mother sits,
At her pillow sits her father.
The Lord has sent His angels
Down into this lower world,
Here to find a Christian soul,
And bear it straight to Paradise,
There to cultivate the flowers;
For the flow'rs are wither'd there,
Dead the basil and the pink;
So the Lord has sent His angels
To discover sinless souls.
Hither have the angels come,
Down into the lower world;
And they find Ianka without sin,
But they are unable to approach her,
For her mother's tears prevent them,
And her father s groans prevent them.
To the Lord return the angels,
Saying, 'Lord, we are unable
To approach a sinless maiden,
For the mother's tears prevent us,
And her father's groans prevent us.'
The Lord then sow'd an apple-tree,
Before morn the tree had budded,
And at noon it was in blossom,
It bore fruit long ere the sunset,
Three apples of pure gold.
God himself the apples gather'd,
And He gave them to the angels
To be carried to Ianka;
Also gave them this command:
'Give one apple to the mother,
And another to the father,
And the third give to Ianka.'
Then the angels came to earth,
Gave an apple to the mother,
And another to the father,
And the other to Ianka.
Then Ianka smiled,
And her mother left the chamber
To repose herself from mourning;
Her Ianka would be cured.
Then the angels took the soul
And they bore it to the Lord.
And the Lord went forth to meet it,
Led it into Paradise.
There Ianka tends the flow'rs,
And they bloom the more she tends them.
When the mother had returned,
Then she said to her Ianka:
'Never, child, since thou wast born
Didst thou disobey me — never;
Now thou hast watched my absence
To deliver up thy soul.'"

— The December *Wide Awake* promises to be very attractive. Mrs. Celia Thaxter contributes a marine poem, filling two pages, with beautiful illustrations; Miss Mary E. Bradley, "The Prince's Feather," and Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, "Cinderella," both finely illustrated. There will be an instructive paper on "Behaving" at a party, and a story about street children, by Madge Elliot. Miss Farman, the accomplished editor, furnishes a story called "What Happened to Kathie and Lu," which is very amusing. The pages devoted to smaller children are rich in attractions.

— Centennial anecdotes have no end. A gentleman and a lady visiting the picture galleries, pausing before the painting of "Circe and Ulysses," gazed at it with curiosity, wondering at the woman's valor, confronting a herd of swine. They look at the catalogue, and the gentleman says with vehemence, "Well, that's just the roughest thing yet on Ulysses Grant."

— "Student Life at Harvard" is said to be the work of George H. Tripp, a Boston lawyer.

— We stated some time ago, that, according to the Countess of Caithness, in her "Old Truths in a New Light," "Vestiges of Creation" was written by a lady. We have since learned that this lady was Lady Lovelace, daughter of Lord Byron.

— A London correspondent of the *Tribune* tells a queer story about George Eliot. She began her career as a writer for *Blackwood*; meeting George H. Lewes, a Platonic affection sprang up between them, and finally they were married. Just prior to the issue of "Middlemarch," Lewes reviewed it anonymously in the *Fortnight* and the *Saturday Review*, praising it without stint. In "Deronda," he wrote every line of the chapter which describes the discussion at the club to which Mordecai introduced Daniel. The admirers of Mrs. Lewes are not pleased with this literary partnership, and they say that the critical philosopher has destroyed the classical purity of the lady's English.

— Messrs. Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. show fine taste and enterprise in catering to the literary appetites of the young. For the approaching holidays they are preparing several dainty novelties. Conspicuous among these is, "In the Sky Garden," by Lizzie W. Champney, with illustrations by "Champ;" "Long Ago: A Year of Child Life," by Ellis Gray, with illustrations by Susan Hale, Ellen D. Hale, and Julia P. Dabney; "The Bridal Souvenir," a manual of the wedding service, by Rev. Samuel Cutler; new editions of "Silhouettes and Songs," with illustrations by Helen Maria Hines; and "Apples of Gold," with pictures on every page.

— Fortunate were those who had the privilege of hearing, on the evening of the 18th, at the hall of the Artists' Club, the lecture of Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, the author and marine painter. His subject was, the Theory and Practice of Art; and never was it more skilfully and effectively handled. Beginning with a concise but comprehensive history of Art in this country, he assumed that the ideal is the soul of Art, and proceeded from this starting-point. The best painters develop with equal touch the three constituents of this ideal, — the true, the beautiful, and the good; while the mediocre artist shows a leaning to only one. The two sections of Art, the plastic and that of design, were clearly defined, and its components, form, light and shade, and *chiaro oscuro*, were set in order. Color is the element of emotion in painting. Brilliant colors are the favorites of women, and scarlet is the bugbear of many animals. It is also emblematic of scenes of wrath and blood, as witness Turner's picture of a slave-ship. Perspective is linear and ærial. The old Egyptian artists, and those of contemporary nations, knew nothing of it. What is called value in colors, is the relative power of giving light. The last process of the artist is the complete application of the principles promulgated. The lecturer's remarks as to the modern use of ultramarine, which is pounded *lapis lazuli*, were exceedingly interesting, as were those on the omission of in color the development of great ideas in art. The lecturer's allusions to the great painters of Greece and Rome were highly intelligent and pertinent, and some of his ascriptions and apostrophes, as those to the architect of the Parthenon, and Appeles, the painter, were very eloquent. His ideas about the study and growth of Art were sound and impressive. The most serious defect in American artists is their failure to master the art of painting *ab initio*, thoroughly to educate themselves in all its details. We have never listened to a more charming lecture; and such seemed to be the judgment of all who heard it. Mr. Benjamin's voice is pleasantly sonorous, his articulation markedly distinct, and his oratory admirable, save in the single error of over-rapid utterance. Not a word was lost; but in the speedy flow of his language one had to think with lightning quickness to catch his idea, and be ready for the next one. He is a polished and forcible writer, and it was a positive pleasure to listen to his smooth and rounded sentences. His account of the lovely tower of Nôtre Dame de Krusker, at St. Pol de León, in Brittany, is one of the finest descriptive passages in literature. We welcome this opportunity of paying a deserved compliment to Mr. Benjamin's fine artistic genius, and to his talents in literary composition. Many readers of the magazines have been delighted with his picturesque sketches of travel, and hardly less with his effective marine sketches. We trust he will appeal to a larger audience, while he remains in Boston. We can safely promise all who hear him a most remunerative and charming entertainment.

— Lucky the magazine which can get such poems as the following, which we find in the November *Wide-Awake*: —

GRANDMOTHER GRAY.

Faded and fair, in her old arm-chair,
Sunset gilding her thin white hair,
Silently knitting, sits Grandmother Gray;
While I on my elbows beside her lean,
And tell what wonderful things I mean
To have, and to do, if I can, some day:
You *can* talk so to Grandmother Gray, —
She doesn't laugh, nor send you away.

I see, as I look from the window-seat,
A house there yonder, across the street,
With a fine French roof, and a frescoed hall;
The deep bay-windows are full of flowers;
They've a clock of bronze that chimes the hours,
And a fountain, — I hear it tinkle and fall
When the doors are open: "I mean," I say,
"To live in a house like that, some day."
"Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

"There's a low barouche, all green and gold,
And a pair of horses as black as jet,
I've seen drive by, — and before I'm old
A turn-out like that I hope to get.
How they prance and shine in their harness gay!
What fun 'twould be, if they ran away!"
"Money will buy them," says Grandmother Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails
Out of port, and across the sea;
Oh! to feel in *my* face the ocean gales,
And the salt waves dancing under me!
In the old far lands of legend and lay
I long to roam, — and I shall, some day."
"Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when, like me, you are old," says she,
"And getting and going are done with, dear,
What then, do you think, will the one thing be
You will wish and need, to content you here?"
"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay,
Love, you see, will content me," I say.
"That, money *won't* buy," says Grandmother Gray.

"And, sure enough, if there's nothing worth
All your care, when the years are past,
But love in heaven, and love on earth,
Why not begin where you'll end at last?
Begin to lay up treasure to-day, —
Treasure that nothing can take away,
Bless the Lord!" says Grandmother Gray.

A finer one we do not know, musical, true, and moral. "Pussy-cat-mew," in the same number, is equally good in its way; and "Baby's Frights" is not inferior to either. Children reared on so sweet and rich a literary diet as these represent are sure to be healthy and moral. "Ghosts and Watermelons" is a capital story.

— In our last issue we noticed at some length, and with strong approval, "The Legend of the Roses," a volume of poems by Samuel D. Watson, of Toronto, Librarian of the Ontario Parliament. He now writes his acknowledgments, and adds: "I have no doubt it will interest you, as confirming your own opinion, to learn that, in an autograph letter I received from the Rt. Hon. W. E Gladstone, he speaks of the little book in terms which are similar to your own. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh [author of 'Rab and his Friends'], has also given me reason to thank him for his opinion."

— John Skelton (1460–1529) was the first Poet-laureate of England. He was tutor to the Duke of York, afterward Henry VIII. He wrote "Colin Clout," and "The Book of the Sparrow."

— Macmillan & Co. are preparing for the holidays a book called "Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England," by Mr. Alfred Rimmer. It will contain about one hundred and fifty illustrations.

— The most important literary event of the past month was the sale in New York of the Menzies Library, which contained a vast number of very rare and costly books. The prices obtained were high, and over several prizes there was heated competition. A beautiful Chrysostom printed in 1647, by Ulric Zell, the first Cologne printer, and a workman for Schoiffer, $85; the fine copy of Cicero's "Cato Major," from B. Franklin's press, 1744, $168; "Ill News from New England," London, 1652, a quarto of ninety-six pages, $105; Clarke's "Impartial Narrative of the Battle on Bunker's Hill," $34; Coleman's "History of the Five Nations," from William Bradford's press, $210; "A Confession of Faith," the first book printed in Connecticut, $60; "The Sotweed Factor," $70; Dibdin's "Bibliomanie," $26, and the remaining volumes of the set, fifty-two in number, $2,028. A superb set of "Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design in the United States," extended, with fine illustrations, from four volumes to six, brought $318; and the fine copy of Mr. Eliot's Indian Bible, sold for the fourth time by Sabin, after a good deal of competition, was knocked at $900 to Mr. Cook of Providence. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa de Articulis," &c., an example of early printing by John Gutenberg, 1460, brought $162; another work by the same author, printed by Peter Schoeffer, 1471, $75; Ash's "Description of Carolina," $16; a volume of autograph letters of the Presidents, from Washington to Lincoln, inclusive, $105; Bishop's "New England Judged," $130; Bond's "Public Tryal of the Quakers, Boston, 1682," $52.50; "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America," a volume of poems by Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, $77.50; Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined," $80; a rare volume by John Bulwer, bound by Roger Payne, $40; and Burk's "History of Virginia," $25. The different editions of Robert Burns's poems brought high prices. The first, or Kilmarnock edition of 1786, sold for $155; the first Edinburgh, 1787, for $27; the first London, 1787, $12; the first New York, 1788, for $15; and the first Philadelphia, 1788, for $21. Nineteen volumes, relating to Aaron Burr, brought $10.50 each; Calef's "Wonders of the Invisible World, London, 1700," $145; "A Brief Description of Carolina," $70; Case's "Angelical Guide," bound by Roger Payne, with his curious bill for the work, $50; Castell's "Short Discoverie of America," $57.50; "Champlain's Voyages, Paris, 1613," $58.

— The London *Athenæum* is not gallant to American lady authors. It actually says of "Theophilus and Others": "Altogether, it is the sort of book which seems excellent till one has got through a few pages. The reader sees at once, and is pleased with, the writer's quick

observation, her vivacity, good temper, and simplicity; but he soon grows tired of the small range of sentiments upon which she loves to dwell. The same may be said of all the little school of American authoresses to which the writer of 'Theophilus' belongs. The similarity in style between Miss Alcott, Miss Phelps, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Dodge may be due to a sort of irrepressible briskness of diction, and their common use of a certain set of vulgarisms; but their ideas all seem to run in the same groove. Their chief characteristic is, perhaps, best expressed by the word homeliness; a quality, which, as a sort of minor virtue, is good enough in its way, but very insufficient as an aid to the imagination. Miss Dodge, we fully admit, tries to make girls contented and good; but she shows a tendency to foster the passion for aimless information which good girls are apt to feel strongly enough. The want of an object is the great drawback even to the most conscientious girls in their reading, and most women's books appear to do very little to remove it."

— Mr. Tennyson's new poem, like "Deirdrè," is wrapped in mystery. What its subject is, how long it is, and when it will be given to the avid world, are problems that "no fellah can find out."

— The *Transcript* asks "why *don't* Anna [Dickinson] enter the legal profession as a permanent business?" Is Anna a *plural* substantive? Else why "*don't?*"

— Our respect for Hon. W. M. Evarts was materially enhanced, on learning of his vigorous assault on the ridiculous new fashion of pronouncing Latin. He was ably supported by Prof. William Everett, recently Latin Professor at Harvard. He announced that the new fashion is entirely incorrect. [God bless him!] He "had abandoned in disgust his attempt to teach the new, which is so vastly inferior to the Latin that he learned at the Latin School." President Eliot took the opposite side of the question. We trust that this expression of opinion will convince the educated classes of America that culture is not confined to Harvard College, and that the light of these great examples may lead these classical ritualists back into the old way. We would rather endure a feline symphony at 2 A.M., than the reading of Latin in its new clownish guise.

— The new one volume edition of "Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men" has just been published by Little, Brown, & Co. It is a beautiful book, in the highest style of typography, and with its full Index, comprises 769 pages. We need hardly commend it for reading by the young; its educational capacity was established years ago, and we recently heard a distinguished author remark that in its influence on the young mind it was superior to our school system. We are glad to know that it has been adopted as a text-book in our High and Latin Schools, and anticipate the best results from its study. In no other work is there sounder philosophy or wiser teaching for the young.

— James Miller, of New York, has sent us the following books, which come too late for notice in this number: "The Belief of the First Three Centuries Concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld," by Frederic Huidekoper; "The Complete American Trapper, or The Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making," by William H. Gibson; "Gems of Prose and Poetry from the MSS. of James R. Aiken of S. C.;" a new edition of Miss Sedgwick's "Home;" "Simple Susan and Other Stories," by Miss Edgeworth; "Washington, a Drama," by M. F. Tupper; "Waste Not, Want Not," by Maria Edgeworth; "Legends from Fairy-Lands;" "Orthodoxy and Revivalism," by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "Judaism at Rome B. C. 76 to A. D. 140," by Frederic Huidekoper; "Leading-Strings to Knowledge," by Mrs. Trimmer.

— Three volumes of "Poems of Places" will be devoted to Scotland. What a mine of sweetness and beauty they will be!

— Talleyrand, on his death-bed, declaring that he was "suffering the torments of the damned," Louis Philippe ejaculated, "Already!"

— Blucher, viewing London from the summit of St. Paul's, is reported to have said, "What a place to plunder!"

— During the Franco-Prussian war, Gen. Ducrot said he would return dead or victorious.

— Bismarck has repeatedly denied that he said, in the Prussian Chambers, that "Might makes right."

— "C. M.," Woodbridge, Cal., writes: "I wish to know what would aid me in the study of the several theories of transmigration or re-incarnation. I'm specially anxious to follow out the views advanced by Reynaud, in his 'Terre et Ciel.' Do you know of any translations of this work? Can you tell me where I can get translations of the works of Fourier, the Socialist?"

We refer our correspondent for the information he desires to Rev. W. R. Alger's work on "The Future Life." Reynaud's works have not been translated into English; the fourth edition of "Terre et Ciel" bears date of 1864. Of Fourier's works, you can get a translation of only "The Passions of the Human Soul." We cannot tell you of translations of Figuier's and Flammarion's books, except those you name.

— To disprove the charge of studied hostility against "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," that has been made against us, we quote the opinion of the profound critic of *Harper's Monthly:* "Stephen White, not only in the beginning, but throughout, exhibits qualities which awaken the admiration of the reader." What sharp eyes he must have!

NOVEMBER PUBLICATIONS.

DRESSER, McLELLAN & CO., PORTLAND, ME.

An Average Boy's Vacation. By Mary S. Deering. Forest City Series. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 166.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

A Vocabulary of English Rhymes, Arranged on a New Plan. By Rev. S. W. Barnum. 18mo. pp. 767. Leather. $2.50.

The Theory of Sound in its Relation to Music. By Prof. Pietro Blaserna of the Royal University of Rome. Ill'd. 12mo. pp. 187. $1.50.

Contemporary Evolution. An Essay on some Recent Social Changes. By St. George Mivart. 12mo. pp. 254. $1.50.

Joan. A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. Paper 50c.

JOS. H. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

French and Spanish Painters. A Critical and Biographical Account of the most Noted Artists of the French and Spanish Schools. By James Stothert. With twenty Illustrations on steel after Murillo, Meissonier, Ingres, and others. 4to. $10.00.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK.

The Baptism and Life of a Christian Child. 4to. Paper, 20c.

The Celestial Country. By Rev. Dr. John Mason Neale. 4to. Paper, 20c.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO., CHICAGO.

Viking Tales of the North. The Sagas of Thorstein, Viking's son, and Fridthjof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by Prof. R. B. Anderson and Jón Bjarnson. 12mo. $2.00.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Boys and Girls of the Revolution. By Charles H. Woodman. 12mo. $1.25.

"Graybeard's" Lay Sermons. Being a summary of the Great Doctrines of Holy Scripture, as interpreted and illustrated by the Scriptures themselves. By John Franklin Graff ("Graybeard"). With portrait. 12mo. $1.75.

The Teachings of Providence; or New Lessons on Old Subjects. By Rev. J. B. Gross. 12mo. $2.00.

Poems. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo. $1.00.

Sunshine in the Shady Place. By Edith Milner. 12mo. $1.50.

Sir Rae. A Poem. By M. B. M. T. Sm. 4to. $3.50.

Tiber and the Thames; Their Associations, Past and Present. Ill'd. 8vo. $1.75.

The Village School. By the author of "Child Nature." Ill'd. 8vo. $1.50.

J. R. OSGOOD & CO., BOSTON.

Selected Poems. By R. W. Emerson. Sq. 12mo. $1.50.

In and Out of Doors with Charles Dickens. By James T. Fields. 32mo. 50c.

That New World, and other Poems. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. 16mo. $1.50.

A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. *New* Edition. 16mo. $1.50.

The Titian Gallery. Containing 24 heliotypes of the best of Titian's paintings. With full sketch of Titian and his Works. Large 4to. $10.00.

Songs of Three Centuries. Edited by John G. Whittier. Illustrated Library Edition. 32 full-page illustrations. $5.00.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

Wenderholme. A Novel. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. $2.00.

Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare. By John Weiss. $2.00.

Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; Selections from the Imitation of Christ. Pocket Vols. Edited by the author of "Quiet Hours." 50c. each.

Rose in Bloom. By L. M. Alcott. 16mo. Ill'd. $1.50.

The Centennial Exposition. By S. R. Crocker. Paper, 20c.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, & CO., NEW YORK.

The Boy Emigrants. By Noah Brooks. Ill'd. 12mo. $1.50.

Diamonds and Precious Stones. A Popular Account of Gems. Translated from the French of Louis Dieulefait, by Fanchon Sanford. Ill'd. 12mo. $1.50.

The Early Plantagenets. By Wm. Stubbs. Epochs of Modern History. With two Maps. 12mo. $1.00.

Anecdotical Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. 16mo. $1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

The Life of John Locke. By H. R. Fox Bourne. Two vols. 8vo. Cloth. Uncut. $5.00.

A Homeric Dictionary, for Use in Schools and Colleges. From the German of Dr. Georg Autenrieth, Rector of the Gymnasium at Zweibrücken. Translated with additions and corrections by Robert P. Keep, Ph.D. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

The Arundel Motto. A Novel. By Mary Cecil Hay, author of "Old Myddleton's Money," &c. Paper, $1.00; Cloth, $1.50.

The Boys of '76. A History of the Battles of the Revolution. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Ill'd. 8vo. Cloth. $3.00.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON.

Legends of Rome. By R. H. Busk. 8vo. pp. 433. $2.50.

Half-Hours with Insects. By Prof. A. S. Packard. 8vo. pp. 384. $2.50.

Meeting the Sun. A Journey all Round the World, through Egypt, China, Japan, and California, including an account of the marriage ceremonies of the Emperor of China. By W. Simpson, F.R.G.S. 1 vol. 8vo. $4.50.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

The Reading Club and Handy Speaker. Being Selections in Prose and Poetry; Serious, Humorous, Patriotic, and Dramatic, for Readings and Recitations. By Geo. M. Baker. No. 4. 16mo. 50c.

The Young Trail-Hunters; or, The Wild Riders of the Plains. By S. W. Cozzens. Ill'd. 16mo. pp. 235. $1.50.

Snip and Whip, and some other Boys. By Elizabeth A. Davis. 16mo. pp. 174. Ill'd. $1.

Vine and Olive; or Young America in Spain and Portugal. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Ill'd. 12mo. pp. 412. $1.50.

A. S. BARNES & CO., NEW YORK.

A History of Liberty. A Paper Read before the New York Historical Society, Feb. 6, 1876. By John F. Aiken. With Selected Notes. 16mo. pp. 163. $1.

Current Literature.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

THIS is a most melancholy history, yet deeply fascinating. To the lovely, but ill-fated, queen, the reader's sympathy goes out copiously at the outset of her career, and clings to her till her beautiful body lies lifeless on the scaffold. One can hardly read of her agonies without tears. And on every page shine out her virtues, which lift her to a level such as angels occupy. A more amiable woman never lived: her life-long friend and confidant testifies that she never saw her in ill-humor. A faithful, loving wife; a tender, devoted mother; a generous, steadfast friend, — she spent her young life in good deeds and the practice of all charities. Soft and feminine as she was, she yet had a strong and active intellect; and her voice was often paramount in the family councils: indeed, for years, she guided the policy of the king, her husband, who yielded to her superior intelligence.

A queen at eighteen, she came to a strange country to sit on its throne. Soon she familiarized herself with French society and manners, and presently became the idol of the people, — the *bourgeoisie* as well as the aristocracy. For a few years her lot was joyful. The author draws her portrait with fine effect, — her gentle and winning manners, her dignity, and maternal tenderness. She judged the French character with unerring accuracy; dwelling specially on its fickleness. Though feeling a lively interest in politics, she was reluctant to take action in them. Her modesty was admirable. She wrote to her mother: "Though it pleased God that I should be born in the rank which I now do occupy, still I cannot forbear admiring the bounty of Providence in choosing me, the youngest of your daughters, for the noblest kingdom in Europe."

By her influence, impending famine in Paris was averted. She purified the foul court, and established the rule that she would receive no lady who was separated from her husband; thus excluding from the royal table many women who were its brightest ornaments. Members of the royal family were her chief enemies: the Count of Provence, the king's brother, being specially hostile to her. The benefactor of thousands, she was also their victim, her favor being notoriously sought as a matter of profit. When plagued by gossip sent to her mother from Paris, she always answered that her way of life had the approval of her husband. She seems to have agreed with Mirabeau, that etiquette was a system invented for the express purpose of blunting the capacity of the French princes. Hearing some ladies laughing over a spiteful story, she reproved them as guilty of bad taste. She became a cordial patron of Gluck, and brought his music into fashion. She won the ardent admiration of Burke, who wrote: "Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star; full of life, of splendor, and joy. . . . She is a statue and beauty when standing or sitting; grace itself, when she moves."

Soon after her marriage, English customs came in vogue, — the use of tea, horse-racing, &c. Much is said of Turgot and Maurepas, familiar to readers of Bancroft's History, though that historian is far more charitable in his judgment of them than is the present author. In the Seven Years' war, General De Broglie was seized by an advanced party of the enemy, who threatened him with death if he made the slightest noise. Safe as a prisoner of war, he would have caused the ruin of the French army. He did not hesitate; but shouted an alarm to his men, and fell bayonetted to death. She declined acquaintance with Voltaire, at the warning of her Brother Joseph, and his opinion was supported by the king.

Dec. 19th, a princess was born to her, amid general joy. "Poor little thing!" she said, "you are not what was desired; but you shall not be less dear to me." At the theatre, before the play began, the king of the coal-heavers and the queen of the fish-wives, attended by their respective *suites*, executed a dance, in evidence of their delight at the good news. Lafayette figures largely in this history, and very much to his own discredit. He is represented as void of personal courage, as treacherous and false, and as practising great cruelty towards the royal family, who were for a time in his custody. A stronger indictment than the author's against him, it would be hard to devise: it is in direct contradiction of the eulogies of Bancroft and other writers.

The retirement of Necker from the direction of the finances excited a general alarm. The queen personally urged him to remain, but he refused; declaring afterwards that, if, as he was told, his obstinacy brought tears from her eyes, he would have yielded. The author's characterization of him is remarkably impressive. Oct. 22d, a son was born to the queen. The king called to Jules Guimenée: "My lord, the dauphin begs to be admitted." The happy event was celebrated with universal joy. The episode of Beaumarchais's "Marriage of Figaro" is made very amusing. The purchase of St. Cloud by the crown, for the use of the queen, elicited a flood of reproach and abuse from the people; one statesman going so far as to say that there was "something not only impolitic but immoral in the idea of any palace belonging to the Queen of France." To her it fell to pay the penalties for the iniquity of the older courts, — so great that the people had come to think that nothing could be too bad to say or believe of their kings. Vilest of the plots against the queen was that of the Countess de la Motte, who devised a plan for robbing Boehmer, the jeweller, of a diamond valued at seventy thousand pounds, and for the purchase of which the queen had been negotiating.

In May, 1788, a scene occurred which fairly parallels the attempt of Charles I. to arrest members of Parliament. The French Parliament becoming outrageous in its obduracy, Louis sent an officer to the Parliament to arrest two members. All of the latter took sides with them, and a tumult ensued; but the arrested ones quietly surrendered to the officers.

The career of Mirabeau is sketched with great power, together with his brave effort to aid and strengthen the king. The future looked so threatening that the queen decided to attempt an escape. Preparations were carefully made, and the royal family attained a distance of several hundred miles from the capital. In a small town, the king was recognized by the postmaster, who at once notified the authorities. Two or three officers were sent in pursuit. A strong force of the king's friends was close in advance, and he had only to give the word to obtain their protection. But his imbecile obstinacy led him into the fatal error of refusing to give the order: and, put under arrest, he was taken with his family to Paris, never more to leave it. We shrink from the recital of the horrors that followed: of the attempts of his friends to rescue him, balked by the overpowering mob; of his dire imprisonment; and, last sad scene of all, — his murder. And the unhappy queen! stricken by the news of her husband's death, she is dragged to prison, and subjected to the grossest indignities. Then relief comes in the summons to the guillotine, and her lovely eyes look their last upon a world in which she had tasted so much happiness.

This is one of the most interesting biographies ever written. The exalted position of the chief actors, shining with "the divinity which doth hedge a king;" the sunshine of prosperity which warmed the early wedded days of the royal pair; and the sudden transition from careless happiness to the depths of black despair, — all these circumstances combine to shroud this history in dreadful gloom.

* The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge, Prof., &c. 8vo. pp. 462. $2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.*

THIS book reminds us of Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies," not only by similarity of subject, but by a community of sentiment, — a joint antagonism to people and

* German Home Life. 16mo. $1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

things Teutonic. There is a world-wide difference, however, between the two books, with respect to style and tone. Hawthorne writes like a bruiser; the author of this book, — a Countess of Something, we believe, — like a refined and intelligent lady. But the two share a strong prejudice against the Germans, which colors all their statements, and for which the reader must make due allowance. More allowance should be added for the insular high-headedness of the author, who is intensely English.

But she has written an admirable book, — a thorough study of German life, society, and character; and, though her reflections and conclusions may be questionable, there can be no doubt of the accuracy of the facts. Beginning with German servants, whom as a class she sternly reprobates, she views, in turn, furniture, food, manners and customs, language, dress, amusements, women, men, marriage and children, religion, the Church. On the domestic arrangements of German households she looks askance, making a heated and long indictment against them. Their mistresses are not exempted from blame: "It is the pride of many a German *Hausfrau* that she has a 'wash' only twice a year; this announces great hoards of linen, and is intended to strike awe and admiration into your soul." The functions of the *Amme* (nurse) are detailed with great minuteness. This is a popular calling; the labor being light, and the remuneration comparatively large. The infrequency of marriage among the peasantry promotes illegitimate filiation, and the mothers seek employment as *Ammes*. Thus the stock of the race degenerates. Marriage in the class mentioned is regarded as almost impossible. The author finds her nurse one day talking to two children in the nursery, and is informed that they are the nurse's offspring. Hastening to the relative who recommended the girl, the author says: "'You did not tell me that Elspeth was married.'" — "'Married! who told you so? Nothing of the kind.'" — "But I assure you she is: I have just seen her two children." — "'Was willst du?' she asked, in conclusion. 'Marriage is the exception, and not the rule, among people of this sort.'"

The chapter on furniture is very interesting, though the bedrooms are very bare. The houses have one feature which is worthy of praise: every window has one movable pane, which admits two feet square of fresh air. The author dwells at length and forcibly on the defective drainage of Germany; and to it she attributes the fatal prevalence of typhoid fever. Thus far she has dealt with the life of the middle class, and her report is clear and full. Farther on she describes a "beautiful" German house; and beautiful is the description. She missed in German rooms the flavor of personal intelligence, — the indications of the presence of a presiding genius. The food material she found to be excellent, and describes certain dishes with ecstatic enthusiasm. The dinners are served in slovenly style, and repulse her. Four o'clock coffee, on the other hand, is a pleasant meal. The distinction drawn between the methods of rearing boys and girls is highly instructive. They start fair, both being nourished by a peasant woman. After teeth-cutting, their diet is changed. The boy betakes himself to out-door, athletic exercises, and grows strong and large.

"What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove, sucking sugar-plums, and swallowing sweet, hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling, stove-exhausted atmosphere. . . . The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no digestion: her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack. She becomes *bleichsüchtig* (wan); she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränzchen;* she sits in a summer-house, and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil heated one. "How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder that she has no chest, no muscle, no race, no type, no physique?" cried my excited friend.

"'My dear,' said a German friend to me, one day, at whose house I had been dining, 'you will forgive me, I know, if I say that my husband dislikes the English; not as individuals,' she continued, laying a caressing hand on mine, 'but as a nation. Still, you see, I have overcome his prejudices, and my children have an English governess. *She teaches them how to eat.* You English are the only people who understand education in its practical aspects. We have the grandest theories in the world, and behave like boors. Would your maid condescend to eat as my aunt ate to-day? Would an English servant hack up his food as that handsome hussar did? My dear, the days are coming when the people who do these things will be stoned. At least, I shall then have saved my off-spring from dilapidation, if I don't escape myself.'"

The formalities of introduction into German society are admirably set forth. When you arrive on the festive scene, it will be your duty to request the hostess to introduce you to all the ladies present. This she will do, presenting you to the excellencies and distinguished persons first, the tour being made according to the nicest gradation of etiquette; so that, beginning with an ambassadress, you will end with a lieutenant's wife: and in turn have to receive *your* court; namely, the husbands of all those ladies to whom you have been doing reverence. The courtesyings, the obeisances, the compliments, at once embarrass, annoy, and tickle you.

"Personal" items are a prominent feature of the *Anzeige*, "the dirty daily sheet."

"'To-day, at 11.35, P.M., my dear wife, born Louisa Krämer, was safely delivered of a strong and lively boy.

"'ADOLPH EHLERS,

"'As husband.'"

"'We have the honor to announce, to our friends and the public, the betrothal of our daughter Margarette with Mr Auscultator Schmidt. AUGUST MEYER,

"'EMILIA MEYER, born SANGER.'"

"'Bewitching maiden, may thy thoughts wander beneath moonlit skies to him who, forced from thy beloved presence, will never forget the charmed hours spent beside thee in the midst of Nature's green delights.

"'H. X. M. F.'"

The Germans find it very difficult to pronounce the English language. An ingenuous German gentleman, who wished to state the respective ages of his wife and himself, said she was "dirty" (thirty), and he was "dirty" (thirty) two." "Elle est si *p*elle," said a German lady, speaking of her daughter; "elle est si *p*elle, ma *B*aulinchen. *F*oyez comme ses mains sont *ch*olies, et comme elle a *te* peau *p*ras! elle a la *d*aille si *p*ien *v*aide que c'es*d* un *f*rai *b*laisir."

Among the means of learning German, the author recommends the stage, and lyric poetry. German poetry, she says, is never obscure. The national spirit of Germany was extinguished by the thirty years' war. Even Frederick the Great had none of it: and Lessing said, "of the love of country he had no conception; for that, at best, it appears to him to be a sort of heroic weakness, which he is glad to be without." "The uneducated English mind," remarks the author, "has only one idea of a 'foreigner;' and that is, that he must necessarily be a Frenchman." It is a grave error to address Germans as monsieur or madame, — a political as well as social offence. The prejudice against the use of *Frau* is vulgar and unwarranted. The style of the German journalists, according to the author, closely resembles that of the American. "It is always on the high horse; it is pompous, prancing, and aggressive; there is a gush and garrulity about it that is infinitely vapid and fatiguing. Your mind falls down fatigued by its inflated verbosity. Your taste is outraged by its wearisome egotism, and your finer sense revolted by the dirty paper and poisonous ink that are the media of their grand writing and high-flown sentiment."

"It is — amongst ladies especially, amongst unmarried ladies very especially — considered the correct thing to 'gush.' If you do not 'gush,' you have no soul, — no *Geist*, no *Gemüth*. But unlimited 'gush' is apt to become tiresome; and the exaggerated virtue of enthusiasm not unfrequently degenerates into a disagreeable sloppiness of sentiment. 'I hope,' said Goethe, in a fit of impatience at the fashion of sentimentality prevailing around him, 'that I may not hear the word *Gemüth* in a German mouth for the next thirty years.'"

"How endearing are the 'chen' and 'lein' of domestic language! how sweet and soft is mein *Herz*chen (my little heart), from a mother to her child! how pretty and protecting 'mein *Liebe*lein' (my little love), from the youth to the maiden! how tender to the mother's ears the '*Mutter*chen' and '*Mütter*lein' of a dearly loved daughter! Perhaps, to persons who

do not know German, such utterances are 'hideous;' to me they are full of simple pathos and beauty."

We cannot follow the author through the chapters on Dress, Amusement, Women, Men, Marriage and Children. Of dress, she says it has no originality, — no *chic*. In no country is it so much talked of with so small a result. "It is pretty to see the flutter of devotion and excitement with which these loyal ladies turn right about face, and sink to the ground in the billowy bliss of a courtesy that literally beams with beatitude."

It is needless, in view of these extracts, to add that the book is a sharp and brilliant one: *ça va sans dire*. We can commend it as thoroughly readable. The author is sometimes peevish, and always prejudiced; but, in consideration of the marked merit of the work, one can readily forgive her.

FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO THE GOLDEN HORN.*

DR. FIELD pursued the trodden route of travel; and this fact would *prima facie* prejudice the reader against his book. But it is not safe to expect the same results from different treatments of the same material. The author has embellished the dusty ways of the European tourist with the charm of learning, thought, and suggestive reflection, and thus made his record far superior in attractiveness to the ordinary annals of the practical traveller. This itinerary covers a large expanse, from Ireland to Constantinople, touching upon nearly all points of interest between the two.

What he says about Ireland and Scotland is full of interest, more especially as to the social state of the people. The observations on religion, hackneyed as they are, might well have been abridged. The account of Moody and Sankey's meeting includes a pleasant sketch of Spurgeon; whom, notwithstanding his habit of smoking, Dr. Field admires. The pictures of London — the bright side and the dark — are vivid and faithful; and the suggestions as to ameliorative treatment of the giant evils, ignorance and vice, are pertinent and valuable. The author would have the workingman's disabilities removed, drainage and other sanitary enterprises inaugurated, education made compulsory. These propositions are followed by a discussion of the attitude of the Church of England toward the evils of London society. With apologies, which seem superfluous, Dr. Field concludes that, on the whole, the Church does not do its duty toward the suffering and degraded people of England. He illustrates his opinions by graphic reports of two services; one conducted by the Archbishop of York, the other by Dr. Vaughan. Of the influence of the Church, he says, "It seems to skim, and that very lightly, over the top, the surface, of society, and not to *touch* the masses beneath."

Of the French Assembly and government, he gives a clear account. The speeches in the former were not much longer than those in the House of Commons, but were far more violent. Scores of members speak at once, and the mandate of "Silence!" is futile.

"Speaker after speaker rushed to the tribune, and with loud voices and excited looks demanded to be heard. The whole Assembly took part in the debate; those who agreed with each speaker cheering him on, while those who opposed answered with loud cries of dissent. No college chapel, filled with a thousand students, was ever a scene of such wild uproar. The president tried to control them, but in vain. In vain he struck his gavel and rang his bell; and at length, in despair, arose, and stood with folded arms, waiting for the storm to subside. But he might as well have appealed to a hurricane. The storm had to blow itself out. After a while, the Assembly itself grew impatient of further debate, and shouted *Aux voix! aux voix!* and the question was taken. But how any body could deliberate or vote in such a roaring tempest, I could not conceive."

Of the political system now in force in France, Dr. Field has a high opinion; pronouncing it combined order and liberty. The facts stated as to the industrial and commercial prosperity of the nation seem to bear out his judgment. As he had sketched the social features of London, so he sketches those of Paris, the high and the low. He is pleased with the general cheerfulness of the people, and finds the extremes of condition less widely separated than in London. "Everybody," he says, "seems to be happy in his own way, and not to be envious of his neighbor. I admire the simple tastes which are so easily satisfied, and the miracle-working art which extracts honey from every daisy that grows by the wayside." How delightful a state of society! Yet one inevitably recalls in memory the direful scenes of the Commune.

The author touches briefly and cautiously on the so-called miracles at Lourdes and Paray le-Monial, and the misguided pilgrims — Americans as well as Europeans — who have been attracted thither. The miracle of Christ's appearance to Marie Alacoque occurred, according to the tradition, two hundred years ago; and no notice of it was taken till 1863, when it was thought politic to revive it. This neglect seems to be disrespectful to Christ and to Marie.

The scenery of Switzerland, mountain and lake, is effectively described; and the details of the author's journey are entertainingly set forth. At Zurich he met Father Hyacinthe. The latter spoke of a distinguished professor of that city, who had confessed to him that he doubted the immortality of the soul. To Hyacinthe's answer, that, if he believed this, he would throw himself into the Lake of Zurich, the professor rejoined: "That is not a just religious feeling: if you believe in God as an infinite Creator, you ought to be willing to cease to exist, feeling that God is the only Being who is worthy to live eternally." Dr. Field accepts the assertion of this feeling, declaring, extravagantly we think, that "One is so *little* in the presence of the works of God [!] that he feels that he is absolutely nothing." We do not demur to the last proposition, if the Doctor chooses to assume it; but where are his eyes, if he cannot see the works of God every day of his life?

He gives a pathetic view of Strasburg; and exaggerates, it would seem, the sufferings of its people at the hands of the Germans. Skipping lightly over Belgium and Holland, he lands in Berlin, and from that central point scrutinizes the German urban life. His conclusions are very favorable; and it is very pleasant to see the rigid rules of theology give place in his mind to the genial influences of German affection and social spirit. His description of the gardens at Vienna — the most favorable field for the study of German life — is admirably sympathetic; his enumeration of the charms of these *al fresco* festivities being really enthusiastic. On the beer question he remains dubious, though leaning toward tolerance; but to smoking his antagonism is obstinate. In these pictures of calm, mutually-loving, and self-helpful life, he sees earnest lessons for the American, and points out their pertinency with clearness and force. At Vienna, he saw Strauss at the head of his orchestra, and gives this admirably accurate portrait of him, as he appeared at the Jubilee: —

"He is a little man, whose body seems to be set on springs, and to be put in motion by music. While leading the orchestra of some forty performers, he was as one inspired. He fairly danced with excitement: it seemed as if he hardly touched the earth, but floated in air, his body swaying hither and thither to the sound of music."

Especially worth notice is the author's discourse on American exiles in Europe. He is inclined to believe that there is there less suffering and less enjoyment than in any other country: —

"Nothing is more dreary than the efforts of some of our good people to enjoy themselves. They do not know how, and make an awkward shift of it. They put it off to a future year, when their work shall be all done, and they will go to Europe, and do up their travelling as a big job. Thus their very pleasures are forced, artificial, and expensive, and little pleasure they get after all. Many of these people we have met wandering about Europe, — forlorn and wretched creatures, exiles from their own country, yet not at home in any other. They have not learned the art, which the Germans might teach them, of simple pleasures, and of *enjoying a little every day*. This American habit of work without rest is a wretched economy of life, which can be justified neither by reason nor religion.

* From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn. By Henry M. Field, D.D. 8vo. pp. 355. $2.00. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

There is no piety in such self-sacrifice as this; since it is for no good object, but only for a selfish and miserly greed for gain. Men were not made for drudges or slaves. Hard work, *duly mixed with rest and recreation*, is the best experience for every one of us, and the true means by which we can best fulfil our duty to God and man."

We heartily indorse these doctrines; but we cannot approve violations by the author of propriety and good grammar. At the top of page 176, he uses the phrase, "than any other country in the world." Now where but in the world could any other country be? Again, he says, on the same page, "which can be justified neither by reason nor religion." Now we submit that this sentence should read, "by neither reason nor," &c. In his phrase, "neither" is made to qualify "by," which is wrong.

A very enjoyable book is this, despite its little defects. It is written in the true spirit of the accomplished traveller, who means to bestow on his readers all the information he can gain. He has done this well, and has made a book which it is pleasant and profitable to read.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES.*

THESE names belong to a period centuries ago, and to a region circumscribed by the boundaries of France, Spain, and Italy, though they were not unknown in England; Cœur de Lion himself having been a member of the fraternity. "Troubadour" is from the Provençal *trobar* and the French *trouver*. In Provence a troubadour was a poet, not a mere wandering minstrel. As musical culture spread among the nations, kings, princes, nobles took up the sweet employ: those of lower orders were called sometimes troubadours, sometimes *jongleurs*, — whence our word *juggler*. These were not poets, but recited the songs of others. Each famous troubadour had one or more *jongleurs* in his train; and, like all of his kin, was esteemed an ornament of the courts of France, Spain, and Italy. The strains of their lyres were not always pacific; often they provoked antagonism, and led to duels, feuds, and other disagreements; and sometimes, fair ones being concerned, to other and darker crimes. Troubadours were wont to compete for the judgment of poetical and musical supremacy in the presence of the courts, on questions chosen by the ladies from the "Laws of Love," one or more of them acting as umpire. The themes sung were not limited to love; they ranged over the whole world, voicing representations of all lands. The Troubadours rose and fell with the rise and fall of ancient chivalry. Their profession was, we may say, more ornamental as an institution than useful.

In the Preface of the work the author pleasantly explains how she was led to undertake it. She found in the Provençal poetry a special picturesqueness and melody, in striking contrast to the meagre music of the proper French. In the Romance verse of the twelfth century, she found the original characteristics of the Provençal poetry. To the same century and to France attach the fine melodies of Adam of St. Victor, Hildebert of Tours, and Bernard of Cluny, — masters of the sacred Latin verse of the Middle Ages. She adopts the hypothesis of Dean Trench that the quantitative poetry of the Romans, the hexameters of Virgil, the diverse measures of Horace, and the elegiacs of Ovid were of exotic growth; born in Greece and transported to the soil of Italy, where, however, they fail to equal their original growth. She discusses the question whether all poetry "has not its peculiar beauties, as well as its necessary defects?" She makes the query, "How does it happen that there are so few Latin words in the most musical English poetry?" But is such the fact? We doubt it. In Tennyson one finds a large majority of exotic words; in Dryden, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, and Keats, and of our own poets, all the chiefest unquestionably lean to the Latin language. The rustic bards of Great Britain, like Burns and Motherwell, and perhaps Crabbe, affect the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary with beautiful results. Her position, we are sure, is not tenable.

Frédéric Mistral's "Calendau" deals with events of a century ago, and with an idyllic life whereto we have no parallel. It seems to bridge, the author says, felicitously, the strange chasm between the old Provençal poetry and the new. Then follow thirty-eight pages of extracts from the poem, escorted by the author's shrewd comments and suggestions, from which the reader may gain much light. The school of Provençal poetry has Joseph Roumanille for its founder, and Frédéric Mistral for its "easy chief." The *Felibres* are the whole school of Provençal poets; there is doubt as to the significance of the word; but to us it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that it means — according to its etymology, *faire libre* — book-makers.

"Theodore Aubanel is a wild pomegranate tree [we suggest that he has birds in his branches that sing at dawn, — *aube*]. The Provençal public, which liked his earliest songs so well, has been saying of late, 'What is our Aubanel doing that we no longer hear his voice?'

"Aubanel was singing in secret. Love, that sacred bee whose honey is so sweet in its own time and place, and which, when crossed, can sting so sharply, — love had buried in his heart a keen and pitiless arrow. The unhappy passion of our friend was hopeless; his malady without remedy. His beloved, — the maiden who had crossed the clear heaven of his youth, — alas! she had become a nun!

"The poor soul wept seven years for his lady, and is not yet consoled.

"To drive away the fever which consumed him, he left Avignon, committing himself to God. He saw Rome; he saw Paris: with the barb still in his side, he came back to Provence. He climbed mountains, — Sainte Baume, Ventour, the Alps, the Alpilles. But his rose had shed its leaves; thorns only remained, and none might strip them off."

He prints "The Book of Love," — a genuine flame of a youth who loves, who languishes afar from his beloved; who suffers, weeps; who makes his moan to God. Holding his story sacred, he has not changed it.

Jacques Jasmin, the barber of Agen, in Gascony, put forth his first volume of dialect poetry in 1835, and with a smack of "the shop" called it "Papillotos," curl-papers. Most of his pieces were trivial in theme and treatment; but interspersed were a few of prodigious merit, — tales in verse; cantos, carefully wrought out. He raised his native rustic dialect to the plane of his themes. The critics hailed him with applause; medals were stricken in his honor, and in 1860 his collected works were published in one volume. The French Academy in 1852 awarded him an extraordinary prize of five thousand livres; and M. Villemain announced the purpose of the body to have a medal stricken in his honor, — "*La Médaille du poète moral et populaire.*" Charles Nodier had told him in his epigrammatic manner not to cease from his wig-making, which, he said, is an honest trade, while verse-making is but a frivolous distraction. M. Sainte-Beuve carefully but warmly appreciated him. "Away on your snow-white paper wings!" cries Jasmin, when he dedicated to the king a new edition of his first volume, "for now you know that an angel protects you. He has even dressed you up in fine French robes, and put you in the *Deux Mondes*."

The author contrasts with keen point and discrimination the two schools of Provençal and Gascon verse. Their several flowers germinated in the same soil, and blossomed in the same air. The points of difference between the two are indicated with delicate skill. When Jasmin was told that he had revived the traditions of the Troubadours, "Troubadours, Troubadours!" he cried, — one can imagine with what a lusty peal of laughter, — "why I am a great deal better poet than any of the Troubadours. Not one of them could have composed a long poem of sustained interest like my 'Françonette.'" He met the challenge of one Peyrottes to contend with him in a poetical tournament of the Middle Ages, in which Mistral and his colleagues afterwards engaged with enthusiasm, and won many laurels. "I dare not," wrote Jasmin, "enter the lists with you. The courser who drags his chariot with difficulty, albeit he arrives at the goal, cannot contend against the fiery locomotive of the railway. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot compete with *manufacture*. My Muse declares herself vanquished in advance, and I

* Troubadours and Trouvères. By Harriet W. Preston. 12mo. Square. $2. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

hereby authorize you to record the declaration." A notable characteristic of Jasmin is his sobriety. He gives this portrait of himself, taken at the age of seven years: —

"Suddenly life became a pastime gay,
We can but paint what we have felt, they say:
Why, then, must feeling have begun for me
At seven years old; for then myself I see
With paper cap on head, and horn in hand
Following my father in the village band.
Was I not happy while the horns were blowing?
Or, better still, when we by chance were going,
A score or more, as we were wont to, whiles,
To gather fagots on the river isles?
Bare heads, bare feet, our luncheon carrying,
Just as the noon-tide bells began to ring
We would set forth, — ah, that was glee, —
Singing, The lamb thou gavest me!
I'm merry at the very memory."

But we must pause, though the wave of admiration would hurry us on. The concluding essay is a critical and very intelligent analysis of the "Arthuriad." This work will reflect bright praise upon the author, than whom, no doubt, no woman lives who could have done the task with equal taste and art. We regret to notice the absence of a Table of Contents; and an Index would not have been amiss.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND.*

SOME time ago we received the first volume of this remarkable work; and, though somewhat late, now call attention to its complements in the set.

The author takes up the thread of his narrative about 1704, when the Irish Parliament petitioned for union, and carries it down to 1789. Between these dates a whole drama of action is enclosed, — a drama, too, which has rarely been paralleled in the elements of excitement. The American reader should remember that Lord North's ministry, which made war against the American Colonies, now ruled over Ireland. This premier had deliberately chosen and obstinately pursued a bad and fatal policy toward Ireland, — a policy which has been imitated in our own government in the course of reconstruction. Instead of investing with power those men of the Island whose probity and loyalty were proved, he made the interests of its people subordinate to the greed of demagogues. The wrongs of which America complained, says the author, "were but mosquito-bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on her trade and manufactures." The policy of the Irish leaders was hardly more defensible. They availed themselves of their nation's wrongs to force England to bribe them into connivance with her schemes. The vice-royal government was a very pool of corruption; offices were rarely bestowed except by sale, and that often at enormous prices. "You must," wrote De Blaquiere, "by pen or place, sink a sum of not less than £9,000 per annum, exclusive of the provision that may be found requisite for rewarding or indemnifying those who are connected by office with the administration. There are no less than thirty or forty members that if not assisted cannot secure their re-election." In 1778, "Irish jobs were as rife as ever." Charles James Fox held a sinecure office of clerk of the polls in Ireland, at a salary of £2,300 per year, but relinquished it for £30,000 in hand and a life pension of £1,700. Jenkinson got the clerkship, his salary being raised to £3,500.

The ideas of George III. as to the government of Ireland were reasonable and humane; but he was thwarted by his ministers, who had private ends to serve. In section five we find a portrait gallery of the great men of Ireland. They are sketched with great clearness and force. Among them were the Duke of Leinster, first of Irishmen in influence, and Right Hon. John Ponsonby; and, in the Commons, Hely Hutchinson, and two other famous barristers, Sexton Pery and John Fitzgibbon, Henry Flood and Grattan. These men were foremost in the House, and commanded attention by their great powers. But their moral natures were paltry when compared with their intellects; for each of them could be purchased by the government.

The vice-royalty of Lord Townshend furnishes one of the most entertaining chapters in the work. A study of it gives the reader a full understanding of Irish politics, inside and out. A more corrupt government never existed. The Irish seemed at one time to scorn their opportunities and advantages. From 1768 their prosperity constantly increased, the year specified being the most productive in a century. But they shut their eyes to this fact, and nursed their hatred of England. Lord Townshend's administration was a prolonged battle. He was well fitted for his office, and really accomplished some important reforms.

In 1770 the English Cabinet chose the greatest of two evils in the adoption of a policy; it pretended to fall in with the Irish ideas, to maintain the Irish Parliament, carrying it on as a form, by corruption to dissolve the old parties and frame a new one, so to be dependent on the support of the government. A strong element of Townshend's influence was his hospitality. The patriot statesmen feasted at his sumptuous board, and soon became amenable to his arguments and plans. On his arrival in Ireland, one Sir William Mayne, an ex-member of the council, asked to be made chief secretary, being, he said, "one of the most florid, perpetual, and *inept* orators that ever performed on the Irish or any other stage."

Of the condition of the Irish people in 1772 the author gives a striking picture. The accounts of evictions and all kinds of oppression are amazing. Thousands of Scotch-Irish, deprived of their farms and of employment in the extensive linen mills, emigrated to America, and thus deprived Ireland of an important element of vitality. They carried with them, however, their skill and their tools, and in a free land set up their handicraft in rivalry with England. Protestant settlements — Down, Antrim, Tyrone, Armagh, and Derry — were mainly abandoned, and left to the priests and the Celts.

The progress of the colonial rebellion was eagerly watched by the people of Ireland. The latter was at once a warning and a stimulant to Americans, who saw in its agonies a premonition of their own fate, if their efforts should fail. Commerce sprang up between Belfast and American ports. Writing of the Stamp Act, Mr. Froude says, "But for Anglican bishops there would have been no Puritan exiles; but for Pitt, America would have been French." Here follows an account of the preliminary negotiations between the mother country and the colonies, and Franklin's failure in England, accounts of Lexington, Bunker Hill, &c. The author notes that there is a Bunker's Hill just outside Belfast, and adds in a note that the name is probably a corruption of Brunker, — a captain under Lord Essex. Plowden says that the early successes of the Americans were mainly due to the bravery and energy of the Irish emigrants, who were, almost to a man, for independence.

In 1772 Townshend was succeeded by Lord Harcourt, a weak man, who was in effect the voice of his secretary, De Blaquiere. The Irish regretted Townshend's departure. The first Parliament under Harcourt's rule was the theatre of wrangling, leading men striving for place and grants from the king. "For a politician to sell his services was not, it appeared, contemptible; but to sell and be cheated of the price." In 1775, the Catholic gentry and clergy of Ireland offered a subscription to be used against America; but the offer being declined, they desired to bear arms in the king's service. Mr. Froude prints their letter of tender of military service. It is very significant.

In 1779, Lord Lifford, an Englishman, made a notable speech in the House. He said: —

"For remedy of present evils, nothing adequate can be found, till the people of both kingdoms shall be brought to that temper and liberality of mind that they can think on so great an issue as citizens of the world, and feel indifferent, as one people, under one king, one constitution, and with one religion, whether the manufactures of the empire are carried on in Down or in York."

Of the damaging incursions of American privateers and the gallant exploits of Paul Jones the author gives a full history, as well as of the movements of the French fleet in

* The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century. By James Anthony Froude. Vols. II. and III. 8vo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

behalf of the colonies; and carries down the narrative to the surrender of Cornwallis. We are surprised to find Mr. Froude pronouncing Benedict Arnold "as, after Washington, the most distinguished of the patriot commanders." In 1781 Lord Carlisle was viceroy, and found himself powerless to control the infuriated members of the House, led on by Grattan. Before the end of the session Lord North's ministry was dissolved. Mr. Froude attributes Grattan's outburst to Fox and his Whig friends, who had encouraged him for their own purposes. The closing pages of this volume are occupied by an exhaustive and interesting account of the "White Boys" and their operations.

In the second volume, which we must dismiss with a few words, the reader's interest increases as he is led through the series of exciting events which agitated Ireland between 1795 and 1800. It exhibits the United Irishmen; describes the Fitzwilliam Crisis, and the landing of the French at Bantry; the Eve of '98, and the Rebellion itself; the Union. In no other work, so far as we know, can be caught so distinctively and clearly the true spirit of the Irish people in their relations with England. Mr. Froude does not write without prejudice; but, as a whole, his work is reasonably impartial.

JAN OF THE WINDMILL.*

A MORE perfect book than this we think we never read. It passes all the tests of successful authorship without a failure. Its plot is very original, its action lively; and that its characters seize upon our sympathies, the reading of it will fully demonstrate. Into the family of Robert Lake, the wind-miller of an English neighborhood, a child was brought one night, and left to be cared for. He at once took an equal place in the family with the other children; the mother seemed to love him even more than her own. The child was called Jan, and was strangely precocious. Coming into childhood, he manifested unmistakable marks of genius, having a strong fondness for drawing. Between himself and Abel, his foster-brother, subsisted an attachment which grew stronger and stronger till Abel's death. Jan went to school, and soon won a local reputation for artistic skill. Offered the place of pig-keeper by a farmer, he accepts, and spends his hours in practising his art. Lake's chief workman was one George Sannel, a great scoundrel at heart, but outwardly virtuous. The gentleman who had brought Jan to the village had dropped a pocket-book and a letter; these Sannel had found and secreted. The property was advertised; but George kept silent, hoping to make money by his discovery. One Cheap John, a rascally pedler, and his sharp wife who had brought Jan from the inn to Lake's house, suspected that George possessed this treasure, and finally captured it. During his pig service, Jan was seen by an old schoolmaster named Swift, who watched his artistic arrangement of leaves with deep interest. They finally conversed, Jan showing new evidences of genius, and at last the old man asked the boy to come and live with him. Jan declined, but the next day accepted the offer. In the early association of the two, certain reserves in Jan's character are skilfully brought out. They puzzle and vex the old man, who, seeing the boy's greatness, is baffled in his efforts to turn it to practical effect. Amabel, a squire's daughter, and a unique creature, is here introduced; she patches up an acquaintance with Jan, who, she had been told, was Bogy, and gives him a paint-box. At last Jan is kidnapped and taken to London, where he is cruelly abused, and made to paint pictures on the street. A gentleman in the crowd remarks him with deep emotion, but approaches only to give him sixpence. Jan escapes, is protected by an artist, who, seeing his genius, teaches him to paint skilfully. Together they visit his foster-father, the young fugitive being heartily welcomed. Swift is in ecstasies; but soon death takes him away. In fine, Jan becomes a great painter, and his pictures are exhibited in the Paris Academy, where are gathered one day Mr. Ford, Jan's father, his wife Lady Adelaide, Jan, unrecognized by the others, D'Arcy, the Lady's son, and Amabel. The recognition takes place through the agency of the latter in a scene of singular impressiveness, and Lady Adelaide joins in cordial greeting to her step-son. The son of a proud man, Ford had married the daughter of a rich Hollander, and, for reasons, desired to keep his marriage secret. After Jan's birth his mother died, and her husband married Lady Adelaide. Remorse for his error forbade him to reveal himself to his son; but he took care, so far as he could, that he should live comfortably. We cannot weave into the meagre outline of the story the warm and life-like portrayal of country life, which is really the sweetest charm of the book. Temptations assail us on every page to quote it and its neighbors; at least, all kinds of matter, descriptions of nature, pathos, violence, sentiment of the finest. As a painter of word-landscapes, the author is hardly surpassed. How beautiful is this: —

"In watching beautiful bits of coloring in the wood, contrasted greens of many hues, some jutting branch with yellowish foliage caught by the sun, and relieved by a distance of blue grays beyond — colors and contrasts which only grew lovelier as the heavy green of midsummer was broken by the inroad of autumnal tints. Jan noticed also that among the fallen leaves at his feet there were some of nearly every color in the foliage above. At first it was by a sort of idle trick that he matched one against the other, as a lady sorts silks for her embroidery. Then he arranged bits of the leaves upon the outline on his slate, and then, the slate being too small, he amused himself by grouping the leaves upon the path in front of him into woodland scenes."

Old Swift tells Jan his melancholy story, which is full of melting pathos. Amabel is ingeniously conceived, and her portraiture is very humorous. She had amazingly large feet, though gently bred, and was "the victim of that weakness for falling in love with every fussy, intelligent, or pitiable beast she met with, which besets some otherwise reasonable beings."

The scenes at Abel's death-bed are unsurpassed: —

"The schoolmaster uncovered his head, and kneeling upon the short grass prayed passionately for the dying boy. But as he knelt in the increasing sunshine, uttering his prayers for the peace of the departing soul, he unconsciously passed almost into thanksgiving that so soon, and so little stained, it should exchange the dingy sick-room — not for these sweet summer days which lose their sweetness, but to taste, in peace which passeth understanding, what God has prepared for them that love Him."

Strength, knowledge of human nature, great discriminating power, concise and effective narrative, a gentle humor, argument, and description characterize this book, which we do not hesitate to pronounce the best of its class.

* Jan of the Windmill. By Mrs. J. H. Ewing, author of "Six and Sixteen." 16mo. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IS THAT ALL?*

(*No Name Series.*)

ON the eightieth page of this story one reads: "'It is a fine house, and a good soft-hearted lady, though so proud. I shall stay here a long time, and by and by I will see the master.'" In these words is the key to the mystery. All the fine, rich, gushing persons who populate this neighborhood are products of the fertile soil of Guildford, which is nothing more or less than Boston on a reduced scale. They all live on the local Beacon Street and Back Bay, all drive stunning equipages, and all have obese butlers and French cooks. They constitute a *coterie* of themselves; no adventurous mortal ever intrudes upon their aristocratic isolation. Col. Pryor is an accomplished male flirt, though he has a Juno-like wife. He has served in the war, and now lies helpless in his bed, a paralytic, though a flirt still. Mrs. Pryor is a woman of massive architecture and plenteous graces; given to emotion only on reasonable provocation; a sceptic as to religion, but practically philanthropic, and Pharisaic in her social policy. She has a rival, an antipodal rival, Mrs. Rose Anderson, wife of a desperately rich church-warden, and mother of a wilful and handsome daughter, yclept Lily. She is

* Is that all? 16mo. pp. 245. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

still handsome herself, and is delighted to be taken for her daughter. Just now a truce is pending between the two sovereigns. They vie in reciprocal politeness, and kiss one another when they meet with that cold feline kiss which only veils a bite. The reader is introduced to these people and certain others; all the ladies being young and ineffably lovely, and all the men chivalrous and handsome. What a Paradisaic community it must have been! We wonder what land is worth per foot there?

The atmosphere of Guildford is oppressive with the savor of wealth, and all the appliances and means, to boot, of that artificial social condition of life, into which the newly rich lapse when gorged with greenbacks. All the persons seem to be reasonably well-educated; but we cannot pardon Miss Grace Faxon for employing such slangy adjectives as "Perfectly beastly" (p. 18).

Gossip is scattered through the book as if from a pepper-box. The Pryor partisans slander the Andersonians, and the latter effectually retort; but outwardly is maintained that semblance of amenity that is the touchstone of true gentility. There came a lion to the town, about whom all the people, even the lower orders, wondered. It was an English lion, big and burly, the grandson of a bishop, and aid to the Rev. Dr. Price of St. James. The irrepressible Mrs. Anderson, always the victim of an outdoor passion, — to employ a slang phrase, in harmony with those that mark this book, — "went for him," and figuratively took him to her heart. But presently, realizing that a barrier was between them, she endeavored to divert his attention from herself to her daughter. Again resorting to accordant slang we say, but Lily "couldn't see it;" her eyes were turned in another direction.

Before the town calmed down under the excitement occasioned by John Bull's advent, a second cataclysm overwhelmed it. This time it was a lioness, creeping in with cat-like step and wide-inquiring eyes. She went into the Pryor mansion, and was received with *empressement* by its mistress. She was sent to Guildford by a friend of Mrs. Pryor, who met her in the capacity of *bonne* at a hotel, and went into ecstasies about her elocutionary powers. She knew her friend's passion for social novelties and sensations, wherewith to overwhelm her rival, and proposed that she should receive Mrs. Drown (the gifted stranger) into her house, and introduce her to her intimates, to pave the way to public readings and high-priced classes. Mrs. Pryor was delighted with the new-comer, — a slight, light, willowy, little sprite, with great deep eyes in which slept a yellowish hue, and an air half demure, half audacious, which held the observer's look like a spell. She was much at ease and comfortable. To Belle Rae and her hostess she discoursed eloquently on the defects of the voices of American ladies. "I have always thought," she said, "that they pitch their voices too high. It is a great pity, for it makes unquiet those who hear. [Note the *soupçon* of foreignness.] You, madame, have a noble contralto, large and rich, but still too monotonous. Why not more variety? A low pitch and yet variety. That is what makes the voice in speech agreeable. If I would read to your suffering husband, madame, you shall see that he will not be weary." *Dii avertite omen!*

Of course, she does see the poor man presently, and he succumbs almost instantly to the charm of her voice and her elocution. Mrs. Pryor sees, but smiles. The stranger's semi-public *début* was a triumph; and the Andersons were present, though the elder lady had scruples, as the reading was on Sunday, the selection of that day being intended to mark Mrs. Pryor's defiance of religious usages. Then there was a public reading which drew a great crowd; and a class of pupils was held in the Pryorian billiard-hall, to the great distention of the little lady's purse. Mrs. Drown, one day, meeting the Andersons with Warburton, the English lion, turned away. Meantime her acquaintance with Col. Pryor grew more and more intimate. One day, the hostess being absent, in her pity for his loneliness, she stole up to his room and read to him the long liquid lines of "The Earthly Paradise." The warm heart of the disabled flirt was stirred, and he snuffed the conflict afar off. Her chair was about six feet away. On some pretext she approached him, and by some mysterious chance hand touched hand. The quick little ears caught a sound, and in half a second she was at the end of the room playing with a vase. It was Mrs. Pryor, whose stately figure seemed to have acquired a new rigidity.

Warburton continued his attentions to Lily, but she did not encourage him. There was a grand party in the winter, several miles out of town. Every one went, of course; and Capt. McArthur successfully offered himself to Belle. Lily and Warburton skated far; she ran away from him, and found herself perplexed, almost lost. Suddenly Charley Mason (whom she loved) swept up like a locomotive, and they returned together. They saw Warburton in the distance, when suddenly he disappeared. Mason flew to his rescue and speedily pulled him out. The house was reached, and the two dripping men cared for. Mrs. Drown insisted on going into the apartment where lay the moist Briton. Mrs. Pryor objected to such a step as improper. "There is the utmost propriety," was the defiant retort, "for the man is my husband." The sensation may be imagined. Warburton was, it seems, an English clergyman, and had secretly married an actress. His visits to her were disclosed, and she ran away to America, to be rejoined by him. It should be added that Mason prepared himself for his cold bath, by getting into a glow in heart and body at the avowal of Lily's love.

The plot of this novel is very odd, and is carried out with sustained effect. The style, too, is admirable, — full of spirit and quick wit, and of itself enchaining the attention of the reader. We trust the popular approval of his work will induce the author to return a negative to his own query, "Is That all?"

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS.*

WE had not credited Mr. Hale, fine and versatile genius though he is, with the power of dramatic narrative which is manifested in this book. We read with surprise and increasing admiration the easy and rapid development of his ingenious plot, pausing now and then to wonder at his mastery of the history, topography, and general characteristics of the region in which his personages move. His style, too, deserves a tribute, and the pervading neatness and symmetry of his work could hardly be surpassed. We give a brief abstract of the plot.

The determination of western Americans, at the very close of the eighteenth century, to get possession of the Mississippi and what is now Louisiana, was growing steadily stronger. This country was held by Spain, was transferred to France, and soon sold by Napoleon to the United States. The movement proposed by the Americans in Kentucky and other States was not commonly known; but able men were concerned in it, and felt that it was inevitable. Silas Perry, a rich merchant of New Orleans, a Yankee born, and a widower, with one daughter, Inez, a girl of seventeen, finds himself compelled to visit Europe, and resolves to send Inez to San Antonio, Texas, of which city her mother's sister's husband is governor under Spain. The invitation thither, oft repeated, is now accepted, and the travellers start. The party comprises Inez, her aunt, Eunice Perry, Capt. Philip Nolan with a few men, Ransom, Mr. Perry's factotum, and a very original character, with servants in various capacities. They land safely in Texas. Soon after their arrival at San Antonio Nolan, having plans of his own, set off with his men, aware that a Spanish force was in pursuit. The government of Texas was so divided that his passports were of little avail, and in engaging in the enterprise he confronted almost certain death. A long time passed without tidings from him, and Lieut. Harrod, of the Perry party, set out to discover him. But ere his return news came of Nolan's death and the capture of his comrades. The brave captain

* Philip Nolan's Friends, or Show Your Passports. By Rev. E. E. Hale. 12mo. $1.75. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

was sincerely mourned by the guests of the governor, and much sympathy was felt for his widow and her young child. But Harrod does not return, and the lovely Inez pined under suspense; for she had learned to love the gallant soldier with all the strength of her being. A stranger arrived at the castle, a man of high presence but surrounded by mystery. He bore the name of Lonsdale, and was supposed to be an English officer. Inez conceived for him a strong distaste, and learned to speak of him as "the man I hate." Miss Perry, of calmer judgment, made his acquaintance, and the two were soon on terms of comparative intimacy. She was a superior woman, and he recognized her merit. The engrossing subject of thought and speculation was the probable fate of the Spanish possessions in America, which were held by a very feeble tenure. Rumors were abroad that English ships would co-operate with Americans, descending the Mississippi; and Lonsdale was suspected to be concerned in this scheme. Mr. Perry was still in Paris, and intimate with Napoleon. Affairs grew so threatening that the departure of the Perry party seemed inevitable; but there was no way in which they could safely proceed. Suddenly Mr. Lonsdale discloses a project to Eunice Perry, of which necessity compelled the acceptance. Making their way to the sea-shore, they met, as Lonsdale had planned, an English warship, and had scarcely gone on board of her, when a second ship appeared bearing Mr. Perry and his son. The ladies were quickly transferred and sailed to New Orleans. All this time nothing had been heard of Harrod, and Inez still mourned. A French governor had arrived at New Orleans, but he was weak and useless. The Spanish governor still retained his office. Mr. Perry and Ransom suddenly disappeared, and for some days no trace could be found of them. At last, by the cunning of Mary, a white girl, whose romantic story we cannot even outline, though it is deeply interesting, it was found that the missing men were imprisoned in the governor's house. In the guise of a pedler Harrod arrives, and Inez is happy again. He goes to the governor and pleads for the prisoners, but in vain; they must be tried, and their deaths were certain. A day is finally appointed for a hearing; Mr. Lonsdale, the English and United States consuls, and Mr. Perry being present with the governor and his secretaries. Arguments were vain: the governor was immovable; when suddenly young Perry, who had been to Washington, entered the room. He brought news of the sale of Louisiana to the United States; and this, of course, wrought the liberation of the prisoners. Great rejoicing followed at Mr. Perry's house, and preparations were soon made for a double wedding, — young Perry and Mary, and Inez and Harrod.

The reader may safely conclude that a narrative embracing such incidents must be very engrossing: and we shall simply say in dismissing the book, that it is not unlike Cooper's novels in general characteristics of peril and adventure, and is not inferior to them in spirit and force. Mr. Hale is to be congratulated on his unqualified success in a new field.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Home should be the sweetest of all words to every member of the family," says Miss Sedgwick, in "Home," one of the most quietly-beautiful stories in print. In it she tells how a young married pair began housekeeping, and persevered through obstacles and disappointment, holding always in mind the absolute necessity of making home the central fire of the family, — the source of love and light and heat. [James Miller.]

— The chief claim of Mr. Knox's lines, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" lies in their association with the memory of the lamented Lincoln. It is fitting, indeed, that this apparent forecast of a coming doom should be preserved in verse. The poem is rich in fine thought, beautiful in language and measure, and the illustrations from drawings by Miss Humphrey are simply exquisite. No more charming book can be found for a holiday gift. [Lee & Shephard.]

— "Leading strings to Knowledge," by Mrs. Trimmer, is a collection of short and easy stories intended for the entertainment of very young children. It is composed with good judgment and taste, and is well illustrated. [James Miller.]

— The last book in the Castlemon series is "Frank in the Forecastle," and is very interesting. The comrades had arrived in San Francisco, and were preparing to take a long yacht cruise, when the two old trappers who accompanied them refused to go, fearing the dangers of the sea. But the dangers of the shore proved more terrible, for the trappers were "Shanghaied," and underwent many hardships. At last they returned to the wilds of the Pacific coast, and the yacht went to sea upon a whaling cruise, whereof the story is very interesting. The book is a very good one. [Porter & Coates.]

— Whoever desires to see what kind of a book a woman of brutal instincts, low tastes, and quick wit can write, let him read "Joan," by Rhoda Broughton. We can readily believe that her father, a clergyman, having read the MS. of her first novel, simply remarked that it was well written, but he would advise her to destroy it. Her main purpose seems to be to show her scorn of human nature, that all men and women are wicked at heart. Of the score of persons in this story, only one attracts. What shall it profit us to read the lives of these grovelling and self-indulgent persons, who cultivate neither kindness, charity, nor honor, and consult only their own interests? The tone of the book is baleful; its revelations are of a false and hollow life, in a knowledge of which is no good. In itself it is thin and tedious; the Moberlys, who occupy two-thirds of it, are simply disgusting, and Lalage is gross enough to turn one's stomach. Joan is a lovely woman, endowed with all the graces, personal and moral, of her sex; but from her, because her father had broken the law, the splendid hero had turned to the pinguid Lalage. The only weakness shown by Joan is in consenting to be the first wife's successor. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— The American News Company have sent us a small but attractive library. It comprises four quarto volumes in gorgeous bindings, and brimming with pictures. The old standard "Chatterbox" is well represented, its deputy being much better behaved than most of his name. Another volume takes the reader "Through Picture-Land," which is the habitation of short and good stories in large type, and many pretty pictures. Then comes the "Little Folks," — not the collective noun, but a single ornamented volume of 414 large pages. It, too, is filled with stories and sketches of various kinds, about little boys and girls, about history and adventure, together with a whole panorama of pictures. These books can be accommodated by three stockings of one bushel's capacity each.

— The boys have the best of it in juvenile literature now-a-days, even Mrs. Whitney's and Miss Alcott's young girls having to take the background since "Helen's Babies" established the supremacy of boys. The mention of that popular book suggests a comparison of it with the one under notice. We must pronounce the latter by far the superior. "Helen's Babies" is very thin, it is a mere collection of "smart" sayings, gathered doubtless from many sources. It has no moral or evident purpose beyond making fun, and its character of juvenile is hopelessly vitiated by the introduction of a love episode. "We Boys," which we shall proceed to analyze, on the contrary, is an exemplary boy's story, in which grown persons have hardly more than mention. Boys monopolize the action, and furnish the conversation. They are just such boys, too, as most of us know, — though few, probably, have had the honor of intimate acquaintance with a Will Bradley. He is a natural mischievous young man, prone to evil, as the sparks to fly upward, and just as unable to mend his ways as a cat is to eschew mice. In his worst pranks one can't help sympathizing with him. The sternest reprobation of the straight-laced must thaw under his melting humor. He has a kind heart, and there is no malice in his mischief. We may protest against his rashness and wilfulness; but we must admire his spirit, the alertness and great resources of his mind, and his tender disposition to spare and shield his young companion in emergencies. Of the half-dozen boys who figure in this story, he is most commanding, though not the most admirable; the others are far less individual, and serve as foils to his positive qualities. The scenes of the story present a pleasing variety, — real scenes they are, such as might occur in any one's experience. We would specify as "consumedly" laughable, the examination and exhibition at the school, the coon-hunt, and the snuff-box scene with Mr. Jackson. The conclusion is admirable; a few years elapse, and we find all our young friends comfortably established in life, having put off childish things, and turned their thoughts to industry and noble living. The book may be safely put into any boy's hands, for Will's reform will obviate any evil consequences from his earlier bad example. [Roberts Brothers.]

— Insects, it has been thought, were by no means good company; but under Prof. A. S. Packard, Jr.'s, guidance in "Half-Hours with

Insects," we find them deeply interesting. Having shown how great and damaging a part is played by insects on the earth, he proceeds to tell how they are brought into the world. It has been ascertained by Von Seibold, that the queen bee, after her marriage flight high up in the air, laid two sorts of eggs; that while some of these were, at the will of the queen, fertilized and produced workers, others were deposited as barren eggs, which were found to hatch out drones. The author shows in a very interesting manner how, different as they are, all insects are exactly qualified for their parts in nature. There is much about the parasites which infest insects, robbing them of their strength; yet the intruder is not permitted to touch the vital parts of his victim. We cannot follow the author in his careful inquisition of the many aspects of the insect world, of their relations to men, of the insects of the field, the forest, the river, &c. We can only say that he has done his work thoroughly, and in a manner most instructive to the reader. [Estes & Lauriat.]

— Mrs. Mary F. Henderson has made an excellent book in "Practical Cooking and Dinner-Giving." Her qualifications for the task seem to be very good, and she writes with perfect plainness. The subject is viewed in all possible phases, — How to set the Table and serve the Dinner, the directions for these ceremonies being clear and sensible; The Dinner-Party; Cooking as an Accomplishment; Breakfast, Lunch, Gentleman's Suppers; Evening Parties; Economy; Cooking Utensils: Bread and Breakfast Cakes; Soup, Fish Sauces, Beef, Mutton, Lamb, &c.; Poultry, Eggs, Desserts, Confectionery, &c. Full instructions are given for all these viands, and a complete index finishes the work. [Harper & Brothers.]

— Mr. Warner's "In the Levant" is already familiar to the readers of the *Atlantic*, part of it having been printed in that magazine. He travelled through Syria, Palestine, some of the Mediterranean Islands, Greece, and Turkey. He is a close observer, and well describes what he sees, making the reader a sharer in his pleasure. His pages are pervaded by a pleasant humor; not so rich, however, as that which distinguished "My Summer in a Garden." [Osgood & Co.]

— The course of lectures delivered by Rev. Dr. Broadus, at Newton Seminary, has been published in a volume called "The History of Preaching," and a very readable book it is. He gives accounts of prominent preachers in different stages of the world, inquiring what were their relations to their own time, and what lessons they have left. Among notable preachers, he finds Jotham (Jud. ix), David, Solomon, Samuel, Elijah, Jonah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, whose efforts are recorded in the Scriptures, giving the distinguishing characteristics of each. He also treats of "Our Lord as a Preacher," and the apostles. Passing into the second century, he views Tertullian, Irenæus, and others; and into the third, in which he discourses of Origen, and, pursuing his course, talks of Chrysostom, Basil, Athanasius, Peter the Hermit. He then takes up mediæval preaching, and passes on to Luther and Calvin. French preachers profitably occupy a good deal of his attention, the sketches of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and others being very interesting. Portraits of famous English divines bring the book to an end. There is no book like this, we think, and its value is apparent. [Sheldon & Co.]

— "Johnnykin and the Goblins," by Charles G. Leland, is a very fountain of fun. The young man, having had trouble with his uncle, goes out to see the world. He falls into the company of goblins, making many pleasant acquaintances, and getting much recondite information. We quote a specimen of the Poetry of the Future: —

"Softly the Vampire
Sang to the Snail,
'You caught the Nightmare,
I held her tail;
But while the Beetle
Crowed on the post,
Deep in the Greybeard
I drowned the Ghost.'"

The voices of the Absurd were then heard: —

"Greenly the Wildfire
Opened his eyes,
Sang to the corpse-light,
'Come, bake the pies!
Heed not the Ghoul, love,
Trust not his smile,
Out of the mosque, love,
He stole the tile.'"

— Dr. Samuel Osgood's "Milestones in Our Life Journey" conducts the reader through various ways; some pleasant and bright, some shadowed and solemn. His reminiscences of his life in Charlestown are very entertaining, though we note this error in construction: "We used to watch the great throng of eastern travel, and felt that we were quite in the world as we counted *their* number and variety." But the author's style, with few qualifications, is fine, reminding us of Goldsmith's in descriptive passages. This is sound doctrine: "I believe that some of the worst traits and coarsest vices of our nation come from over-much worldly care and utter neglect of healthful sports, that stir without inebriating the blood and nerves." One of his teachers was wont to fasten upon the end of his rattan the pitch and gum taken from the mouths of masticating urchins, and then, coming upon their idleness unawares, he would insert the glutinous implement in their hair, not to be withdrawn without an adroit jerk and the loss of some scalp-locks. There are some religious essays of value, and a charming sketch of a country parish. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

— But for some instances of carelessness which disfigure it, "Long Ago," — which, by the way, is the title of an excellent novel just published by the Harpers, — would be an exceptionally good story. We are surprised to find such blunders as "her sewing lessons *was* her *bête noir* (*e*);" "but neither parasol nor fan *were* in the buttery." In the account of Ponto's apparition in church, she speaks of "Toby, the warden, with his pitch-pipe." Now if he was the warden he surely deserves a more respectful title; and his possession of a pitch-pipe would seem to indicate that he was a chorister. Notwithstanding these faults, the story is a bright one, well conceived and wrought out. It treats of a great family of children who live in the country; and, happy among themselves, riot in continual fun. Ellie is a sparkling little girl, who is always getting into scrapes. Dick is a forward youth, who thinks himself a great scholar. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— Horatio Alger, Jr., has no superiors among our writers of fiction for the young. He keeps to the happy medium between dulness and sensationalism, and under the guise of entertaining stories imparts useful lessons. His latest story, "Shifting for Himself, or Gilbert Greyson's Fortunes," is full of interest. The hero, an orphan, has been kept at school by his guardian until his eighteenth year, when the latter informs him that the sum set apart by his father for his education is exhausted, and he must look out for himself. In fact, the guardian had appropriated the whole sum, seventy-five thousand dollars. His guardian is kind to him, gets for him a small job of work, and supplies the balance necessary for his board. After many tribulations, which he endured with fortitude, Gilbert learns of the facts as to his father's property, and regains it all. The incidents of his career are lifelike and naturally connected, and the story as a whole is impressive and wholesome. [Loring.]

— "Clytie," by Joseph Hutton, hardly fails of being a first-class novel. Indeed, we know of few of modern days that surpass it in sustained excellence. From the first page to the last the reader's interest never flags. A lovely girl named Clytie Waller, living at Duneld with her grandfather, is wooed by Tom Mayfield, a student. One Ransford, a rich *parvenu*, sees and makes advances to her. Dazzled by his splendor, she encourages him and meets him clandestinely. Learning of this, her grandfather denounces her, and she runs away to London to go on the stage. Her experience is brief, and she abandons the profession. She meets Ransford, and receives some attentions from him. She marries Lord St. Barnard and lives happily with him. Ransford demands and receives money from her. At last she stops the supplies, and he institutes a suit designed to expose and disgrace her. The report of this trial is a veritable masterpiece. One hardly stops to breathe while reading it. Mayfield has been in the California mines, has gained wealth, and become an author. He returns to London unknown as the trial begins, and watches its progress with lynx-eyed keenness. Co-operating with Lord St. Barnard, he renders important aid in the defence. Lady St. Barnard, tortured by a long cross-examination at the hands of Ransford's relentless lawyer, falls ill and goes to France. The schemer Ransford is convicted, and is shot in a duel by Mayfield. Cuffings, his lawyer, arraigned for fabricating the evidence against Clytie, escapes and sets up for a highly moral lawyer. The novel deserves high praise. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.]

— A very handsome volume is "The Century: Its Fruits and Festival," by Edward C. Bruce. We have had occasion in reviewing the monthly numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine* to speak of it in terms of praise; and in its aggregate form it seems even more worthy of commendation. It is a comprehensive and accurate exhibit of the Centennial Exposition, written in a lucid and forcible style. The author is evidently an intelligent observer, and knows how to set forth his observations in a clear and absorbing manner. The many illustrations add greatly to the attractions of the work. It will be new to most readers, and for many it will agreeably revive associations of personal experience. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— "The Mission of Black Rifle" continues Mr. Kellogg's "Forest Glen Series." We never hesitate to praise his books, for they are always pure, harmless, and entertaining. This volume describes life on the frontier of Pennsylvania a century ago, with great force and verisimilitude. — Mr. George M. Baker has made a collection of his dramas for the amateur stage. His native qualifications and long experience as a play-wright have specially

fitted him for this kind of work. — Few men have done more for the literary interest of the young than Prof. L. B. Munroe. He is continually turning out books that please while they profit. His latest effort is "Young Folks' Readings," a well-chosen collection of verses well fitted for elocutionary exercises. The average calibre of the selections is light; but we think that is as it should be. — Mr. George M. Baker has compiled a volume of prose and verse for reading purposes, called "The Handy Reader." [Lee & Shepard.]

— Dr. Verdi, author of that excellent book "Maternity," has supplemented it by a work on "Mother and Daughter," in which he deals more fully with the important general subject. From its vigorous and pointed preface we quote these warning lines: "During a continued family practice of twenty years, it has fallen to the lot of the author to see many girls driven to invalidism by ignorance and neglect; also many young married women who were quickly prostrated by the natural duty of bearing and rearing their children: even nursing seems to have become the business of the cow, rather than the contribution of the mother. This strange and almost fatal transference is not from the indifference of the mother towards performing a sacred duty to her child, but from her physical inability. The ratio of mortality of infants has thereby greatly increased, and yet there seems to be no remedy. The so-called 'summer complaint,' that mows down children like a scythe, is in most instances induced by this unnatural feeding of infants." The work covers such important topics as The Mother's Duty; The Importance of Studying the Body; Physiology as a Moral Teacher; Moral and Physiological Characteristics of the two Sexes, in Relation to their growth after Puberty; several chapters on Physiological Specialties, Hygienic Generalities, Society in Relation to the Health of Girls, Exercise and its Relation to Bodily Functions, Food, Clothing, Air, and Functional Irregularities. The volume is full of sound counsel, and ought to find a place in every home in the land. [J. B. Ford & Co.]

— "Fallen Fortunes," by James Payn, is a very enjoyable novel. It details the happiness and troubles of John Dalton and his family, all of whom make just claims on the reader's interest. Dalton had bought £15,000 of stock in a South American mine, at the instigation of Richard Holt, a sharp broker. The latter, having fallen in love with Kitty, Dalton's daughter, determined to ruin him. Producing a heavy decline in Lara stock, he bought it in largely, and sent news to Dalton of its worthlessness. He also procured the defeat of Dalton in his effort to enter Parliament. Nearly beggared by his loss, Dalton resolves to see the mine for himself. He sails, and is not heard from for years. Holt prosecutes his suit of Kitty, and is pretentiously kind till he makes a slight, not deep, impression on her heart. She was secretly in love with Geoffrey Derwent, a young man of vigor and great moral strength. He is in Holt's employ, and learns some of his secrets. A report comes of the loss of Dalton's ship; his wife sinks under the blow, having first given birth to a baby. The family live in reduced circumstances, happily enough, save for the censorious and tyrannical conduct of Mrs. Campden, a proud, ill-tempered person. One day Geoffrey hears of Dalton's arrival, and hastens to apprise his family. In due time Dalton arrives, and the reunited family are happy. Mr. Holt had been absent from his office several days. On his return, in a conversation with Geoffrey, he confesses his attempt to ruin Dalton, and his sincere passion for Kitty. He also undertakes to make restitution to Dalton to the last penny. News comes of his suicide; he had shot himself, previously paying Dalton in full, and leaving £50,000 to Geoffrey. The latter and Kitty were married. Mrs. Campden relieved her husband of her tyranny by dying. Jenny, Dalton's second daughter, was of a literary turn, and won fame as an author. There is not a dull page in the book. Holt is powerfully drawn, and Geoffrey and Kitty are almost perfect specimens of human nature. [D. Appleton, & Co.]

— "The Sermons by the Monday Club" have attracted deserved attention, which has led to their collection in a volume. They treat of "International Subjects," relating to Sunday Schools. This volume comprises sermons, forty-three in number, by eleven clergymen. These discourses are plain and intelligible, and will be found very helpful by students of the Scriptures. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— No more delightful book has been issued from the press this year, than Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter's "A Winter in Egypt and Syria." We sincerely regret that lack of space forbids us to give it the attention which it richly deserves; and can only say in general terms that it is the most satisfactory and enjoyable work on Eastern travel that we ever read. The style is a model; polished and wonderfully concise. To the student of composition we commend it as a safe and elegant guide. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

— "Hold the Fort" is a fine poem, founded on an incident in Sherman's march through Georgia. The poet, P. P. Bliss, has given a religious complexion to the episode, and invested it with a very pathetic and impressive effect. The volume is very handsomely printed and bound, and contains many fine illustrations by Miss Humphrey. [W. F. Gill & Co.]

— Mr. G. W. Cox, author of "The Athenian Empire," begins his history with the inauguration of a vigorous policy by Themistocles, on behalf of Athens. Themistocles gets appointed ambassador to the Spartans, whom he deceives; fortifies the harbors of Peiriacus and Mounychia. The Spartans at this time were without enterprise, following the example of Pausanias in inertness. As a specimen of their inefficiency, the author details at length the career of that officer, of whose treason he has no doubt. He contends that there is no evidence connecting Themistocles with the traitor; but he is unwilling to accept the testimony of Thucydides, as to his character and conduct. The story goes that, making advances to Artaxerxes, King of Persia, Themistocles acquired a powerful influence over him. This story the author rejects with strong arguments. His analysis of Themistocles is slightly enthusiastic, but it inspires confidence, and is supported by good evidence. That statesman gave a mighty impulse to Athenian enterprise, and carried the city to one of the highest stages of her greatness. But she did not triumph without making many and dangerous enemies, of whom the chief was Sparta. The profoundest instinct of the Hellenic mind, says the author, was the sentiment which regarded the city as the ultimate unit of society. Chapter II. comprises a very readable history of the war between Sparta and Athens, conducted for the latter by the great Pericles. Great as he was, though he succeeded in building and sustaining a vast empire, he never contemplated the idea of national union. The author treats his policy with vigor and acumen. The remaining five chapters are occupied by a history of the Peloponnesian war, ending with the surrender of Athens to the Spartans, and the fall of the Athenian Empire. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.]

— "Rare Good Luck," by R. E. Francillon, illustrates the *lucus a non;* the hero had the worst luck that ever fell to a man. He was arrested for smuggling; lost a great sum of money by shipwreck, barely escaping with his life; was shot at with murderous intent; was clawed by a tiger; was on board an Indiaman when the animals of a menagerie were let loose; and, worst of all, was betrayed by the woman he loved. Such is "rare [fortunately] luck." The story, as may be imagined, is intensely sensational; it is written with great skill, and will hardly be put down till it is finished. [D. Appleton & Co]

— Among the multitude of holiday books for children, "The Prattler," edited by Uncle Herbert, takes a conspicuous place. Its literary contents comprise well-selected prose and verse, and many good illustrations add to its attractiveness. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— Our anticipations as to the attractiveness of "In the Sky Garden" are fully realized. Its conception is quite unique, and is skilfully executed. A little girl named Joy Fairchild dreams of visiting the Sky Garden, and seeing wonderful sights there, and her uncle, an eminent astronomer, tells her several stories appropriate to her fancies. These stories treat of the world, however, and will be enjoyed by the most practical-minded little boys and girls. The illustrations are tastefully designed, and finely drawn. Altogether the book is a beautiful holiday gift. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— In dwelling on the beautiful pages of "The Story of Ruth," and reading her protestation to Naomi, "Where thou goest," &c., we were struck with the thought that man, after all, is not essential to draw out the full and free heart of woman; that she can love her sister-woman with undying love. No books more beautiful than this to the refined and serious will be published this season. The story itself is one of the sweetest masterpieces in literature, and, set off by Bida's exquisite pictures, it becomes a treasure indeed. In all typographical particulars, the volume is all that could be desired. "H. H." contributes a touching and beautiful introduction in verse. [Roberts Brothers.]

— "Christ in the Life" is a collection of sermons by the late Rev. Edmund H. Sears, one of the most spiritual and sincere of the clergymen of New England. His life was honorable and useful, and his example will live among those who loved him, and his faith and doctrines in his books. These latter are characterized by peculiar warmth and earnestness, by a marked consciousness of his responsibility in his office, and by an intense philanthropy which knows no sects or dogmas. The first sermon, "Elijah," is a fair specimen of his discourses. It plainly springs from a deep enthusiasm, and embodies a steadfast belief. The career of Elijah he truly describes as one of the most remarkable parts

of the Old Testament, furnishing material for the artist, poet, and dramatist. Not many years ago, the legend about his ascent to heaven was almost universally received without questioning; but the eyes of the men of to-day are clearer, and their judgments more free. The preacher briefly and clearly describes the present mutual attitude of science and religion, and concludes: "By the science that looks both upward and downward, some of the miracles of the Old Testament are not only restored to their place in a system of Divine Revelation, but are looked upon as avouching realities whose sweep and grandeur our fathers in their narrow literalism could hardly have discerned." He traces the analogy between the miracles of Elijah and those of Christ, between the ascents of the two, between the imagery of the prophetic narrative, and that of St. John in the Revelation. Strauss endeavored to show that the writers of the New Testament founded their narrative on the story of Elijah. The analysis of Elijah's character is deep and judicious, and the same may be said of those of David and Pilate. Many of the sermons certify to the preacher's sympathetic study of Swedenborgianism, whose tender spirit warms all his writings. Appended to the sermons are a score of poems, mainly patriotic, and some translations from Horace. They are strong in manner, and rich in feeling. The volume will be prized by the many who mourn for him. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— "A Book of Poems," by J. W. Chadwick, is a gem of outward beauty, and far more beautiful are its contents. Most of these are inspired by the sea, with which the author holds sweet converse in its changing moods. A more sympathetic collection of verses it has never been our pleasure to see, and daintier measure and finer diction are impossible. We quote a few lines of

"BY THE SEA-SHORE."

"THE curvéd strand
Of cool gray sand
Lies like a sickle by the sea;
The tide is low,
But soft and slow
Is creeping higher up the lea.

The beach-birds fleet,
With twinkling feet,
Hurry and scurry to and fro,
And sip and chat
Of this and that,
Which you and I may never know.

The runlets gay,
That haste away
To meet each snowy-bosomed crest,
Enrich the shore
With fleeting store
Of art-defying arabesque.

. . . . . .

Far out at sea,
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

A calm more deep,
As 'twere asleep,
Upon the weary ocean falls;
So low it sighs,
The murmur dies,
While shrill the boding cricket calls.

O Peace and Rest,
Upon the breast
Of God himself I seem to lean,
No break or bar
Of sun or star, —
Just God and I with nought between.

Oh when, some day,
In vain I pray
For days like these to come again,
I shall rejoice
With heart and voice
That one such day has ever been."

[Roberts Brothers.]

— Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin have sent us Parts I. II. III. and IV. of "The Life of Christ," by Rev. Dr. F. W. Farrar. The work will be completed in thirty-two Parts, and a treasure it will be. Each Part will contain an average of nine steel engravings, some of them full pages, with head-pieces, tail-pieces, &c. All these are rarely beautiful, and executed in the highest style of art. The sacred scenes of the Holy Land have been photographically reproduced by Mr. F. Mason Good, in person, while the copies of ancient coins, medals, &c. were made under the direction of Rev. S. S. Lewis, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The Maps and Plans, which are many, conform to the latest geographical discoveries. The possession of such a work of art is of itself an enviable privilege; but when associated with the narrative of our Saviour's life, it is precious indeed. We can imagine no more fitting or pleasant book for family reading than this.

— "Flower and Thorn" is, we think, the best collection of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's poems. As compared with his earlier, they show an enhanced maturity, deeper thought, and higher power of expression. These gains are visible in "Spring in New England," which is one of the author's best poems. Its pathos is almost painful, and one's glimpses of the prostrate South are tearful. We quote a few lines: —

"Their names no tongue may tell;
Buried there where they fell,
The bravest of our braves,
Never sweetheart or friend,
Wan, pale mother or bride
Over these mounds shall bend,
Tenderly putting aside
The unremembering grass!
Never the votive wreath
For the unknown brows beneath,
Never a tear, alas!
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow?
How must our thoughts bend over them,
Piteous, nameless graves!"

We do not like the collocation of "wan, pale;" but the felicity of "unremembering grass" offsets it. Very different in theme and tone, but equally fine with its subtle satire, is the legend of "Ara-Cæli;" the storm scene on pp. 58, 59, is strongly dramatic. Of the Interludes we especially like "Frost-Work," and a "Snow-Flake." *L'Envoi* is very charming. In felicity of diction and expression, Mr. Aldrich has no superior among our poets. The imagination is sovereign in his intellectual organization, and turns him to the worship of the beautiful. [Osgood & Co.]

— James Miller publishes in a handsome volume a selection of sermons by Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin. It is entitled, "Lessons of Faith and Life." The sermon on Ruth is especially interesting, as proving the author's belief in a tradition which has been regarded with scepticism. He says that "among all the personages depicted in this part of the Scriptures, among the forms of prophet, warrior, bard, and king, perhaps there is none so attractive, there is none that wins us with such gentle beauty, as the picture of that Moabitish woman following the dictates of her own true heart, and gleaning after the reapers in the barley-harvest." The author finds proof of the authenticity of the story, in the fact that Ruth was the mother of an illustrious progeny, and an ancestress in the line of David. Some beautiful and useful lessons are drawn from Ruth's history. The sermon on "The Eternity of God" deserves special attention.

— The third volume of the Scotland Series of Poems of Places is kept up to the level of interest established. In its contents Denmark, Iceland, Norway, and Sweden are represented. We note a few pieces of special beauty, among which are "Caldon Low," by Mary Howitt; Thomas Campbell's "Gilderoy's Young Waters," "The Braes of Yarrow."

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!
And think no mair of the Braes of Yarrow.

"Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
I gat her where I daurna weel be seen,
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

"Lang maun she weep, lang maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep wi' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu'ing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

"For she has tent her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow."

The department of Denmark contains some beautiful poetry. We quote from "The Women of Denmark:" —

"Brethren, join the social measure,
Sing our sister Danes beloved,
While round each eye bedimmed with pleasure
Swims the form his youth approved.

"And tell me not that, cold to beauty,
Ye feel not her thrilling eye;
The heart that's fit for friendship's duty
Is fit for gentle woman's tie."

From "A Legend of Elsinore:" —

"Oh, but she had not her peer
In the kingdom far or near;
For God's hand never made
Such royalty before.

"All proud passions seemed to dwell,
Like the voices in a shell,
In the snowy bosom's swell
Of Queen Maud of Elsinore."

"Thangbrand, the Priest," represents Iceland: —

"Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him
When in Iceland he appeared.
'Look!' they said."

From Norway we have "A Mountain War-Song:" —

"Arise! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast;
Her voice the forest-pines has stirred
As if a storm went past.
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast."

"The Laplanders," representing Sweden, is a fine poem: —

"They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms;
No false desires, no pride-created wants
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever-tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage."

The beauty of these Norse poems will prove a revelation to most readers. Few have suspected that the cold skies of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden could inspire the Muse to such noble results. [Osgood & Co.]

— "The Pearl Fountain," by Bridget and Julia Kavanagh, is a very beautiful volume, and the thirty illustrations by J. Moyr Smith, are quite in harmony. There are eleven stories about fairies and fishes, and frogs and giants, and other interesting creatures, who meet with such wonderful adventures and perform such incredible feats that the eyes of the youthful reader will distend with amazement. The illustrations are exceedingly delicate and effective. [Henry Holt & Co.]

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S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

After January 1, 1877, the office of the LITERARY WORLD will be at 256 Washington Street, up two flights, and next door to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

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SOUND DOCTRINE.

[From the *New York Evening Post.*]

SUCH a periodical as the *Literary World* must do much to help forward the growth of our young literature, and it is not easy to estimate the permanent value to American letters of this now firmly established journal of literary criticism. Its editor's view of the functions and the duties of the reviewer of books, as we learn it from his practice, is one which might be adopted with advantage in many places where a precisely opposite system prevails now. This view is that criticism, to be of any worth either to literature or to the readers immediately addressed, must be in the main friendly, and altogether fair; that to discover and to point out the merits of a literary performance is a more useful as well as a more agreeable task than to find fault; that our literature needs the encouragement of praise where praise is honestly due, even more than it needs censure for its faults: as praise to be of value must be discriminatingly given, so censure, to work a cure of evil tendencies, must be pronounced in a spirit of kindness and perfect fairness. Reviews, and minor commentaries upon books, written in this conscientious way cannot be other than a healthful stimulus to literary activity. The December number of the *Literary World* has extended reviews of McLennan's "Studies in Ancient History," Schuyler's "Turkestan," Weiss's "Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare," Curtis's "Dottings Round the Circle," "The Carlyle Anthology," and a number of other recent books, together with a long list of briefer notices of new books.

[From the *New York Evening Mail.*]

. . The *Literary World* for December is a capital number. What we like specially about it is, that when it approves of a book it does not hesitate to say so plainly, warmly, and enthusiastically, without an if or a but. At the same time, when it disapproves, it gives no uncertain sound. The literature of November is very thoroughly passed on, in long notices and short; and all book buyers and readers will find the number useful and pleasant.

[From a New York Editor.]

"I have read the *Literary World* with unusual interest for several years, because of the fairness, intelligence, and discrimination shown in its treatment of books, and heartily hope that its field of usefulness may grow with its years and its reputation."

[From a distinguished Virginia Poet.]

"Allow me to thank you for all the delight your criticisms have afforded me during the past year. Your utter fearlessness is matter of constant admiration to me, and the way in which you dare to speak out your own honest conviction, unawed by 'authority,' this side the water or the other, is something refreshing to see in these truckling times, when the outspokenness of moral courage is below par. I, for one, thank you for it; and only wish that your circulation was such that you could give us the *Literary World* as a weekly or bimonthly."

[From a Correspondent at Brooklyn, N. Y.]

"I should like to thank you for the pleasure and profit I receive from the *Literary World*. The fine taste shown in the extracts and criticisms of poetry is one of its especial attractions."

COUNT FRONTENAC.

[From Francis Parkman's "Monarchy in America, under Louis XIV.," forthcoming.]

HIS own acts and words best paint his character, and it is needless to enlarge upon it. What, perhaps, may be least forgiven him is the barbarity of the warfare that he waged, and the cruelties that he permitted. He had seen too many towns sacked, to be much subject to the scruples of modern humanitarianism; yet he was no whit more ruthless than his times and his surroundings, and some of his contemporaries find fault with him for not allowing more Indian prisoners to be tortured. Many surpassed him in ruthlessness; none equalled him in capacity and vigor. When civilized enemies were once within his power, he treated them according to their degree with a chivalrous courtesy or a generous kindness. If he was a hot and pertinacious foe, he was also a fast friend; and he excited love and hatred in about equal measure. His attitude towards public enemies was always proud and peremptory, yet his courage was guided by so clear a sagacity, that he never was forced to recede from the position he had taken. Towards Indians he was an admirable compound of sternness and conciliation. Of the immensity of his services to the colony there can be no doubt; he found it in humiliation and terror, and he left it in honor and almost in triumph. Greatness must be denied him; but a more remarkable figure in its bold and salient individuality, and sharply marked light and shadow, is nowhere seen in American history.

WE know a teacher in our public schools, with eight hundred boys under his supervision. In thirty years he has not struck one of them. *Per contra*, we know of, — happily, we don't *know* her, — a female teacher in this city, who whips on an average two of her pupils per day, not exempting little things of seven or eight years. A few days ago, a boy having been whispered to, and not answering, as we hear, was cruelly beaten by this inhuman woman; who, on the demand of his mother, made a grovelling apology, confessing that she did it in a fit of passion. She uses the vulgarisms "ain't" and "'tain't," in the presence of her scholars. Now we submit that such a person, one who has "fits of passion," is unfit to have charge of a school of young children. Corporal punishment in schools is a relic of the past, contemporary with the pillory and stocks. If a teacher is incapable of controlling his pupils by mere mental power, he has mistaken his calling: the *rôle* of mule-driver would suit him better. The name of Boston, which has long boasted of its schools, takes shame from the tolerance of the barbarous practice of whipping little children.

WE submit to our readers that, in this number of the *Literary World*, they have their money's worth. Twenty-four pages of so-so reading matter fresh from our private mint; and all for fifteen cents. This possibility strikingly indicates the cheapness of brains. Kind reader, regard these teeming sheets as our gift for Happy New Year!

Again we are overwhelmed with books, and must leave many, which deserve careful attention, unnoticed.

THE DEAD CHILD.

IN Mary's bosom now she lies,
Where Christ once lay in sleep;
The lashes long of her pure eyes
Their soft depths sacred keep.

One finger fills her bud-like mouth,
The other points a star,
Where, in the blue and shining South,
The wheeling planets are.

Around her stand two angel forms
In spotless raiment vest;
Their effluence sweet her body warms
And shields her fragile breast.

Apart, a-muse, a figure sits,
Around his head a flame;
So wondrously his mien befits,
I need not ask his name.

His tender eyes drop on the child,
His hand is raised to bless;
She lifts her own with movement mild,
And begs the fond caress.

The radiance of his lovely head
Grows bright: from out his eyes
Fine beams of love divine are shed,
Unto the child's surprise.

He speaks: like honey are his words;
His voice melodious is,
Or like the consonance of birds
In the connubial kiss.

"Come, child," he said, "within my arms!"
The angels bear her straight;
She grasps his hand without alarms,
Quite trustful of her fate.

He said, in tones of silvery thrill,
Smiles on his visage shone,
"Come, child, the promise holds good still,
I take thee for my own.

"For said I not, when on the earth,
The young shall flock to me?
I sign each infant, at its birth;
I sign and hallow thee."

S. R. C.

LAMENTATION OF DEIRDRÈ AND HER WOMEN.

We take pride in presenting a new poem by the author of "Deirdrè," which is now in print for the first time.

DEIRDRÈ.

From the morn till the night
Move the slow-footed hours,
Like spectres of sorrow, all sad and unbright
As the storm-smitten flowers,
Since the sea-sword of doom
Cleft the necks of the Three.
And the cold wind of death blows a far-rolling gloom
Over earth, over sea,
And a cloud star-devouring o'er heaven,
Since my lov'd ones were taken from me!

HER WOMEN.

Alas! and alas!
For the faithful, the brave,
Who will never return!
As the dew from the grass,
As the foam from the wave,
As the flower from the field when the frosts bite and burn,
They are gone to the dark narrow house of the grave.
And they heed not the days as they pass,
Nor the cry of the dear ones that mourn!

DEIRDRÈ.

In Huàma of old
Did three lions abide.
The Stalker of Battle, the Star of the Wold,
And the servant of Nied;[1] —
Tawny-maned, fiery-eyed,
Sped they forth on their way;
Like them in the hour of their beauty and pride —
My belov'd ones — were they.
The Bright Ones, descendants of Gods,
And the sorrow of Bauba[2] to-day!

HER WOMEN.

Sweet the trumpet and flute,
Sweet the pipe, as they play
In the King's golden hall.
But the voices now mute
On their cold bed of clay
With the music of love on the lov'd ears would fall
Far sweeter, — more sweet than at dawning of day
The sound of Avorta's[3] clear lute,
Showering music from heaven over all!

DEIRDRÈ.

Mid the red blossoms sweet,
By the green Tree of Life,
On Monad's fair mount and at Bava's[4] bright feet,
Dwell the Dragons of strife; —
When the Goddess her spear
Lifts on high, rush they on,
Amid ravin and wrack, amid ruin and fear,
Amid hosts overthrown, —
Three dragons like them on the warfield
Were the reapers of heads that are gone!

HER WOMEN.

Oh the panoplied Knight[1]
With the Boar on his shield
And the high-nodding plume!
Never more in the fight
Will he stride o'er the field,
Never more will his smile with sweet blushes illume
The fair maiden's cheek, for the brown eyes are sealed
For ever, and the lips cold and white
That were red with the red roses' bloom!

DEIRDRÈ.

In their undying youth,
On the Tree's topmost spray
Sit the Falcons of God, — Justice, Valor, and Truth.
Since the earth's primal day,
When the weak heart of man
With its burden of woe
'Gins to faint, flash they forth round the earth's shining span,
Bringing life as they go, —
Three falcons like them in the council
Were the lov'd ones to-day lying low!

HER WOMEN.

Oh the Bright-bearded One[2]
With the soft hair of gold,
The Awakener of sighs!
Oh his smiles like the sun!
Quenched for aye in the mould!
Shall we see him no more in his beauty arise
Like the laugh of the Morn when she wakes on the wold,
Heaven's roses her garments upon
And a light from the Gods in her eyes?

DEIRDRÈ.

I sleep never more,
Save of death's stony sleep
By the side of my lov'd ones! — O thou through their gore
With thy spade delving deep!
Of their grave, — their cold grave, —
Make no small narrow bed,
That I rest where they slumber the sleep of the brave,
That I lay down my head,
A weak flower forgotten in the storms,
A leaf 'neath the winter winds dead!

HER WOMEN.

Oh the dark noble face,[3]
Oh the long raven hair,
Oh the glad heart and high!
Oh the pride of his race!
Who shall do, — who shall dare
All for love like to him, looking death in the eye?
Who shall lead us to gladness from lands of despair?
Who shall fill in the banquet his place?
In the battle when great deeds are nigh?

DEIRDRÈ.

Are the Gods living yet?
Do they see from their thrones?
Have they hearts all unmoved, without ruth or regret?
Do they hearken my moans?
Will they sweep not this sward
With a besom of flame,
Bringing Treason its meed, bringing crime its reward,
Blighting life, blasting fame,
For the doer of the infamous deed,
For the Plotter of death and of shame?

HER WOMEN.

Over mountains forlorn,
Over lake, over main,
Tossed by tempests of sleet;
Over sere fern and thorn
Of the swarth desert plain,
Where no cool water soundeth, no bird singeth sweet, —
We would wander in joy to behold them again
In the light of their youth's blooming morn,
With the princes of earth at their feet!

DEIRDRÈ.

Ah! the fires of my woe,
They have burnt up my sighs,
Scorching deep, till the tides of my heart cease to flow,
And the tears of mine eyes:
And I see as through blood,
And I breathe as through fire,
And I hear as one hears on the wide ocean flood
Lashed by winds in their ire, —
Ah! when shall I breathe my last breath,
And the flames of mine anguish expire?

THE AUTHOR OF "DEIRDRÈ."

[1] The War God.
[2] Bauba, one of the ancient names of Ireland.
[3] The God of music.
[4] The Goddess of War.

[1] Ardan. [2] Ainli.
[3] Naisi, Deirdrè's husband.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"*L. B. H.*," *Greenpoint, N. Y.*, asks where he may find some lines beginning, —

"'Twas at Missolonghi's fearful fight."

"*Query*," *Boston*, writes: "Page 39 of 'Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare:' 'He's a good sailor, but a bad carrier.' Didn't the Nantucket captain mean to say of the rhetorician, 'He's a good sailer,' and isn't the point of his wit blunted by a misprint?"

We see no chance for a misprint. Our correspondent evidently does not understand the nautical allusion. The Nantucket captain noted the difference between a sharp, swift vessel, and a broad-beamed, capacious craft. His meaning was that the preacher spoke well, but carried a light freight of thought.

"*T. W. H.*," *Newport, R. I.*, kindly enlightens us as to the origin of the line, —

"What grape-bloom knoweth
Its fiery wine?"

It is from Mrs. Rose (Terry) Cooke's "Doubt," and the entire stanza is as follows: —

"Rest in thy dreaming,
Child divine;
What grape-bloom knoweth
Its fiery wine?
Only the sleeper
No sun can see;
He that doubteth
Knows not me."

"*T. W. H.*" also sends the same information as to "The moving finger writes," &c., as is given by another correspondent.

A correspondent at Roxbury writes: —

"An answer to one of your communicants in your last paper prompted me to turn to an old scrap-book in which I find this isolated verse: —

"'Yet courage, soul! Nor hold thy strength in vain,
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thy Italy.'

"'ROSE TERRY.'

"My memory and the type make me believe it was cut from amongst the *Transcript's* 'Brilliants' in 1862 or 1863."

"*M. I. S.*," *Framingham*, sends a like answer: "In your paper of Dec. 1, a correspondent, '*J. A. E.*,' *Hawley, Mass.*, inquires as to the authorship of the following lines:

"'For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thy Italy!'

"They occur in the following poem by Rose Terry, whose name now I believe is Rose Terry Cooke: —

"'The stranger wandering in the Switzer's land,
Before its awful mountain tops afraid,
Who yet with patient toil has gained his stand
On the bare summit where all life is stayed,
Sees far below beneath his blood-dimmed eyes
Another country golden to the shore,
Where a new passion and new hopes arise,
And southern blooms unfold for evermore.
And one, lone sitting by the twilight blaze,
Thinks of another wanderer in the snows,
And from more perilous mountain tops may gaze
Than ever frowned above the vine or rose.
Yet courage, soul! Nor hold thy strength in vain;
In hope o'ercome the steeps God sets for thee,
For past the Alpine summits of great pain
Lieth thine Italy!'"

"*M. I. S.*," *Framingham*, favors us with a long list of queries, which we answer as well as we can: —

"Will you allow me to present a list of questions for your column of 'Notes and Queries,' leaving it to your discretion to print as many or as few of them as you please in one number of your periodical?

"1. By whom and in what work was written this line: 'Who all did wilfully expect the silver-threaded morn?'

"2. And these lines: 'The great English dissenter who hated all laws that were formed

"'To stretch the conscience and to bind
The native freedom of the mind'

Who was 'the great English dissenter?'"

Perhaps Milton.

"3. Author and work where these lines occur: —

"'By heavens! I am a villain if I seek not
A brave revenge for injured honor.'

"4. Where shall I find this beautiful line, —

"'Asleep in lap of legends old'?

"5. Does the word 'enfranchisement' include in its meaning the investiture with the right to vote *and* to hold office; or only the former?"

Only the former, we think.

"6. Who was 'the most finished poet of the 18th century,' who boasted 'Envy must own I live among the great'?

"7. Where is this line: —

"'With calm desires that asked but little room'?

"8. And this: —

"'The victory of endurance born'?

"9. Who wrote and where, —

"'The palm of martyrdom without the pain'?

"10. Where can I find a description of 'the meadows of Christ Church and walks of Maudlin' — in Oxford? Is Maudlin the name of a person?"

Maudlin is a mere contraction of Magdalen, of which Charles Reade is Bursar. In Chambers' Cyclopædia you can find an excellent account of Oxford. The Walks of Maudlin are, no doubt, along the many bridges over the Isis and the Cherwell. Oxford has a Magdalen College, and a St. Mary Magdalen Church, the former having a tower of the 15th century.

"11. What is meant by this expression in English history: 'Taking the seals and conducting the House of Commons'?"

The holder of the seals, we believe, was the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"12. And this: 'The Rockingham Administration (1765–1766) sold no employments and obtained no reversions'?"

It means that the ministry sold no offices, and, we think, had none come back on its hands.

"13. In the first volume of poems published by Helen Hunt, 1871, entitled 'Verses. By H. H.,' occur several poems addressed to certain persons who are designated by their initials only. One poem on page 58, to 'R. W. E.' is, of course, addressed to Emerson. On page 75 is one to 'A. C. L. B.;' is it known who is meant by these letters? On page 83, 'Friends. To A. E. P.' Page 104, 'Welcome. C. C.' Can you tell me the persons meant?"

No doubt these names are local.

"14. Where is, or was, the *island* of New Orleans?"

We never heard of the island of New Orleans. The city is built on a bend in the Mississippi, and may resemble an island.

"15. Where is Laffeldt?"

We know not; but there is a Lafferde in Saxony.

"*A. V.*," *Berlin, Prussia*, writes: "The question of your correspondent as to where Carlyle first uses the phrase 'Dismal Science,' in reference to Political Economy, has, very likely, been several times answered already. It is found in the pamphlet, 'The Nigger Question,' London, 1849."

"*C. E. B.*," *Springfield*, writes: "Can you give me any information, through the correspondent's column of the *Literary World*, about the frescoes known as 'Raphael's Hours'? In what building were they painted, and are they supposed to be the work of Raphael himself, or his pupils?"

We can say of the "Hours" only that they are twelve isolated figures on a black ground, with a socle beneath, on which animals and other figures are represented. A socle is a plain block or plinth, forming a low pedestal to a statue.

"*O. M. E. R.*," *Boston*, inquires: "Can you tell me where to find a poem written on Thackeray immediately after his death? It first appeared in an English magazine, and was largely copied in America. I cannot quote accurately a single line; but if I mistake not it opens with the idea of the Angel of Death coming down upon the heart of London, 'where the great man lay asleep.' It also contains allusions to his last written words, 'my heart throbbed with an ecstasy,' &c. I have vaguely connected it with Dickens. I fear I have hardly given you an 'Ariadne clew;' but I shall be most grateful if you can help me out. I am specially anxious to get it at once."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE VESTIGES OF CREATION."

Editor Literary World: —

In the November issue of the *Literary World*, I find among the "Notes and Queries" the following inquiry as to the authorship of that well-known book, "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

— "*F. L. C.*," *Chicago*, writes: "Will you oblige a reader by answering, in a future issue, who was or is the author of 'Vestiges of Creation'?

"In an advertisement to the second American edition, published by Wiley & Putnam, New York, about 1845, Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart., F.R.S., &c., is said to be the author. He is not so named, however, by Allibone, or by any authority I can find; nor does his name appear on the title-page or elsewhere in the work."

In replying to your correspondent, you say that, "the latest authority on this question is the Countess of Caithness. She says in her recent book that 'Vestiges of Creation' was surely written by a lady."

I have not been able, so far, to find this book (*i.e.*, the countess's); and am, accordingly, at a loss for the grounds, if any are stated, upon which the Countess bases her opinions as to the sex of the writer of "Vestiges of Creation;" but, unless good and sufficient reasons are advanced in support of the opinion, it has a very slight chance of acceptance, and will tend very little toward the settlement of the question. The internal evidences — the style, the method of reasoning, the comprehensive knowledge of science displayed on every page, the discussion of subjects from which the woman of forty years ago shrank — would all seem, to my mind, to preclude the probability of the writer of the book being a lady. As I turn over the pages of the work in question, I find a point which may throw a little light on this question of sex. In the "Vestiges," the author refers to certain experiments in crystallization made by a Mr. W. H. Weekes, of Sandwich; and in the "Sequel to the Vestiges," which was put forth a year or two after, as an explanation and defence of the author's position, appeared a letter from this same Mr. Weekes to the author, addressed "*Dear Sir.*" Now, in the long and angry controversy which ensued from the publication of the "Vestiges," the question of authorship must have been very thoroughly canvassed; but, from the fact above stated, it will be seen that an eminent scientist of the day did not consider the work to be the product of a woman's pen.

I have always had the impression that the "Vestiges" was written by Robert Chambers, the Scotch publisher; and, when my eye caught the inquiry of "*F. L. C.*," I went to my books in search of a clew to the source from which I had derived my impression. Taking down from my shelves Curwen's "History of Booksellers," I turned to the chapter devoted to the Brothers Chambers, and came across the following bit of circumstantial evidence: —

Curwen says, p. 247, "A book appeared about this time, entitled 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' which was written to prove that the Divine Governor of this world conducts its passing affairs by a fixed rule, termed 'natural law.' The orthodox party professed to be alarmed at the temerity of the writer; and by them the book was hailed with contumely. It was known that the proof-sheets had passed through the hands of Mr. Robert Chambers, and, on no better authority than this, not only did the public believe the story, but the 'Vestiges' *was entered in the catalogue of the British Museum under his name.* A writer in the *Critic* boldly stated, 'on eminent authority,' that George Combe was the author; and though this was contradicted, and though the authorship is still a mystery, it would appear that Combe had, at all events, something to do with the work. In 1848, *Robert Chambers was selected to be Lord Provost of Edinburg. He was requested to deny the authorship; but his refusal to plead,* and his consequent retirement, were *probably* due to his contempt for people who could make the authorship of a book a barrier to civic honors."

Sir Walter Scott felt justified in refusing to plead to the authorship of the Waverley Novels: why, therefore, should not Robert Chambers have felt justified in refusing to plead to the authorship of the "Vestiges of Creation," especially when he had pledged himself (supposing him to have been the author) to be, if not indeed, like Junius, the sole depository of his secret, at least to have but few sharers of his confidence? "For reasons best to be appreciated by myself," says the author in his "Note Conclusory," "my name is retained in its original obscurity, and, in all probability, will never be generally known."

"Poole's Index to Periodical Literature" indicates that an article on the authorship of the "Vestiges" may be found in the *American Whig Review*, Vol. iii. pp. 168–383.

BOOKWORM.

Editor of the Literary World: —

Your correspondent "*F. L. C.*" raises a question in your November number which I supposed substantially settled years ago, though one which those capable of giving an authoritative solution of are least likely to be communicative about. Doubtless, we all can recall statements regarding others, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt, but which prudential reasons would restrain the friends of those concerned from giving publicity to.

Robert Chambers, the reputed author of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," you are aware, was also, in connection with his Brother William, the publisher of a series of school books largely in use in Scotland, and of various other popular works, the success of which might have been jeopardized by the avowal in question. At least, I think your correspondent will find no doubt on the subject existing in the minds of those who knew Robert Chambers intimately. "*F. L. C.*" is referred to Appleton's new Cyclopædia, article "Robert Chambers," and to *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, 1871.

I have heard, I know not how truly, that the "Vestiges" is attributed to R. C. in the Catalogue of the British Museum. *

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 7, 1876.

To the Editor of the Literary World: —

The lines beginning "The moving finger writes, and having writ," whose authorship is asked in your current number, are from the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyam, a Persian poet, as translated by Edward Fitzgerald, in England. These strange fatalistic poems have been quoted in pretty nearly every paper in the country that ever pays attention to literature, within the present year, owing to their republication in London, and the promised appearance of a new work by the same hand, — like the first published anonymously, and like the first a translation, but of a classical instead of an Oriental author. C. G. W.

We give below extracts from "Rubáiyát," and some biographical particulars which we have gathered: —

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern, held
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

Impotent pieces of the Game He plays
Upon the Chequer-Board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all, — He knows, He knows."

Omar Khayyam, the poet of Khorasan, lived in the latter half of the eleventh century, and died early in the twelfth. His history is written by his contemporary, Nizám ul Mulk. Offered an office by the Vizier of Naishàpûr, he refused it, saying: "The greatest boon you can confer on me is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for your long life and prosperity." He became a famous astronomer, and was one of eight employed by Malik Shah to reform the calendar, "a computation of time," says Gibbon, "which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." His poetical name (Khayyam) signifies a tent-maker, which trade, it is said, he once practised. He died at Naishàpûr in A.D. 1123. One of his pupils reports that Omar once said to him: "My tomb shall be on a spot where the north wind may scatter roses over it." The narrator, years later, visited his tomb, and found it "just outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched their boughs over the wall and dropped their flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them."

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Ellen Story," by Edgar Fawcett, is a flippant and wordy novel, which treats of the most unwholesome phases of ultra-fashionable life. It is apparently modelled on one of Ouida's books, but lacks their brilliancy and point. The hero is a rich young sprout, whose mind is filled by himself, and whose single ambition is to win the homage of the fast girls who surround him at the hotel. The book belongs to a bad school. [E. J. Hale & Son.

— "A French View of the Grand International Exposition of 1876," by M. L. Simonin, and translated from the French by Samuel H. Needles, is a very amusing *brochure*. Mendacity is its most conspicuous characteristic, and bitter prejudice against the Germans pervades it. The writer condescends to praise the architecture of the Centennial Buildings, but he censures their internal arrangements. He deigns to be pleased by the show of machinery, saying that "there will never again be seen in any Exposition such an array of useful machines, all ingeniously contrived with the view of forcing machinery to do the work of men." Of the Corliss engine he gives a detailed account; the public schools he praises even to the disadvantage of France. He speaks of the Woman's Rights party as "profiting by the Centennial as far as possible to awake new agitation;" and adds, "they know well that all this movement, all this efflux of female eloquence, will soon vanish like smoke; that the principal agitators have not the sympathy of the mass of women; and that the advocates of Woman's Rights will long demand in vain what Nature itself seems to have refused to them. 'Who would care for us, who would pet and court us, who would submit to our caprices, when we become the equals of men?' said a beautiful girl to us, when we were in New York; and the beautiful American lady was right." The author sees no merit in the German exhibition; "her products which she [Germany] exposes, if they are remarkable by their cheapness, are also distinguished by bad quality and bad taste. . . . In the Art Gallery she has had the bad taste to recall, by heart-rending paintings which are the objects of general criticism, the success which she obtained in 1870 on the field of battle." As to the French exhibition, he says: "The palm of good taste has fallen not from our hands, and we maintain the front rank for delicacy, finish, and ingenuity of work. Finally, by a host of other diverse productions, France marches as ever in the van of the nations. . . . No; the French School [of Art] has not deteriorated [it had but a short distance to

deteriorate] either in good taste [remember the glaring nudities of her exhibition!] or in the delicate choice of subjects." He thinks the expenses of the French and American expositions must not be "too *severally* balanced." He does not appreciate our musical talent, declaring, "Happy it is, if no American lady mingles her voice with such music, for the ladies of the United States sing like their English sisters." He thinks that "America will learn to dispense more and more with Europe, and Europe cannot dispense with her." She can dispense with such prejudiced and inaccurate chroniclers as M. L. Simonin, however, and not feel the loss. [Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger.]

— Of making baby-books there is no end. The latest comer into the arena of juvenile literature is "Classics of Baby-Land," versified by Clara Doty Bates. It is one of the most attractive books of its kind that we ever saw, crowded with funny verses, and embellished with many fine illustrations. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

— White's "Progressive Art Series" has won great popularity. It comprises fifteen cards, enclosed in an envelope, a Manual of Instructions for the teacher, a Black-board chart, and packages of exercise paper. In this system, a diagram of guide-points is laid out, the points being placed at regular intervals, and on these the pupil draws his lines from point to point; the latter suggesting the direction of the lines. This series has been quite generally adopted, and its simplicity and effectiveness have been warmly approved. [Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co.]

— Dr. William Smith has bestowed many benefactions on the student, but he has done none more worthy and beneficent, than the preparation of a "Student's Classical Dictionary," such as we have before us. The large books of its class are too bulky to be conveniently handled; and though the contents of this volume are, of course, materially reduced from the original, it contains all that the student would seek, save in emergencies. [Harper & Brothers.]

— Miss Farman's story, "Mrs. Hurd's Niece," seems fitted to do good. The heroine, a poor girl named Lois, goes to the city to live with her Aunt, Mrs. Hurd. She is coolly received by the Aunt and her daughters; but they soon learn to love her. She makes herself very useful to them, and is introduced to their friends. Seeing them to be worldly-minded, she tries successfully to reform them. She aids two servant girls in establishing an eating-house for the poor, and does good to all about her. The characters of Saidee and Elizabeth are well delineated, and Elizabeth's conversion is progressive. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

— We have not been able to get up much enthusiasm over "The Barton Experiment." It is a temperance argument derived from the history of Barton. Not one of its personages is agreeable, and the action is rather dreary. It is difficult to believe that this book and "Helen's Babies" proceeded from the same hand. [G. R. Putnam's Sons.]

— "Student Life at Harvard" was evidently written by one who thoroughly understands his subject; all of it he has seen, and part of it he was. Every phase of college life comes out like a photograph under his hand; not a feature, not a hair, is forgotten. If he had taken minute notes daily in his course, he could not have produced a more detailed description. He begins with the opening of the year, when Sam Wentworth is matriculated, and attends him through his whole course, as a modern "interviewer" follows a public notable, reporting his every word and act. In fine, the book is not unlike a photograph transcript of a whole academic career; every nook and corner of which is delineated as if with the finest brush. We wonder at the author's courage in telling the truth, and the whole truth, about the tyranny of Sophomores over Freshmen; his account reads like the history of a war of beasts, and casts everlasting disgrace on the government of an institution which permits and endorses such outrages. We never read a more brutal narrative than that in which is portrayed the savage raid on the Freshman, Allyne. No reasonably judicious reader could but rejoice in a supplementary episode, and the instant death of the assailants. The brutal element in the book is too disgusting to dwell upon; if the government of Harvard College can calmly read its records, that body has more fortitude and less humanity than we had given it credit for. In glaring and unfitting contrast, there are many pleasant pictures in the book, which show that the author's skill is not limited to the treatment of scenes of savagery. His sketches of inner college life are graphic and satisfying, and the incursions of his male personages into the society of Cambridge and Worcester show the touch of a skilled writer. The affectional elements of the story are exquisitely handled, and the love-affairs are veritable *bouquets*. The regatta at Worcester and the succeeding ball possess many panoramic beauties, and the assemblage of chivalry and beauty at Mrs. Wentworth's almost realizes a dream of English festivities in the olden time. But, mazed by the charms of these affectional vicissitudes, one still recalls with a shudder the dreadful drama in Allyne's room, — the ten cowards hurling themselves on one man. Is such the chivalry of Harvard? These accounts may be exaggerated; but we think not. The book is admirably written, witty, forcible, and flowing; but unless one has an urgent taste for the horrible, we would not advise its perusal. Certainly it cannot be commended to nervous females. [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— "The Arundel Motto," by Miss Hay, is a capital novel, — the author's best, we think. A more ingenious study of human nature we have rarely seen. How hate burned to love, — love in its strongest in Hessie's fair bosom, — is told with a tender feeling that brings tears to the eyes. Lord Leaholm, in his youth, had killed Hessie's brother in a duel, and Hessie had learned to hate him with a heartful hatred. Left alone by the death of her father, she found a home in the house of a relative, Mr. Bruce, who lived near Leaholm. The first day she met him at dinner, when his attraction to her was manifest. In their brief conversation she was reticent, almost rude to him. Time passed on; she saw him almost daily in the gayeties which filled the house. Their approach was gradual, — even spasmodic in its stage. Repenting of her amenity toward him, she would withdraw herself within the defence of a staid modesty. But little by little they came together, each conscious of the other's love, but both tongues sealed, and only hearts and eyes accessible. The plot is populous with minor personages, — Laura Bruce, Lydia, Tom Bruce, and Pollie. A strange pathos surrounds the latter. A mere girl, she fell victim to the brutal lust of Sir Randal Platt, a hardened *roué*, but afterwards married a worthy clergyman. Tom was desperately in love with Hessie, but he hoped in vain. The relation between these two was on her part entirely sisterly, on his furiously lover-like. Intimate with Platt, he grew dissipated, drank, and gambled; but Hessie brought him back to decorum. Hessie endures a terrible spiritual discipline, struggling against her inherited hatred of her brother's murderer, with only her melancholy love to help her. But Fortune manipulated the chess-men in a long and complicated movement to bring her victory at last. Her love was stronger than her hate. They were married, and the book closes with these tender vows: "Dear one, look up and give me an answer to my song." She took the caressing hand in hers, and laid her cheek upon it; but she did not even then look up as she spoke. "I don't think, Douglas, that the stars will ever fall, nor that the angels will ever be weeping." "Nor that, — Go on, my dearest." "Nor that, — you will ever cease to love me." "One thing more, my wife. Nor that —?" "Nor that — I *can* ever cease to love you." This is a lovely novel: we never read one with more enjoyment, and Hessie is a sweet little nobody. [Harper & Brothers.]

— "A Houseful of Children" is a fitting name for a home that shelters seven youngsters. The story of their lives is very pleasantly told by Mrs. D. P. Sanford, who knows and appreciates the tribe. The jolly boys and girls live in the country, and enjoy all sorts of rural sports, never quarrelling, and dutifully obeying their mother. The account of their visit to grandpa's is one of the pleasantest things in the book. The volume contains a multitude of pretty pictures. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

— Several sermons of the late President Walker of Harvard College have been gathered in a volume called "Reason, Faith, and Duty." His many admirers will welcome this posthumous expression of his fine mind. The editor makes a note to the effect that the author should not be held responsible for the publication, though just before his death he consented to the printing of a part. The topics are mainly spiritual, though the practical element is not wanting. Titles like these are suggestive of thoughts found in daily experience, — "The Daily Cross," "On Keeping the Promises we make to Ourselves," &c. In "The Daily Cross," there are some striking passages as to the elements of strength in religion, and to the practice of self-torture in vogue in early times. Of the practitioners of this rite, the preacher says, quaintly: "It would be well for us if we lived up to our idea of what makes a good man, as nearly as they did up to theirs." The book is marked by earnestness of belief and simplicity and directness of expression, and may be read with spiritual profit. [Roberts Brothers.]

— Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion," by Theodore Parker; to which Mr. O. B. Frothingham has furnished an introduction, and Hannah E. Stevenson a biographical sketch. It comprises four Books and a Conclusion. The first treats of Religion in general, or a Discourse of the Religious Element in Man, and the Existence of its Object; Of the Sentiment, Idea, and Conception of God; Of the Extent and Power of the Religious Sentiment; The Idea of Religion connected with Science and Life; The Three Great

Forms of Religion, — Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism; Of certain Doctrines connected with Religion; The Influence of the Religious Sentiment on Life. Book II.: The Relation of the Religious Element to God, or a Discourse on Inspiration; The Relation of Nature to God; Statement of the Analogy drawn from God's Relation to Nature; The General Relation of Supply to Want; Statement of the Analogy from this Relation; Naturalism; Supernaturalism; Spiritualism. Book III.: The Relation of the Religious Element to Jesus of Nazareth; Statement of the Question and the Method of Inquiry; Character of the Christian Records; The Main Features of Christianity; The Authority of Jesus, its Real and Pretended Source; The Essential Peculiarity of the Christian Religion; The Moral and Religious Character of Jesus of Nazareth; Mistakes about Jesus, his Reception and Influence. Book IV.: A Discourse on the Bible; The Claims of the Old Testament to be a Divine, Miraculous, or Infallible Composition; The like Claim of the New Testament; The Absolute Religion, independent of Historical Documents; Cause of False and Real Veneration of the Bible.

— "Torn and Mended," by W. M. F. Round, is a very unpleasant story, and apparently has no object except the vilification of the Roman religion. An open argumentative attack on that church we have no objection to; but a wholesale, headlong, and purposeless assault can win the sympathy of no intelligent person. The story is a mere tissue of horrors, — the persecution by Catholics of a Huguenot girl. One page in the book (p. 80) is positively disgusting. The plot is hackneyed, — the heir of a noble Catholic house falling in love with the Protestant victim, — a story that has been often told. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

— "Six Weeks in Norway," by E. L. Anderson, is a very pleasant little volume of travel. It gives accurate and comprehensive views of that interesting country, and its still more interesting people. Mr. Anderson confirms the reports of earlier travellers, who represent their condition as almost Arcadian. His passage from Copenhagen was rather rough for a landsman; but the enjoyment on shore fully compensated him for his hardships. His first journey was to Christiana, a city of 80,000 souls, which he describes quite minutely. We learn from him that Norwegian horses will not kick. The author, by the way, "talks horse" too much: there is hardly a page on which the noble animal has no mention; but readers of the book will pardon something to the spirit of horse-flesh, when they learn that the author purchased and now enjoys a handsome pair of Norwegian breed. There are some good descriptive passages in the book: —

"As we passed around a hill about two miles from the station, Snehatta (Snow Cap) burst upon our admiring eyes. This mountain, although it is barely 8,000 feet above the sea-level, is magnificent by reason of its form and the boldness with which it stands up out of the *field*. It is a truncated pyramid in shape, with three bastard peaks. Near the road the Kolla, like a sugarloaf in shape, rises up to the height of 6,000 feet, while the Kundsho, on the right hand side of the road, is only ninety feet less. This is by Dovrefield; for the foreground is filled with magnificent, moss-covered boulders that are worthy of the grand peaks that surround them on all sides. Now we begin the descent, and the little brook that sings by the roadside will very soon turn into the rapid Driva, that has carved a way for us down the steep mountain-side."

At Hoig the travellers reached the Fillefield at Nystuen, 2,500 feet above the sea. It is a dreary waste, and "the people who pass the long and severe winters upon these exposed heights must suffer great hardships, and lead a life of tiresome monotony. For many days they dare not, in the deep snows and biting winds, leave the shelter of the house; and the only strangers they are likely to meet are those who probably require their aid. The keeper of this station has been rewarded by the State with a medal, for his humane exertions in saving the lives of poor wayfarers who have been caught in the dreaded storms, and it must be a wild night that would imprison him, should he believe that there were travellers on the road."

The author speaks of his passage through the valley of Romsdal. We quote a few lines of the poem of the same name by Gilfellan:

"And here, my soul, pursue the midnight sun,
And fly to watch him from the Romsdal horn,
Unclimbed by man; but Fancy by one bound
Gaining the unfooted summit, steps secure
Upon the toppling crag, the slippery verge,
Whence snow in terror falls; which eagles touch
Half trembling, half in triumph; where the light
Seems flurried in its passage, and the mist
Creeps shuddering, with cold and cautious foot,
Upon the highest, sharpest pinnacle."

"The Norwegians are an intelligent, sober, and honest race, who prosper in a country that is little better than a range of rocky mountains, the forests and fisheries only making it possible for 2,000,000 of people to find support. No more than 1,200 square miles is devoted to the cultivation of grain. About five times that area is in valley and upland pasture." The author visited all the chief cities, and gives an entertaining account of them. There is a good map of Norway in the book.

We venture to suggest an improvement in his style, whose absence would not catch the eye of the casual reader. On page 29 (prefixing three words brought from page 28) we find seven sentences in one paragraph. These are of nearly uniform length, and necessitate a series of cadences which is monotonous. In other words, the abrupt arrangement of the sentences breaks the euphony of the page. On page 19, "only," in the second paragraph, is misplaced; instead of "boasts only of," it should be "boasts of only." [Robert Clarke & Co.]

— Miss Ellen Frothingham has made a fine translation of Grillparzer's "Sappho," introducing it with a brief sketch of the lamented Austrian poet. Grillparzer was born in Vienna, in January, 1791. His father was a lawyer in comfortable circumstances; but he lost his property during Napoleon's invasion. Franz found himself compelled to support not only himself, but also three younger brothers. He became tutor in a nobleman's family, and obtained a small post under government. He was condemned to feel the full force of the censorship then in vogue in Austria; and not till he had become venerable by age did he receive justice and appreciation for his plays. In 1871, when he was eighty years old, he received a popular ovation, crowns of laurel, and other gifts, eulogistic addresses, &c. In January, 1872, he died at the age of eighty-one; and his funeral was celebrated in Vienna as if he had been a ruler of the land. He was a close student through his long life, travel being his only recreation. Though warmly attached to Katharina Frölich, he was prevented by poverty from marrying her. The first of his dramas publicly performed was "Die Ahnfrau," produced in 1817; "Sappho" was first presented in 1818, and was followed by six other plays, the last being given in 1838. In his old age he shrank from contact with the public, saying that the success of a piece could no longer pleasure him, while its failure might pain him. "Sappho" is a tragedy on a high key. Coming to the people she says: —

"Not unrequited shall your welcome be,
For see, your daughter brings you back a son,
Brings Phaon; from the best he is descended,
And with the best may boldly mate himself.
Although his years declare him still a youth,
His words and deeds have proven him a man.
Whenever ye shall need the warrior's sword,
The lips of orator, the poet's mouth,
A friend's advice, or a deliverer's arm,
Then call on Phaon: ye need seek no further.

PHAON.

Thou mockest, Sappho, me a stranger youth;
In what have I deserved such lavish praise?
Who would believe so much of one untried?

SAPPHO.

Whoever sees thee blush at thine own praise.

PHAON.

Ashamed, I can but wonder and be dumb.

SAPPHO.

Thou givest proof of what thou wouldst deny,
For silence and desert are near of kin.
Yes, friends, I here acknowledge to you frankly,
I love him; upon him my choice has fallen.
He in the fulness of his gifts was fated
To draw me with a soft constraining power
Down from the cloud-tipped heights of poesy
Into the cheerful, flowery vales of life,
Among you at his side henceforth to lead
A simple, quiet, pastoral life; the laurel
Exchanging gladly for the myrtle wreath.
Only to sing the tranquil joys of home
Shall I awake the music of my lyre.
What ye have prized and reverenced until now
Ye yet shall learn to love, — to love, dear friends."

We quote Sappho's soliloquy, which, says Miss Frothingham, is an almost literal translation of her own lines: —

"Gold-enthroned Aprodite,
Artifice-weaving daughter of Zeus,
Oh, delude me not with love's anguish!
Bruise not, Goddess, this fluttering heart!

"But descend, if ever the measures
Sung to my lyre have charmed thine ear;
For my call thou often hast heeded,
Leaving thy father's golden abode.

"Thou would'st harness thy glittering chariot,
And thy doves, a frolicsome pair,
Gaily spreading their darkling pinions,
Bore thee downward from heaven to earth.

"Swift thou camest, Deity, wearing
Radiant smiles on thy deathless brow,
Asking what grief afflicted the wailer,
Wherefore rang upward the suppliant's cry.

"'What is that passionate bosom's longing?
Whom does that beating heart desire
In the snares of love to entangle?
Who, O Sappho, doeth thee wrong?

"'Though he now flee, he quick shall pursue thee;
Scorns he thy gifts? gifts soon shall he bring;
Yea, though he love not, love shall soon thrill him,
Making him follow its every sign.'"

The drama ends with the death of Sappho by drowning. It is intensely fascinating from beginning to end; and Miss Frothingham deserves warm thanks for introducing so brilliant a poet as Grillparzer to the American people. [Roberts Brothers.]

— Mrs. M. W. Tileston, the editor of "Quiet Hours," has compiled a new volume of like character, entitled "Sunshine in the Soul." It comprises some of the most beautiful devotional poems in the language, revelations of the pure soul, the inspirations of sincere piety. The selections have been made with exquisite good taste, and will soothe

many a wounded heart. We quote one specimen from the German of Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1692: —

"What comforts, Lord, to those are given,
Who seek in Thee their home and rest!
They find on earth an opening heaven,
And in Thy peace are amply blest.

"Their tranquil joy no troubles banish;
Their hiding-place is safe above;
The dismal clouds of night must vanish
At dawning of Thy light of love."

[Roberts Brothers.]

JANUARY MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S starts off with an admirable paper on "Contemporary Art in England," by S. G. W. Benjamin, making a most flattering report of its prosperity. This happy *status* he wisely attributes to the system of Art education, established about 1852. He recites the evidences of progress in an entertaining and conclusive manner. He gives much information about Art Societies, whose influence has effectually fostered Art. Some fine criticism has a place in the paper. Of Ruskin it is said: "With all the extravagance of his works was blended so much that was really true and great, that at one time he exercised a salutary influence on English art. But he is a man of only one idea; he cannot adapt himself to the shifting forms of Art suggested by different circumstances, and has become so wild and extravagant in his vaticinations, that he scarcely commands the respect due to his former reputation." The results of the British system are most satisfactorily stated. Mr. Benjamin is an excellent writer, and with his bounteous equipment of material is able to turn out delightful and instructive essays. His figure of the table-land and the mountains is admirably wrought out. His criticism on Miss Thompson's paintings is very acute. The paper is re-enforced by many beautiful illustrations.

"In the Garden" is a lovely poem. We quote five lines of it: —

"And before the kiss, if I uttered words,
I cannot remember: they had no place
In that first full moment of love's embrace.
Does the wave recall that it foamed before
In its flood tide throb on the waiting shore?"

"The Good Old Times," at Plymouth, is a very interesting account of the landing of the Pilgrims, and the early days in their new home. It contains many pictures illustrating their life and customs. In "A Cruise among the Magdalen Islands," we have a clear and picturesque description of charming scenery and life in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, accompanied by fine illustrations. The biography of Felicien David gives a fine though brief account of that famous artist. "Answer to Me" is a very pretty poem, full of tender feeling. "The Old Deacon's Lament" is capital. The old deacon bemoans the demolition of the old pulpit and the erection of a new-fangled one: —

"'It made their necks ache, lookin' up,'
Was what the folks did say:
More lookin' up would help us all,
In this degin'rate day."

"The Craniologist" has a strong element of mystery, and embodies a very interesting story of hidden treasure. "Fizz and Freeze" is a very funny tragico-comedy. "Miss Truepenny's Fortieth Christmas" is a first-rate story, novel in plot, and carried out with great power. "The Little People's New Year" is pretty, and very pathetic. "Grit" is a fine picture of country life, and a striking illustration of grit.

Our old pupil, James T. Fields, seems to be incorrigible. Despite our continued tutelage, he obstinately persists in his bad grammar. In his paper on Thackeray, in Harper's, he says that Boston "is probably the most exclusive of *any* American city." The poor man meant *all*, instead of any, of course. "On both occasions, *I* sat by him at dinner." "Of course I took the greatest delight in Thackeray's lectures, though not always disposed to assent to his critical judgment of the English humorists." Fortunate Thackeray, who, in his grave, cannot learn of this painful fact! "Indeed, I feel about Dickens's novels pretty much as the exiled French king did about the merry exhibition, already related [Charles X., having visited a humorous exhibition, refused to go a second time, saying, "Ver' good, ver' good; mosh obleeshe; but von soch fon, it is enough"], that they were all very well for once, with no little power of momentarily affecting our sympathies, though with some mental reservation, but feeling no more desire to see them again, than I wish to renew my *fictitious* (!) tears, *when* taken unawares, over the exaggerated pictures of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" The tenuity of Mr. Fields's affections is forcibly illustrated by these quotations. Every one remembers how he toadied to Dickens, gushed and slavered upon him, kissed him on the steamer's deck, and made himself a public laughing-stock; and now, Dickens being safe under ground, he pours contempt and disparagement upon his memory. Mr. Fields is an ornament of American literature, shining in reflected light. At the time of Dickens's last departure for England, and of the kiss aforementioned, we copied Leigh Hunt's pretty verses; changing the name: —

"Dickens kissed me as we met,
Rising from the chair he sat in:
Time, you rogue, who love to get
Sweets into your book, get that in."

THE ATLANTIC. — This is an eventful chapter in "The American." Madame de Cintré goes away. The Count de Bellegarde becomes embroiled in a duel with a Dutchman, and Newman gets his *congé* from his prospective bride. Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Herons of Elmwood" is one of his best: —

"The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent language of thoughts unspoken."

Mr. Aldrich writes "From Ponkapog to Pesth," in a reprehensibly trivial mood; one would think he never had a serious thought in his head. But his *forte* is not meditativeness; he is prone to the jocose. We are sorry to learn that he fell into the company of beggars and kindred pests; but if he made his action in one case, when he divided among the expectant mendicants a genial smile, a general rule of conduct, his purse cannot have suffered a serious loss. The paper is jaunty and joyful; he seems to have had a good time, in which he herein gives the reader a big interest. "The Blackbirds" is a bright dramatic sketch, abounding in philosophy of the lighter sort, — quips, cranks, wiles, &c. It is in effect an amplification of the nursery story of the "Four and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a pie." It is the brightest bit of literary work that we have seen in a long time, and will force Mr. Howells to look to his laurels won by "The Parlor Car." "Left Out," by George P. Lathrop, is a fair story; but its end is unsatisfactory. There are some awkward sentences in it, like, "You have not painted your man in nearly glowing enough colors." "In colors sufficiently glowing" would be better. There is a fine moral in Mr. Lowell's beautiful "Birthday verses." Bayard Taylor gives some news, in "Weimar in June," about Goethe and Schiller. Minna Frommann, one of Goethe's most intimate friends, has just died at the age of nearly a century. She was the foster sister of Minna Härtzlieb, the "Ottilie" of Goethe's "Wahlverwandschaften." Mr. Taylor opines that the common estimate of Goethe, with reference to his relations with women, has been wrong. Literary jealousy provoked many of the scandals against him. His most serious trouble was due to his marriage of Christiane Vulpius, far beneath him in rank. Mr. Stedman's "Sister Beatrice" is an honor to our literature; its felicity of diction is remarkable, and the melody of his verse is entrancing. It is the finest poem, we think, that he has written. The picture of his ideal convent is exquisitely beautiful. The tradition on which the poem is grounded is one of the finest we ever read. Mrs. Kemble writes: "My mother is reading Moore's 'Life of Byron,' and has fallen in love with the latter, and in hate with his wife. She declares that he was originally good, generous, humble, religious, — indeed, every thing that a man can be, — short of absolute perfection." Mrs. Kemble dissents from her mother's position. This number is exceptionally good, and is very strong in poetry.

SCRIBNER'S. — Charles Barnard contributes to this number one of his strong, practical, and instructive papers, descriptive of an English workingman. He shows how cheaply and well he can build a house, and how easy are the terms of its payment; proving that in respect of home comforts, at least, the Englishman is far more favored than the American. The statistics and the reasoning may be turned to good account in this country. Mr. Boyesen writes in his clear and graphic manner of "Norway and the Norsemen." He writes with great spirit, and with marked freedom from prejudice, — his apology for what he calls his failure in that particular being quite uncalled for. Dr. Holland's poem "To Miss D——, in her album," is about the neatest thing we have seen from his pen. "Pan" is in Mr. Gilder's usual style, mystical and mysterious. It will repay, however, the study that it demands. "Concerning Cheapness" is a topic of universal interest, and Charles Carroll's interpretation of it is generally satisfactory. He is quite right in his position as to buying one-dollar gloves at Brown's. "The Last Pine," by Charles de Kay, is a beautiful poem, clear and cold like a mountain stream. Clarence Cook tells what he knows about "Beds and Tables and Candlesticks," as does Mrs. S. B. Herrick about "Liverworts and Ferns," which subject will be appreciated by the technically learned. The excellent sketch of John Burroughs, whom the readers of "Wake Robin" know and admire, is very well done. It exhibits him just as he is, giving him the faint tinge of transcendentalism that is his own. "Ghosts," properly enough, is full of "spirits." "The Deacon" is a unique character; though one is disappointed that he does not love Lucinda,

"When he sees her at the winder,"

well enough to make her his wife. He couldn't have made a better investment of "that dividend." Jolly indeed is "Papa Hoorn's Tulip," though Papa's "little game on Schneider Ten Bosch" was a little out of the line of rectitude. But he had been drinking beer. "At the Window," by R. H. Stoddard, is "Sweet, sweet, sweet, as chicken meat," as the yellow girls used to sing down South in the old days. Gen. McClellan plays a big

card at the outset of his Nile game. His descriptive powers are first-class, and he adds enough of incident to his narrative to spice it agreeably. We shall enjoy the character of his follower as he goes. The illustrations of this article are specially fine. "H. H.'s" "A Dream" is powerful, but painfully sad. Having left the haunts of "Helen's Babies," Mr. Habberton takes up the manlier sport of equitation, and rides to the drum. His horse is not meek, though his name is "Moses," and he acts upon the theory that man proposes, while Moses disposes. It is a breezy sketch. The extravagance of churches has found a defender in James Morris. He shows that we spend less money for the gospel than for railroads, manufacturing companies, and other kindred institutions. His illustrations are largely drawn from New England, where the gospel is popular, and he adduces many interesting and useful statistics. It seems that Rev. W. H. H. Murray made $40 per sermon, and $100 to $150 per lecture. Sport in the Adirondacks is more remunerative than the exposition of the Scriptures. The article is full of valuable information, and richly suggestive. "Emanuel" is a solemn poem in blank verse.

ST. NICHOLAS. — One is amazed at the mass of matter comprehended in the monthly numbers of the *St. Nicholas*. In point of bulk it hardly falls behind the *Atlantic* and its peers, and in point of quality it is quite their equal. The January number seems to overtop all its predecessors, its list of contents being specially attractive. We can mention only briefly a few of its charms; among these are a "Letter to a Young Naturalist," by William Howitt; "Katinka," a pleasing Russian story; "Budge's Story of the Centennial," which is, of course, very funny. "The Stars for January" and "His Own Master" are continued. "King Lonesome," by Lucy Larcom, is a beautiful poem in conception and expression. Very enjoyable is Harriet M. Miller's paper on "Little Travellers," in which one learns how the babies of different nations begin their little lives. "Poppets," by Amalie La Forge, is a sweet and touching little story. Hezekiah Butterworth tells about "The Greyhound's Warning;" how a favorite hound of King Charles I. howled before the king's death, and how Oliver Cromwell's hound foreboded his reign. Horace E. Scudder reproduces in *fac-simile* some parts of the New England Primer. The closing pages of the number are filled with amusing matter of various kinds. The illustrations, especially the frontispiece, are admirable.

LIPPINCOTT'S. — There are at least two articles in the January number, each of which is worth the price of the magazine. We refer to Edward King's "Pictures from Spain," first paper, and E. C. Bruce's "Floor of Fire." Mr. King's paper is singularly graphic and picturesque, giving admirable pictures of Spanish life. Mr. Bruce's contribution is scientific and descriptive, furnishing a great amount of information about volcanoes. Miss Lazarus's translations of two French poems by François Coppée are very good. The author of "Phidias and His Predecessors" traces the origin of Greek Art to Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and Phœnicia: his analysis of their respective influences on Greece is very ingenious. He writes of Egyptian Art with fine intelligence; the clergy, he says, put it into a straight jacket. "Nature abhors a Vacuum," by W. M. Baker, is the best story we have ever seen from his pen. "The young Man who went West" is the work of an accomplished writer, C. S. Kirkland, whose only fault, apparently, is an unreasonable prejudice against Boston. We quote evidence from his own hand: "As the cat-princess invariably forgot her changed state at sight of a mouse, so the Bostonian sceptre raps the knuckles of any naughty literary vagrant with all the vigor of the ferule from which it has blossomed. Indeed, to the perception of the more free and easy West, Boston seems to be always telling her children to, 'Go and be somethingological directly!' Even her poetry seems somewhat *intentional*, as if it came to us labelled, 'Produced according to the rules of the institution, and warranted correct in grammar and spelling.' Then we are apt also to be sensible of a heavy moral swaying to and fro over our devoted heads, like a large lady about to sit down on an unperceived baby in a rocking-chair." Sidney Lanier's "Evening Song" is very pretty and tender. George Macdonald's new story, "The Marquis of Lorne" begins promisingly. Lady Barker's Letter from South Africa is exceptionally good; it tells about the killing of a lion, about a Kaffir wedding, and a memorable expedition to "Seven Bush." All this is excellent reading. "Unquiet Graves," a suggestive subject, is very well handled by Marie Howland. As a whole we think this number the best we ever saw of *Lippincott's*.

LITERARY NEWS.

— Vol. V., of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is one of the most interesting and valuable of those thus far issued. It abounds in great names, such as W. Gifford Palgrave, who writes of Caravan; Prof. E. Caird (Cartesianism); Rev. Mark Pattison (Casaubon); Canon Venables (Catacombs and Cathedrals); E. H. Bunbury (Caucasus, Cappadocia, and Circassia); Dean Merrivale (Cato); Major F. S. Russell (Cavalry); Dr. Farr, and Prof. F. A. Walker, late U. S. Census Commissioner (Census); James Donaldson, LL.D. (Celsus); Prof. Sullivan (Celtic Literature); W. Minto (Chaucer); Prof. Armstrong, R. Meldola, and F. H. Butler (Chemistry); J. B. Runnion, American (Chicago); E. S. Drone, American (Cincinnati); Rev. W. Lucas Collins (Cleopatra); Prof. Armstrong (Carbon); J. H. Pollen (Carving); Prof. Robertson Smith (Caste); W. C. Smith (Canticles and Chronicles); Oscar Browning (Carthage); Prof. T. M. Lindsay (Christianity); Prof. Douglas (China); T. A. Trollope (Carthusians); Prof. Dave Wilson (Chatterton); and many others, making sixty-nine articles in all. A mere glance at this list discovers the marvellous range of the Encyclopædia, and the high order of talent that has been subsidized for its composition. In its complete form, for which we must look forward about four years, this work will surely take rank as the *magnum opus* of British literature. The issue of this volume was unavoidably postponed on account of the delay of one of the chief papers.

— Victor Tissot has recently written a book in French about the German book-trade, which is full of interesting information. The author has lived in Germany, and fully understands his subject. He says: "The German book-trade is so organized that every book published must pass through Leipsic. It is the central literary mart of Germany. Do you want a book that has appeared at Mayence, at Stettin, at Jena, or at Tübingen? You or your bookseller must apply for it at Leipsic. If this great store-house did not exist, German books, which are already excessively dear, would attain fabulous prices. Calculate what would be the price of a book which you should procure from Posen or Dantzic. The Leipsic agent does not send the book ordered above; he waits until he has received a sufficient number of commissions, and then forwards all in one bale. 'Why are your books so dear?' I inquired of a publisher; 'It is contrary to all the rules of trade; it is cheapness which assists the sale. For instance, Herr Paul Heyse's last novel, "The Children of the World," in three small volumes, which is sold in Paris for six francs, costs twenty-five francs here.'

"'It is only the French,' he replied, 'who know how to organize the book-trade in a practical way. If we were to sell books cheaper, we should be ruined. Our editions in general never exceed five or eight hundred copies. You never see any one buy a book in Germany, because every one subscribes to a reading-room (*Cabinet de lecture*). Consequently, we only print editions for reading-rooms and libraries. Besides, all our business is commission business. Booksellers will only receive books on commission, — sale or return, and often at the end of the year all the copies come back faded and spoiled, with the expense of carriage in addition. We have the bad habit of submitting to the examination of our clients new books which will be likely to interest them. They look through the books sent, very often peruse, then return them. How can you expect business to be brilliant under such conditions? Nothing is so precarious as our business. The interest on our advances sleeps for a year, often for two; for accounts are only settled at the Easter fair. At this season all the German booksellers meet at Leipsic; the bookseller's exchange is opened. Every one brings his note-book, and the publisher takes off his unsold copies.' 'But how do you account for the extraordinary quantity of new publications?' 'It is a mania which has seized us since the war. Now that we look on ourselves as the light of the world, there is no one who does not wish to give forth a spark, and who does not publish his volume either in prose or verse. No student receives the title of doctor, without giving to the world a folio. But it is not the publisher who runs the risk, it is the author who guarantees the expenses. We have, too, a number of women who could knit very good stockings, and who pass their time in spoiling paper. They pay in ready money for the honor of seeing themselves in print. Hence this prodigious number of dried fruits, this universal reign of pride and mediocrity.'

"Until lately the German publishers paid very badly for literary work, and combined, like thieves at a fair, to live at the expense of authors who were in vogue. Goethe himself received for one of his manuscripts only two or three copies of the printed work. The generosity was exceptional when the publisher added a service in Saxon porcelain. Schiller, who died in poverty, enriched Herr Cotta with many thousands. At the present day these conditions have changed. Writers of merit, like Berthold Auerbach, the author of the 'Village Tales of the Black Forest,' scientific writers and historians, know how to obtain a good recompense for their labors.

"Nothing can be imagined more animated

and lively than these Leipsic fairs. They are held at Easter and Michaelmas, and last four weeks. The town is transformed into an immense mart; it is a heap, a Babel of merchandise. Everywhere you see shops and booths in the open air. The doors and windows of the bookstores are removed. Long streamers float from the front of every establishment, announcing arrivals and novelties. All languages are heard in the streets; and it is not a rare thing to meet Greeks and Turks in their picturesque costumes. It is a veritable Kermesse, a joyous Flemish picture, full of life and noise, of grave and gentle talk, of hobnobbing, of sounds of drums and trumpets; for all the mountebanks of the empire, all the swallowers of sabres, all the itinerant musicians congregate in the town. The municipality of Leipsic hires for days of festival and business all the musicians who present themselves, and sends them out to play at the doors of the hotels and restaurants at the dinner-hour, in order to keep the visitors in good humor.

"The market at which I was present the day before yesterday was but a distant and feeble echo of these memorable days. Nevertheless, its aspect was original. The dealers shelter themselves from the sun under enormous red, blue, or yellow umbrellas. Children with uncovered feet and heads are guiding carts drawn by dogs, whose tongues hang out piteously. Here you see a woman who sells salt fish, herrings, tunny, and smoked eels; there, it is a portable kitchen which gives forth puffs of steam; women are devouring sausages and drinking beer. But there is a lugubrious side to all this; it is a display of cheap coffins. The vendor calls the attention of the public by beating a dead march with his fingers on his empty stock-in-trade. You can choose your last residence in advance, your last suit of oak or elm, with gilt tacks or plain iron nails. I saw an old man approach, untie the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and let fall three thalers (nine shillings) into the coffin maker's hand, and depart carrying his coffin on his shoulders.

"The market-place is handsome and imposing, with tall massive houses of Gothic design. Some are as black with smoke as if they had been tried by fire. The Town Hall is a very remarkable construction, dating from 1556. Its windows are adorned with marvellous gratings, which give it an appearance of gloomy strength. You may still see the hall where the judge used to break the rods before the prisoner condemned to death, and the place where the women who fought in the street were exposed in a cage."

— Admirers of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" will enjoy (perhaps) the *Nation's* review of that much-vexed book. This review closes with these pregnant words: "If the book had less feebleness, we should say it exhibited much purity of imagination."

— In an Essex county-town, two apothecaries have put forth a gorgeous sign: "—— and ——, Pharmaceutics," instead of "Pharmacists," or "Pharmaceutists." In Alexandria, Va., may be seen this sign: "A Cuvillier, Practi*cable* Plumber."

— In the English Alphabet are twenty-six letters; in the French, twenty-three; in the Italian, twenty; in the Spanish, twenty-seven; in the German, twenty-six; in the Russian, forty-one; in the Persian, thirty-two; in the Turkish, thirty-three; in the Latin, twenty-two; in the Greek, twenty-four; in the Hebrew, twenty-two; in the Arabic, twenty-eight; in the Sanscrit, fifty; in the Chinese, two hundred and fourteen.

— We are surprised to find, in a pretentious educational journal of this vicinity, such a sentence as this: "The Series will be called 'The Long-Look Books,' and *are* intended," &c.

— Mrs. Wolcott Kent, Librarian of the Public Library, at Kalamazoo, Mich., informs us that the circulation of books for the year is about 40,000, in a population of 11,000. She is also kind enough to say: "I consider it [*The Literary World*] an important aid in the purchase of books for a library." Such is the testimony of all librarians.

— Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have in preparation "A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines." It is a companion or supplementary volume to the Dictionary of Antiquities, and has the same author, — Dr. Smith. The title sufficiently explains its general character; but only an elaborate review could fully set forth the great learning embodied in it. In the few pages that lie before us, is included the article on the Acts of the Apostles, which is full of interest. The work promises to possess exceeding value.

— At Murray's recent annual trade sales, in London, 1,200 copies of Dr. Smith's "Christian Biography," first volume, were ordered.

— The Illustrated Christmas number of *The Publisher's Weekly* is a very handsome pamphlet of 107 pages. Of these, ninety-four are ornamented by beautiful illustrations, which do great credit to advertisers and the publishers of the *Weekly*. As a mere art collection, to say nothing of its business value, the Christmas *Weekly* deserves high praise.

— Mr. John Eglington Bailey, author of "The Life of Fuller," has sent us a copy of "A Sermon of Reformation, preached at the Church of the Savoy, last Fast-day, July 27, 1643." By Thomas Fuller, D.D., author of "The Church History of Britain," "The Worthies of England," &c. It is edited by Mr. Bailey. This sermon was an important contribution to the literature of the controversy as to what ecclesiastical policy should replace the one recently overthrown. The famous Assembly of Divines met that same month to deliberate on the subject abovenamed. This sermon is said to be the last Royalist discourse preached in London during that heated year.

Some of our readers may be glad to read a brief outline of his biography. He was born in Northamptonshire, in 1608, won great distinction at Cambridge, and was a famous preacher at the age of twenty-three. His first literary composition, issued in 1631, was "David's Heinous Sin, Hasty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment." His "History of the Holy War" was published in 1639. He was a member of the Convocation in 1640, and one of the committee chosen to frame new canons for the better government of the Church. He was a strict Royalist, and shared all the hardships of his party. His other books were the following: "A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, and The Confines Thereof;" "Abel Redivivus," a collection of the lives of divines; "The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the year 1648." At the Restoration, he returned to his prebend of Salisbury, from which he had been removed. In 1661, he was appointed chaplain extraordinary to the king, and created D.D., at Cambridge, by royal mandamus. His chief and best-known work, "The Worthies of England," was published in 1662. His writings are rich in the quaintest phrases, and he ranks among the greatest writers of England.

We make some extracts from this quaint sermon, whose text is Hebrews ix. 10: —

"VNTILL THE TIME OF REFORMATION.

"1. Those who live beyond the Polar circles, are called *Periscii*, because they have shadows round about them. In a more mystical meaning the Jewes before Christ may be so called, living in constant Umbrages of Types and Ceremonies which were taken away when the Sunne of Righteousnesse did arise. Their sacrificing of Lambes and Rammes, and Kids and Goats, and Calves, and Kine, and Turtle-doves, with their observing of Meates and Drinkes, and Dayes, whereas the Apostle saith, *Colos.* 2. 17, *A shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ.*

"2. Yea, in some sense I may safely say, that the very *Sanctum* and *Sanctum Sanctorum*, was still but the outward *Atrium*, as containing therein such types, as related to a higher and holier truth: To instance only in the Holy of Holies, herein were seven sacred Utensils, all full fraught with Heavenly Mysteries.

"3. First, *the Golden Censor*, signifying our prayers mingled with Christs merits (woefull for us if he did not give better Incense then we bring) which he offers up for us to his Father. Secondly, *the Arke of the Covenant overlaid round about with gold;* whilst *Shittim* wood was in the middest thereof, to Typifie Christs humanity decked and adorned with his Godhead. Thirdly, *the Pot of Manna*, looking backwards in memoriall of the miraculous meat of the Israelites in the Wildernesse: And forwards to set forth Angels food in Heaven, which is neither to eat nor to drinke, but to doe Gods will, and to see Gods glory. Fourthly, *Aarons Rod which budded*, and besides the History contained therein, alluded to Christs Resurrection, *that Branch of Jesse* cut downe and cast out amongst the dead: which yet afterwards did revive, flourish, and fructifie. Fifthly, *the Tables of the Covenant*, wherein the Commandments were written by Gods finger, to intimate, that only an infinite power can effectually print Gods Lawes in our hard and obdurate hearts. Sixthly, *the golden Cherubims* overshadowing the Mercy-Seat with their wings, and looking towards it; to shew, that the mystery of Gods mercy is to be covered from the curiosity of prophane eyes, whilest the pious may with comfort behold it. Seventhly, and lastly, *the Mercy-Seat it selfe;* the Embleme of that Mercy Seat in Heaven, to which poore penitents being cast at the Barre of Gods justice have a free and open appeale.

"4. All these were of gold and pure gold, and yet Saint *Paul* (*Gal.* 4. 9) calleth all legall ceremonies *beggarly Elements*, in comparison of Christ the Truth, in whom these did determine and expire: As the rude lines of Black-Lead wherwith the Picture is first drawne, vanish away when the curious Limner layeth on the lively colours; so all these outward Ordinances had an end at the comming of Christ, being only to last, *Vntill the time of Reformation.*

"5. The Text is so short, it needs not to be divided, only the word REFORMATION must be expounded; a word long in pronouncing and

longer in performing, as generally signifying the bettering, and amending of what is amisse: In Greeke διώρθωσις, *A Through Rectifying*. However, sometimes the word *Reformation* is not opposed to things bad in their owne nature, but to things that are lesse perfect, and may be more perfected, as in the Text. For the Ceremoniall Law of the Jewes was compleat in its kinde, as given of God, and every thing made by *Him*, must be like *Him* that made it, *very good*. Yet comparatively that Law was imperfect, and needed a Reformation, which was performed at Christs comming. Besides, though the Ceremoniall Law was good in it selfe, yet it was bad as it was abused by the ignorant Jewes. For though the knowing Patriarks looked through, and beyond the Types to the Messias himselfe; yet the dull People mistaking the Shell for the Kernell, and the Casket for the Jewell, lodged their soules where they should only have bayted, and did dote on the shadowes as on the substance it selfe; in which respect the Peoples judgements, as well as those Ceremonies, needed a Reformation.

"6. The maine point we shall insist on, is this; That *Christians living under the Gospel, live in a time of Reformation*, which will appeare in severall particulars: For besides ceremonies removed according to the principall intent of the Text, Manners are now reformed and Doctrine refined: Poligamy connived at in the Patriarks, now generally condemned, the Bill of Divorce cancelled by Christianity, which was permitted to the Jewes, not because that was good, but because they were bad, and by this Tolleration were kept from being worse. The second Table abused by the restrictive Comments of the Pharisees, confining those Lawes (which were made to confine them) onely to the outward Act, are now according to our Saviours interpretation extended to their true demention. The mistery of the Trinity clouded in the old Testament, is cleered in the New. The Doctrine of Gods righteousnesse by faith, of the merrit of Christ, of the spirit of Adoption, of the Resurrection of the Body, darkly delivered under the Law are manifested in the Gospel, with many other heavenly Revelations.

"7. *Use.* Let us be hartily thankfull to God, who gave us to be borne since the comming of Christ in the time of Reformation. Our Twi-light is cleerer[1] then the Jewish Noon-day. The men of *China* use to brag, that they (because of their ingenious civility) have two Eyes, the Europæans one, and that all the World besides are starke blinde: more truely it may be said that the Christians had two Eyes, the Law and Gospell; the Jewes but one, the Law alone; and all people and Pagans besides sit in darknesse and the shadow of death. The Jewes indeed saw Christ presented in a land-scept, and beheld him through the Perspective of faith, *seeing the promises a farre off*. But at this day a Dwarfe-Christian is an over-match for a gyant Jew in knowledge, as appeareth by our Saviours Riddle, *Mat.* 11. 11, *Among them that are borne of women there hath not risen a greater then* John *the Baptist: Notwithstanding he that is least in the Kingdome of Heaven, is greater then he.*

"8. Which Riddle is thus untyed: *John* Baptist was the greatest amongst the Children of Women, because other Prophets foresaw Christ, He saw him; others spake of Christ He spake to him, and had the high honour to baptize him with water, by whose spirit he himselfe was baptized: Yet was he the least in the Kingdome of Heaven (which properly began after Christs Ascention) because though perchance acquainted with the generals thereof, the particulars of the time, place, meanes and manner, were as much conceal'd from him, as cleerly revealed unto us. He never knew that *Judas* should betray Christ, *Caiphas* accuse him, *Peter* deny him, *Pilate* condemne him, Souldiers crucifie him, *Nicodemus* embalme him, *Joseph* bury him. These, and many more Circumstances of our Saviours Passion, Resurrection and Ascention, now Histories to our Children, were Misteries to *John* Baptist; who, though Christs Harbinger *to prepare his way*, yet did not live to see his Master to[1] possesse what he had provided for him. Wherefore if *Alexander* the Emperour did count himselfe much indebted to the Gods, that he was borne a Grecian, and not a Barbarian, how thankfull ought we to be to God, who gave us to be borne neither Jewes, nor Pagans, but Christians, since *the time of Reformation*.

"9. *Objection.* But this indeed were true, if all things in the Church continued at this time in the same condition of Primative Purity, whereto Christ Reform'd it. But long since, that *falling away*, foretold by the Apostle, is come to passe, and that *man of sinne* hath played his part in the Church, therein deforming Manners with Vice, Dõctrine with Heresie, Discipline with Superstition. As for any Reformation which since hath happened in *England*, it hath been but partiall and imperfect. King *Henry* the eight brake the Popes necke, but bruised not the least finger of Popery; rejecting his Supremacy, but retaining his superstition in the six Articles. The Reformation under *Edward* the sixth was like the Reformer, little better then a childe, and he must needs be a weake *Defender of the Faith*, who needed a Lord Protector for himselfe. As Nurses to woe their Children to part from knives, doe suffer them to play with Rattles; so the State then permitted the People (infants in Piety) to please themselves with some frivolous points of Popery, on condition they would forsake the dangerous opinions thereof. As for Queene *Elizabeth*, her Character is given in that plaine, but true expression, *that she swept the Church of* England *and left all the dust behind the doore*. Her successors have gone in the same path, and the same pace with little alteration, and lesse Addition in matters of Moment, save that besides some old errours unamended, many Innovations have broken in upon us, which might be instanced in, were it as safe as it is easie to reckon them up. We therefore desire and expect a *Through Reformation*, to see Christ mounted on his Throne, with his Scepter in his hand, in the Purity of his Ordinances, and we shall grieve and groane *untill* such *a Reformation*.

"10. *Answer.* This objection containes many parts, and must be taken asunder: Some things therein are freely to be granted and others flatly to be denied, and others warily to be qualified. We freely confesse the Deformation by Popery, as also, that the Reforming was by *Henry* the eight and *Edward* the sixth (good Prince, of whom I had said, that he dyed too soone, but because he dyed when God would have him) were but partiall and imperfect. Withall, we flatly deny that Queene *Elizabeth left the dust behinde the Doore*, which she cast out on the Dunghill; whence this uncivill expression was raked up. The Doctrine by her established, and by her Successors maintained in the 39 Articles, if declared, explained and asserted from false Glosses, have all gold, no dust or drosse in them."

[1] Now cleerer.

[1] To *omitted*.

— Rev. Julius H. Ward announces his intention to pick "Deirdrè" to pieces. We wish him a happy issue out of his approaching tribulations.

— Hon. John Bigelow, formerly minister to France, in writing a puff of another history of the United States, says: "Mr. Bancroft has spent the best years of his life in writing what he terms a History of the United States. Ten volumes have appeared, and he has not reached his subject yet." This statement is either foolish or mendacious.

— "Green Pastures and Picadilly" is the strange title of William Black's new novel. Is this contrast or tautology?

— "Dilemma" complains in the *Publisher's Weekly*, that he cannot ascertain how to pronounce "Deirdrè." We believe that it is pronounced as if it were spelled "Deerdray," the è's being aggregated and sounding like "eh."

— The *Contemporary Review*, for September, pays a high compliment to American lawyers, in an article on "The American Bench." It says, "It would be difficult to point, in the whole range of legal literature, to works of greater learning than Chancellor Kent's Commentaries, or Dr. Parsons's Law of Contracts."

— Hon. Joseph Williamson, of Belfast, Me., has written a History of that city, which will soon be published in an octavo volume of 750 pages, by Messrs. Loring, Short, & Harmon, of Portland. It will contain many illustrations of the city, and portraits of men distinguished in its annals. Mr. Williamson, the son of the historian of Maine, evidently inherits his father's powers. His work is scholarly and exhaustive, and will prove an important contribution to the history of Maine.

— We erred, in alluding to Dr. Loring's politics in connection with his book. The two have no legitimate relation, and we regret that we put them in conjunction.

— We wonder if many of our readers ever heard how a volume of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution" was lost. He lent the MS. to Mrs. Taylor, John Stuart Mill's friend, to read. She left it on the drawing-room table, on retiring at night. The next morning a servant coming in to make the fire, incontinently utilized the MS. for kindling purposes. Charles Fenno Hoffman was the victim of like carelessness. He had just finished a novel, "The Red Scout of the Ramapo," — we are not quite sure of the accuracy of the title. While he was ill with a fever, a servant consigned his MS. to a fate like that which befell Carlyle's volume. He never rewrote the novel, which he esteemed his best.

— Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have in preparation two novels by Alphonse Daudet, one of the most famous French writers of fiction. One is "Sidonie," which Edmond About has warmly praised. It has passed through twenty editions in France. The other novel is "The Wonderful Adventures of Tartarin de Tarascon," — the story of a Southern Frenchman who boasts of his sporting prowess, but is really a coward. His adventures in Algiers are very amusing.

— Charles Mackay's "Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature, and Public Affairs," just published in London, is rather interesting. He was born in 1815, the son of a naval officer. He was brought up by a sergeant, turned tailor. He early showed a fondness, and wrote "Hamlet in Palmyra;" but a kind friend put his MS. in the fire. The famous Edward Irving having praised the boy's lines on Saul and David, the latter resolved to take up literature as a pursuit. Expecting to go into service in India, he was disappointed by the disagreement of his father and a military relative, and acted as secretary for William Cockerill, at Brussels, for some time. In 1832, he became sub-editor on the *Chronicle*, of London. His reminiscences are entertaining. Angus Reach, immortalized by Thackeray's "Mr. Re-ach, will you take a pe-ach?" was the founder of picturesque reporting. He sustained a severe stroke on the brain at the age of thirty-five, and was disabled from work for a long time. Shirley Brooks, who owed his advancement to Reach, offered to do the latter's duties without increased salary. This arrangement endured for a year, when Reach died. In his first interview with Wordsworth, the poet said: "I hear that you write poetry; but I haven't read a line of it, and don't intend to." Mackay came to America to lecture, and at Philadelphia entertained an auditory of seventeen persons; but at Cincinnati a great crowd gathered to see and hear him. An "interviewer" in New York asked him abruptly, "'Well, I want to know what you've come to our country for?' He added, presently: 'I am not satisfied with the friendly articles in the papers. I have read them, and I have come to the conclusion that you are an enemy of our glorious Union.' 'Sir,' said I, indignantly, 'this is too bad; it is intolerable.' He waved his hand. I rang the bell. 'It's my private opinion,' he added, 'that you have come here for no good, and that, at this very moment, you have Jeff Davis's gold in your pocket.' My blood was fairly up: 'And it's my private opinion, Mr. Miles, that, if you don't leave the room this moment, you will be kicked out.' Mr. Miles took the hint.'" Dr. Mackay misquotes Shakspeare: he prints a poem by Campbell, to which that poet was unwilling to affix his initials on account of a vulgar word therein. The Dowager Lady Dunmore was so scandalized by this word that she ceased to take the *Chronicle*, in which it appeared. He tells a rough story about De Quincey, — his trying to borrow a sixpence or a shilling; if he got it he spent it for laudanum, "of which he could drink a wine-glass at a time, with as little compunction as if it had been claret."

— Mr. Smalley writes from London to the New York *Tribune*, that "the last edition of Mr. Bartlett's excellent and useful 'Familiar Quotations,' though not republished in London, as a previous edition was, may be had here, and has been sold in considerable numbers. This is due to the good business sense of Mr. Bain, the bookseller in the Haymarket, in importing and selling the book at a reasonable price. The English importing bookseller, like his American colleague, is seldom content with moderate profits. His charge of five English shillings ($1.20 in gold), to the American dollar, is indeed somewhat less than the usual New York imposition of forty, fifty, or (sometimes) even sixty cents to the English shilling (twenty-four cents.) Part of the difference is to be referred to the absence in England of the oppressive tariff on books which exists in America. But the result is in both cases to restrict the sale of books, for which, under fair conditions, a fair sale might be expected on both sides. Mr. Bain has taken a step in the right direction; and he and Mr. Bartlett, and the firm of Little, Brown, & Co., to which Mr. Bartlett belongs, and the English public, — not to speak of a stray American or two, who may happen to live in London, — all find their advantage in it. Will no New York importer take the hint?"

— *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, may well be said of Messrs. Prang, & Co., the famous chromolithographic artists, whose works at the Highlands are among the most interesting sights of Boston. Recognizing the demands of the season, they have published a series of holiday cards for Christmas and New Year, which in exquisite coloring and delicacy of finish are unsurpassed in our observation. The designs are for the most part floral, and embrace all the possibilities of the richest conservatory. On each card is the inscription, "Merry Christmas!" or "Happy New Year!" What a potentiality for making children happy lies in these beautiful bits! Fancy their bedrooms lined with these manikin masterpieces! This season will yield no choicer holiday fruit: no Christmas agency will so train the young eye to the love of art. We are pleased to learn that large quantities of these "things of beauty, — joys forever," are shipped to foreign lands.

— The London *World* is printing a series of biographies of famous men, which are very spicy. Of Thomas Carlyle it says, that he eats only two frugal meals per day, and drinks only two glasses of wine. He smokes a pipe, — a "churchwarden," or yard of clay. Not long ago he asked a prominent novelist to visit him, and entertained him with brilliant conversation on a great variety of topics, saving only the one nearest to the visitor's heart, — his own writings. At last the sage of Chelsea said: "You know our Scotland well, and I have read your books with great pleasure. They are amusing, — yes, amusing. You are just amusing. But when are you going to *do* something, — to write a real book, — eh, man?" [said to Wm. Black.] Carlyle loves not newspapers; he says that they occupy too much space, and their perusal too much time.

— It is said that the young ladies of Cleveland are now wont to write comments on the margins of library novels. One records her emotions thus: "The pangs of love is great. I have been there myself."

— Rev. Edward Abbott, Editor of the *Congregationalist*, and one of the best writers in the country, makes us the object of his beneficence in these flattering terms. We hope it is unnecessary for us to try to express our gratitude: "The closing months of the year afford a good time to make the acquaintance of Mr. S. R. Crocker's *Literary World*, and to become a subscriber thereto for the year to come. This excellent periodical is published monthly, at the low price of $1.50 a year; and gives in each number sixteen quarto pages of literary criticism and news. The intelligence of authors and books is almost invariably fresh, and always interesting, and the criticism is independent, discriminating, and satisfactory above the common. We have learned to have great confidence in Mr. Crocker's judgment; by means of his careful reviews one may get very nearly as good an idea of many books as by reading them; while the help of a trained critic is invaluable in any case. Such a monthly visitor as this is of great value in every cultivated home, bringing its descriptions and extracts of what is new in literature, and its pleasant gossip of authors and their work. We heartily believe that it belongs to the class of journals which should be sustained. The Boston office is at 299 Washington Street."

— The author of "Woven of Many Threads," is Celia V. Hamilton.

— Sarah Tytler's real name is Henrietta Keddie.

— From a volume of "Boudoir Ballads," by J. Ashby-Storey, recently published in London, we take this neat and witty idyl:

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

A BABY IDYL.

Draw back the cradle-curtains, Kate,
While watch and ward you're keeping,
Let's see the monarch in his state,
And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
With sunbeams o'er him gleaming, —
A world of baby fairyland
He visits while he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
Asleep in nest so cosey,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid.
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
Who sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled, —
A couch of rose-leaves soft and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand —
Size, nothing and a quarter —
E'er grasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
Or, may I ask, will those blue eyes —
In baby *patois* "peepers" —
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

Will that smooth brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Will e'er that tiny Sybarite
Become an author noted?
That little brain the world's delight,
Its work by all men quoted?

Though rosy, dimpled, plump, and round,
Though fragile, soft, and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove —
Affection never waning —
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter:
'Tis small and new; they pause in fear
Beneath the gray church-tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Who can predict the future, Kate, —
Your fondest aspiration?
Who knows the solemn laws of fate
That govern our creation?
Who knows what lot awaits your boy, —
Of happiness or sorrow?
Sufficient for to-day is joy,
Leave tears, sweet, for to-morrow!

— "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," Mr. Bret Harte is peculiar. Having written a play called "Two Men of Sandy Bar," he sold it, it is said, to Stuart Robson, for $6,000. He then came on to Boston, and arranged with Messrs. Osgood & Co. to publish it in book form, concealing this fact from Robson.

— A London lady, "Sylvia," has written a book called "How to Dress Well on a Shilling a Day," which ladies will do well to read.

It gives full directions for home millinery and dress-making. Thirty shillings per year must be devoted to the purchase of *lingerie*. "Good lace pays for itself in the end, and so do good feathers, if well treated." Here is some wise counsel: "Keep a thing; its use will come. Only throw away what is utterly useless. Scraps of silk, ribbon, lace, may all 'come in' usefully at another time; and a judiciously stored odd-and-end bag saves many a sixpence."

"Some good old lace is an invaluable possession to a woman who has to dress inexpensively. Like jewels, it may be worn frequently without incurring the reproach that invariably falls upon the wearer of a too well-known dress. The economist will avoid decided colors in her dress, for the same reason. A blue dress is often recognized as an old acquaintance, when a black, or even a gray, may pass unrecognized, especially when worn with different ribbons, flowers, or lace. A black velvet, or even velveteen, is of great value from this point of view. It never *dates*, and can be done up nearly as often as silk. . . . It can be utilized in various ways after it has become impossible as a dress. It always cuts up well for children, and gives good wear. Two black silks are indispensable for a married lady who goes into society, — a good one to wear on the hundred-and-one occasions when a black silk is almost *de rigeur*, failing a colored one; and a half-worn silk that may be worn under grenadine, net, or tulle, as a dinner-dress. A dark brown or navy-blue silk or poplin makes a pleasant change from black, and silks are to be had so cheaply now, that, if it could be made up at home, we might manage to get one every three years out of our £18. I find it necessary to calculate on the remains of a good trousseau, for otherwise, I fear, it would be difficult always to look as our neighbors, who spend upon their wardrobes at least £100 a year. To keep up an already good stock of under-clothing, including petticoats, stockings, handkerchiefs, collars, and cuffs, should not cost more than £3 a year. Of course, in this case, long cloth must be bought by the piece, and made up at home. Paper patterns of each article can be bought, and will last for years. These ought all to be carefully labelled and kept together in a box or drawer. *Tidiness* is an essential part of economy. Setting apart £3 for this (to a lady's mind) important section of the wardrobe, we come to the calculation of bonnets, hats, and jackets. Two bonnets and two hats every year will cost, to the home dressmaker and home milliner, who uses her materials again and again, £2 10*s*. at the very most, and this will admit of a good feather being bought now and then, and also good flowers. I should be sorry to recommend any other, especially as it must be borne in mind that the poorer we are the less we can afford to wear *cheap* articles of dress. It is not necessary to have a new jacket every year. If one has a sealskin and a good tailor-made cloth jacket in one's wardrobe, they will wear for years, and a summer covering for the shoulders is a less costly matter. Good black lace is here a valuable adjunct, and can be converted into a variety of forms as the fashions change. Of course a new winter jacket becomes necessary every three years at least, and we shall set apart for this purpose £3 every three years; but this, as well as £9 for a new silk every three years, will come out of our savings of £4 a year. These savings are not a luxury: they are a necessity, as the new triennial silk and jacket are a necessity, and neither can be bought out of one year's income."

— We have received from Col. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, a copy of "The Census of Massachusetts for 1875," Vol. I.; Vols. II. and III. will be issued during the current month. The present volume treats of population and social statistics on a grand scale, comprising no less than twenty-eight tabular statements, filling 809 pages, and giving full details as to population, birth, sex, polls, &c.; occupations, schools, libraries, &c. The figures of population by towns, through one hundred years, are also given, — a most useful statement which shows, in parallel columns for each town, its population and sex, polls and votes, families and dwellings, size of families, color and race, conjugal condition, ages place of birth, nativities with ages, aliens. This volume treats of the first object of the enterprise, — the production of the State and the condition of its people. It seems to have been prepared with great care, and to afford as clear and comprehensive a view of the population in its various aspects, the industries, educational, charitable, and penal institutions of the State. Col. Wright deserves high credit for his successful prosecution of this great work.

— Two dainty little volumes have dropped from the press of Roberts Brothers, — "Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Antoninus," and "Selections from Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ.'" The Emperor Hadrian, one of the good Roman emperors, used to call the first Verissimus, "most true," because the boy was called in his childhood M. Annius Verus. He was educated in the most liberal manner, and proved to be a scholar of the first class. At the age of eleven, he gave up all luxuries, and became a stoic. Hadrian, just before his death, adopted Antoninus Pius, on condition that the latter should adopt Marcus. At the age of forty, Marcus Antoninus became emperor. He governed moderately and with justice, and, though inclined to peace, was forced to wage war fourteen years against the barbarians. Niebuhr, the historian, says of him: "It is more delightful to speak of him than of any man in history, for, if there is any sublime virtue, it is his. He was certainly the noblest character of his time; and I know no other man who combined such unaffected kindness, mildness, and humility, with such conscientiousness and severity towards himself; . . . if there is anywhere an expression of virtue, it is in the heavenly features of Marcus Aurelius. Thomas à Kempis was born near Cologne, in 1379 or 1380. In 1400 he entered a monastery, and died in 1471, aged ninety-one or ninety-two years. He spent fifteen years in copying the Bible, and wrote "The Imitation of Christ," and other books, which are now lost. This book has had a great popularity, sixty different versions having been published in French alone. These selections were made from an Oxford, England, edition. The beauty and devoutness of its contents are too well known to need exposition here.

— Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. are about to engage in an important literary enterprise,— the publication of "The Magazine of American History, with Notes and Queries." Each number of this periodical will contain an article on some point of American History; a biographical sketch of some distinguished American; original MSS.; Reprints of rare documents; Reports of the Proceedings of the New York Historical Society; notices of historical books. Mr. John Austin Stevens, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, will be the editor, assisted by Messrs. J. Hammond Trumbull, John G. Shea, Henry C. Murphy, O. H. Marshall, J. Carson Brevoort, George H. Moore, John Russell Bartlett, and many others. The scope of the work will be expansive, and we need hardly dwell on its importance. It will set off with the good wishes of all lovers of their country and its history.

— Mrs. Alexander's new novel, "The Heritage of Langdale," will be published by Messrs. Holt & Co., under an agreement with the author. The same firm are preparing a work by Dr. Lewis H. Morgan, on "Ancient Society," and Dr. MacKenzie's forthcoming book on Russia. Mr. Ralston, the English critic, says of the latter, that it is "the best ever written on Russia." It must be very good, indeed, to surpass Mr. Schuyler's.

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Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest;' and fancy hears the ring
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm;
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slandered King.
O garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer, Time! We stroll and glare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago.
Might, right? so all things make for good, —
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below."

The first scene opens in the royal palace in London, the courtiers talking about the court of ——. All augur ill of it to England and the world. Aldwyth is conspicuous, tentative of the knights. The two archbishops enter, and banter serious repartees with the knights. A conversation shared by Harold, Gamel, Leofwin. Then the King speaks this noble speech: —

"In heaven signs!
Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! Your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches
Uncouth, unhandsome; while in Norman land
God speaks through abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this as being
Half-Norman blooded, nor, as some have held,
Because I love the Norman better, — no;
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm
For narrowness and coldness: and I say it
For the last time, perchance, before I go
To find the sweet refreshment of the saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity:
I have builded the great church of holy Peter;
I have wrought miracles, — to God the glory, —
And miracles will in my name be wrought
Hereafter; I have fought the fight and go, —
I see the flashing of the gates of pearl, —
And it is well with me, though some of you
Have scorned me; — ay, but after I am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have had a vision:
The seven sleepers in the cave at Ephesus
Have turned from right to left."

Aldwyth craftily asks Harold — whom she loves, did he love her; but whom, unresponsive, she hates — if the King sees into his "mysteries," —

"That thou wouldst have his promise for the crown."

The King warns Harold not to go to Normandy. Then follows a heated discussion between Harold, Gurth, and Tostig.

Harold says: —

"Make not thou
The nothing something. Wisdom, when in power
And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile
As Kindness; watching all, till the true *must*
Shall make her strike as Power: —
But when to strike?

Tostig, sister, galls himself:
He cannot smell a rose; but pricks his nose
Against the thorn, and rails against the rose."

Scene 2, Act ii., is in the garden of the royal palace. Edith (the King's young ward) sings: —

"Love is come with a song and a smile;
Welcome Love with a smile and a song.
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay? They call him away.
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong:
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Harold enters, and speaks: —

"The nightingales at Havering-in-the bower
Sang out their loves so loud, that Edward's prayers
Were deafened, and he prayed them dumb; — and thus,
To dumb thee, too, my wingless nightingale."
[*kissing her*].

They converse about the plots of Aldwyth, and of Edith's dream, which Harold cunningly misinterprets.

Aldwyth enters: —

"Hate him! I could love him
More, tenfold, than this fearful child can do.
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the foe
Of England? Griffyth, when I saw him flee,
Chased, deer-like, up his mountains, all the blood
That should have only pulsed for Griffith beat for his pursuer.*
I love him, or think I love him.
If he were King of England, I his Queen,
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love him, —
She must be cloister'd somewhere, lest the King
Should yield his ward to Harold's will."

Morcar approaching, she tempts him to a plot; urging, to spread it on Northumbria, that Harold loves her, and that he and she are betrothed, and, last, —

"Perchance that Harold wrongs me; though I would not
That it should come to that."

She tells him to dream himself Earl of Northumbria. He answers: —

"Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself their King?"

At Ponthieu, on the seashore; Harold and his men wrecked. He sends Ralf to Sir Guy, Count of Ponthieu, for help. The latter arrives, and captures him.

Scene 3 is at Bayeux Palace, William of Normandy, and Malet, present. The latter proposes to take advantage of Harold's detention, to work him harm. He now holds him prisoner, having bought him from Sir Guy. William desires Harold's voice in England for the crown, and would have Malet persuade him; but Malet says he "can but love this noble, honest Harold." William affirms that he (Willliam) is heir to England by the promise of her King.

Harold enters, and, seeing William, says, *sotto voce*: —

"He sees me not, — and yet he dreams of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day?
They are of the best, strong-winged against the wind."

A dialogue ensues, William urging Harold to visit Normandy.

A post-boy comes, bringing news for William; and, with Malet, he retires. Harold recalls the King's warning, not to go into Normandy. A man-at-arms follows him as he goes away, — by the Count's orders, he says. He asks Malet, arriving, why he is followed. "The good Count's care" is the answer. Malet beseeches him to yield to the Count's conditions, — or seem to obey them. Harold announces news from England, that Morcar and Edwin have stirred up the Thanes against Tostig, and all north of Humber is one storm; Tostig has murdered Gamel, his guest, his wife aiding.

Enter Wulfnoth, who relates a conversation between William and the Bishop of Bayeux. The former said that Harold had no right to the crown. The Bishop answered: "Thine is the right, for thine the might." And William laughed, and swore that might was right. Of William, Wulfnoth says: —

"He turns not right or left, but tramples flat
Whatever thwarts him. Hast thou never heard
His savagery at Alençon? the town
Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried,
'Work for the tanner!' . . .
"Nay, but he had prisoners.
He tore their eyes out, shied their hands away,
And flung them, screaming o'er the battlements,
Upon the heads of those who walk'd within." . . .

Harold. Words are the man.
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.
Wulfnoth. — Then, for thine Edith?
Harold. — There thou prick'st me deep.
Wulfnoth. — And for our mother, England?
Harold. — Deeper still.

William approaches, and Wulfnoth asks that their conversation be kept secret, and withdraws. William orders his men to tear out

* Harold. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. [Author's edition from advanced sheets]. 16mo. $1.00. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

* The *only* in this line is misplaced.

the eyes of one who was said to have railed against him.

Harold. — Then let me hence with Wulfnoth to King Edward.
William. — So we will. We hear he hath not long to live.
Harold. — It may be.
William. — Why, then, the heir of England, who is he?
Harold. — The Atheling is nearest to the throne.
William. — But sickly, slight, half-witted, and a child, Will England have him king?

William puts forth his claims to the English crown, and asks Harold to support them. Malet advises the latter to be careful in his answer. Harold consents, and says, a moment later: —

"For having lost myself to save myself,
Said 'Ay,' when I mean 'No;' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge; said 'Ay' for 'No!'
Ay! No! — he hath not bound me by an oath. —
Is 'Ay' an oath? Is 'Ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He called my word my bond.
He is a liar who knows I'm a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word.
The crime be on his head, — not bounden, No."

At this point doors are thrown open, and William is seen on his throne, between two bishops. He tells Harold to make oath: —

Harold. — What should I swear? Why should I swear on this?
William [*savagely*]. — Swear thou to help me to the crown of England!
Malet [*whispering to Harold*]. — My friend, thou hast gone too far to palter now.
Wulfnoth. — Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is thine own.

Harold swears on the ark to help William to the crown of England.

Harold. Am I Harold; Harold, son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,
My limbs: they are not mine — they are a liar's.
I mean to be a liar: I am not bound:
Stigand shall give me absolution for it.
Did the chest move? Did it move? I am utter curious.
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother! thou hast betray'd me.

The next critical scene is the death-bed of King Edward. The Queen, Harold, Gurth, Leofwin, Archbishop Aldred, Aldwyth, and Edith are present. Harold being moody, Stigand says: —

Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!
Harold. Can I, father?
Our Tostig parted, cursing me and England;
Our sister hates us for his banishment.
He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy;
For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,
"Wulfnoth is sick," he said; "he cannot follow."
Then, with friendly — friendly smile of his:
"We have learnt to love him. Let him a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty of Godwin's house."

In his remorse, Stigand gives him absolution. The King has a vision: —

Edward. The green tree!
Then a great Angel passed along the highest,
Crying, "The doom of England;" and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him
Three fields away; and then he dash'd and drench'd,
He dyed, he soaked the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sundered tree again, and set it
Straight on the trunk, that, thus baptized in blood,
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing;
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep,
That dropt themselves, and rooted in fair isles
Beyond my seeing; * and the great Angel rose
And passed again, along the highest, crying,
"The doom of England!" — Tostig, raise my head!
[*Falls senseless.*]

Harold offers to serve in his stead. The Queen says: —

Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig.
Edward [*starting up*]. It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house: the Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. — I have built the Lord a house, —
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim,
With ninety-cubit wings, from wall to wall. —
I have built the Lord a house, — sing, Asaph! clash
The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!
Fall, cloud, and fill the house. Lo! my two pillars,
Jachin and Boaz! Harold, Gurth, where am I?
Where is the charter of our Westminster?
Stigand. — It lies beside thee, upon thy bed.
Edward. — Sign, sign, at once, — take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred;
Sign it, my good son, Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin;
Sign it, my Queen.
All. — We have signed it.
Edward. It is finished:
The kingliest abbey in all Christian lands;
The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To holy Peter in our English isle!
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is finished!
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath?
[*To Harold.*]
Edward. — Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman saints.
Stigand. — Why, then, the throne is empty: who inherits? . . .
Edward. No, no, but Harold.
I love him; he hath served me: none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones:
He did not mean to keep his vow.
. . . Those heavenly ears have heard;
Their curse is on him: wil't thou bring another,
Edith, upon his head?
Edith. — No, no, not I.
Edward. — Why, then, thou must not wed him.
Harold. — Wherefore, wherefore?
Edward. — O son, when thou dids't tell me of thine oath,
I sorried for my random promise given
To yon fox-lion. I did not answer then
I should be king. My son, the saints are virgins:
They love the white rose of virginity,
The cold white lily burning in her cell.
I have been myself a virgin; and I sware
To consecrate my virgin here to heaven:
The silent, cloistered, solitary life, —
A life of life-long prayer against the curse
That lies on thee and England.

The King dies. The next scene falls in the garden of the royal palace.

* The repetition of *seeing* — see three lines above — is objectionable.

Edith. — Crown'd, crown'd, and lost, crown'd king and lost to me.

Singing: —

"Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walked at night on the misty heather,
Night as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together, —
None beside them."

That is the burden of it, — lost and found together in the cruel river Swale, a hundred years ago. And there's another: —

"Lost, lost, the light of day."

To which the lover answers lovingly: —

"I am beside thee.
Lost, lost, we have lost the way,
Love, I will guide thee.
Whither, O whither? Into the river,
Where we two may be lost together;
And lost forever, Oh! never, Oh! never,
Tho' we be lost, and be found together."

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church; but who shall say? The truth
Was lost in that fierce North where *they* were lost,
Where all good things, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people.

Our extracts are already excessive, and we can only trace the outline of the remaining story. Tostig and Harold Hardrade invade England, and defeat Morcar and Edwin. The Pope has cursed Harold, at Count William's request. The North welcomes Harold as a deliverer, who sees Edward in a vision, and is told that he shall conquer. The battle of Stansford-Bridge. William lands at Pevensey The battle of Senlac.

In this grand poem, the charge of weakness in dramatic power, which has often been made against Tennyson, is sufficiently refuted. Some of his situations are thrilling, and in others the workings of craft are deftly delineated. As always, the Laureate is felicitous in diction, and melodious in measure. His portraitures are clearly defined and impressive, and his battle-scenes picturesque and vivid. He still sustains his supremacy as a master of songs and lyrics; and in grave, didactic eloquence, — as in the King's first speech, — he rises to grandeur of rhetoric. There are some sterile passages in the work, — pp. 65–75, and thereabout; but, this exception made, the interest of the poem rarely flags.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

THERE is much superfluous matter in this volume: pages and pages about the military and political state of Europe, which have no right here, having been read in a score of other books. Mr. Martin is a good

* The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. With Portraits. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 464.

writer, and it is a pleasure to read his work. There is a freedom from fulsomeness in this volume, which, in this particular, is superior to its predecessor. The volume contains two fine portraits, — Her Majesty, with the Princess Helena; and Leopold, King of the Belgians.

The Prince's first visit to Balmoral is pleasantly described. Sir James Clark esteemed the whole of Deeside, from Charleston of Aboyne to Castleton of Braemar, to be one of the driest districts of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, and no spot along the valley to be more favored in this respect than Balmoral. In "Leaves from Her Majesty's Journal," her first impressions of Balmoral are thus reported: —

"Looking down from the hill which overhangs the house, the view is charming. To the left you look to the beautiful hills surrounding *Loch-na-Gar*, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which remind us very much of the *Thüringen Wald*. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils. The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and every thing looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Loggan."

The particulars of the Prince Consort's efforts toward reform in the educational system of the universities are full of interest. He expresses some sound ideas as to the policy that should be pursued toward Ireland. A fine chapter is that which treats of the Prince of Wales's education, and the happy selection of Mrs. Lyttelton to be the royal children's governess.

The Prince Consort was not always infallible. In 1847 he recorded the opinion, that the minor sovereigns of Europe were making rapid progress in liberalizing their administrations; but Prussian events of 1848 gave the lie direct to his ratiocination. His hope of restoring validity to the Diet proved wholly vain.

During the year 1848, not less than ninety-eight despatches were received or sent out at the foreign office. A bad grammatical blunder is found on page 63. Sir Henry Bulwer writes: —

"The Queen of Spain would act wisely in the present critical state of affairs, if she *was* to strengthen the executive government by widening the bases on which the government reposes."

There is no good ground for attributing to the Prince Consort a high degree of genius: his faculties did not rise above the average level, and in less favorable circumstances he would not have surpassed mediocrity. He deserves credit, however, for his profound acquaintance with the politics of his time, and his ability to cite dates and authorities on demand. Lord Normanby complimented him highly for this excellence. He was not devoid of wit. Having been called to lay the corner-stone of the Great Grimsby docks, he sends this note to the Queen: —

"Your faithful husband, agreeably to your wishes, reports: —

"1. That he is still alive.

"2. That he has discovered the North Pole from Lincoln Cathedral, but without discovering either Captain Ross, or Sir John Franklin.

"3. That he has arrived at Brocklesby, and received the address.

"4. That he has subsequently rode [! ridden?] out, and got home quite covered with snow and with icicles on his nose.

"5. That the messenger is waiting to carry off this letter, which you will have in Windsor by the morning.

"6. Last, not least (in the dinner speeches' phrase), that he loves his wife, and remains her devoted husband.

"Brocklesby, April 17, 1849."

In 1848, the Prince visits Ireland, and corresponds with Sir Robert Peel with reference to the Irish University. The next year was signalized by the most honorable achievement of his life, — the projection and supervision of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Perhaps the most extraordinary contingency that he encountered in his long career was the tender of the chief command of the British army, made to him by the Duke of Wellington. His conduct with reference to the Pope's proposition to establish ecclesiastical Sees in England was firm and manly.

This work has few faults, one or two of which we have noted; and altogether is a vivid biography, and a valuable contribution to history, though many pages might appropriately have been excised.

GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

FEW careers have been more remarkable than the one which closed, Sept. 13, 1874, at Val Richier, a country-house situated near Caen, in one of the most picturesque parts of Normandy. Born in 1787, François Pierre Guillaume Guizot began life amid the horrors of the French Revolution. His father, an advocate at Nîmes, paid upon the scaffold the penalty of a conscientious loyalty to the fallen king. His mother, who never laughed again after her husband's death, took refuge with her son in Switzerland; and here, in Geneva, for more than ten years, the boy worked steadily at his lessons, becoming not only master of the classic tongues, but also of English, Italian, and German. He studied deeply the erudite and profoundly philosophical literature of the latter language, and the effect of this training was destined to exercise an influence over his writings to the very end of his life. During his school days he witnessed the substitution of the Directory for the Convention, of the Consulate for the Directory, and of the Empire for the Consulate. Finally, in 1805, he came to Paris, at his mother's wish, to finish his studies. The young student was very poor, and spent most of his time in the public libraries. He was thus soon drawn into literary associations, and began to write for the papers. Four years later, he made his *début* as an author, publishing an edition of Gerard's "French Synonyms," with a scholarly introduction of his own; and following this by a book entitled "Lives of the French Poets," and by a very admirable translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

His literary reputation was now established, and the most distinguished authors of the day welcomed their young comrade cordially. Even the Emperor Napoleon made overtures to him, and would gladly have enlisted the young scholar in his service. But the stern severity of conscience held back the penniless youth from receiving place and fortune at the expense of principle. For all that, his distinguished abilities won their recognition from the imperial government. M. de Fontanes, Napoleon's enlightened Minister of Public Instruction, bestowed upon Guizot the Professorship of Modern History in the Sorbonne. And thus, at the age of twenty-five, the great historian entered upon his recognized career.

His first historical work was selected with signal ability. The minds of men were yet too excited to deal rationally with the questions of modern history. Abandoning the present, M. Guizot devoted himself to the early periods of the national existence. Men of all parties could be interested in the Gallo-Roman time and the early German invasions. His long labors are summed up in his "History of Civilization in France," and his "Essays on the History of France," — "works," says a distinguished critic, "equal in erudition and exactitude to the best books of the German school, and written with a majesty and a force which often reminds the reader of Bossuet and of Montesquieu."

But such a man as Guizot could not, in France, be left undisturbed to the duties of his professorship, and the wider field of influence which was opened to him by the printing of those valuable works originally prepared as lectures for the Sorbonne. Under Louis XVIII. he held office; in 1830, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; and, on the accession of Louis Philippe, was called to the portfolio of the Interior, then the most important department of government. During the entire reign of the citizen-king, Guizot was identified with the administration; serving a part of the time as ambassador in London, and during the last six years as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His public life closed in 1848, with the abdication of his sovereign and the establishment of the second Republic. From that time till his death he devoted himself to his

* A Popular History of France, from the Earliest Times. By M. Guizot. Translated by Robert Black, M.A. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

historic studies; and when, in 1873, at the age of eighty-six, he was asked to return to the Court of St. James, he declined that honor.

As a statesman, Guizot cannot be accounted great, if the proof of greatness be success. "His political career," says the *Spectator*, "was a splendid disaster, and it was such because he knew books better than men. Had he been less of a professor, had he been more teachable, or had he not regarded his fellow-beings with infinite disdain, France might still have been a monarchy, with Louis Philippe II. as her king. Guizot was mainly responsible for the ruin of his own party. But it would be a mistake to deny the claim of greatness to all statesmen who have missed the main object of their life; and it is difficult to withhold such a title from Guizot, when we look closely at his career."

As a historian, however, this great Frenchman's rank is of the very highest. He possesses pre-eminently the historic faculty, — the power of distinguishing what are the ruling principles by which men have been guided in those important crises to which the attention of following generations never ceases to revert with eager interest, feeling that those were times when the welfare of humanity hung in the balance. With these great epochs Guizot has dealt in a spirit of the most profound and worthy criticism. Had his work ceased with these, the efforts of his youth and middle life, we must have been greatly his debtors. But, by some happy inspiration, he devoted the last years of his life, the consummate maturity of his mental powers, to a complete and continuous history of his native land. No work of the kind existed; studies in plenty, sketches of particular epochs, and outlines more or less filled up, have been produced from time to time, and by able hands; but the story of *la grande nation* has never before been unfolded in a narrative at once concise and complete, symmetrical and full. In the words of Charles Sumner, "To a most interesting subject he brings the experience of a statesman, the study of a professor, and the charm of an accomplished writer."

The history of this brilliant French nation is like a drama. Every man plays his own part; the events of each man's life are linked closely together; they result from his own acts, and have wide influence on the society in which he lives. This independence of personal action seems almost incredible. In the hands of a less serious and philosophic writer, the history of France would be but a series of kaleidoscopic changes. M. Guizot, however, has proved himself worthy of the utmost confidence. We may yield ourselves without hesitation to his guidance. Above all, he is just, and never sacrifices an iota of the truth for the sake of dramatic effect. Hence, we are absolutely certain that all the tragedy and the comedy and the melodrama we find in this wonderful history is no weaving of the author's brain, but is the straightforward story of the life of those days, as it was lived by the men and women whose names are so familiar to us. In fact, it might be said of Guizot, as some one has happily phrased it, "His habitual rhetoric was a slight under-statement of the case."

To the charm of the very superior typographical execution which makes these six volumes a delight to the eye of every lover of books, is added a series of illustrations, more than three hundred in number, printed from electrotypes and quite equal to those of the French edition. The selection of points to illustrate has been skilfully made by M. de Neuville, and shows well how picturesque in incident and abounding in dramatic situations is the story of *la belle France*. "Nearly every illustration," says Professor Niemeyer of the Yale School of Fine Arts, "is an artistic conception, vividly presenting the incident which forms its subject. M. de Neuville's admirable richness of invention and historical knowledge of the costumes and architecture of the different periods embraced in the work, together with the artistic power by which this knowledge has been wrought into picturesque effects, place these illustrations far above those we are accustomed to see in works of this character."

The American edition has the valuable supplement of full Genealogical Tables of the royal houses who have ruled France; and we take pleasure, also, in calling attention to the unusually full and well-arranged Index, made expressly for Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, and greatly superior to those of the French and English editions.

THE STORY OF SIGURD.*

IN "Sigurd the Volsung" we have at once the manliest and the loveliest work of Mr. Morris's genius. The atmosphere of soft and slightly enervating sadness which pervaded the "Earthly Paradise" and "Jason" is replaced by one clearer and more tonic. These Norse heroes fight under skies fraught with storm, and awesome with the shadowy footsteps of the hastening Norns; but they fight with cheerful and steadfast valor, and they die triumphant. The last word of all, which "ends their strange, eventful history," is not the empty echo of "in vain! in vain!" but a promise, a watch-word, — or rather a pass-word for admission to a brighter and securer life: —

"They are gone, the lonely, the mighty, the hope of the ancient earth:
It shall labor and bear the burden as before the days of their birth;
It shall groan, in its blind abiding, for the day that Sigurd hath sped;
And the hour that Brywhild hath hastened, and the dawn that waketh the dead;
It shall yearn and be oft-times holpen, and forget their deeds no more
Till the new sun beams on Baldur and the happy, sealess shore."

The form of the Niebelungen story which Mr. Morris has chosen for illustration is that contained in the Icelandic saga of the Volsungs, of which the poet published a literal prose translation some five or six years since. He prefers this Icelandic form to the more familiar one adopted by Jordan for his great poem of the Niebelungen or Sigfrid's saga, and by Wagner for his trilogy. He speaks of it, in the preface to the aforesaid prose translation, as "the most complete and dramatic form of that great epic of the North, which ought to be to all our race what the tale of Troy was to the Greeks;" and he has brought to the execution of his own long-meditated version a high and constant enthusiasm, and a tempered force and finished grace of poetical expression, which will go far toward securing for his subject the supreme place in our affections which he claims for it.

The poem is in four books or divisions. The first, *Sigmund*, contains the story of the ancestry of the great Sigurd (Sigurd being identical with the Sigfrid of the German Niebelungen), and especially of his father, Sigmund himself, a most illustrious hero. The second, *Regin*, records the birth of Sigurd; his fostering by Regin, the king of the dwarfs; how he slew, when scarcely arrived at manhood, the great serpent Fafuir, who guarded, upon the Glittering Heath, that immense treasure of gold, so famous in all Scandinavian story, which brought doom to all who obtained it; how he subsequently slew Regin himself, and carried his treasure to the burg of the Niblungs or Niebelungen. In the third book, *Brywhild*, the passion of the story culminates. We hear once more, but with unexampled interest, the original of the countless fables of Sleeping Beauty and Fairy Prince: how Sigurd, riding towards the cloudy home of the Niblungs, finds Brywhild asleep upon Hindfell, and breaks the strong enchantment which had bound her; of their betrothal, and the cruel craft which parted them; of Sigurd's marriage to the daughter of the Niblungs, — Gudrun, — and of Brywhild's to the Niblung prince Gunnar or Gunther; of the anguish of both when the plot was discovered which had estranged them; of their love, their honor, their struggles, and their death. The fourth book, *Gudrun*, tells of her subsequent marriage to Atti, and the frightful manner in which he avenged the death of Sigurd upon her Niblung brethren.

Meagre as this outline is, it may suffice to give some slight idea of the power and consistency of the story. To illustrate by the ordinary method of quotation the splendor of Mr. Morris' literary treatment is a far more difficult matter; for the strong thread of the

* The Story of Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

narrative is hardly broken by a single episode, and, for so long a poem, the equality of excellence in the versification is marvellous. We open the book at random, and light on the melodious quatrain in which Gudrun is introduced: —

'And there is Gudrun his daughter, and light she stands by the board,
And fair are her arms in the hall as the breaker's flood is poured.
She comes, and the earls keep silence; she smiles, and men rejoice;
She speaks, *and the harps, unsmitten, thrill faint to her queenly voice.*"

And space must certainly be made for the exquisite passage which describes the bridal journey of Brywhild, when she went heart-broken, yet unflinching in her obedience to Fate, to fulfil her troth plighted to Gunnar: —

"So wear the ten days over, and the morrow morn is come,
And the *light-foot expectation* flits through the Niblung home;
And the girded hope is ready, and all people are astir,
When the voice of the keen-eyed watchman from the topmost tower they hear:
'Look forth from the burg, O Niblungs! and the war-gate of renown;
For the wind is up in the morning, and the May-blooms fall adown,
And the sun on the earth is shining, and the clouds are small and high,
And here is a goodly people, and an army drawing nigh'

"Then horsed are the sons of the earl-folk, and their robes are glittering gay,
And they ride o'er the bridge of the river adown the dusty way;
Till they come on a lonely people, and the maids of war they meet,
Whose cloaks are blue and broidered, and their girded linen sweet;
And they ride on the roan and the gray, and the dapple-gray and the red,
And many a bloom of the May-tide on their crispy locks is shed.
Fair, young, are the sons of the earl-folk, and they laugh for love and glee
"As the lovely-wristed maidens on the summer ways they see.

"But, lo! 'mid the sweet-faced fellows, there cometh a golden wain,
Like the wain of the sea be-shielded with the signs of the war-gods' gain;
Snow-white are its harnessed yoke beasts, and its bench-cloths are of blue,
Inwrought with the written wonder that ancient women knew.
But nought therein there sitteth save a crowned queen alone,
Swan-white on the dark-blue bench-cloths, and the carven ivory throne.
Abashed are the sons of the earl-folk, of their laughter and their glee,
When the glory of Queen Brywhild on the summer ways they see."

We have heard the complaint made that the versification of "Sigurd" becomes painfully monotonous after no long reading. To ourself, it is the most satisfying English measure ever yet adopted for the telling of a long story in verse. No English measure can compare with the Latin hexameter for such a purpose, — not even the blank verse of Milton or of Tennyson. But this, which is founded on the original Niebelungen measure, only infinitely refined and beautified, seems to us to approach within sight of the unattainable model. It is noble, yet changeful; supple and sustained. There is a kind of wistful sweetness, both in its hurrying anapests and its lingering iambics, which makes them cling to the memory; while the frequent use of alliteration marks its kinship with the primeval forms of Scandinavian story. Whatever its immediate reception may be, William Morris's "Sigurd" is certain eventually to take its place among the few great epics of the English tongue.

THE LIFE OF THE EARL OF SHELBURNE.*

THIS volume covers a period of twenty-nine years, — 1776 to 1805, — the most eventful in the statesman's life. Beginning with the death of Chatham, it includes a recital of Shelburne's relations with Lord North and George III. With the latter he was, in later years, long a favorite, though disliked by the king in 1782–83; and during the closing events of the American war he approved himself a wise and able statesman. His conduct in the negotiations for peace is especially worthy of praise; his choice of Strachey and Oswald being especially judicious. The history of his administration is concise, but comprehensive. Shelburne stood almost alone in his opinion as to the government of India, in 1773. He would control that country by means of publicity and inquiry, rather than by actual government interference. He would leave its commerce beyond control.

Shelburne, happening to read Bentham's "Fragment on Government," desired to make the author's acquaintance.

"The acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into intimacy, and Bentham became an almost constant inmate of Bowood. 'Of esteem, not to speak of affection,' writes Bentham, 'marks more unequivocal one man could not receive from another, than, in the course of about twelve years, I received from Lord Shelburne. Though not its existence, my attachment to the great cause of man received its first development in the affection I found in that heart, and the company I found in that house. Among the friendships it gave me was Dumont's; one that it helped to form was Romilly's. . . . By Lord Mansfield I was disappointed; at Lord Shelburne's I was indemnified: at Kerwood, I should have been mortified and disgusted; at Bowood I was caressed and delighted. . . . Lord Shelburne raised me from the bottomless pit of humiliation: he made me feel I was something."

Assailed with vile abuse in the House by one Fullerton, Shelburne challenged him, and was slightly wounded in the duel.

He was a stanch friend to the American colonies, and never ceased to denounce the ministerial policy pursued against them. The state of affairs there he characterized as "the native offspring of ministerial ignorance, obstinacy, and want of principle. . . . Much as he valued America, necessary as the possession of the colonies might be to the power and independence of Great Britain; fatal as her final separation might prove, whenever that event might take place, — as a friend to liberty, as a reverer of the British Constitution, as a lover of natural and political justice, he would be much better pleased to see America for ever severed from Great Britain, than restored to her possession by force of arms, or conquest."

This work gives a comprehensive and satisfactory review of the political history comprised in Shelburne's public life. He bore so large a part in the government of England that his own story is, in effect, a general narrative.

* The Life of the Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne. With Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence. By Lord Edward Fitzmaurice. 8vo. pp. 597. $4. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.*

THIS is one of the most powerful novels of the day, — a story of the French Revolution. In style, management of the plot, and dramatic strength, it is excellent. The scene is laid on the coast of Brittany. The hero, Rohan, is chief of the young men of his neighborhood, renowned for his valor, strength, and enterprise. He is betrothed to Marcelle, daughter of Corporal Duval, an old and devoted soldier of Napoleon. She is a model of loveliness and moral beauty.

The allies combining against Napoleon, a conscription is ordered. Rohan, having been instructed by one Arfoll, a man of great learning, in the doctrines of liberty, resolves that he will not serve if he is drawn. This resolution is violently opposed by the Corporal, whose loyalty is uncompromising. The drawing takes place, Rohan absenting himself. Marcelle draws on his behalf, and finds that she has sealed his doom. But he has disappeared, and troops are sent in pursuit of him. How he evades them for months, suffering hunger, fatigue, thirst, to the extremity of human endurance, is told in a narrative of almost unexampled power. He occupies a vast cliff, called "The Cathedral," and, in its inaccessible fastnesses, sustains for months a siege by hundreds of troops. His only companion is a goat, which acts as carrier of provisions trans-

* The Shadow of the Sword. A Romance. By Robert Buchanan. 16mo. pp. 408. New York. Lovell, Adam, & Wesson.

mitted by his mother and other friends. This episode is one of the most marvellous and delightful in the book: —

A year has passed away. The yellow lamps of the broom are again burning on the crags; the flocks of sea-birds have come from the south, to whiten the great sea-wall; the corn is growing golden inland; and the lark, poised over the murmuring farms, is singing loud; while the silvern harvest of the deep is growing too, and the fishermen creep from calm to calm, gathering it up in their brown nets. The sea is calm as glass, and every crag is mirrored in it, from base to brow. It is the anniversary of the great battle which decided fatally the destinies of Bonaparte.

On the summit of the cliff immediately overlooking the Cathedral of the St. Gildas sit two figures, gazing downward. Far below them, over the roofless cathedral wall, hover flocks of gulls; and the still green sea, faintly edged with foam that does not seem to stir, is approaching the red granite Gate of St. Gildas. Away beyond, further than eyes can see, stretches the ocean, faintly shaded by the soft gray mists of heaven.

One figure, very gaunt and tall, sits like a statue, with large gray eyes turned sea-ward; his hair is quite gray, and flows on to his shoulders; his face is marked with strange furrows, left by some terrible sorrow or terror that has passed away. The other figure, a beautiful young girl, sits just below him, holding his hand, and looking up into his face. She wears a dark dress and saffron coif, — both signs of mourning, — and her face is very pale.

Day after day, in the golden summer weather, the two come here and sit for hours in silence and in peace. Day by day the girl watches for the passing away of the cloud which obscures the soul of her companion. He seems — why, she knows not — to derive a strange solace from merely sitting here, holding her hand, and contemplating the waters. His eyes seem vacant; but a strange spiritual light still survives in their depths.

To-day, he speaks, not turning his gaze from the sea.

"Marcelle!"

"Yes, Rohan!"

"If one could sail, and sail, and sail, out there, one would come to the rock where *he* is sitting, with the waves all round him. Sometimes I see him yonder, looking over the black waters. He is by himself, and his face looks white as it did when I saw it, before the great battle was fought!"

She gazes at him in troubled tenderness, her eyes dim with tears.

"Rohan, dear! of whom do you speak?"

He smiles, but does not answer. His words are a mystery to her. Since the day when, after long months of absence, he returned home a broken man, he has often spoken of wondrous things, — of battles, of the Emperor, of strange meetings; but it has all seemed like witless wandering. She has been waiting wearily till the cloud should lift and all become clear; and there seems hope, for day by day he has grown more peaceful and gentle, and now he can be guided like a child.

He is silent, still gazing seaward. Behind him rises the great Menhir, with the village lying far beneath. The sunlight falls above him and around him, clothing as with a white veil his figure and that of the gentle girl. All is not lost; for with his desolation her love has grown, and she herself remains to him, — chastened, subdued, faithful unto death.

But he does not rave when he speaks of one who lingers in the waste out yonder. Far away, under a solitary palm-tree, sits another form, waiting, watching, and dreaming, while the waters of the deep, sad and strange as the waters of eternity, stretch measureless around, and break with weary murmurs at his feet.

So sit those twain, thousands of miles apart,
Each, cheek on hand, gazing upon the sea.

KISMET.*

THIS is the first literary essay of its writer, — a young lady of twenty years, the daughter of a distinguished author, and who, if she fulfils the promise of her youth, is likely to shine brightly in letters. "Kismet" is the story of a journey on the Nile, — a field where many American writers have won glorious laurels. Making part of her company are several persons whose initials will be readily recognized, and whose presence gives a charming, home-like aspect to the narrative. The wheels of love are set in motion soon after the party starts, and the reader is bewildered by the multiplicity of love-passages. Miss Hamlyn is the foremost heroine, and illustrates the inconstancy of her sex by confessions of her engagement to George Ferris; holding him for a long time with a tight rein, and then throwing him off for another, — one Arthur Livingston, who, it must be said in palliation of her misdemeanor, is an original and fascinating person. We cannot blame her for falling in love with him; but her abandonment of her first and true love is utterly inexcusable.

The passages of natural description throughout the book are really charming: —

"Before them lay a fair, white world, moonlit and softly radiant; a world asleep, silent, yet full of shifting light, of faint, uncertain sound: the muffled rustle of the wind among the palms; the lift and fall of the cataract's voice; a flitting shadow of wings; the far-off cry of some night-bird calling to its mate through the warm stillness. In the open courts, and between the columns, the light streamed in, and lay in great white patches on the ground. Beyond that stretched a 'horror of great darkness;' mystery; silence; the eternal light; a vast and voiceless shrine, dumb as the desert, lonely as the grave. At the further end of the island, beyond the long unfinished line of columns, whose sharp, clear shadows lay like barriers across the path, there is a deep window niche cut into the thickness of the wall, below which the smooth side of the temple reaches sheer down to the Nile."

Livingston had told Miss Hamlyn of his early love affairs, of which Alice was the heroine, — Alice, the wife of another. It was a pathetic history and the memory of it lingered long in Miss Hamlyn's memory.

"For she had been thinking of him and of Alice. The story of his old forgotten love for this dead woman, who had been dead so long, so long, had appealed to Bell's imagination, had touched her fancy, with a curious force. The girl was attracted, fascinated, preoccupied. Her imagination was possessed by the thought of this hopeless love, this lost ideal of his youth. For Livingston all the latent generosity, the womanly pity, of Bell's nature had been roused and brought into play; but she was intensely jealous of Alice. She was jealous, with a sickening sense of failure, of revolt against the injustice of that fate which had given to this woman the opportunity of utter self-sacrifice to the man they had both loved; while to her, Bell, every possible solution of the position into which she had drifted seemed inevitably destined to lower her in Arther's eyes."

No more readable novel has yet appeared in the "No Name" series. Its simplicity and naturalness are its chief charms.

* Kismet. No Name series. 16mo. $1. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

— Here is a sweet (sweet as *honey*) poem from Edmund C. Stedman: —

WITH A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

(*To the lady who sent me a jar of Hymettian Honey.*)

Lady, had the lot been mine
That befell the sage divine,
Near Hymettus to be bred,
And in sleep on honey fed,
I would send to you, be sure,
Rhythmic verses, — tuneful, pure,
Such as flowed when Greece was young,
And the Attic songs were sung;
I would take your little jar,
Filled with sweetness from afar, —
Brown as amber, bright as gold,
Breathing odors manifold, —
And would thank you, sip by sip,
With the classic honeyed lip.
But the gods did not befriend
Me in childhood's sleep, nor send,
One by one, their laden bees,
That I now might sing at ease
With the winsome voice and word
In this age too seldom heard.
(Had they the Atlantic crossed
Half their treasure had been lost!)
Changed the time, and gone the art
Of the glad Athenian heart.
Take you, then, in turn, I pray,
For your gift, this little spray —
Heather from a breezy hill
That of Burns doth whisper still.
On the soil where this was bred
The rapt ploughman laid his head,
Sang, and looking to the sky
Saw the Muses hovering nigh.
From the air and from the gorse
Scotland's sweetness took its source; —
Precious still your jar, you see,
Though its honey stays with me.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Azalea," by Cecil Clayton, is a novel of average excellence. In characterization, it is superior. Azalea and Margaret are distinctly individual. Azalea, daughter of an English father and a Jewish Italian mother, comes to her uncle's, John Chiltern, at the age of twelve. She is welcomed by the father, and Harold his son, and soon becomes the pet of the family. Growing into a beautiful girlhood, she is an object of admiration to all who see her. Between herself and Harold a brotherly and sisterly friendship grows, becom-

ing gradually warmer with years. The Chiltern family had once owned a fine estate, called "The Chase;" but in the preceding generation it had passed out of their hands. The father's eager desire, inherited by the son, was to repossess it. Harold grows up with an independent mind, and, having graduated at Oxford, resolves to engage in a mercantile career. He goes to India, makes a lucrative engagement, and in a few years saves five thousand pounds. But this sum was only one-sixteenth of the needed eighty thousand. Sent home in charge of Mrs. Macgregor, the wife of his superior, he hears that Azalea is at Ems, with Lady Elliott and her daughter Margaret. He joins them there, and their vows are joyfully renewed. Azalea had been beset by two wooers, — Col. St. John and Sir Philip Hamilton; the latter a man of wealth. She encourages neither, and both withdraw their pretensions. Returning home with Harold, he announces their engagement to his father, who objects to it as thwarting his project of uniting Harold with Margaret, and thus regaining "The Chase" for the Chiltern family. He yields to his son, however, reluctantly. Presently there comes a letter from Lugano, the home of Azalea's maternal grandfather, announcing his dangerous illness, and urging her presence. The young pair are married, so that Harold may with propriety become Azalea's escort, and together they seek the place of Augustus Chiltern's wooing. The old Jew is near death, but warmly welcomes his grand-daughter. Soon he dies. His will bequeaths to her eighty thousand pounds, which secures the repurchase of "The Chase." John Chiltern's exultation may be imagined; he admits to his son that he was wrong in opposing the marriage. The pair are exceptionally well suited to one another, and begin a happy life. Margaret Elliott had been a brilliant and "fast" young lady, and signalized herself by eloping with a captain in the army; they soon quarrelled and were divorced. Her aim, thereafter, was to secure Harold for herself, and, as a means to that end, she strove to win Azalea to worldliness. But her failure was thorough; and she had to resign herself to the sight of him as the husband of another. The story is fresh, and interesting throughout. [Harper & Brothers.]

— "A Point of Honor," by Mrs. Annie Edwards, is a very good novel. The heroine is a beautiful young girl, Jane Grand, whose descent is wrapped in mystery. She wins the regard of Gifford Rohun, the squire of the neighborhood, to the surprise of all. But her guardian tells her that her father was a convict, and the betrothal was abrogated. Gifford still loves, but, under the circumstances, cannot marry her. He goes away, leaving her to mourn. She is more than ever drawn to Mr. Follett, the vicar; but their relations take on no serious complexion. After a long absence Gifford returns, and renews his attentions to Jane, but goes away again. At last the Parson offers himself to Jane, and they are married. Jane finds happiness as the vicar's wife. [Sheldon & Co.]

— The Index of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1854–1876, has been prepared by the competent hands of Mr. Horace E. Scudder. It contains full descriptions, author's names, &c., of all but thirty articles. The editor has been at great pains to collect the needed information, and it is to be regretted that at its end he found it still imperfect. [Hurd and Houghton.]

— Mr. George L. Raymond is not a great poet, if one may judge by his "Colony Ballads." These are seven in number: "Our First Break with the British;" "The Last Cruise of the 'Gaspee;'" "The Lebanon Boys in Boston;" "The Crown's Fight against the Town's Right," — this heading is about the best thing in the book; "The Rally of The Farmers;" "Ethan Allen: How Barton took the General." The best of them is the third, which is quite spirited; the rest are mere prosaic narratives in rhyme. There are some very obscure passages, — this, for instance: —

"Our pale wives' haunted breaths."

They should have chewed orris-root or cardamon seeds.

What does this mean? —

"Alas! to think that Heaven above
Should favor man no more!"

We had supposed that Heaven had pretty liberally favored the American man, and have not heard of any diminution in its beneficence. Where did Mr. Raymond get his news? This "poet" puts into the mouth of the pronounced atheist, Ethan Allen, such devout words as it is impossible that he ever could have uttered, — that he demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga in the name of Jehovah. This statement is historical; but, in the face of the irrefutable evidence as to Allen's unbelief, how can we accept it? [Hurd & Houghton.]

— It is rather remarkable that an unknown American poet should have written a poem entitled "The Sons of Godwin," quite a year before Tennyson essayed the similar subject; This new writer is Mr. Wm. Leighton, of Wheeling, W. Va. We quote some fine passages from his poem (from the dialogue of Harold and Edith, his beloved, who, at the battle of Senlac, dies on his dead body): —

"Edith, I love you as a wife, not cousin.
And the church bans and interdicts such marriage.
I long have struggled to repress my love,
And closely shut my lips when my wild words
Would have poured out the passion of my heart,
Because such love would be a thing accurst
By mitred prelates of our scrupulous church;
But in my heart the passion has so grown
That I am powerless to restrain its floods,
And needs must tell you, Edith, of my love.
'Tis not unholy, such true love as mine,
However frowns on it the holy church;
For the church grants indulgences ofttimes,
By which such interdiction is removed:
On the which hope I rest my happiness,
Although King Edward, in his pious zeal,
May long withhold consent that we may wed.
I had resolved my love should be untold
Until such time as brighter promise dawned;
But now, departing from you and from England,
My heart breaks thus the silence of my lips."

Among the last words of King Edward were these: —

"A strange dream, Lords. My soul, a premonition
That this your earthly life draws near an end.
Oh take me, saints, to dwell with you in heaven!
God give me strength — if this thing comes of thee,
And not of demons — to relate the story!
The vision I have seen came to me thus:
In Normandy, full forty years ago, —
I was young then, alas! how strange it seems!
Old now and sick, — a palmer came to me;
A strange, weird man, with eyes that wildly gleamed,
As if they looked on things most horrible.
He told me I should be a king, and rule
In England many, many troubled years;
That sin would flourish underneath my sceptre
Until God's vengeance shadowed all the land;
After my death, within a year and day,
My kingdom should be vanquished by a foe,
And all the land by demons overrun:
Then, when I asked him how to save the land,
He told me, 'Nay, the land cannot be saved.'
Departing, promised, ere my life should cease,
To come again, forewarning me of death.
The palmer, with his wild, unearthly eyes,
Unchanged, nor looking older by a day,
Than when I saw him forty years ago,
Stood here but now, and in a solemn voice
Spake thus to me: 'King, I have come again,
As I foretold; thou art, hast been, a king,
And monstrous evils cumber all the land,
While over all a threatening shadow falls,
Still growing darker; Death now draweth near
To claim you his; and afterward the land
And throne will pass by deed, red writ in battle,
To a stranger, as I told you formerly.
Come, are you ready?' Then, I answered him:
And you spake to me, Harold, and you, Aldred;
But when I looked again, the thing was gone."

A more simply beautiful volume of verse we have rarely seen. Its measure is melodious and absolutely faultless. We shall be surprised if Mr. Leighton does not take high rank among American poets. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

— Messrs. Barnes & Co. have published an excellent text-book, by Professor Steele, called "Fourteen Weeks in Zoölogy." It is profusely illustrated, and contains full and thorough information as to its subject.

— The translation of Alphonse Daudet's "*Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*," published by Messrs. Estes and Lauriat under the title of "Sidonie," is one of the most important books of the month in the domain of light literature. To this domain we relegate fiction, as a matter of course; and yet in some cases a novel, without losing the characteristics that make it entertaining to the careless reader, has a value which lifts it absolutely above the region of mere amusement and pastime. That "Sidonie" is one of these exceptional novels has been recognized fully by the French nation itself; as is well attested by the fact that twenty editions of three thousand copies each have already been required in Paris, and that the book has been crowned by the French Academy. To do justice to the various strong points of this novel would be impossible in the space at our command. We shall content ourselves with briefly noting one: the finely contrasted central group of the three young women of the book, — Sidonie, Désirée, and Claire Fromont. They are nearly of the same age, and certain phrases of description show them as not unlike in personal appearance: Sidonie, a little sylph, pale and pretty; Désirée, with her refined face, and the high-bred pallor caused by an in-door life; and Claire, no less young and pretty than Sidonie. But with this, the resemblance ceases. Sidonie is the personification of cold, calculating worldliness; Désirée is the poor, patient, working girl; Claire, the sweetest wife and mother in the world, — and both Désirée and Claire are embodiments of self-devotion. Between the two stands Sidonie, working mischief to both, and death to one. Sidonie in childhood lives under the same roof with Désirée; in her married life, she is thrown constantly with Claire. From Désirée she steals her lover; from Claire, her husband. She is faithless in turn to both men, as she has been from the first to her own husband; and, cruel as she is to the women who are nearest to her, the men who love her suffer even more at her hands. The scene is laid in the middle-class life of Paris. There is not a titled personage in the book; and there is a straight-forward simplicity, and an absence of pretence and glamour, about the way in which the story is told, which is very striking. The style of the translation is so very good, that the reader can scarcely believe the book is not before him in its original form.

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S. R. CROCKER. . . . Editor.

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THE February number of *The Literary World* has been delayed in its issue in consequence of the serious illness of the editor, Mr. S. R. Crocker; its pages having been completed by the aid of sympathizing friends. It is quite probable that subscribers, both old and new, may have various complaints of omission and commission; and all such are requested to make them promptly known for correction to The Literary World, Box 1183, Boston, Mass.

INDEPENDENCE.

SAYS Seneca: "One cause of our unhappiness is that we live according to other peoples' examples, and are guided not by reason but by example." In other words, one must be independent. A single glance at the question shows that we have been endowed with moral and mental faculties for our personal use; and there is no injunction in the scheme of universal government, so far as it is revealed to us, which requires our dependence on others. Self-sufficiency is the condition of success in all the enterprises of life: man is his own sovereign, under Providence. A more general recognition of this truth would conduce to the happiness and welfare of the race. It involves the highest privileges that ever fall to man: the right of free conscience and free thought and free action, so far as the exercise of the latter does not impinge upon the rights of others. A contemplation of these rights, which permit the employment of all the faculties implanted in man, at once illustrates the falsity of the assumption that he is, in this life, in a state of bondage. In fact, he is absolutely free, under the wise restrictions that God has put upon him. Dependence involves the sacrifice of some or all of these rights, — an argument of great force in support of a republican form of government, under which each individual is a sovereign in himself. Under a monarchy however mild, even that of Great Britain, the citizen is shorn of his rights in a measure, as if he had deposited part of his substance in a government savings-bank to help support the government. It is equitable enough, indeed, that the citizen should spare a fraction of his rights and of his property, in return for the protection and security afforded him by his State; but the most perfect freedom, — such as we have defined, and such as there is a yearning for in every human heart, — is impossible under the above conditions. These must involve a consciousness of dependence, which is fatal to the idea of freedom.

Yet, even in our own so-called free land, we have not attained a full realization of this idea. Though virtually independent of the government, we yet lean upon individuals, and, in the words of Seneca, are guided not always by reason but by examples. If the examples be surely good, this course is safe enough; but how shall we ascertain that important condition? In every community, there are several exemplary men to whom all look for guidance and counsel, who virtually control the common thought and the common conduct, and thus deprive individuals in a measure of their private rights. This fault is seen in politics and in society. One man influences a hundred votes; one lady gives tone to the "set" in which she moves. A is governed in his household expenses by the outlay of B, his neighbor; and Mrs. C, seeing Mrs. D drive by with a handsome span, forthwith entreats her husband to favor her with a like luxury. We are in doubt whether to call this a merely imitative process, or one of jealousy, of envy: it surely lacks every element of independence, and detracts at once from one's dignity and self-respect. The true policy of the citizen is to live within his own domain, except so far as his duties as a citizen and a member of society oblige him to mingle with his fellows. This can be easily done by a man of sound judgment, who knows the bounds of his individuality, and has strength of mind enough not to transcend them. Such a policy precludes the personal differences and the social and political jealousies that are the bane of our society. Each for himself, and God for us all. We would not be understood as advocating isolation, but simply independence: we would not favor abstention from the joys of social and friendly intercourse; but these can be attained without the sacrifice of purely personal rights. Good fellowship is quite consistent with personal assertion; and charity may go hand-in-hand with insistence on individual rights.

Personal freedom, it may be further observed, is practically impossible in religion. Every one who joins the church assumes obligations which cramp him. The Roman Catholic is bound to the priest and higher ecclesiastical dignitaries. The Protestant church-member submits to a creed, touching whose sanctity and validity he may not inquire; he passively accepts the doctrine which is imposed upon him. The rigor of Hebraic rule has survived in the Church even to our day. The consequences of this rigor are too plain to need exposition. The mind of man will sometimes assert itself, even under the severest restrictions, secretly but certainly; and the uprising of diverse opinions on questions of vital importance promotes schism and controversy and bitterness. To prove the proposition, we have only to cite the many secessions of clergymen from one denomination to another, and who, like the Parthians, throw their arrows back upon the ranks they have deserted. This state of things is a strong argument against the expediency of instituting exclusive religious organizations, and in favor of voluntary associations for Divine worship. The average man is prone to do well, if left to be guided by his own impulses; but driven and harried, and required to walk on a line, he naturally and pardonably rebels.

PUBLISHERS AND AUTHORS.

BETWEEN these two classes there has always subsisted a certain hostility, which has militated against the prosperity of both. They have one common motive — the desire for gain — which should lead them to harmonious co-operation; but there is also a difference between them, which makes all the trouble. The author looks on his book as the mother on her child: it is flawless, perfect, destined to greatness. But to the publisher it is devoid of all sentiment, — a mere instrument of money-making. It is, of course, impossible for these two men, regarding the book from diametrically opposite stand-points, ever to come to an agreement as to its publication.

There is another phase of this subject, which is worthy of investigation. Every considerable publishing-house employs a reader, whose duty it is to examine manuscripts sent in, and report upon their merits. To do this work justly and thoroughly, he must be blessed with keen perceptive and judicial powers, and reasonably well-read. Such men are sure to be found in the service of first-class houses, and well-paid; for their duties are highly responsible. But publishers of a lower grade are not so careful in this matter: they fail justly to estimate a competent reader's work, and are unwilling to pay for such.

Thus the author is cheated of justice: his book does not have a fair hearing; and the publisher, perhaps, misses the opportunity of a great literary and pecuniary success. The importance of obtaining a trustworthy judgment from a competent critic, in the interest of both author and publisher, cannot be too strongly urged. We do not hesitate to advise young authors to offer their manuscripts to publishing houses of the highest rank.

THE POETRY OF LAW.

WE certainly had supposed that, if there were any intellectual pursuit which could be deemed prosy, and void of poetical attractions, it was the profession of the law. Most law books that have come in our way have worn to us a very uninviting aspect, notwithstanding they made a handsome external appearance upon library shelves, dressed in their clean calf covers: their pages once opened however, and they have seemed as little touched by the Muse as the librarian's catalogue. The leaves of the Arithmetic we used to study at school were enlivened by an occasional verse, such as, —

"Thirty days hath September,"

and, —

"In Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire;"

but who ever looked into a volume of Law Reports expecting to find rhyme or melody, or listened to a decision from the bench the key of which could be given by a tuning fork?

Charles Sumner, unpoetic as he was in his nature, had the greatest difficulty to make himself contented in his early life with the dry details of law practice; and we suppose that Mr. Longfellow, — one of his most intimate friends, — did not visit the young lawyer's office attracted by any of the legal literature that he found there. And yet, — if we may believe the signs of the times, — if that beautiful friendship could but be renewed on this earth (as we hope it may be elsewhere), it is altogether likely that those two fine spirits might experience a common pleasure in perusing even the reports of judicial proceedings and Common Pleas' cases. For here comes the staid "American Law Review," for January, and delectates us all with a witty account of the latest attempt to hitch the wagon of the law to Pegasus, in "Leading Cases done into English, by an Apprentice of Lincoln's Inn, London:" —

"We have before us a little book of only sixty-four pages, containing twelve poems of various lengths and styles, each of them devoted to the versification of one of the well-known leading cases of the courts of Great Britain. The subject-matter of these poems, and their uniform excellence, however, negative the idea at once that they are the work of the 'idle apprentice.' We are impressed with the feeling, that this little book is little only in its outward appearance, and that it contains a great idea. It is, in fact, the germ-cell, so to speak, of a new system of legal education. It is the beginning of a new era.

"Let us explain what we mean. It is a well-known fact, that very young lawyers — the sucking Chief Justices, as they are sometimes called — often experience great difficulty at first in taking hold and in grasping the great principles of the common law. The fault must necessarily belong to the present system of teaching. It cannot be in the learner; for it is a historical fact, that many of the greatest luminaries of the law have experienced this difficulty. Lord Eldon nearly deserted the law, to accept the position of recorder in a small provincial town; and our great Daniel, in his youth, was so perplexed and discouraged by the study of Coke on Littleton, that he was obliged to lay it aside in disgust, and take up some lighter reading. He, though naturally no poet, had a glimpse of that new system which we now purpose to advocate; and, in a letter to his friend Bingham, dated Jan. 19, 1806, he makes this suggestion: 'If the legislature will but put our writs into a poetical and musical form, it will certainly be the most harmonious thing they ever did.' He thereupon put into verse a writ which he was then filling out in his little country-office. It ran as follows; viz.: —

"'All good sheriffs in the land,
We command,
That forthwith you arrest John Dyer,
Esquire,
If in your precinct you can find him,
And bind him.'

We have no doubt that he would have actively pursued this idea, if he had not been occupied in after life by other, perhaps more pressing, duties.

"Then, again, it cannot be denied that the mental exercise of writing poetry is one which tends to produce a precision of thought and language, and great accuracy and conciseness in the description of facts. Moreover, it is a familiar truth that rhymes have been used as the principal feature of all mnemonic systems, from time immemorial. Having in mind, therefore, these three objects, — 1st, To make the study of the law attractive, nay, even seductive, to the young of both sexes; 2d, To foster habits of accuracy and conciseness in statements of the law, in the members of the court, and the profession generally; and, 3d, To assist the public, and especially the profession, to remember what the decisions of the Supreme Court are, — we desire to offer a plan, by means of which these highly desirable ends can be attained; and, in so doing this, we modestly disclaim the merit due to the discoverer of a great truth. Daniel Webster, in his poetical writ; the efforts of other great jurists, which occur to every one of our readers; and the industrious apprentice, in the work before us, — all have provided finger-posts, to guide us on the way to the great result. We hold ourselves merely the office of advocates, and, as such, request the thoughtful attention of the profession. What the times demand, what the profession requires, is a poetical reporter of the decisions of the Supreme Court. Perhaps the suggestion will be made, that it would be much better to have, at least, one member of the Bench itself a poet; and that the other members could do the necessary and useful work of making the decisions, while the poet could make them beautiful. We admit fully the truth of this suggestion; but let us make haste slowly. We cannot spare, at present, the services of any of the worthy occupants of the Bench; and we fear that they are too old to begin to poetize now. But we can easily have a poetical reporter now; and, when the next vacancy occurs upon the Bench, we can bring the requisite pressure to bear upon the appointing power, and secure our *desideratum*.

"Let, then, the reporter begin at once to practise his new profession, and give us at least the rescripts, as they come down from the Supreme Court, aptly clothed in the robes of poetry. For instance, take the collected wisdom of the court in the matter of woman's right to office, could it not be briefly expressed thus: —

"'Woman! thy mission is to please,
Not to be justice of the peace;
Content with what the laws allow, —
A school-committee woman, thou!'

Opinion of Justices, 106 Mass 604.

There is the whole matter in a nut-shell, which any child can crack. What a saving of time! how easy to remember! how melodious!

"It cannot be claimed, with any regard to truth, that there are no proper materials for poetry in the reports. Even a careless perusal of them will show that they actually teem with subjects for poetry. All the cases exhibit human nature in some one of its different aspects, and some of them present great and dramatic situations. Some, of course, would tax the powers of an inexperienced reporter, but many are of such a character that they would almost *propriâ motu* burst into song and metre. Take the long struggle of fallen man and woman, upon the slippery sidewalks of the cities, to obtain reparation for their sufferings. The unsuccessful attempts might properly be put into some elegiac measure; but when, after years of failure, there arose a new reformer, a second Luther, who discovered that ridges of snow were actionable defects for which towns were liable, who succeeded in finding the ridges and in obtaining a verdict for a fall thereon, would not the tale of his success be fitly expressed in light and flowing lyrics, not wholly unmindful, however, of the gravity of the event? We offer, modestly, the following example of how it might be done: —

"In Worcester, when the sun was low,
Trodden in ridges lay the snow;
Across the walk he tried to go,
But fell, tho' walking carefully.

"Had Luther seen another sight,
Of sidewalk smooth with ice that night,
Without a ridge thereon, he might
Have suffered without remedy.

"The court this plain distinction draw:
'When ice and snow, by natural law,
Are slippery found before your door,
You fall, — the town's not liable.

"'But when by man they're trodden down
In ridges, or an icy crown,
You, falling then, can sue the town,
And get your heavy damages.'

Luther v. *Worcester*, 97 Mass. 272.

"We all know that the great struggle of woman in this country for her so-called rights has been fought on various battle-fields, with unvarying success. We do not propose now to discuss the legal or moral aspects of these claims. We refer only to accomplished facts, which are but too well known. It has been shown that woman has but to demand it, and all that man has is hers. It has been said that we are living over a volcano. How that is, we shall not attempt to say. We know, however, that at the appearance of a slight smoke, or the gentlest rumble, man, the tyrant, has at once given up, one after the other, his most cherished and immemorial rights. He was forced, at first, to give up to woman all her own property, after being forced to endow her in marriage with all of his. He then was obliged to allow her to become a doctor; to be responsible for her own contracts and torts; and to sell or give away her own property; and now, finally, he has had to forego the sacred right of physical correction. We fear, moreover, that the fight is not yet over, and it is but a question of time as to when woman will vote, and be governor, and judge, in name as well as in fact. The following battle-hymn attempts to commemorate, or rather report, the facts of the last painful defeat of man, in

his futile attempt to escape the penalties of manslaughter, by pleading that he had, at common law, the right to beat his wife for insolence and drunkenness. It is necessarily in the narrative form, and is written, as might be expected, from the victor's point of view: —

"Hugh McAfee, of Boston town,
Claimed, that, at common law,
He had the right, when she was drunk,
To beat his wife therefor.
As a defence, he claimed it,
Upon his trial day,
And swore his wife was insolent,
And, when he struck, he never meant
To take her life away.

"Then out spake Reuben Chapman,
Chief-justice of the court:
'To every woman in this State
Life may be long or short;
But, while I hold this office,
No woman in this land
Shall lawfully be beaten
By her husband's brutal hand.'

"Hugh McAfee, the husband, was
Convicted of manslaughter;
And thus the everlasting right
To every wife and daughter,
By brave old Reuben Chapman's act,
Was given on that day,
To get drunk and be insolent,
Free from a husband's sway.

Commonwealth v. *McAfee*, 108 Mass. 458.

"With this specimen we close this already too long and too discursive review; though it is hard to do so, with the wealth of subjects for poetic effusion before us. We should have liked to lay before our readers a merry rhyme, suggested by the case of *Commonwealth* v. *Vermont R. R. Co.*, 108 Mass. 7, based upon the unexpected extinction of a pop-corn boy, by the very railroad train in which he had for many years tortured the helpless passengers. There are others equally tempting; but we must stop somewhere. We have done our duty in bringing the subject before the public. We, though ourselves plural, are unfortunately not numerous enough to bring about a reform without external aid. The duty of further work now falls on others. Let the reporter look out. — he may be, as he apparently is, sufficiently accomplished for the performance of the prosaic duties of his present office; but, if he wishes to be his own successor, let him buy a *Gradus ad Parnassum* at once, and study it faithfully."

A CORRESPONDENT elsewhere intimates that "the religious belief of Thomas Jefferson" has been "a much debated subject," and kindly furnishes a bit of evidence thereon. We know of no good reason why this question should be a vexed one. Surely, in the minds of his enemies it did not rest in doubt when Mr. Jefferson was a candidate for the Presidency, as is evidenced by the fact that by the Orthodox portion of the country he was pretty generally denounced as "infidel," — whatever that may mean. Many of his letters, and his consistent practice, clearly show that in his religious convictions he was at least what may be called "liberal."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"*G. S. D.*," *Portland, Me.*, writes: "In the 'Notes and Queries' of your January number, '*M. I. S.*' asks, 'Who was the most finished poet of the 18th century, who boasted, —

'"Envy must own I live among the great'?

I cannot say who this was; but the quotation is either a translation from Horace, or a plagiarism. Horace says: —

"'Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia.'

That is to say, 'Unwilling Envy must own that I lived with the great.'

Your correspondent also asks the authorship of

"'The victory of endurance born.'

They are from Bryant's 'Battlefield.' As I remember them, this is the context: —

"'And heed not, though too surely cast
The stinging, hissing bolt of scorn;
For to thy side shall cling at last
The victory of endurance born.'"

"*J. R. F.*," *N. Y.*, furnishes the information about "The moving finger" already printed. He mentions the fact that Mrs. Kemble recently referred to it in "An Old Woman's Gossip."

"*T. W. H.*," *Newport, R. I.*, replies to number 4 of "*M. I. S.*," in our 'Notes and Queries,' for January: "'Asleep in lap of legends old' is from Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes.'"

And to number 9: "I don't know 'the palm of martyrdom, without the pain.' Mrs. Browning, in 'Cry of the Children,' has 'Martyrs by the pang without the palm.'"

A correspondent writes: "The initials in Mrs. Hunt's 'Verses' are in some cases of very well known people. 'C. C.' is very obviously Charlotte Cushman. 'A. C. L. B.' is Mrs. Anne C. Lynch Botta, whose home has for many years been an intellectual headquarters in New York. 'A. E. P.' is a private friend."

"*J. F. C.*," writes: "As to 'Raphael's Hours,' from a slip cut from the New York *Evening Post*, of March 21, 1875 (?), I can furnish this information:" —

"'It was my good fortune, during an extended tour in the Old World, to pass the winter of 1872–73, in the Eternal City; and while there I undertook the task of finding the above-named frescoes, — not an easy task, as the Romans themselves were ignorant of their whereabouts. I fortunately made the acquaintance of an Italian, whose intimacy with one of the cardinals procured for me an admission to a corridor off of the Pope's private library, where were shown to me twelve frescoes, almost entirely obliterated, which were called 'Raphael's Hours.'"

"*M. A. N.*," *New York*, queries: "Can you give me any information as to the meaning of the word *Mispah*, so much used of late as a motto? The Hebrew 'Maspah,' — that is, *elevated*, — is hardly satisfactory."

Mizpah, — not Mispah, as our correspondent spells it, — literally means a watch-tower, a lofty place; but, popularly, it is used in another sense, — which sense is based upon Genesis xxxi. 48, 49: "Therefore was the name of it called Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." This word is a favorite one among Masons, and their lodges are not infrequently named by it, — signifying as it does fraternal amity and solicitude.

"*J. D. W.*," *Jr.*, *Worcester*, sends the following, as written by R. H. Stoddard, and says it may be found in several collections. It contains an answer to the inquiry of "*O. M. E. R.*" in our January number: —

I.

The Angel came by night,
(Such angels still come down!)
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town,
Along its lonesome streets
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep:
The man of all his time,
Who knew the most of men, —
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It paused beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
But answered, "I am here."

II.

Into the night they went;
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred place
Where the greatest dead abide:
Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where — little seen but light —
The only Shakspeare is!
When the new spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
"Art thou become like us?"
He answered, "I am here."

"*H. P. C.*," says that Query number 14 of "*M. I. S.*," in *Literary World* for January, is in a measure answered by reference to Osgood's "Maritime Provinces," p. 288. "'The Isle of Orleans is about three and a half miles from Quebec, and contains seventy square miles (47,923 acres) of land,' &c. It received its name in honor of De Valois, Duke of Orleans, the son of Francis I. of France.

"As to Query number 10, one of the more famous of the 'Walks of Maudlin' is 'Addison's Walk' by the banks of the Cheswell, in the rear of the College of St. Mary Magdalene, Oxford."

A correspondent writes: "The allusion on page 39 of Weiss's delicious 'Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare,' is common among nautical people the world over, and doubtless was an old saying generations before the birth of the Nantucket sea-captain to whom it is attributed. Perhaps it was in vogue among the Phœnician mariners. Possibly it originated with Captain Jason of the good ship 'Argo.' But I will not travel beyond the record. In modern parlance, the sailor is the mariner; and the sailer the vessel, fast or slow, full freighted or light, a good carrier or a bad one. Hence the fitness of the comparison to the latter only. And with nautical folk it is always so understood. Any Nantucket sailor will tell you that often the best sailer is the poorest carrier."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary World: —

Your January number is a beautiful and generous feast of good things, — generous in a double sense. I can especially commend your kindly encouragement of younger aspirants for literary honors; and I cannot but think it wisely designed to bring out their best efforts in the future. The field of American literature is becoming too broad for the control of a literary oligarchy; and I, for one, rejoice to see it enriched by the influence of so competent an organ as the *Literary World.*

I hand you a fragment from my scrap-book, which may throw light upon the religious belief of Thomas Jefferson, — a much-debated subject among his biographers. It is from an original letter, written, as will be seen by the date, only four years before his death: —

"I am not aware of the peculiar resistance to Unitarianism which you ascribe to Pennsylvania. When I lived in Philadelphia, there was a respectable congregation of that sect, with a meeting-house and regular service which I attended, and in which Dr. Priestley officiated to numerous audiences. Baltimore has one or two churches, and their pastor, (*sic*) author of an inestimable book on this subject, was elected chaplain to the late Congress. That doctrine has not yet been preached to us; but the breeze begins to be felt, which precedes the storm: and fanaticism is all in a bustle shutting its doors and windows to keep it out, but it will come, and will drive before it the foggy mists of Platonism, [!] which have so obscured our atmosphere." — *Thomas Jefferson to Dr. Waterhouse*, July 19, 1822.

Editor of the Literary World: —

Some months since, as you may perhaps remember, I called attention in these columns to the grim kind of humor indulged in by would-be funny paragraphists of the press, where accidents were made the point of a joke of the tamest quality. Bayard Taylor has since referred to the same matter in a lecture, and his remarks have been widely copied, so that of late there seems less of this peculiar sort of humor; and the practice we hope will die out, by editors refusing to print or copy such stuff.

But the papers — not a few of them otherwise too respectable to indulge in such small business — must have something for a sensation, and wherewith to be thought funny; and so now one peculiar way is to turn or twist a name, or try to make a pun on a word, — whether the pun has any point, or is decent, or not. Here is one of the more objectional specimens going the rounds in the papers:

"Mrs. Leather has just committed suicide in New York, to 'hide' her shame."

Is there any thing amusing in such a turn upon a name? Do such paragraphs help to enrich the contents of any journal?

Other examples might be quoted by the dozen, which have scarce more sense than the above. For instance: —

"A Miss Petticote attends school in Philadelphia. She is far *below* the rest of her class."

"Garner, the billiardist, wants a divorce from his wife. That's *cue*-rious."

Such literary work must be a great honor to the writers, and a source of pride to our country in this its passing centennial year! But it will flourish, it is probable, so long as the press prints and other editors copy it into their columns; and then, when this peculiar style palls on the public taste, some other equally senseless jokes will engage the talents of our paragraphists. W.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Thankful Blossom: A Romance of the Jerseys," by Bret Harte, is a slight story, not tasking author's or reader's imagination heavily, and not showing Mr. Harte at his best. Still, it is readable, as his stories always are; and, although not strongly marked by his individual genius, it has touches that betray the hand which wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Washington figures in the story, of which Morristown, New Jersey, is largely the scene; Mrs. Washington also figures, not very charmingly, however. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

— The ninth and tenth volumes of "Poems of Places" are devoted to France and Savoy. But few French poets are represented, — Béranger, Victor Hugo, Mistral, De Ronsard, Marmier, De Musset, and a few others; while English and American names are numerous. This unique series, by virtue of Mr. Longfellow's fine taste and wide reading, includes a deal of delightful poetry. When complete, it will form a choice little library, comprising many of the best poems associated with heroism, romance, and the varied beauty of Nature. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

— "Some other Babies," by Neil Forest, is a very charming child's-book, natural and full of humor. It treats of the doings of a family of four children, who exhaust the possibilities of rural life. Each of them is strongly individual, and Aunt Maria is an epitome of crossness. [Roberts Brothers.]

— Mr. Clement Biddle is a true poet, as is evidenced by his volume of "Poems," issued by Lindsey & Blakiston. "Edwin and Elvira" is, perhaps, the finest poem in the volume.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic opens with a poem by Whittier, entitled "The Witch of Wenham." It is a very sweet and beautiful story, though not so sad as most stories, of that age of superstition known in Colonial history as the "Salem Witchcraft." A fair girl, who dwelt "by Wenham side," was charged with being a witch by the mother of her lover, who wished to keep him away from her. The spell of beauty and of grace was, however, the only one that the maiden had cast over the young man, — one which, indeed, was irresistible in its fascination. Yet this was construed by the mischievous mother into evil; the parson's aid was invoked, who perversely decided that the Wenham maid was a veritable witch, and set the constable upon her. She was taken to jail, and told that

"Those eyes, young witch, the crows shall peck
From off the gallows-tree."

But her lover did not fail her, and rescued her in the night-time, and bore her away to Berwick-town, where the Quakers kept her, —

"Until from off its breast the land
The haunting horror threw,
And hatred, born of ghostly dreams,
To shame and pity grew."

Bayard Taylor gives some "Studies of Animal Nature." Here is one that will interest the Darwinites: "Brehm, the German naturalist, gives a very curious account of a chimpanzee at the Zoölogical Garden in Hamburg. He satisfied himself that the animal understood as much human speech as an average child of two and a half years old. For instance, when he asked, 'Do you see the ducks?' the chimpanzee would look about the garden, passing over the geese and swans, until he found the birds indicated. At the command, 'Go and sit down!' uttered without any inflection of voice or glance toward a chair, he would promptly obey; on being told, 'You are naughty,' he would hang his head with an expression of distress, — and he very soon learned to express his affection by kisses and caresses, like the children whom he saw." That chimpanzee must be the needed "missing link" to make good the development theory!

"The Political Condition of South Carolina," by a South Carolinian, is of peculiar interest just now. Frances Anne Kemble's "Old Woman's Gossip" is continued. This, which she says of Goethe, will not be accepted by many: "Perhaps nothing indicates what I should call his intellectual *unhumanity* so much as his absolute want of sympathy with the progress of the race. Once, and once only, if I remember rightly, in his conversations with Eckerman, the cause of mankind elicits an expression of faith and hope from him, in some reference to the future of America."

Mr. Weiss's "Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare" receives a favorable notice. "The greatest merit of 'Mercy Philbrick's Choice'" is pronounced to be "its beautiful literary workmanship." This *may* mean a great deal.

Harper's — veteran among American Magazines — is as clean and beautiful in typograph-

ical and pictorial appearance as ever. It is really delightful to glance through its handsome and ample pages. This number has its usual good supply of "fat things." The first article. "On the Taff," is not a treatise on "Father Taf(*t*)," who is one of the drawers in Mr. Grant's cabinet, but is a charming and instructive description of the scenery and towns on a river of that name in Wales. "The English language," it is asserted, "is commonly spoken in all parts of Wales. It is true that the Welsh tongue is also spoken by a majority of the people, and is lovingly retained in the religious practices of every community; bards still sing their lays in Welsh, and preachers preach, and newspapers are printed, in the same ancient tongue; but it is only in the wildest regions that natives are occasionally to be found who do not understand any English. It is far more common to find Germans in New York and Chicago who speak only their native language, than it is to find Welshmen in the cities of Wales who speak only Welsh." This statement in regard to the Welsh language will prove a surprise, we think, to those who have no knowledge of it except by sight: "It is a terrible tongue to look at; but it is musical to hear, having seven vowels, and being full of soft liquid sounds. It is a most copious language, too, containing no fewer than eighty thousand words; and from this fact it is easy to believe that it has greater scope for the utterance of poetical sentiments than the English language has. The pronunciation is easy and flowing, so that, with its many and incessantly recurring vowels, it is an easy language to sing, — much more so than the English, — and only second in this respect to the Italian." Cardiff is the chief city on the Taff, and sits at its mouth (was the "Cardiff Giant" born here?). "A surprising feature of the provision shops, which abound," says the writer, "is the presence of great quantities of canned eatables from America. Canned succotash from Boston, salmon from Oregon, oysters from Baltimore, are here in such profusion that I commented on the fact to a brawny John Bull behind his piled-up wares. 'Oh, yes 'r,' he answered heartily, 'we couldn't get on 'ithout the 'Mericans;' adding, after a moment, 'no, nor they 'ithout hus.'" Cardiff Castle was besieged by Cromwell during the civil wars. Oliver sat down with his forces before the stronghold, which was full of Royalists; "but it was defended with such spirit that Cromwell might have failed in his purpose, but for the fact that a wretch deserted from the Royalist camp and conducted the Puritan soldiers within the castle, — after which Cromwell promptly hanged him as a reward for his services!"

A surpassingly interesting sketch is that entitled, "And who was Blennerhasset?" — giving as it does a rapid but faithful account of the famous attempt of Aaron Burr to found his empire in the West, into which brilliant but delusive scheme Blennerhasset was enticed by the fascinating ex-vice-president. The picture of Blennerhasset's elegant and beautiful home on the Ohio, of his accomplished and lovely wife, his interesting household, and of the generous and misguided man himself, is very vivid and impressive. It all reads like a marvellous, enticing, but pitifully sad romance.

"The land of the Incas" is full of interest; and Mr. Conway's "William Lovett, — the Working-man, Chartist, Prisoner, and Author," — is written with all the striking characteristics belonging to his pen.

SCRIBNER'S. The opening article, on "Trout-fishing in the Rangeley Lakes," will be read with interest by all lovers of the piscatorial art. It is appropriately introduced by two illustrations, — one of a party of fishermen who are smoking, drinking, and telling "fish-stories;" the other of a genuine specimen of the speckled brook-trout. General McClellan is still "On the Nile," where all seems to be as "quiet" with him as it used to be "on the Potomac." Dr. Holland gives us chapter five of "Nicholas Minturn." The doctor never wrote to our especial edification except in "Bitter Sweet," which seemed to us at the time a real spark of inspiration; but we know that many read all his books with delight. Kate Field writes pleasantly of "A Morning with Sir Julius Benedict, — Personal Reminiscences of Weber, Beethoven, and Paganini." "Farmer Bassett's Romance," by Saxe Holm, is worth reading. "The truth was that John Bassett was a pagan, — a New England pagan. There are a few of these in every New England county. They are the offspring of the Westminster catechism. Apply enough of the Westminster catechism to a meditative, clear-witted, logical, phlegmatic boy in his youth; let him spend most of his days out on sunny hillsides, thinking it over in silence, and asking nobody any questions, — and the chances are that, when he is twenty-one, he will quit going to church, and be a high-minded pagan. He will have absorbed much that is grand and ennobling; but he will have thrown away, in his slow-growing hatred of the cruel husk, part of the sweet kernel also, and will be a defrauded and robbed man all his days for lack of the true comprehension of the gospel of Christ, which is loving, and of Christ's Father, who is love." John Bassett goes to camp-meeting — by accident; and — falls in love. The March number, no doubt, will tell us whether he also "got religion." There are many other articles in this number which are both interesting and valuable.

THE GALAXY. — Ex-Secretary Welles's "Administration of Abraham Lincoln" is written with a rather stiff and stalky pen, but is quite readable nevertheless. It well shows some of the embarrassments which Mr. Lincoln experienced in his task of guiding the nation. Mr. Welles says, "The second session of the thirty-seventh Congress, from its commencement to its close, tested the strength of the Government." The strength of this Government has been tested a good many times, both before and since that period; and in every exigency, not so much *its* strength has been shown as that of *the people*, — whose reserved conscience and common sense have so far carried the Nation through every peril, even when "the Government" was sadly lacking in wisdom and courage. In Mr. Barnard's "Applied Science: A Love Story," we read: "She fainted quietly away, and slid down upon the floor at his feet." There is a good deal of superfluous information in this sentence. When people faint, they usually do it *quietly;* and, when they have once fainted, they do not proceed to faint *away;* and, in fainting, they generally do not stand up, but drop down. A scientific man, then, would have said, "She fainted;" or, "She fainted, and fell at his feet." Walter Burlingame tells the interesting story of the "Murder of Margary," which has to do with the international relations between China and England. Henry James, Jr., in his "The Letters of Honore de Balzac," compares that remarkable Frenchman with Dickens; and, as it strikes us, extravagantly says: "They have had no rivals but each other and Shakspeare." Bret Harte occupies a page, and little more, with a poem, which apparently might as well have been left blank. Richard Grant White in this number concludes his valuable series of papers "On Reading Shakspeare."

APPLETON'S. — The notable papers in this number are, "Our Winter Birds" (elegantly illustrated), "The Men who Fascinate Women," "Rubens's Land," "How to Furnish a House," and "About Plays and Players." All homely men, amorously inclined, will be delighted to be assured by Junius Henri Brown, that "ugliness in men often seems to be a mask concealing mysterious fascinations, which, opportunity favoring, few women find themselves able to resist." He wisely concludes, however, that "Happier he who can earn but one heart than he to whom a hundred hearts are given!"

ST. NICHOLAS. — One is almost tempted to envy the youngsters that they have so bright and jolly and lovely a magazine all made for and devoted to themselves. It just seems like having a holiday to look *St. Nicholas* through; and you don't know which of the many good things it offers you is best. Here, at any rate, is one gem from the casket, entitled "Stars and Daisies": —

"The stars are tiny daisies high,
Opening and shutting in the sky;
While daisies are the stars below,
Twinkling and sparkling as they grow.

"The star-buds blossom in the night,
And love the moon's calm, tender light;
But daisies bloom out in the day,
And watch the strong sun on his way."

LITERARY NEWS.

— A new weekly paper has just been established in New York, called "The Evolution." Its province of effort comprises Politics, Religion, Science, Literature, and Art. It is in the editorial charge of several eminent writers, whose reputation is a guarantee of its ability. The first number is full of promise; the leading article, "Why a New Weekly?" being especially fine. It explains clearly the mission of the paper, and points out the differences of its policy from that which prevails in the general press. The political article closes with the wise conclusion, "that the country will not go to ruin under either Hayes or Tilden; but destruction awaits it, unless we recognize at once that in elections for the President of the United States, and for members of the House of Representatives, the citizens of the United States form one community, — a nation; and that the nation should place in its fundamental law such provisions as experience has shown to be needful to securing an honest vote, and an honest count for these offices."

— The Marquis D'Azeglio's novel, "Ettore Fieramosca," comprises the following thrilling story: The hero, whose name gives a title to the book, hated the French with all his soul. He had been for several years deeply in love with a young girl of the story, whom he had lost in the following manner: "The French soldiers were just taking possession of a town where the young lady was attending the death-bed of her father. The French were ruthless conquerors, especially towards women; and the helpless father, in his agony, gave his child and all he possessed to the first officer who pre-

sented himself, in order to protect her from the intoxicated soldiery. The officer willingly accepted the charge, married Genevra on the spot, and stepped into the possession of considerable wealth. This man, though a valiant soldier, was a worthless character; caring only for gain, as may be imagined by the fact that he, an Italian, was a mercenary in the French army. Cæsar Borgia, then cardinal, — he had not yet thrown off the Church robes, — was struck by the beauty of Genevra, and, being repulsed by her, caused to be administered to her a drug, which threw her into a trance, in which state she was buried. Borgia's creatures were to have removed her from the tomb the same night; but Ettore Fieramosca, her lover, remaining to mourn alone after the funeral was over, got a slight suspicion of something, or at all events he wished to look once more on the face of the dead. On uncovering it, he saw some signs of life in the body, and, with the aid of his faithful servant, he carried it to a friend's house. After a while, Genevra returned to life, but to inexpressible grief; there lived not one in all Italy who would dare to protect her from the Duke of Romagnuola, who, supported by his atrocious father, Pope Alexander VI., trampled on every human right that stood in the way of his wicked will. She gave up the idea of returning to her husband, who, she knew, was indifferent to her, and fled, under the protection of Ettore, to Barletta, and from thence to a convent on the island of Orsula. Here she lived for years in a quarter set apart for 'externs,' at ended by a young Arab girl, whose life Ettore had saved, and whom Genevra took under her protection; and here she was visited at rare intervals by Ettore, who passed for her brother. At the moment the story opens, it happens that his duty brings him to Barletta with his troops, under the command of Colona. The Borgia, who had heard that Genevra was still living, and, as he believed, with his rival, was resolved to find her, cost what it would. The more crimes he committed in pursuit of his victim, the better sport for the Cardinal.

"The Spanish Viceroy's daughter, arriving at this time, gave occasion to *fêtes*, that were held in her honor; bull-fights, banquets, and balls were the order of the day. Ettore was named one of the esquires of the Spanish Princess; and she, after the manner of her country-women, proceeded to fall in love with him immediately, not waiting for any advances on the gentleman's part. Our young hero, of course, was always faithful to his first love, hopeless though it was; but knightly courtesy obliged him to do certain offices for the lady, which she misunderstood. At the ball, Donna Elvira brought matters to a climax, by asking Ettore to follow her to the balcony overlooking the sea. He bowed confusedly, not knowing what to reply; but, just after, he received a note of vital importance, and hurried away, taking some one else's mantle in mistake for his own. Another cavalier, however, had overheard the appointment, and, seized with the spirit of mischief, donned Ettore's mantle and blue scarf, and, stealing out to the balcony, dropped on one knee before the lady, and kissed her hand.

"The note that Ettore had received was to the effect that Borgia had planned the abduction of Genevra from the convent walls that night, and, unless he was speedy to save her, she was lost. He hastily armed himself, and went, in company with two or three friends, to the island of Orsula. On their way they met a boat, which proved to be that sent by Borgia to the island. A fight ensued, and Ettore took from the enemy the insensible form of a woman, whom he believed to be Genevra. On arriving at the convent, the young person turned out to be the Arab girl, and Genevra was nowhere to be found; in addition to which, Ettore found himself dangerously wounded by a poisoned dagger. Here we leave him in bed, attended by the Arab, and return to Genevra. She had all those years been suffering bitter remorse for not seeking her husband; still, she never had strength of mind enough to do it. At length, feeling the indications of a malady which might prove fatal, she resolved to do her duty. She took a boat to Barletta, and landed under the castle walls, where she paused to think what would be her next step. At that moment she looked up at the moonlit balcony, and saw one whom she believed to be Ettore, whose blue scarf she recognized, at the feet of Donna Elvira. She uttered a cry of anguish, and sank into the bottom of the boat. The apartments of Cæsar Borgia were on the ground-floor of the castle. On hearing the cry, he issued forth and carried the fainting woman into his room. 'I will believe, henceforth, in a devil at least,' he said, on recognizing Genevra. 'No one but a devil-friend could have so helped me to my revenge.'

"Like Clarissa Harlowe, Genevra could not survive dishonor. She died next day, attended by a good Roman lady and the self-same Spaniard who had caused her jealousy, and consoled by an excellent priest, who administered to her all the comforts of religion."

— The high-toned critic of the *Independent* deems it proper to say, in language most fitting for a religious journal, that the author of "Deirdrè" "has been shot upward like Harlequin, by the cleverly arranged spring of advance criticism, only to alight on the hard floor of permanent opinion. A powerful mortar would be needed to "shoot up" the stalwart author of "Deirdrè;" whereas the *Independent* critic would "go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick," *not* "upon the hard floor of permanent opinion," but on the softer surface of his own platitude.

— In the versified apology for writing about "the land of broken promises," and the unpatriotic sonnets in the *Nation*, Prof. Lowell is guilty of very bad taste in appealing to his own honorable descent.

— The Philadelphia *Press* (Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor) speaks of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as the work of "Sarah Flowers." Flower was the middle name of Sarah Flower Adams.

— Mr. Frederick Leak of Williamstown, is one of the most accomplished men in the State. Possessed of all branches of learning and of art, he practises each in turn, and nothing long. There could hardly be an end to his accomplishments, scholarly and artistic. He reads and writes and studies, and paints in fresco; excelling in each, but never content with his achievements.

— One day, some years ago, a gentleman walking down Broadway fell upon a neat parcel, and, taking it home, found its contents to be a beautiful pair of slippers, wrought in floss silk, and bearing a gilt and undecipherable inscription. Advertising was in vain: no claimant appeared. The slippers came at last to the representative of another generation, who, consulting with his brother, contrived to find in the mysterious characters the sweet words, "My Wife." The slippers were, no doubt, a gift to the loser's wife, both of whom, we may imagine, have deplored the accident which deprived them of a mutual pleasure. "There's many a slip."

— Not many years ago, among the students of Williams College, there was one Wiswell, unenviably notorious for his pranks. Some misdemeanor having occurred, it was traced to him, through the testimony of what seemed to be his hat. An investigation being held, he was sharply questioned by one of the professors, who, lifting the hat in question, asked Wiswell if it were his. He tried it on, and found it to fit perfectly. In turn, Wiswell said, "Let me try it on your head, Professor." This was done, and the fit was equally accurate.

— A funny story is told of Rev. A. ——, the reputed original of Rev. Mr. Dorrance in "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." In early life he was attached to a young lady. Writing to her, one day, and to his mother, he put the letters in the wrong envelopes. In that intended for his mother, he made some remarks not complimentary to his other correspondent, and she promptly gave him his *congé*. It is said of him, that the lady who afterwards became his wife tyrannized over him severely, compelling him to read to her nearly all night, and to drive during the day.

— A German edition of Francis Parkman's works is now in progress, under the care of Dr. Kapp. In his introduction he pays glowing and just tributes to Mr. Parkman's powers. "Francis Parkman has, by his labors, filled up most admirably a great gap in the historical literature of his country, while he has added a new province of the highest importance, not only to America, but to Europe. . . . Far in the American wilderness, we get a clearer glimpse into the private workshops, the secret wishes and plans of French politics, than in the palaces of European princes and diplomatists. In the Colony of St. Lawrence, the power of *Le Grand Louis*, with all its soldiers and priests, succumbed much more to their false ideas and calculations, and their own weakness, than to a handful of English troops and a petty number of English peasants and townspeople. . . . In short, every feature of this French patriarchal system, which, in its way, was intended for the good of its subjects, teaches the constant lesson that spiritual and temporal despotism falls like mildew upon the land under its care; that a community which permits its arbitrary interference in all matters of domestic life, of trade, and of conscience, condemns itself to eternal weakness and misery; and that despotism, in spite of the best intentions, destroys all natural growth. The truth, and a rich abundance of political lessons, which are everywhere supported by illustrating facts, the reader finds on every page of Parkman's works; and finds them related, not in a dry, bare way, chronologically arranged, but following their own natural development, and described in noble and really classical language. Parkman is, in short, a master of the first class, — the peer of the best writers of English prose." Here we pause in amazement. Dr. Kapp proceeds to say: "Sometimes his style is a little too studied, and, in unimportant places, he allows himself a virtuoso-like perfection of detail, where a more vigorous tone, like the massive but characteristic touch of a Bret Harte, might be more appropriate." [!!] Words fail us in the attempt to express our wonder, how a writer

of such sound sense and critical power as Dr. Kapp has shown himself to possess should thus suddenly lapse from pathos to bathos, — from the sublime to the ridiculous. This *escapade* suggests to us the spectacle of a lordly cavalier riding a noble steed, and suddenly precipitated into an adjacent mud-hole. Only one hypothesis is possible, by which we may measurably clear the doctor's skirts of their taint; that is, that his acquaintance with Bret Harte's writings is wofully superficial. Did he get, we wonder, his ideas of that "massive" writer from the drooling absurdity of the "Heathen Chinee"? This dreadful blunder offends like a mole on a white bosom. But in view of what he has said, and what he proceeds to say, we are disposed to be forgiving. We continue our quotations: "No other American historian knows so well how to paint so naturally and so intuitively the spacious background of historical events; no other can depict the inner connection between the natural suggestions of the landscape, and the deeds of the men who act in it; no other can so psychologically unravel the reciprocal influence between nature and mind; no other knows so thoroughly the character and motives of the men who are the characters in this history. He is the cool observer, and a delineator such as has never before been found, of the baseness and the magnanimity, the cruelty and recklessness, the cowardice and courage, of these wild sons of the forest. With thorough and scholarly research and glowing description, our author unites also the indispensable quality for a true historian of philosophical thought and poetical insight, both of which he possesses in the highest degree."

— We hail with joy the announcement of a new magazine, to be called *The Radical Review*. It is to be a quarterly, and will be published in New York by Benjamin R. Tucker, with a masterly *corps* of coadjutors. Among the distinguished writers will be such names as Messrs. John Weiss, Sidney H. Morse, Ezra H. Heywood, Prof. E. S. Morse, Mrs. E. M. F. Denton, William J. Potter, Francis E. Abbot, Samuel Longfellow, Joseph H. Allen, John Fiske, Octavius B. Frothingham, John W. Chadwick, Dyer De Lum, John Orvis, William Hanson, Abram W. Stevens, John H. Clifford, Edmund C. Stedman, J. Stahl Patterson, Joel A. Allen, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Charles W. Buck, Howard N. Brown, Cyrus A. Bartol, J. R. Ingalls.

The purpose of *The Radical Review* — capital name, by the way — is thus stated: "The want has been long felt in this country, by a large and growing class of thinking people, of a periodical publication serving the same purpose here that *The Fortnightly* and *The Contemporary Reviews* serve so well in England. To meet this want, and in the hope that such demand may prove competent to maintain its subject, when once provided with it, it is proposed to issue, on May 1, 1877, — or as soon thereafter as circumstances shall warrant, — the first number of a quarterly periodical, to be called *The Radical Review*. The success or failure of this project will depend upon the more or less encouraging reception which its announcement shall meet with from the public, previous to the date mentioned." There could be no better news, save the election of a president.

— Few authors have been subjected to more diverse treatment, kindly and severe, than Alexander Pope. Macaulay assails him with his characteristic malignity, pronouncing him a trickster, &c. Mr. Elwin is hardly less bitter; his work having won from Ruskin the contemptuous epithet of "scavenger biography." It represented the results of twenty years' labor. Ruskin, on the other hand, has gone to the extreme of adulation in his estimate of Pope, and has received a merited rebuke from John Dennis, who, in his recent "Studies in Literature," says: "Truth is more precious than even the reputation of a poet, and there is no greater blunder than to suppose that, because a man has genius, his moral failings are to be concealed or condoned." Leslie Stephen declares that "a gentleman convicted at the present day of practices comparable to those in which Pope indulged so freely might find it expedient to take his name off the books of any respectable club." Mr. Dennis finds Pope at his best in the Satires and Epistles of Horace; "Here we have the satirist's finest wit, his most graceful versification, many of his most familiar sayings, some of his sharpest stings." Mr. Dennis summarizes his judgment of the rickety poet in the weighty words, "Pope lied abominably."

— Horatio Alger, Jr., will start for California, February 1, where he will make studies for stories of California life.

— Lippincott & Co. have in press the new and cheap edition of Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." It comprises five thousand articles on the antiquities, bibliography, biography, criticism, geography, &c., with many woodcuts and maps.

— The London *Bookseller* doubts whether E. P. Whipple is qualified to perform the task he has undertaken, of preparing a series of introductions for Dickens's novels.

— The four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England, by John Caxton, will be observed by solemn and impressive services. A committee has been organized, comprising the Dukes of Argyll, Westminster, and Devonshire; Earls Russell, Spencer, Aberdeen, Stanhope, and Powis; several Bishops, Privy Councillors, and other influential persons. Copies of Caxton will be liberally loaned, and the exposition will be of rare interest. The book trade is represented by Messrs. Bagster, Bogue, Clowes, Clay, Heywood, Macmillan, Rivington, and Trübner.

— Mr. Andrew Adam, for nearly twenty-five years the warehouse assistant of Henry G. Bohn, died recently, at the age of fifty-nine. He was, perhaps, the most accomplished man in his calling in England. He walked daily from King's Cross, — a distance of two miles, — reaching his office at nine o'clock The low rate of wages in the English book trade is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that at no time did his salary exceed £150. This paltry parsimony is a stain on Mr. Bohn's reputation.

— The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, of Jan. 27, contains a remarkable article, written by Mrs. Zina Fay Pierce, of Cambridge (who, by the way, is a very able thinker and writer among our American women), upon the characteristics of George Eliot as an author. The article in question contains opinions as to the merits and demerits of the great novelist, from which we are confident many of our readers will dissent, and some of which we are ourself far from adopting; and yet it is written in a style so vigorous, and in a spirit so brave and honest, and withal is such a thorough dealing with the subject, that we feel we should fail in our duty to those readers of the *Literary World* who have not already seen it, if we did not lay it before them in somewhat copious extracts.

Mrs. Pierce treats of George Eliot "from the æsthetic, the feminine, and the moral stand-points;" and, although she awards to her great praise in all these respects, she indicts her with immense and glaring defects. First, æsthetically. "What with the multiplicity of her characters, scarce any two of whom have any family likeness, and the variety of their situations, she sits amid a world of her own creation, a veritable 'image' of God in his universe. Every novel of George Eliot's is a new surprise. It can never be said again that women lack invention, for her invention is simply prodigal. How astonishing, too, is her mental energy! Such seemingly boundless culture! And then her strength, her scope! Hereafter we shall date back to her as modern European literature dates back to Dante; for her powerful pen alone has changed the relative intellectual position of the sexes. Before her, what men had done rose as it were in mountains and peaks on their side of the valley of Time, while on the feminine side were but hills and undulating plains. Suddenly there towered up from among these a mighty mass, that lifted its head into the ether in level greeting to the proud marshalled crests confronting it. It has raised all women with it. Having produced her, the development of all other eminence is for them only an affair of waiting. She has fulfilled their past; she also prophesies their future." But, says Mrs. Pierce, notwithstanding all this, George Eliot is NOT "an artist. She lacks the artistic sense, and so she never knows when to stop. Singular omission in a woman, — the Beautiful is not supreme with her. She has no feeling for *form*, no instinct for proportion. Hence her work is not sculpturesque; it is panoramic rather; and in a hundred years from now it is probable that people will have no time to read her."

Secondly, from the feminine stand-point, Mrs. Pierce declares that "George Eliot is not a thorough woman, for she shares the foible which belongs peculiarly to English women, of being obliged to feel they are imitating men before they can have any self-respect. Her *nom de plume* is a man's name, and since she made her reputation she seems to be aiming not so much to be loved by the common heart of humanity as to be admired by its intellectual heads. She strides along, the easy peer of the distinguished thinkers of the time, as if to show them how much farther and freer she can step than other women. Instead of being captivating, she is formidable. She does not 'bear her weight of learning lightly like a flower.' One has to take her books by the daily dose, as one does Hallam's Constitutional Histories. They are an education in themselves, but they are absolutely exhausting. Yet a woman is very woman not only as she is true, but also as she is fascinating; and a thing is perfect as a work of art in proportion as it is a thing of delight, and not of labor. In short, George Eliot has made the mistake of the woman suffragists in thinking there is no way of being equal [with man] except by doing the same things equally well; whereas, there is a more triumphant equality in doing other things better." Another "non-womanly" thing about George Eliot, affirms Mrs. Pierce, is "her coldness, her *blasé* dispassionateness. She flings over nothing that 'light that never was on sea or land,' — the transforming glow of ardent genius. She is not of the seraphim who 'burn and sing,' but

of the cherubim who 'shine and sing.' She never gets beyond *terra firma*. She is never irrational, and never musical."

Thirdly, from the moral stand-point, Mrs. Pierce's criticism is still more sweeping, and in some respects, it may be opined, even more unjust. "The moral inculcated in all her books is the faithful fulfilling of inherited or imposed responsibility, the necessity of high loyalty to one's own traditions, to one's own race, to one's own class. But never was there a more conspicuous example of disloyalty to her own race and to her own class than George Eliot herself. This is the age of the awakening of womanhood to self-consciousness through education. Whether wisely in their methods or the reverse, women are struggling to find out what they are, what they want, and of what they are capable. And they are doing it on the grand scale. They are making their experiments, their mistakes, their successes, all the time, and in every civilized land. Now, George Eliot belongs to the class which is doing all this, — to the class of educated women, — and she is herself the most magnificent success of that class. But throughout her books she never gives a helping hand to the aspirations and effort of her fellows by an intimation. She merely paints, in nearly every one, some splendid woman almost as exceptionally endowed as herself, and then makes her, as regards any achievement whatever, a failure. I think that no woman who is trying to do any thing can draw aught but despair for herself out of George Eliot's novels. They only echo what, probably, her own sad heart is alway telling her, — that, if she has not found the domestic happiness she wants, she had better live out the rest of her days benumbed and passive; for nothing else is really worth striving for. . . . And yet, strangest anomaly of all, George Eliot is a sceptic! Her later novels never mention the name of Christ as a Living Force in the world, from one end of them to the other. Their personages lean upon themselves, upon each other, upon science, upon race beliefs and family missions; but upon what England call's the Christian's God, never. So far from that, if there is a character to be drawn disobedient or disloyal to its convictions, shallow and superficial in feeling, worldly wise and politic in action, that character is a Christian. . . . There is an insight of the soul as well as of the mind, and in her earlier days George Eliot seemed to possess it. Then there was yet a God in the heavens, and an immortality with Him as compensation for human agonies and failures. Her most perfect novels were written then, and *then* I all but adored her as one whose very existence was semi-miraculous. But I confess that her later books have much diminished my reverence. . . . To sum up, George Eliot is not the equal of the greatest, because she is not a poet; and she is not a poet because her imagination has always been controlled by her head rather than inspired by her heart. In short, she has not dared, or she has not cared, to be simply a woman. Instead of wearing her womanhood as a crown, she has tried to make men forget it, and for fear of being womanish she has discarded, instead of reverencing, the traditions of her sex. But in conforming thus anxiously to the masculine philosophical pattern, she has thrown away the volcanic force that goes with the passion and *abandon* natural to women, and so her genius has failed to rush up into the blue in that snowy pinnacle of absolute glory to which a complete surrender to the pure feminine type would undoubtedly have carried it."

The foregoing trenchant criticism upon so widely popular a writer will doubtless prove disturbing to many; but it is to be admired for its boldness, and respected for its honesty, — and is deserving of candid perusal both by friends and foes of George Eliot.

— When a writer makes a collection of his miscellaneous poems, we think he owes it to his readers, if not to himself, carefully to revise the verses, and eliminate those repetitions of phrase and epithet which are apt to creep into one's pieces, written at different periods. These repetitions, scarcely noticeable in the poems as they appear separately in the magazines, become serious flaws when brought together in a volume. Thus in Mrs. Piatt's late book, "That New World," we have the exclamation "O," or "oh," thirty-fives times in the course of one hundred and eighteen pages. In five instances the exclamation occurs at the end of a line: —

"The old enchanted story! — oh," — p. 46.

"Can heaven be builded? oh," — p. 51.

"That were this bitter life thrice bitter, oh!" — p. 55.

"Would I have made the Baby? oh," — p. 111.

"What does she wear without them? oh," — p. 126.

In her previous volume, "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," the author uses the same exclamation twenty-five times: and the word "sweet," with variations, forty-five times! Between this vexatious reiteration and that fatiguing child who is constantly asking questions in Mrs Piatt's poems, the reader sometimes runs the risk of being put out of the mood to do justice to the really beautiful and rare qualities of her verse.

It speaks well for the taste of that mythical person, "the general reader," that he has demanded a second edition of "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles." We wish, however, that the general reader had gone a little further, and kindly called the author's attention to the inexplicable grammatical error which she has retained on page 146: —

> "Your peerless face has made you dream!
> For in your life *you* never *was*
> (Though far away you sometimes seem)
> Outside of your own glass."

— Authors take a kindly interest in the success of the "No-Name Series" of novels. One says: "I really should like to write one. I have always had an idea that, if I could be completely untrammelled in anonymousness, I could do vastly better." Sir Walter Scott, the "Great Unknown," took much pleasure hidden behind his *incog.*, while everybody was excited over the authorship of "Waverly." "The truth is," he wrote, "this sort of muddling work amuses me; and I am something in the condition of Joseph Surface, who was embarrassed by getting himself too good a reputation: for many things may place people well enough anonymously, which, if they have me in the title-page, would just give me that sort of ill name which precedes hanging; and that would be in many respects inconvenient if I thought of again trying a *grande opus*."

— A distinguished critic, an American resident in London, sends home in a private letter the following remarks on "Mercy Philbrick's Choice": —

"During these last weary months I have learned a good deal, — enough to condone even the hopeless subjection of Stephen White to his mother, and to regret that you should have burdened him with the dishonesty. For the rest, it seems to me that the story has surpassing excellences, along with a good deal that is morbid. The characters are unique, their interplay original, their environment picturesque; but I would have delighted more in the break between Stephen and Mercy, if it had occurred on a more refined issue, — somewhere along the shadowy frontier where right and wrong seem to blend in such a way that the two can only be distinguished by the second sight of the finest spirits. The book seems to have been read a good deal over here, and I am often asked to disclose the authorship. Comments favorable and unfavorable have been made. Nobody seems entirely to like the story; but all agree as to its power and originality."

— Not long since, American students of Philosophy were grieved to learn of the death of Chauncey Wright, of Cambridge, lately instructor in Harvard University. To them he was known as one of the subtlest thinkers and profoundest scholars this country has produced. He died prematurely, and left no long, connected work; but some of his papers read before learned societies or contributed to their journals, and to the "North American Review" and the "Nation," are deemed of such importance that they have been collected by his friends, and prefaced with a biographical sketch by Charles Eliot Norton. Among the titles are, "Natural Theology as a Positive Science," "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," "Limits of Natural Selection," "Evolution of Self-Consciousness," "Evolution by Natural Selection," "Speculative Dynamics," and others on similar topics. The volume will be published in a few days by Henry Holt & Co.

— Auerbach first reached fame, as most people know, through his "Village Stories." These, though written thirty years ago, have not lost their popularity, and are read in all languages of the civilized world. Their scene was a little village of the Black Forest, and their theme the simple lives of the inhabitants. Now the railroad has invaded the secluded spot, many of the people have been even to America and back, the German empire has arisen, — in short, the little village is in another world. To depict this new life, the great author has just finished three new stories, which he groups, in the German edition, under the title of "After Thirty Years." Each of these stories is the sequel of an earlier story, written thirty years before. Herr Auerbach suggested that it would, on many accounts, be well to publish the English version of each new story in connection with the early one on which it was based. Consequently, the six stories will be published in three volumes; each pair of stories appearing as a single work. The first volume, no portion of which has before been printed in English, will be published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., in a few days, under the title of "The Convicts and their Children."

— Mr. Warner's engaging book of travels, "In the Levant," has reached the fourth edition, in which a full index is given.

— The "Life of George Ticknor" has reached the seventh edition in this country, and is one of the notable issues of the past season in London. Journals of all kinds have given it those full and admiring reviews which the English press bestows on works that it delights to honor.

— John Sterling, in describing in a letter to his wife a West-Indian tornado that nearly destroyed the house in which he was temporarily residing, makes a remark in connection with his losses which every owner and lover of books will peculiarly appreciate: "But no money would repay me for the loss of my books, of which a large proportion had been in my hands for so many years that they were like old and faithful friends, and of which many had been given me at different times by the persons in the world whom I most value."

— It appears that some of the village drapers of England, during the present season, have been underselling many of the books of London publishers, — which fact, in the eyes of a correspondent of "The Bookseller," doth look mysterious. One of two things must be true: either the drapers are doing a "losing business," or the London publishers are making undue profits. Imagine Charles Dickens hearing "David Copperfield" described by some dapper knight of the yardstick as a "sweet thing in books, madam; the cover will wear well, I do assure you; only," — &c.

— The January number of *Macmillan* contains an exceptionally good article, by Thomas Hughes, on the subject of National Education in England. The summing up of the views of the writer, which he puts in the form of a letter to the editor, is as follows: "For the plain fact is, the English people have got a national system at last which is doing the work they want done, — not without hitches and friction, thanks to the zealots of all churches, to the Ritualistic parson, and the political Dissenter, — steadily progressing, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. There is no corner of the kingdom in which a child cannot now get, and is not steadily forced to get, the teaching the nation thinks he should have, at a very moderate price, or gratuitously if he is proved to be destitute. There is no elementary school in the kingdom which is not under the supervision and control of the Educational Department, — a supervision and control of which no one who has had the least experience of it can deny the rigor. And, to the querulous and angry questionings as to first principles, and taunts that we are trying to drive in double harness two which are antagonistic and mutually destructive, we reply, 'Very well, *solvitur ambulando*:' thus far the coach has, at any rate, carried us without upsetting, and we are far on our journey."

— Messrs. Roberts Brothers are completing the publication of the fourth and fifth volumes of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." We would suggest to this enterprising firm that they also issue, in uniform edition with the "Conversations," the Life of the distinguished author. We are sure that those who read for the first time this admirable series of books will burn with desire to become fully acquainted with the character of Mr. Landor.

— Carlyle was not only never made to be a poet himself, but, if he could have had his Titanic way, few other men would have fingered the lyre of the Muses. All will remember how strenuously he sought to dissuade his friend Sterling from writing poetry. "My own advice was," he says, "as it had always been, steady against it. . . . As I remarked and urged: Had he not already gained superior excellence in delivering, by way of speech or prose, what thoughts were in him, which is the grand and only intrinsic function of a writing man, call him by what title you will? Cultivate that superior excellence till it become a perfect and superlative one. Why *sing* your bits of thoughts, if you *can* contrive to speak them? By your thought, not by your mode of delivering it, must you live or die. . . . He whose *soul* does not sing need not try to do it with his throat. . . . Beyond all ages, our age admonishes whatsoever thinking or writing man it has: 'Oh speak to me some wise intelligible speech; your wise meaning in the shortest and clearest way. Behold, I am dying for want of wise meaning, and insight into the devouring fact. Speak, if you have any wisdom! As to song, so-called, and your fiddling talent, — even if you have one, much more if you have none, — we will talk of that a couple of centuries hence, when things are calmer again. Homer shall be thrice welcome; but only when Troy is *taken!*'" Not needless nor untimely admonition, certainly, does the above contain for those who essay to sing before they can soar, or to soar before they can walk.

— The truth that a periodical must grow with its own strength, and cannot subsist on adventitious support, is likely to have speedy and thorough demonstration. During the last few years two or three papers have attained a prodigious circulation, secured by the distribution of paltry gifts. Tempted by these, the ignorant public has poured in subscriptions to the offices and agents of these papers, which have boasted of their great prosperity. To a large town in Rhode Island, some six hundred copies of a certain New York journal were sent; but they got no further than the local post-office, for the persons to whom they were addressed would not take them. In due time they reached the haven of the junk-store. Those who subscribed for the papers desired not them, but the tawdry chromos. The pictorial *furore* having abated as rapidly as it had risen, the boastful paper wilted suddenly, its circulation falling by thousands. The proprietors of a juvenile periodical in this city vaunted themselves as to the circulation of their bantling, — over one hundred thousand, — and the tremendous influx of letters which almost overwhelmed them. They employed scores of girls, at niggardly wages, to open and answer these letters, and wore the appearance of a very prosperous house. One of these slaves has revealed the true state of things in the office of this paper. The bulk of applications was primarily for spools of thread, jack-knives, pencils, &c., which paltry merchandise was offered by the publishers as premiums for subscription. Thus the traffic of the house was strictly "Yankee notions," bought for a song, and sold under the pretence of a family paper. We examined one of these papers, which is associated with the memories of our childhood, and found it, to our dismay, a mere transcript of some coarse comic almanac. As in the case of the subscribers in the Rhode Island towns, the patrons of this Boston sham hanker after the trumpery, which is a bait for the dupes, and care nothing for the paper itself. No periodical can live on such exotic aid: sooner or later the fraud will be discovered.

— We have two stories about the Rev. Mr. ——, of sporting antecedents. It was his habit, while wandering through the market, to pause at the attractive stalls, and gloat over their luscious contents. It was his way, to say to the dealer, with his insinuating manner, "What a noble sirloin! But I can tell you how vastly to improve its appearance." "How?" queries the curious dealer. "Why, just put it on my table."

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Current Literature.

THE SLAVE-POWER IN AMERICA.*

THIS volume of over seven hundred pages, in connection with the two which have preceded it, will be a long-enduring monument to the literary industry and political sagacity of its author. The labor required to collect the materials of this work, and put them in their present form, must have been immense; and no one lacking the intense interest in the subject, which Mr. Wilson undoubtedly felt, would have been likely to attempt it. But the Senator and Vice-president wrote of activities and scenes in a great part of which he was a distinguished and tireless participant and witness; and doubtless his remarkable memory, and skill in handling facts and statistics, greatly aided him in the achievement of this particular task.

The present volume begins its history with the first election of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, and carries the record of the gigantic struggle which followed between Slavery and Freedom down to the time of the first election of General Grant, in 1868. How full of momentous and startling transactions were the annals of that period! Step by step the reader is led to contemplate them all anew, and in large measure to experience again somewhat of that terrible anxious interest which every true American felt, when his country was passing through those perils that so strained her very capacity to exist. With a vivid pen Mr. Wilson sketches the initial proceedings of the great tragedy of the Rebellion, which opened directly upon the election of the first Republican president. The first mutterings of discontent and defiant notes of preparation came from the Palmetto State. Even "a few days before the election, there was a meeting of leading politicians at the residence of Senator Hammond [S. C.], at which it was unanimously resolved that, in the event of Mr. Lincoln's election, of which they had little doubt, their State should at once secede." Georgia promptly re-echoed the stern purpose; and Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana took up and prolonged the belligerent cry of warning. Six Southern States were thus shoulder to shoulder in the desperate determination to resist, if a President should be chosen with views inimical to Slavery.

But the noise of rebelliousness was soon transferred from these distant and separate localities to the seat of central government. Washington straightway became the arena where the extreme spirits of North and South crossed their blades of angry argument, and the Great War began with a preliminary battle of fierce reverberating voices. "No meeting of Congress," says Mr. Wilson, "was ever anticipated with more anxiety and apprehension than that of the 3d of December, 1860." Well might this be so; for here were to meet men from both sections, who were known to be thoroughly determined to give and take no compromise. From the South came such hot spirits as Wigfall, Davis, Toombs, Clingman, Slidell, and Iverson; while from the North came such stout hearts as Wade, Hale, Sumner, Wilson, and Stevens. A president, also, was lingering in the White House, whom neither side respected nor trusted; and by whose ambiguous, halting, craven message both sides felt disgusted and insulted. The motion to print the message was the match applied to the ready magazine of wrath, which immediately exploded and filled both Senate and House with the din of wordy conflict.

But there were calm men from both sections, who honestly strove to act as pacificators, and to save the country from the bloody strife that seemed so imminent. Crittenden, Saulsbury, Green, Winter Davis, Maynard, and Stephens from the one part; and Chase, King, Adams, Cass, and Douglas from the other, — all these, with several more, did what they could — sincerely and ably, if not wisely — to insure peace and prevent war. Alexander H. Stephens, although afterwards accepting the Vice-presidency of the Confederacy, used his utmost endeavors, with Johnson and Hill of his State, to dissuade the citizens of Georgia and the people of the South generally from the mad act of secession. "With great eloquence and force," says Mr. Wilson, he addressed the men of Georgia in Convention assembled, and said: —

"The government of the United States is the best and freest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon. Now, for you to attempt to overthrow such a government as this, under which we have lived for more than three quarters of a century, — in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety, while the elements of peril are around, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed, — is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

These were brave words to speak at that time and in that place; and they should not be forgotten, notwithstanding Mr. Stephens subsequently followed his State out of the Union, in obedience to the States-Rights doctrine, in which he honestly believed.

But no one was more anxious for peace and the prevention of bloodshed than Mr. Lincoln himself. Innately, he was a *good-natured* man; and also broad and liberal. There was nothing of the fanatic or the bigot about him. He could understand men who differed from him; and, while he might be led to oppose them, he could do so with discrimination, with appreciation, and with fairness. There never was a better man elected to the Presidency of this nation than Abraham Lincoln. Abler and more scholarly men, we grant; but never one wiser with the wisdom of common-sense and goodness. Mr. Lincoln meant to do his duty, and preserve the integrity of the Union; but he meant to do this *peaceably*, if possible. The South never had, in the White House, a juster friend to their true interests than he intended to be. They defied and fought the man who would have been *fairest* to them.

We cannot refrain from quoting the sad and tender words of farewell to his friends and neighbors at home, when he left Springfield to proceed to Washington; so finely do they illustrate his simple, beautiful, and kind nature: —

"No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived for more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. A duty devolves upon me, which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support: and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

These were not the hollow or mawkish words of a sentimentalist; but those of an humble, honest, and reverent man. So also were those with which he closed his first inaugural address: —

"My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. . . . Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. . . . In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. . . . I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

But the good and wise man was better and wiser than his time. Madness ruled the hour; hot blood was in the ascendant. War was inevitable, and it came. Slavery and the Slave-power were drunk with lust and rage, and they rashly unsheathed the sword by which their own vitals were pierced.

The slow but steady steps by which Slavery

* Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power in America. By Henry Wilson. Vol. III. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

was destroyed were the following: (1) Congress enacted the non-return of fugitives to our army lines. (2) Abolition of Slavery in Territories. (3) Emancipation of slaves of rebels. (4) Suppression of the African Slave-trade. (5) Employment of colored troops. (6) Proclamation of emancipation by the President. (7) Fugitive Slave-act abolished. (8) Thirteenth amendment of the Constitution, abolishing Slavery finally and for ever. In securing these gradual and decisive steps, our own Senators — Sumner and Wilson — were foremost or conspicuous.

In closing, candor compels us to say, that, valuable and admirable as this book is, it is written too much in the partisan spirit. Mr. Wilson was not a philosopher, — perhaps not even a statesman, in the highest sense of the word, — but a politician and a partisan. He did as well as could be expected from one of his gifts and his nature. If he had been a scholar, he would have written a book less exceptional in a literary point of view; and if he had been a broad, comprehensive, far-seeing, wise thinker, he would have written one more lasting in its fame than this may prove to be.

THE RAJAH OF SARÁWAK.*

WHATEVER weak points the Life of Sir James Brooke developed, few will deny, and more will concede, that his character showed principles truly noble. Born and bred in luxury, controlled by a roving spirit and love of adventure, when he came into possession of an ample fortune, he fitted up a yacht at his own expense, and in November, 1838, sailed from England for the Eastern Archipelago. After a fortnight's stay at Rio Janeiro, and touching at Cape Town in the last week in May the following year, the "Royalist" passed through the Straits of Sunda and Banca, and anchored at Singapore. Sir James Brooke thus mentions, in his journal, the differences between the two larger classes of native residents at that time (1839): —

"The Malays of Singapore are a simple-minded but independent people, who would resent ill-usage with more violence than discretion, and appear to have but little idea of the wily craft requisite to enable them to contend with the Chinese. They are frugal and easily satisfied; consequently they never tax themselves with continued labor, though capable of great exertion for a limited period. The Chinese bear all the marks of having lived under a despotic government and in a thickly populated country; the Malays, of being the denizens of a beneficent clime, which furnishes sufficient for man's simple wants, without the necessity of toil, and allows them to yield to the dictates of Nature or of passion, without care or apparent responsibility."

A few pages on in this journal, the writer announces his intention of visiting Borneo, a place where hundreds and thousands of human beings have for years blessed the day when Sir James — or as he is better known in the East, Rajah Brooke — set foot on their shores. The following brief description is taken from a paper written at Singapore in 1821: —

"The island of Borneo measures at its extreme length nine hundred miles; at its greatest breadth, seven hundred; and in circumference, six thousand. With the exception of Australia, it is the largest island known. Occupying a central situation in the Eastern Archipelago, in the direct track of an extensive and valuable commerce, intersected on all sides by navigable rivers, possessing one of the richest soils of the globe, a healthy climate, — which though hot is tempered by refreshing sea breezes, and abounding in mineral treasures, — it is a country eminently favored with the choicest gifts of Providence, and well adapted for the support of a numerous and happy population."

That part of Borneo where the Rajah first landed was called Saráwak. After visiting the ruling Rajah, — Muda Hassim, — Sir James spent some months in exploring Celebes, an island of seventy thousand square miles and upwards, even at the present day but little known. Sir James found that the effect of European domination in the Archipelago had been any thing but favorable: —

"The first voyagers from the West found the natives rich and powerful, with strong established governments, and a thriving trade with all parts of the world. The rapacious European has reduced them to their present condition. Their governments have been broken up; the old States decomposed by treachery, by bribery, and intrigue; their possessions wrested from them under flimsy pretences; their trade restricted, their vices encouraged, their virtues repressed, and their energies paralyzed or rendered desperate; till there is every reason to fear the gradual extinction of the Malay races. This is the historical record of the rule of Europeans from their earliest landing to the present moment. The same spirit which combines the atrocity of the Spaniard with the meanness of the Jew pedler has actuated them throughout, receiving only such modifications as time and necessity has compelled them to adopt. Who that compares the States of the Peninsula, — Java, Sumatra, Borneo, or Celebes, — before and subsequent to the period of European domination, but must decide on the superiority of the former?

"Let these considerations, fairly reflected on and enlarged, be presented to the candid and liberal mind; and I think that, however strong the present prepossessions, they will shake the belief in the advantages to be gained by European rule, as generally constituted. In certain districts of Celebes, all the offices of state, including even that of matoah, are open to women; and they actually fill the important posts of government, — four out of the six great chiefs of Wajo being at present females."

In 1841, the Rajah decided to settle in Borneo; "to plant there a mixed colony amid a wild but not unvirtuous race, and to become the pioneer of European knowledge and native improvement." This noble resolve was carried out; and, though it reads almost like a fairy tale, in time Sir James Brooke, by the wish of Muda Hassim and his people, became Rajah Brooke, — which title the Sultan of Bruné confirmed in 1842. From this time for many years, golden opportunities of spreading commerce and performing untold philanthropic good were obstinately refused by the English government. The ministries of Lords Palmerston and Russell believed in the singleness of Rajah Brooke's purpose; but Lord Clarendon's government persecuted him with a vehemence worthy of a better cause. It was but natural that one possessing the firmness and probity of Sir James Brooke should have enemies at home and abroad. He uniformly persisted in refusing to lend his name or influence to any company whose aim should be short-sighted monopoly and selfish gain.

It was not until the year 1864, that recognition on the part of the Crown was gained. Years before, the United States had made a treaty with the Rajah of Saráwak; but that which had been sought for and needed the most came last. In September, 1863, Rajah Brooke, failing in health, left the shores of Borneo and returned to England; where, June 11, 1868, he died. Since his departure from Saráwak, his nephew, Charles Johnson, — having assumed the name of Brooke, — has held the reins of government. By the will of Sir James Brooke, the sovereignty of Saráwak was bequeathed to his nephew and his male issue; failing such, to his nephew, Stuart Johnson, and his male issue.

The typography of these volumes are worthy of especial praise; and we recommend our readers to a perusal of one of the most interesting biographical sketches that has appeared of late.

* The Raja of Saráwak. An account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., LL.D. Given chiefly through letters and journals. By Gertrude L. Jacob. Two Vols. With portrait, maps, &c. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH THOUGHT.*

THIS is a book for thinkers. The author writes with a vigorous and incisive pen. His mind is evidently crammed with his subject; and his sentences are like rifle shots, — short, sharp, and pregnant. He seems also to be judicial in the quality of his mind. He analyzes and explains, and has an apparent disposition to state fairly both sides. He is a historian and reasoner; not a dogmatist. Hand in hand, he leads the reader along from point to point, from period to period, from thinker to thinker; and in a pleasant, rapid, but lucid manner unfolds to him the panorama of eighteenth-century thought.

An admirable table of contents prefaces each volume. From these we are able to give our readers a bird's-eye view of the ground over which the author invites them to travel.

Volume I. Chapter I. — Introductory: the

* History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By Leslie Stephen. Two Vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

influence of great thinkers; evolution of thought; approximation to truth the general law; hasty rejection of old opinions; the romantic regret; its true meaning; &c. The Cartesian philosophy: Descartes' provisional doubt; the soul and God; the fundamental difficulty; reality undiscoverable; dogmatism and scepticism; Spinoza's philosophy; influence of Cartesians upon English thought; &c. The English criticism: Locke and innate ideas; Berkeley on materialism; his idealism; David Hume; his sceptical conclusion; Hume's theory of causation; &c. Common-sense and Materialism: opposition to scepticism in England; Reid's position; Hartley's materialism; &c. Chapter II. — The starting-point of Deism: Locke and Bossuet; Christianity and philosophy; Christianity and Deism; &c. Chapter III. — Constructive Deism: external and internal evidence, &c. Locke and Toland: Locke's theology; the essence of Christianity; Locke the typical latitudinarian; John Toland; his philosophy; &c. Clarke and Wollaston: Clarke's philosophy; free will; theology and morality; William Wollaston; his pessimism; pessimism and optimism; &c. Tindal and his opponents: "Christianity as old as the creation;" morality the essence of religion; Christianity and progress; &c. The decay of Deism: Thomas Chubb; Thomas Morgan; causes of the decay of Deism; &c. Conclusion: rationalism and scepticism; Bolingbroke's theological writings; Atheists and divines; &c. Chapter IV. — Critical Deism: assumptions of the critics; absence of critical canons; scientific conceptions; &c. Leslie's short method: his "four rules;" application of them; &c. Collins on free-thinking: Collins and Bentley; Swift's attack upon Collins; &c. The argument from Prophecy, &c. The argument from Miracles, &c. Chapter V. — Butler's "Analogy:" general character of the "Analogy;" &c. Chapter VI. — David Hume: imperfect appreciation of Hume; neglect of his writings; completeness of his arguments; Kant's scheme of theological arguments; Hume's general reply to ontologists; his real belief; &c. Chapter VII. — William Warburton: Warburton and Pope; Warburton's relation to Hume and Butler; &c. Chapter VIII. — The later theology; &c. The Common-sense school, &c. Science and Revelation, &c. Paley and his School, &c. The Subscription Controversy: Rise of Unitarianism, &c. The Unitarians: Joseph Priestley; his inconsistencies and materialism; his strong point; &c. The Infidels: Gibbon; his defects as a historian; his attack on Christianity; force of his argument; Paine's "Age of Reason;" Paine's ignorance and impudence; his morality; replies to Paine; &c.

Volume II. Chapter IX. — Moral Philosophy. The Intellectual School: its chief writers; its starting-point; the intellect and the emotions; &c. Shaftesbury and Mandeville; Shaftesbury's School; Mandeville's School; &c. The Common-sense School: Butler, Hutcheson, Reid; &c. Hartley and Adam Smith, &c. The Utilitarians: Locke; his vacillation; Hume's moral theory; his crude psychology; scientific view of morality; practical weakness of Hume; laxity of his view; Paley's morality; his definition of virtue; Paley and Bentham; the latter's influence; his value as a moralist; &c. Chapter X. — Political theories: non-existence of a political science; the social compact; &c. The Principles of 1688: Locke's political writings; the origin of property; Church and State; possibility of a separation; &c. The Bangorian controversy, &c. The Walpole Era: character of the period; the "social compact" and "balance of power" theories; Hume's political theories; &c. The French influence: Montesquieu and Rousseau; Burke on Montesquieu; Rousseau's political theory; &c. The Fermentation: Letters of Junius; democratic tendency; Parties under George III.; Chatham; &c. The Tories: Dr. Johnson, &c. The Constitutionalists: the British Constitution, &c. Edmund Burke: his genius; his moral elevation; his hatred of metaphysics; as the Whig prophet; the American question; the French Revolution; Burke's failure to appreciate it, &c. The Revolutionists: Price and Priestley; American politics; the "Federalist;" Tom Paine; Paine and Burke; William Godwin; Mary Wollstonecraft; Malthus; &c. Chapter XI. — Political Economy: Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," &c. The Mercantile Theory: Hume's economical theories; &c. The French Economists, &c. Adam Smith: his reputation; his originality; Smith and Hume; Godwin and Malthus; &c. Chapter XII. — Characteristics: literature and philosophy; &c. The Preachers: eighteenth-century sermons, &c. The Poets: Pope; Spenser; Thomson; Young; Akenside; &c. General Literature: New literary forms; aversion to "enthusiasm;" Swift and Johnson; Johnson and Voltaire; Henry Fielding; English novels; &c. The Religious Reaction; moral standard of the eighteenth century; Bishop Wilson; Isaac Watts; Philip Doddridge; John Wesley; William Law; Whitefield; the Methodists; the Evangelicals; Protestantism, old and new; &c. The Literary Reaction: Sentimentalism; morbid social conditions; vicious styles; growth of romanticism; "Gothic" taste; "Naturalism;" revolt against classicism; Pope and Wordsworth; Cowper; Burns.

From the foregoing synopsis of Stephen's work, our readers may see how many and how great matters of interest are treated therein. From some of his opinions of men and their writings there is abundant opportunity to dissent; and yet one can but feel that views which are presented with such affluence of learning must be important and valuable to consider.

We give one or two sketches or estimates of authors, in which the book abounds. Speaking of Gibbon, and the critical passage in his life when he was converted to Catholicism by Middleton and Bossuet, Stephen says: —

"A conversion of this kind is significant of the weak side of Gibbon's intellect and character. He has given an admirable summary of the bare facts of history; but he is everywhere conspicuously deficient in that sympathetic power which enables an imaginative writer to breathe life into the dead bones of the past. He regards all creeds, political and religious, from the outside. He examines the evidence for facts with judicial severity, but is quite incapable of sharing or appreciating the passions of which the facts are the outward symbols. A skilful anatomical demonstrator of the dead framework of society, he is an utterly incompetent observer of its living development. A long series of historical figures passes before us in his stately pages; but they resemble the masks in a funeral procession. They are grouped with exquisite literary skill; but we catch no glimpse of the profounder springs of action, which must be appreciated before we can understand the underlying order, or guess at the dominant laws of evolution. In perfect harmony with this view, his ideal state of society is the deathlike trance of an enlightened despotism. 'If a man were called,' as he says in an oftenquoted passage, 'to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power, under the direction of virtue and wisdom!'"

Speaking of the leaders of the literary reaction against dogmatism and superstition, he says, near the close: —

"Of Burns — a poet who has left behind him an impression of power quite astonishing when compared with the fragmentary character of his works — it is needless to say much. Burns is the spokesman of a social order which might not unfairly represent the interpretation of Rousseau's state of Nature. The strong healthy race of the Scotch lowlands, unconsciously absorbing the influences of a free open-air life, and far apart from all sickly sentimentalism, had produced for ages a race of poets whose ballads reflect their vigorous character. In the age of Burns, life had become peaceable, and not luxurious. The society in which he lived had acquired a certain degree of culture, but had not yet been broken up by the restless movements of modern development. Burns, therefore, was qualified to stand forth to the world ripening for revolution, and give in a few vigorous touches the presentiment of the truly vigorous peasant life, not stained by idyllic sentimentalism, and with strong manly blood coursing through every vein. In one sense he was consciously a revolutionist. The [Scotch] religion had become an effete sham. A hundred years before, Burns might have been a Covenanter. But the old Covenanting spirit had become a thing of shreds and patches, — an effete idol, no longer capable of rallying true men to its side. And therefore Burns puts his whole heart into such tremendous satires as 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' The peasant expressed his hearty contempt for the hypocritical leaders who

tried to traffic upon his lingering superstitions to gratify their own lust or avarice. Such poems were a blast of doom to the old order."

Mr. Stephen's style is somewhat marred by a slight tendency to tautology.

LANDOR AND BROWNING.*

HOW these two names made our pulses beat in the old days, when Margaret Fuller lived and ruled, and when West-End girls cared to know something beside the name of the last novel or the figure of the newest "German"!

Where are they gone, — those radiant girls who loved knowledge for its own sake, and were enamoured of the romance of "Real Life," were it past or present? Enough of this romance attached to Elizabeth Barrett, who, doomed from girlhood to the seclusion of her chamber, saw her brother and cousin sink into the treacherous depths of ocean from her invalid's couch, and seemed so sacred to grief, that the world honestly believed her "Portuguese Sonnets" to be translations out of that tongue. Enough, also, to Walter Savage Landor, who, cursed from birth by the boisterous stormy temperament which Dickens feebly sketched in the character of Boythorn, lived out of the world because he might not live in it, and printed his own works at his own superb press, when the world declined to recognize his merits.

Here was a man with a heart and a head too large for common measure, and withal having blood coursing through his veins at a heat and with a speed that no mortal creature understood. Surely, among the distant suns God will find some sphere, where these will be in equilibrium with social and planetary forces, and so a tardy justice reach this ill-starred son of earth. Yet perhaps the splendor of his mental powers, and the keen delight their play must have given him, may long ago have justified his fate to himself.

Whatever his English contemporaries may have felt, the children of this generation owe only a debt of gratitude to Savage Landor. What superb scholarship, what an exquisite style, what perfect mastery over situations and subjects, meet us in the three volumes already issued in this edition! It seems almost a pity to read him in any thing but his own delicious print and paper; but the price we used to pay for one of those books, no one pays without grumbling now. "It's pages," said Lowell in those glad times, "take you to the theatre where 'Prometheus' is played, to the house where Socrates and Aristophanes meet, to the promise of the youth Thucydides, and to the statesman who dies remembering in the fulness of his heart that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to him," — Aspasia, whose essential purity Landor had the prophetic soul to feel; an intuition justified by the scholar's hard work in later years.

But it is not only for the limited number interested in classic literature that these volumes ought to have a charm. King James and Casaubon, George Washington and Franklin, William Penn and Lord Peterborough, are reproduced in these marvellous pages as vividly as Macaulay made the old Romans course up and down his stanzas, or submerge themselves in the chasms of his rhythm. Southey and Porson, Samuel Johnson and Horne Tooke, give him each a hand, with as simple a trust as Anacreon and Polycrates; and the trust is not betrayed. Such men are not born often; nor is it the first century after their departure which gives to them their permanent position.

Of this man in the letters recently published, Elizabeth Barrett writes, — to explain the spirit of a Greek epigram then just written by him on Napoleon the First: —

"Mr. Landor went to Paris in the beginning of the century, where he witnessed the ceremony of Napoleon being made consul for life, amidst the acclamations of multitudes. He subsequently saw the dethroned and deserted Emperor pass through Tours, on his way to embark for America. Napoleon was attended by a single servant, and descended at the Prefecture unrecognized by any body except Landor. The people of Tours were most hostile to Napoleon; and, as a republican politician, Landor had hated him. Had he now pointed his finger at him, it would have done what all the artillery of twenty years had failed to accomplish: the people would have torn him to pieces. He held his breath, and let the hero pass."

"Other causes," continues Miss Barrett, "than the originality of his faculty, prevented Landor's favor with the public. He has the most select audience, perhaps the fittest, the fewest, of any distinguished author of the day; and this of choice. 'Give me,' he said, 'ten accomplished men for readers, and I am content.'"

Almost all conscientious artists are forced, before they lay by their pens, to a position something like this; but few are capable of replying boldly to an adverse critic as Landor once did: "If you can write any thing better," he said, "you shall have three hot penny-rolls"!

"He writes," says our friend, "criticism for critics, poetry for poets; and his drama supposes neither pit nor gallery, nor critics, nor laws. He is not a publican among poets, — he does not sell his Amreela cups upon the highway. He delivers them, rather, with the dignity of a giver to the ticketed persons; analyzing their flavor and fragrance with a learned delicacy, and an appeal to the esoteric. His very spelling of English is uncommon and theoretic. And, as if poetry were not in English a sufficiently unpopular dead language, he has had recourse to writing poetry in Latin, with dissertations on the Latin tongue, to fence it out doubly from the populace, — *odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

"Mr. Landor is classical in the highest sense. His conceptions stand out clearly cut and fine, in a magnitude and nobility as far as possible removed from the small and sickly vagueness common to this century. If he seem at times obscure, it is from no inadequacy or infirmity, but from extreme concentration and involution in brevity, — for a short string can be tied in a knot as well as a long one. He can be tender as the strong can best be; and his pathos when it comes is profound. His descriptions are full and startling, his thoughts self-produced and bold. The elaboration produces no sense of heaviness: if it is cold, it is noble; if not impulsive, it is suggestive. As a writer of Latin poems, he ranks with the most successful, having less harmony and majesty than Milton had, when he aspired to that species of 'Life in Death,' but more variety and freedom. His 'Pericles and Aspasia' and 'Pentameron' are books for the world and for all time, whenever the world and time shall come to their senses; complete in beauty of sentiment, and subtlety of criticism.

"His sentences have *articulations* of very excellent proportions. Abounding in striking images and thoughts, he is remarkable for lifting them like statues to pedestals, where they may be seen distinctly, and strike with *enduring* though gradual impression. His smaller poems, for classic grace and tenderness and exquisite care in their polish, may best be compared to the beautiful cameos and vases of the ancients. Two of Landor's works are probably known to less than half-a-dozen people of the present day. One is entitled, 'Poems from the Arabic and Persian.' They are full of ornate fancy, grace, and tenderness, as the originals from which they appeared to be translated, and were accompanied by a number of erudite critical notes, likely to cause much searching among Oriental scholars; and the search of course was to be vain. The other *brochure* was a 'Satire upon Satirists,' — a scathing piece of heroic verse, a copy of which Mr. Landor sent to me."

The above is a condensation of some of the words written by the most remarkable woman of our generation concerning him whom we are inclined to call its most remarkable man. Mrs. Browning has had no intellectual peers, if we except George Eliot and George Sand. She had a warmer heart and keener sympathy than George Eliot, and God was still to her a *real presence*. She had sufficient sensuous basis to her nature to understand George Sand, — that "large-brained woman and large-hearted man," — and yet to hold herself in complete equilibrium. *

BEN MILNER'S WOOING.*

OF all Holme Lee's long list of interesting books, perhaps the most thoroughly charming is "Ben Milner's Wooing," just issued by Roberts Brothers, as the initial volume of their new series, "Town and Country," — which is to include all sorts of good things, both new and old, native and foreign, and for which we can wish no more than the

* Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Third Series. Dialogues of Literary Men. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, addressed to Richard Hengist Horne. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. London: Richard Bentley.

* Ben Milner's Wooing. Town and Country Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

same success that has attended its older brother, the "No-Name" series.

Nor can it fail of this, if "Ben Milner" be a fair sample of its quality. It is a pearl among novels, so fresh and pure. Pattie is the daintiest and most bewitching of heroines, — a perfect briar-rose like the Heidenröslein Goethe sings. And dear honest Ben is such a true matter-of-fact, nineteenth-century lover, who goes to the play directly Pattie is relentlessly dragged from him; "nor," as the book says, "is it known that Salvini was any the less listened to or appreciated by Ben, though he had not Pattie to sit by him." How different from the Lovelace or Sir Charles Grandison of a by-gone generation, who tore their hair and raved on a much less occasion in a way which would put to shame any heroine of a modern romance, — *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Then, who of us does not know a Miss Phœbe, or "Phibs" as Ben called her, — the devoted elder sister, who delights in her brother's teasing, and cannot bear to give him up to another woman? — for she knows "no young wife will knit his vests, and wash them with her own hands for him, as his sister does. His sister has had all the care and anxiety of bringing him up and establishing him in the world; and, now the worst is over, let her retire and make room for a young wife to come and enjoy his ease and prosperity."

Many, too, will be pleased with the glimpse of those modern evangelists, — Moody and Sankey, — even now working in our midst, and the brief account of their work in England.

We will not forestall the reader's pleasure, by telling him any thing of the story itself, but only say that he has a treat in store; which we sincerely envy him, and frankly confess that, like the children, we would like to "have it all over again."

THE GREAT MATCH.*

THE sex of a novelist should be easy of detection. It is true that, in these later days, a school of fiction has arisen which may be said to have no sex; and which mingles and interfuses the traits of each, and slips from masculine to feminine with such skill and dexterity as to baffle and confound the most practised analysis. The founder and most illustrious example of this school is George Eliot, whose touch, keen, strong, subtle, precise, elusive, all at once, needs the shelter of no pseudonym, but is itself its own best disguise. It is a clever thing, this masquerading before all eyes; but an unsatisfactory element mixes with the cleverness. If manliness is in truth the first requisite of a man, and womanliness of a woman, these qualities should so flavor and interpenetrate style as to make mistake impossible; and the contrary effect of necessity leaves on the mind something of the disagreeable impression which is made by a woman in man's clothing, or a man disguised as a woman.

None of this teazing and unpleasant ambiguity exists in "The Great Match." From the first page to the last, it is evidently the work of a man. It is impossible to mistake the bright virile quality of which the book is full. Of another fault in modern fiction it is equally devoid; being singularly free from that anatomical tendency which is the bane of some of our best writers, and which deals with human character as a botanist with a flower, or a vivisector with stray dogs. The story opens promptly, as a story should. Its personages come at once upon the stage, with no awkward shuffling of side-scenes, or letting up and down of the curtain, and proceed briskly and compactly to their work. There are no wearisome digressions, no long interludes to explain facts which need no explanation.

"The Great Match," or Matches, — for we shall not tell the reader, beforehand, which of the several described is the great one, — has for scene the rival villages of Dornfield and Milltown: one, sleepy, conservative, agricultural; the other, brisk, manufacturing, and on a railroad. Both are graphically depicted; and not less so the rivalry between them: —

"It seems that, in the early days, the Indians killed six of the inhabitants of Dornfield to one of those of Milltown. Why this difference? It certainly argued blood; and to this day the aristocracy is to be found at Dornfield, and shoddy at Milltown. There was a shelf in the town library devoted to genealogies of the rich manufacturers of Milltown; but there were no time-honored names there, as there were in Dornfield. Milltown had the money, and Dornfield the aristocracy: this was universally acknowledged. The village papers of Milltown often amused themselves about what they termed the blue blood of Dornfield. Whenever a representative to the general court was to be elected, the two towns were brought into active rivalry; for there was but one representative for the two, and each strove to elect one of their own townsmen. The cry of blue-blood and kid-glove aristocracy, raised by the partisan papers of Milltown, generally decided the day; and the manufacturing population elected a Milltownite, although no one wore kid gloves in Dornfield. The minister in Milltown preached for the Universal Church, and against the sin of exclusiveness; the minister at Dornfield held up the dangers incident to making money, and prayed that their neighbors at Milltown might remember that, where there was the greater temptation to sin, there was also the greater reward."

Half-a-dozen New England villages of our acquaintance might have sat for this felicitously drawn picture of Dornfield: —

"Dornfield, in its turn, had its virtues. It was peopled by many of those whose ancestors came over in the 'Mayflower.' There had never been any temptation to its inhabitants to invest their comparatively small properties in manufacturing; for the river had chosen to run to the east of the range of hills that separated the valley of Milltown from the sweet intervales of Dornfield. The population had early been engaged in agricultural pursuits. There were many large landed proprietors, who lived in the old substantial mansions built a hundred years ago, beneath elms which witnessed many Indian scrimmages. In these old mansions the owners preserved with jealous care the samplers worked by their female ancestors, the spinning-wheels, the antique clocks, and the straight-backed chairs, which were their proofs of old family. These old mansions were kept up with great care by their descendants, although in many cases the eldest sons had gone West to seek their fortunes. This preservation was due to some fortunate marriages which the handsome daughters of Dornfield farmers had made with aristocratic families in the metropolis. On the main street of the place there was, as we have said, but one store, and an old tavern, which was once renowned as the stopping place of the stages which ran from Albany to the metropolis. It was now strictly temperance, and very quiet. A few of the best people came there to board every summer. Some of the old stages were tumbling to pieces in a corner of the barn attached to the house. The unreclaimed in Milltown told very facetious stories in regard to the possibility of getting something to quench their thirst at this tavern. They once used to make the attempt very often; but the stern respectability of the maiden lady, summer boarders, and the knowledge that a lineal descendant of the first minister killed by the Indians in Dornfield inhabited the house, made them extremely wary.

"It is true that there were cliques and sets in Dornfield. Unfortunately the Indians could not foresee that, in tomahawking some and sparing others, they were creating immense distinctions in society. When to the fact that one's ancestors had been scalped, was joined the fact of an alliance with a family which had a judge in it, even the most bigoted leveller in Milltown felt an involuntary respect for such Dornfield families. Then, too, there was much culture in Dornfield. Several literary men and women had resided there from time to time, and had sown seed which had been religiously perpetuated by several families. Most of the ladies in town sketched, and one "sculpted," as they termed it in Milltown. There was a fern society, and a literary club. While chromos were welcomed in Milltown, and were fast replacing masterpieces in hair, weeping-willows over tombstones, and oil paintings, the work of that man who founded the horse-car school of painting, — Dornfield had passed chromos, and had made rapid strides toward higher art."

Freshness is the predominant quality of the book. It is full of open air, and has strongly-marked individual flavor, which we do not remember to have met so distinctly in any story since Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

As a fine example of the tender and pathetic style in which portions of this story are written, we copy the following description of Rose's preparation for a "Martha Washington tea-party": —

"Rose accompanied her visitor to her equipage, and stood under the lilacs, watching her as she whirled away. She bitterly contrasted Miss Milton's surroundings with her own. On one side was the utmost warmth of

* The Great Match, and other Matches. No Name Series. 16mo. $1. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

affection and devotion; and, on the other, extreme coldness and selfishness. Could she blame Ned Black if he was repelled by her surroundings, and attracted by the happy home and the wealth of her rival? The tears came to her eyes, as they are so apt to do in fits of self-abasement. She stole up stairs to her room, and scrutinized herself in the glass. She certainly had a better figure than Miss Milton. But was her face as good-looking? she could not tell. In the attic, among her dear mother's old things, she remembered that there was a very rich silk, with large figures of flowers, of a quaint fashion. It had been the dress in which she had gone to the ball given in honor of Lafayette. It would be just the dress for this party; Ned Black should see her at her best: and she sprang up the attic stairs. How tender were the emotions awakened in the young girl's breast, as she opened the old oaken chest, and looked over her mother's things! This was not the first time that she had done so: her tears had often spotted some delicate vesture, as she bent over the contents of the chest, longing for the affection which a mother might have bestowed upon her; which, alas! it had never been her good fortune to know, for her mother had died when she was a mere child. There were rich, brocaded silk gowns; old-fashioned, large bonnets that brought a smile to Rose's lips even when her eyes trembled with tears. There were delicate little slippers in great numbers; for Mrs. Snevel evidently had a beautiful foot, and liked to indulge her womanly vanity. Rose frequently sat down upon the hard attic floor, and tried on these slippers; they were a trifle too large for her. Then she would kiss them, and replace them tenderly. In the chest was laid away the wedding gown. It seemed so small to Rose, in its flattened state, with the highly embroidered sleeves folded over the front of the bodice, with a sad suggestion of a human form. . . . While Rose bent over the chest, communing with the past, the day outside was exactly like the one on which her mother had been married, a half a century ago. The shadows of the soft, fleecy clouds pulsated on the green banks; the songs of the bobolinks came up from the clover-fields; the cheery call of the ploughman to his oxen resounded from the upland; the swallows twittered in the eaves; and the soft breeze whispered, in the same tone, to the old elm in front of the house. The mother might have walked down the garden path, knocked with the old knocker, and ascended to the attic, and found all just as if she had merely awakened from a dream, save the presence of this beautiful girl, who bent in tears over her mother's antiquated dresses. Rose gazed and gazed. A bee, which had entered the attic through some broken window-pane, buzzed against the old skylight, or made impatient excursions in a shaft of sunlight. The soothing noise of his wings, and the alternating gloom of the changing cloud-shadows, the absence of jarring sounds, together with the sight of the garments of one long at peace, always could calm the most impetuous emotions of Rose's breast. After a long revery, she took out the dress she was in search of, and, carrying it to her room, arrayed herself. It fitted her lithe form to perfection. The high ruff parted to show her pearly throat; and the open bosom, fringed with rich old lace, became her to perfection. Could Ned Black find any fault with her, in such a costume? With all the strange lack of insight of a young girl, she imputed considerations to her lover which should have made her despise him, instead of seeking to pander to them."

RÜCKERT'S "WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN."*

FREDERICK RÜCKERT, one of the most gifted and accomplished poets of the Fatherland, is probably (in proportion to his genius and wealth of wisdom) the least known or appreciated amongst us of all the sons and fathers of German song. He was first introduced to the American public, in any worthy manner, a generation ago, by the reproduction of a portion of his "Strung Pearls" at the skilful and tasteful hands of Dr. Frothingham; since which time, only scattered gems of his mines have now and then appeared in English setting. His great work, of which the title forms the heading of this article, has been translated into our language by Rev. C. T. Brooks, — to whom we are already indebted for superior translations of Goethe, Jean Paul Richter, Leopold Schefer, Auerbach, and other German authors, — and waits only for the "convenient season" to try its fortunes with American and English readers.

"The Brahmin" is a poem of vast range, expressing in epigrammatic form, in twelve-syllable iambic rhymes, the world-wisdom which the author (who was for some time Professor of Oriental Literature) had been for years storing up in his large heart, and evolving out of his creative soul, enriched and quickened by sympathetic study of the poesy and philosophy of the "Morning-land." But the result is neither translation nor transfusion nor imitation, but a new creation; as if a native singer and seer of the East, reborn under a Western sky, should prophesy and poetize the spirit of a faith worthy to draw together all the true sons of the Highest, — a morality inspired with religion, a religion marrying earth and heaven.

In a series of what may be called "dissolving views" of truth, wisdom, and beauty, our Western Brahmin "glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" and pours out, in apologue, apothegm, parable, and psalm, a sparkling flood of heart-searching and soul-lifting thought and sentiment, such as no other work within our knowledge has ever presented, — ranging from the homely sense of a "Poor Richard" up to the highest sentiment of divine philosophy.

We give a few specimens as a foretaste of the quality, and a hint of the versatility, of the work: —

MEAL OR PEARL?

For sifting meal we use coarse sieves and finer ones;
From each new sieve the grain the finer, cleaner, runs.
The coarsest meal is that which in the first is caught;
And that's the choicest which the last sieve captures not.
Pearls, too, in several sieves, both coarse and fine, men sift;
But *here*, the best is that which in the first is left.
Poorer and poorer still from sieve to sieve they're passed;
Poorest of all are those that linger in the last.
If thou, then, art the *Pearl*, greatest is best of all;
But, if thou art the *Meal*, thou can'st not be too small.

JEST AND EARNEST.

The man who cannot jest is a poor wight at best;
None poorer, — save the man who naught can do *but* jest.
Earnest is weak, that shuns a jest with jealous eyes;
And jest is weaker still, in which no earnest lies.

CONTENTMENT.

What use of a great house? None, be it full or bare;
Who keeps a great house, needs a host of servants there.
A host of servants naught but heavy pay can hold;
And heavy pay requires a private shaft of gold.

A shaft of gold requires much care and toil to save;
A small house only I on earth will therefore crave.
The largest house is close, the smallest amply wide,
If *there* a constant crowd, and *here* content abide.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Among the precious stones, that is the choicest one
Which cuts them all, yet can itself be cut by none.
But best of human hearts is that which would from others
Far sooner bear all wounds itself, than wound a brother's.

THE UNIVERSAL SOUL.

Thou walkest on the earth, Spirit of earth! yet she,
The mother, knows thee not, whose blooming praises thee.
Thou standest upon suns, Sun-Spirit! and yet he,
The sun, perceives thee not, whose beaming praises thee.
Thou wavest in the air, Spirit of air! the free,
Fresh air perceives thee not, whose breathing praises thee.
Thou ridest on the waves, the Spirit of the sea!
The waters know thee not, whose murmuring praises thee.
Thou dwellest in the heart, Spirit of purity!
The heart thy presence owns, and, loving, praises thee.

THE INDWELLING GOD.

Remember that a God within thy frame doth dwell:
From each unholy thing, oh, guard the temple well!
Thou griev'st the indwelling God, when lust usurps the throne;
Still more when, with perverse self-torment, thou dost groan.
God came from heaven to look on Nature through thine eyes:
His breath thy incense be, for holy sacrifice!
'Tis He who sees and feels and thinks and speaks in thee;
Let sight, sense, thought, and speech bright with God's glory be!

* Rückert's "Wisdom of the Brahmin." Translated by Charles T. Brooks, of Newport.

FITZ-EDWARD HALL.

HAVING, by the kindness of Mr. Henry A. Whitney, obtained full particulars of the life of Fitz-Edward Hall, we present them in this article.

No one conversant with recent literature can fail to remember the controversy between Mr. White and Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall, as to points of English Grammar. Of this latter gentleman, Americans, generally, are but

poorly informed. They know him only as Grant White's antagonist, and judge of the contest according to the personal judgment of each. The common belief, that Mr. Hall is an Englishman, is quite erroneous. He was born in Troy, N.Y., and graduated at Harvard University in 1846. His brother Benjamin was an alumnus of the same college, taking his degree in 1851, and is well-known as the author of "College Words and Customs." The elder went to Calcutta, and soon assumed a front rank among the scholars and *literati* of India. He was appointed Professor in the University of Benares; and, later still, Inspector of Schools in the large territory of Saugur: this office he held at the breaking out of the mutiny. During the mutiny he wrote many letters, dated at Saugur, to American friends, giving graphic accounts of the dreadful outbreak. Mr. John R. Lee, of Salem, saw much of him in India, and reported that he had won great popularity and respect while Professor in the University of Benares. One wealthy Englishman, Mr. Eliot, or Elliott, was so charmed by Hall's intellectual endowments that he bestowed on him a vast library, in the collection of which he had spent years of labor and thousands of pounds. This library was afterwards sold in Boston, by Mr. Hall's direction; he having been disappointed in certain plans which he had formed of establishing a school in this country. He was married, Feb. 28, 1854, at Delhi, to the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Shuldham, of the Bengal Native Infantry.

In 1864, he received the appointment of Librarian of the East India Company, in London. This position he lost in consequence of some controversy, with the merits of which we are unacquainted. It is worthy of note, however, that Mr. Charles Norton, Hall's classmate, opined that the latter was quite wrong in the controversy; but his view was generally regarded as *ex parte*. That Mr. Hall's offence was not very grave would seem to be shown by the fact that a pension was given him by the English government.

Mr. Hall revisited his native land in 1859, to regain the health lost in a noisome climate and by assiduous labors. His wife accompanied him, and the two spent the winter at Troy. In April, 1860, they came to Boston, and for a few days were the guests of the courteous and hospitable Henry A. Whitney, now President of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In the same month, Mr. and Mrs. Hall embarked in the steamer "America," for Liverpool, his intention being to make a stay of six months in England; then to proceed to India, to settle the affairs in the office of Inspector of Schools in Saugor; then, after a year, to return to England. During his sojourn in Boston, he was warmly greeted and entertained by many of his loving classmates, — Messrs. H. A. Whitney; Charles F. Thayer; Prof. F. J. Child; William S. Dexter; Charles Eliot Guild; Dr. Charles D. Homans; John Stearns; Daniel Sargent Curtis.

This autobiographical fragment will be read with deep interest by all his friends: —

"In 1862, I was appointed Professor of Hindustanee, and of Hindu Law and Indian Jurisprudence, in King's College, London. In 1864, while retaining the second of these professorships, I exchanged the first for two others, — those of the Sanskrit Language and Literature, and Indian History and Geography. All along, I had also taught the Bengalee and Hindu languages. This work nearly killed me; especially as, in addition to it, in order to make both ends meet, I had to give private lessons, and write voluminously for the press. In April of last year (1864), I was appointed Librarian to the India office; and at Easter, in this year (1865), I resigned all my appointments in King's College. My librarianship is an appointment for life: the salary is £500 per year, and the duties are just what I choose to make them. I choose to make them rather more than nominal, as I have an ambition to render the library both popular and useful. It is free; but it is considered as an especial favor to have access to it. I have a large staff of assistants, and, practically, am subject to no superintendence or control. We have the best collection of Oriental MSS. in the world, and they are about twenty thousand in number. Of books there are upwards of 60,000. I have added fifteen hundred volumes of books and MSS. since April, 1864. I have the State file to draw on; and my accommodations, whether touching money-expenditure, or any thing else, are always sure of being listened to. So you may judge that I am in my element. The library apart, I am working hard at Oriental publications, as usual, and also find time to work a good deal for the press. I send you, with this letter, perhaps a fifth part of what I have written in this way since the beginning of the present year. The stupid heading of my piece on India is the work of the editor. I am now thinking of writing a whole series of papers on 'Words and Uses of Words,' to be collected ultimately into a volume. At the end of last year, I edited an old Scotch poem, with preface, notes, and glossary; and now I am just beginning a companion-volume of larger dimensions, to contain the chief poems of Lindsay, with elucidations, &c. By and by I have engaged to edit, from the Cambridge MS., the best extant, the old Scotch version of the *Æneid*, by Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. Of my Oriental doings and intendings I shall say nothing, as they must have less interest for you. My health, I am sorry to say, is not so good that any but my enemies may rejoice; still I hope, by careful diet and other means, to get brought around by and by. In the matter of the library you have done for me like a brother. Pray aid Ben [his brother] in carrying out my wishes, — by selecting, as a keepsake, some set or sets of really valuable books. Whatever you take you are more than welcome to. I shall feel greatly indebted to you for enabling me to feel that I am not disappointed in my wish to show my sense of obligation to you. Politics I shall not dwell on. Honor to the memory of our classmates who fell in the great struggle for the right! If you ever see 'Trübner's Record,' you will find on page 5 a rather enthusiastic bit by me, entitled, 'War and Letters.' . . . Don't forget, when you see them, to give my regards to Norton, Lane, Child, Guild, Ellis, and Curtis. If all goes well, I am thinking seriously of coming over to America next summer. Once more hoping that you will believe me truly grateful," &c.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Weavers and Weft." By Miss Braddon. Some one says that "to the writing of novels there is no end;" and this seems particularly true of Miss Braddon, who sends them forth in such rapid succession that, before we can read one, another is before us: the mercury in the thermometer of her genius rising from low sensationalism in "Aurora Floyd" and "Lady Audley's Secret," through the mediocrity of "Birds of Prey" and "Charlotte's Inheritance," to the heights of "Hostages to Fortune," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," and a few others, only to sink again to a dead-level in "Weavers and Weft." It is the same old story, — the *blasé* young noble, with his "perfect profile and splendid weary eyes," who has wasted his wealth, though never in low vice (nothing but aristocratic dissipation will do for one of Miss Braddon's heroes); the beautiful young heroine too poor to marry him, and forced to sell herself for gold to a brute who is jealous as Othello, one of whose inamoratas, in a fit of disgust at his desertion of her, steals her rival's child only to restore it in dying. Of course, the cruel husband dies, and the faithful though maltreated wife marries her true love, who has meantime turned over a new leaf and inherited a fortune. "Weavers and Weft" is quite as good as any other story of its kind, and will doubtless find many readers among those who only read to pass the time, and who can enjoy the old regulation dish rehashed, warmed over, and served afresh under a new name. [Harper & Brothers.]

— All who delight in the quaint, simple, dear old style of Addison and Steele will hail with unfeigned pleasure the second volume of "The Select British Essayists" series. The title is, "Sir Roger de Coverley;" and it consists of the papers relating to Sir Roger which were originally published in "The Spectator." Good old Sir Roger may have been only a mythical person, as Mr. Habberton in his Introduction intimates, — a veritable out-spun of Steele's and Addison's own conceits; but so much as this is certain, that he was *fit* to live if he did not: for a more kind and courteous and honest and worthy and thoroughly lovable gentleman England never boasted the name of. The "Spectator" may have made him mortal: it truly has made him immortal. Sir Roger is safely enshrined in the pure diction of two of the peerless writers of English classics. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.]

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1877.

S. R. CROCKER. . . . EDITOR.

*** Our rates for advertising in this paper are *fifteen cents per line* for the second, third, and fourth pages of the cover, and *seventeen cents per line* for the first page.

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The expiration of every subscription is indicated in the printed address on the wrapper.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A great many of the subscribers to the "Literary World" are in arrears for various amounts. The individual sums are small, the payment of which would not inconvenience any body; but the aggregate is a very large amount, which is sorely needed by the proprietor and his family in time of sickness and trouble. It is only fair that all who are receiving the paper, and have not paid for it, should do so, and promptly; remitting the amount to the "Literary World," Box 1183, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Communications for the editorial department should be addressed hereafter to *The Editor of The Literary World;* for the business department, to *The Publishers of the Literary World* (Box 1183), Boston, Mass.

E. H. HAMES & CO.

THE readers of *The Literary World* are greatly indebted to Mr. A. W. STEVENS, of the Printing House of John Wilson & Son, for his able editorial supervision of the February and March numbers, as well also for much original matter in both.

THE continued illness of the proprietor, and its attending uncertainties, necessitate a change in the conduct of *The Literary World;* and the April number will therefore appear under the management of Messrs. EDWARD ABBOTT and EDWARD H. HAMES.

To those who know Mr. Abbott it is quite unnecessary to say that he brings to the office of editor, in addition to large experience, rare capabilities for the performance of its duties. He is thoroughly familiar with the history of *The Literary World,* knows its requirements, and has the will and the ability to carry them out. Under his editorship, the scope of the paper will not be narrowed in the least: it will be kept up to the high standard set for it by its founder, and will continue to minister to the needs of that very large constituency, — the book-loving and the book-buying community.

Mr. Hames, who has been connected with the business office of *The Congregationalist* for more than fifteen years, will, as its business manager, add to *The Literary World* that experience and energy which have always been wanting, and which its overworked editor was unable to supply.

The many and steadfast friends of *The Literary World,* which include a large and widely extended circle of cultivated readers, — and it would be unjust not to make special mention, also, of all the leading publishers in the country, — will thus be glad to know that the paper is on a secure footing, and in the hands of those interested in its welfare, who possess both the desire and the means to extend its influence and add to its perpetuity.

A BUSINESS MAN'S PLEASURES.

"BLACK care mounts behind the horseman," said the wise and witty Roman. The care-full man finds the statement to be true now, as the modern time brings in a new current of affairs, impelled by the same principles which moved the old world.

An accomplished gentleman, who managed large affairs, once told us that he could not ride on horseback alone, because all his business, his correspondence, and petty cares rose up and travelled with him. He experienced renewed activity, but no recreation. If this be true of that most exhilarating of all exercises, it is even more imperative in other pleasures, in other efforts to reach outside of ourselves, and in seeking to take a new hold of our universal mother Nature. Social intercourse is the only sure antidote to care, the only escape from that engrossing network of anxieties which binds every American, if he be a man. But few of us can be social in the only sense worth noting. Not many of us can enter into our fellows. Even if we have the needed gifts, the very duties of life itself keep us apart. The worst result of the pressure bearing on a man of affairs is the mental inertia which the pressure inflicts. He uses the other faculties of his mind so much in the worry of petty business and the arranging of trifles, that he fancies he has been thinking, when in fact he has not thought at all. As well might the treadmill prisoner fancy that he has run an Olympic race, because his poor limbs ache after the day's toil. Business men do not think: if they think overmuch their affairs hardly succeed, as Hamlet pointed out. They observe much, and perceive more; then they seize the happy moment when the perception is passing into reflection, and act. A successful movement in business is an acted thought. If it is thought out too well in advance, the action never comes. These great movements are the pivots of business, like the jewels of a watch. The greater part of our strength and time is exhausted in cog-wheels and gears, in bearing the movement forward to the jewels. Meanwhile the mind, the noble reservoir from which all these powers are drawn, languishes. It needs new force and increased vitality.

Books are the only unfailing resource in this mental state. The sociality of books is always ready, always seeking us, if our mood accords with their serene spirit. The man who reads constantly, frets little over his affairs, however much they may oppress him. Even if he fails to read at times, the companionship of his library wooes him into restfulness. The silent sympathy of the familiar volumes ranged around is better than most of the conversation which the world gives. Now he can think: the mind, loosened from its routine of petty thinking in business, stretches out into new regions, and nourishes itself in new pastures. The men of the past, the authors who have stood the test of generations, enter into him and fill him with their wisdom. Better still, if his mind opens to the fresh volume shining in the clear brightness of its new-cut pages. As Mr. Emerson well says, it is only through our later acquisitions that our thoughts are quickened into activity.

The man of affairs may work; but he cannot live unless he reads, — unless he thinks, and, by thinking, rises above the meaner world which is ever engrossing him, ever drawing him downward beneath its belittling cares.

LITERATURE AND BREADTH.

THE domain of Literature is the only place wherein one can draw a long, deep, pure, free breath. Everywhere else one is bound to think and speak and act in conformity with the prevailing ideas and opinions of the set or company to which he "belongs." If our reverence for things divine and sacred; if our interest in the welfare and integrity of our country; if our deep sympathy with the unfortunate and suffering part of our race, — lead us to ally ourselves with any sect in religion, any party in politics, any movement in reform, then straightway we find that we have to hitch our free spirit to some machine of institution or organization, some private conceit or pet scheme of an imperious leader or manager. Directly we do this, we come upon some intellectual or moral scruple which we cannot silence, without doing violence to our constantly uprising loyalty to truth and duty.

But in literature all this is different. Here our reverence for God, our love of country, our philanthropic sentiment toward mankind, may have free scope and exercise. Here are no sects, no parties, no schools, which can command our thought or action within narrow limits. Here we can look around the whole circle of the world, and take note of, and feel

the liveliest interest in, *all* the intellectual, religious, moral, and secular life of humanity. Here we can think and feel and live with the noblest and best of our race; and here, also, we can approach and enter into the joys and sorrows, the common lot, of all our kind. The far and near, the ancient and modern, the Christian and Pagan, the wise and less wise, here draw near and speak with us, and invite us to become acquainted with experiences which are as universal as life itself. Here our minds and hearts are not narrowed, but broadened; and here our sympathies are challenged, not by a portion, but by all of our fellow-men.

The thoughtful and just man feels lonely everywhere but in literature. He desires relations with his kind, and would not be solitary or cynical, but large-minded and large-hearted. Yet in the ordinary walks, pursuits, and ambitions of men his constant experience is of being thrust back upon himself, repelled by the aims and *animus* of the company he tries to keep. In scrambling and competing crowds men never think their best thoughts, never breathe their noblest aspirations, never perform their highest deeds: it is when they are alone with themselves, alone with God, alone with those sweet, pure, true souls that ever have been set in life and history to shine as the stars with tranquil and unfading lustre, — it is then that they best can listen to and obey those voices which prompt to divinest things, and grow and ripen in the privacy of the heart and spirit.

We plead, then, for the greater and more common study of literature. Let our youth be trained to reading, — to the reading of those books which the best minds and souls have produced, and which stand the test of time. Let those who are forced to live in the midst of secular activities, — in the market, the court, the public place, the scene of labor and strife and competition, — let all such, as they value the right development of intellect, conscience, and heart, cultivate a taste for literature; cultivate the capacity of enjoyment in "breathing the still air of delightful studies." We sincerely believe that we can render no truer service to our countrymen, in these intense and noisy times, than to urge them to the acquirement of literary tastes and habits; to the securing of that "sweetness and light" which are to be found in the calm walks and ways of literature.

TRUE CULTURE.

IN "Kismet," that charming novel, occurs the following: —

"I like cultivated people, but I detest intelligent ones. I can only endure intelligence in the second generation, when it has been softened down into the habit of knowing."

There is a valuable grain of truth in this remark. It will be best seen, however, by considering the words "intelligence" and "cultivated" in the sense in which they are not usually, but should always be, used; that is, in their highest derivative meaning. The one term is limited in its sphere of action; the other has no limit. The one is a condition of the intellect; the other, the result of so living as to best develop each and every part of both mind and body.

Cultivation, or culture, is of slow growth. At the present time the social world is brimful of a desire to think, speak, and live æsthetically. As poets are born, not made, so culture is to a few an inheritance. Where it is not, it can be attained only by self-exertion, steady and earnest. An intelligent person is by no means cultivated; but a cultivated person is always intelligent, — for true culture will restrain its subject from *forcing* what the world calls intelligence upon a companion.

Education, in its highest sense, must produce not only intellectual, but spiritual, *force*. The former is but a splendid harness; the latter, the noble animal: and, when the two are joined for work, success is sure. The tree, though hideous in shape, may yet bring forth fruit; but a like result will be obtained by careful pruning. It is *force* under guidance, then, that forms results. A knowledge of human nature, book-learning, self-control, and tact, all contribute to culture. Many mistake the second for the whole. Mere intelligence is tiresome. True culture is delightful.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JENKINSISM.

IN Taine's "English Literature" (vol. i. p. 127) he gives, as an instance of how the services of writers could be bought and sold in the seventeenth century, the following story of M. Jourdain, which I should call an example of Jenkinsism two hundred years ago, though the name is of more modern date. Indeed, I am wondering if the practice now so common of describing every thing connected with a grand bridal, funeral, or social gathering dates back to M. Jourdain; and if people of to-day gladly accept such services as Jourdain required of the literary men of his day. But to the story: —

"One day M. Jourdain, having turned Mamamouchi, [?] sent for the most illustrious writers of the age, wishing to give them some work to do. 'I have some ideas,' he said, 'that I wish worked out, and to give you an order for a poem in prose. What is prose, you know, is not verse; and what is verse is not prose. As for the subject, let it be myself. You shall describe my flowered dressing-gown which I have put on to receive you in, and this little velvet under-dress which I wear underneath to do my exercise in. You will set down that this chintz costs a louis de-ell, [?] &c. The description, if well worked up, will furnish some very pretty paragraphs, and will enlighten the public as to the cost of things. I desire you should speak of my mirrors, my carpets, and my hangings. My tradesmen will let me have their bills, — don't fail to put them in. I will pay you liberally, — half a louis for a yard of writing.'"

To this M. Taine adds: "We are descendants of M. Jourdain, and this is how we have been talking to writers. They have listened to us, and hence our shoppy, realistic novels."

So much for Jenkinsism over the water, and for the writers — men of talent, as M. Taine says — who have perverted their gifts by listening to wishes of royalty, or writing trash for half-a-louis a yard. And there is enough of Jenkinsism, and enough to pander to the lower tastes in our country; but do our men of acknowledged standing and literary ability stoop, as a general thing, to the trashy work? Fancy Emerson, Curtis, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Howells, and Stedman, with other noted *literati* of the day, assembled together listening to the wishes of some M. Jourdain, who would promise to pay them liberally for the "shoppy" work that he asked them to do! There are men who *do* do it; but it is not *our* country's "illustrious" men who stoop to such writing.

C. H. W.

JOY OR SORROW.

By F. W. BOURDILLON.

SWEETER than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children gleaning ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the Autumn leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is Spring that comes, but brings our love no more.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

— "Song Victories of the Bliss and Sankey Hymns; being a collection of one hundred incidents in regard to the origin and power of the hymns contained in 'Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs.'" The appearance of this little volume, just at this period, is timely, and doubtless will be gladly welcomed by many. It contains an introductory letter by Rev. Dr. G. F. Pentecost of this city, who says: "I am profoundly sure that, among the divinely ordained instrumentalities for the conversion and sanctification of the soul, God has not given a greater, beside the preaching of the gospel, than the singing of 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' I have known a hymn to do God's work in a soul, when every other instrumentality has failed. I could not enumerate the times God has rescued and saved my soul from darkness, discouragement, and weariness by the singing of a hymn, — generally by bringing one to my own heart, and causing me to sing it to myself." And herein, unquestionably, he speaks the experience of thousands. Without the songs which the Church sings, its doctrines would be well nigh impotent to move men; but the tender spirit of some sweet hymn, borne to the ear on the melody of some persuasive voice, has been and is sufficient to attract the attention of the most indifferent listener. All good music is orthodox; and to all hearts susceptible to its power — and what heart is not? — it carries a saving and harmonizing influence. "Song victories" contains also brief biographical

sketches of Messrs. Bliss and Sankey. Mr. Bliss was killed in the fearful Ashtabula railroad disaster which occurred last December. He was then on his way to Chicago, to assist in continuing the "revival work" begun in that city by Moody and Sankey. He was the author of those widely-popular songs, "Hold the Fort," and "Pull for the Shore." These already have been sung from the Occident to the Orient, and are destined to linger long on the lips of Christians the wide world over. [D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.]

— "The Duchess of Rosemary Lane." This novel, by B. L. Farjeon, has extraordinary merits. It is powerfully written, and abounds in striking scenes and thrilling passages. The author delivers himself of many noble sentiments and acute observations upon men, upon human nature, and society in general. It is an English story, and in certain strong points deserves to rank with the popular tales of the best writers of English fiction. One character in this novel — Seth Dumbrick — is worthy to have been drawn by the pen of Dickens. Another, — the son of Arthur Temple, — although introduced at a late stage of the story, is an admirable specimen of a fine, manly young gentleman. And Sally Chester is a "trump." She and Seth are *the* characters of the novel. It is a genuine pleasure which we experience in recommending this strong, healthy-toned book to such as occasionally employ their time in reading fiction. We add a description of Seth Dumbrick:

"He was a character in the neighborhood. A silent, observant man, with no particular vice except those of being a bachelor, and not being partial to women-folk, he worked in his stall from morning to night; and his prices were so reasonable and his work so good, that he was never allowed to be idle. Not a person in Rosemary Lane was on visiting terms with him; and the children, as they passed and repassed, were in the habit of casting longing looks into the dark shadows of his cellar, which had never yet received a guest, and which was popularly supposed to contain rare and precious deposits. The circumstance of his having been seen at various times carrying bottles and jars with living creatures in them [he was a lover of natural history, and had an aquarium] imparted an additional interest to his habitation. He was never seen in a public-house or a place of worship. There was once a story current of his having been visited by a minister of the church, who was concerned about Seth Dumbrick's soul. The story ran that the minister used very strong persuasion to induce Seth to come to church, and that Seth flatly refused, and justified his refusal. Thereupon they became entangled in tough argument, — the one standing outside in the street, flushed and excited, the other sitting calmly on his stool, hammering away at a shoe as the knotty points were discussed; and it was understood that Seth Dumbrick had not the worst of the argument. . . . Every thing in Seth Dumbrick's face was on a grand scale; there was not a mean feature in it. His lips were full and powerful; his nose was large and of a good shape; his great gray eyes had in them a light and depth which were not easily fathomed: and but for his forehead, which hung over his eyebrows like a precipice, he would have been a good-looking man. But this forehead was of so monstrous a bulk that it engrossed the attention of the observer; and, except to those with keen and penetrating insight, destroyed all harmony of feature in the face of the man."

Here is one of his acute observations: "We're like fiddles, Sally; and Nature's the fiddler, and plays on us. There aren't many strings in us, young un; but Lord! the number o' tunes that Nature plays on us! And we go through life dancing to 'em, or hobbling to 'em, as the case may be. We haven't much to do with the music ourselves, Sally. It comes, and makes us pleased or makes us sorry; and we laugh or cry from instinct. There's people that say we're accountable for what we do: I hold a different opinion. We're not accountable, in the main, for what happens; and we're guided, in the main, by what happens. There it is, — all the philosophy of life in a nutshell. As for what takes place when Nature's played her last tune on us, — that's beyond you and me, Sally." [Harper & Brothers.]

— "Madcap Violet. By Willliam Black." The general effect which this story leaves upon the mind of the reader, we think, must invariably be one of disappointment. Why was the book written? To this question the book itself fails to furnish us a satisfactory answer. The style and tone are unexceptionable; there are in it some very good descriptions of natural scenery; not a few excellent sentiments and fine ideas are presented to the reader in the course of its pages: but in all these we find neither the occasion for nor the explanation of the *story*. The two principal characters are Violet and Drummond; both are really interesting when we first make their acquaintance, but neither sustains that interest to the end. Before we have finished with them, one dies, and the other goes mad. It is but fair to give one or two excerpts, in order to let our readers *taste* the book for themselves. Here is a description of Mr. Drummond: —

"A man of genius he undoubtedly was, though he had never done any thing to show to the world, nor was likely to do any thing. He was incurably indolent; that is to say, his brain was on the hop-skip-and-jump from morning till night, performing all manner of intellectual feats for his own private amusement, — but as for any settled work or settled habits, he would have nothing of either. He was a very unworldly person, careless of the ordinary aims of life around him; but he had elaborated a vast amount of theories to justify his indolence. . . . He had no more notion of time than a butterfly; he was scarcely ever known to catch the train for which he set out: but then, what ill temper on the part of a companion could withstand the perfectly happy fashion in which he would proceed to show that a railway station was an excellent place for reflection? . . . He had a sort of profession; that is to say, he wrote articles for this or that learned review. But he was far too capricious and uncertain to be entrusted with any sustained and continuous work; and, indeed, with any incidental work, he frequently vexed the soul of the most indulgent of editors. . . . There was no jealousy in Drummond's nature over the success of more practical men, — no grudging, no detraction, no spite. The fire of his life burned too keenly and joyously to have any smoke about it."

Here is a glimpse of the portrait of Violet: "There was no self-consciousness of any sort about the girl. She had a thoroughly pagan delight in the present moment. The past was nothing to her; she had no fear of the future: life was enjoyable enough from hour to hour, and she enjoyed it accordingly. She never paused to think how handsome she was, for she was tolerably indifferent as to what other people thought of her. She was well satisfied with herself, and well satisfied with the world, — especially when there was plenty of fun going about. Her fine health gave her fine spirits; her bold, careless, self-satisfied nature took no heed of criticism or reproof, and caused her to laugh at the ordinary troubles of girl-life. . . . When she met any man or woman, she looked him or her straight in the face; then probably turned her eyes away indifferently, to regard the flight of a rook, or the first blush of rose-color on a red hawthorn." [Harper & Brothers.]

— "The Frau Domina, — from the German of Claire von Glümer." Claire von Glümer is a maiden lady of noble family living in Dresden. She is at present devoting herself to the translation of Russian novels into German. It is an open secret, we believe, that Miss Emma Ware is the translator of the volume before us; and it is probably not too much to say that we owe the book to her sympathetic appreciation, rather than to any commanding influence of the author's name. The book is beautifully translated; it reads as if it had been first conceived in English, and yet has the true German flavor.

The lovely home novels of Frederika Bremer seem wholly out of fashion. Whenever a vicious episode thrust itself into one of these, it did not seem wholly improbable and out of place: it was part of a rude condition of society, or fostered by the influences of a secluded life which shut in a burning heart. Why is it that German novels almost invariably introduce us into society we should gladly avoid in real life? Charming as the novels of the Baroness Tauthphoens are, we have often wondered whether it be a good thing for the young girls of our middle classes to dawdle over the adventures of Hildegarde and Crescenz in the cloisters, and suppose them possible in respectable families. If this be true, how much more doubtful is the influence of novels in which flirtations between married people, adulteries, and desertions form the staple of interest, and the writer evidently takes sides with the "higher law" of passion! The book before us ushers us into painful scenes; but the sympathies of the author and the heroine are on the right side, nor is the guilt itself of a hazy description. And the usual clearness of the story does not lie in the fact that the heroine instinctively repulses the man who has entrapped her into an illegal marriage with him from the moment he is discovered, but in a certain resolute dealing with herself, which does not allow her to look back, does not permit her to break the heraldic seal which closes the letters annually sent her, nor even to look from a distance on the face of the man she loves, until death has taken his epileptic wife to itself. Then, perhaps, she might have forgiven him, — for she hastens to receive him, — but God does not. The excitement is too much for her wasted frame, and her gray-haired lover is glad to fall soon after on the field of battle. The heroine is not deceived, in spite of her love. She is glad to die, for she knows that the sin of her lover has taken the fragrance out of any possible life. To be perfect, a work of art must be complete in itself, and tell its own story in any part of the civilized world. This our "Frau Domina" cannot be said to do (a preface, however, might remedy this defect). It's flavor is local; it begins and ends with an episode which has no real relation to the thread of the story, — which the highest art would never have permitted. The Frau is herself so superb a figure, that she should have been allowed to fill the canvas. Morever, American readers

will hardly understand how it is that the Frau, in her first bitter grief, retires to an asylum where she seems as truly to "take the veil" as did ever any Catholic recluse; and yet her vows are not eternal: marriage or fortune may at any time take her by the hand and lead her away! [Lockwood, Brooks, & Co.]

— "Michael Strogoff" is the latest of Jules Verne's remarkable and, in some respects, fascinating stories. In the invention of improbable, if not impossible, circumstances, and the accumulation of vivid and sensational events, M. Verne is almost peerless among modern writers of stories. The book before us is a dazzling combination of fact and fiction, of the likely and the unlikely, and lures the reader on with a species of enchantment all its own. The thread of the story is as follows: The Emir of Tartary invades the Siberian possessions of Russia, and besieges Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. The Czar's brother is shut up in the beleagured city, and, unless help is afforded him, must be overcome; his own life taken, and a formidable opposition to the emperor's authority be established. The telegraphic and every ordinary communication between Moscow and Irkutsk is broken. It is necessary therefore to send a special courier from the Czar to the Grand Duke, to convey information of the measures taken by the former to relieve the latter. Michael Strogoff is the man chosen by the Czar for this hazardous enterprise. He belongs to the corps of imperial couriers, and possesses "a frame of iron and a heart of gold." The emperor gives him a letter, which Michael swears to deliver to the Grand Duke in person. The distance between Moscow and Irkutsk is five thousand two hundred versts, and nearly the whole distance is beset with fearful perils. The courier encounters and overcomes all these, with almost superhuman courage and constancy. On the way he falls in with, and protects and is protected by, a young and beautiful girl, — Nadia Fedor, — who is bent on reaching her father, an exile in Siberia, and sharing his lot. Michael arrives in Irkutsk just in time to prevent the consummation of a diabolical plot, by one Ivan Ogareff, a Russian rebel and traitor, to betray the city and Grand Duke into the hands of the Tartars. The whole narrative of the courier's journey is full of the most thrilling and bewildering adventures. It is told with great dramatic power; and much interesting description is given of the country, its scenery and people, the peculiarities of the climate and the inhabitants. A storm in the Ural mountains is very finely described. The adventures of two newspaper correspondents, as well as their *sui generis* characteristics, are amusingly told. One is a Frenchman, the other an Englishman; and both are on the track of the contending fortunes of war, to "report" every thing for their respective journals. Of course, in the end Michael and Nadia are married. By the way, the proof-reading and typographical execution of this book are badly done. [Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York.]

— "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," by James Martineau. The author of this volume is one of the most accomplished scholars and eloquent writers among English divines, and in both these respects has long stood at the head of the Unitarian denomination in England. He is fully informed of all the latest results of historical criticism and scientific investigation, and yet stands fast in the integrity of a substantial Christian faith. He is broad without being "unsettled;" he is rational without being "sceptical." "Every larger comprehension of the universe," he remarks, "only invests the principles of that religion [Christian] with sublime truth; and every added refinement of conscience the more attests their spiritual worth." This volume is very neatly printed by John Wilson & Son, and contains some of the finest thoughts of the venerable and gifted author. [Roberts Brothers, Boston.]

— "The Sun-Maid: A Romance." By the author of "Artiste," &c. This is number four hundred and seventy-four of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is a very pleasant story, and exceedingly well written; the style being clear, vigorous, and eloquent. The scene is mostly laid in Spain, but introduces Spanish, English, French, and Russian characters. The hero is an English nobleman; the heroine, the daughter of a Russian poet, who was made an exile because of a published poem on liberty. Both are very noble characters. Indeed, the whole tone of the book is far superior to most of the love-stories which are popular, and its perusal leaves a sweet and beautiful impression upon the reader. The following extract exhibits the easy-flowing style of the author: —

"In that sunny corner where the waves of the Bay of Biscay wash over a sandy barrier and mingle with the waters of the Bidassoa stream, they tell the ancient story that a favored mortal won from the gods permission to ask three blessings for Spain. He asked that her daughters might be beautiful, that her sons might be brave, and that her government might be good. The first two requests were granted, — the beauty of a Spanish woman is of world-wide renown; and if the men are rash, passionate, and revengeful, at least they are brave. But the last request was refused. 'Impossible!' was the answer, 'impossible! Already she is an earthly paradise, and were this last blessing hers, the very gods themselves would desert Elysium, and go down to dwell in Spain.' If a wandering mythological god, with the tastes which a Sybarite might impute to him, were to come down to seek the Eden of Spain, he would journey far, — cross the passes of the Sierra Morena; linger awhile on the genial slopes between the snowy hills and the rushing waters that surround Cordova; wander on to Seville, the centre of soft Andalusia; and there, among the orange groves, inhaling the scented atmosphere, listening to the silvery murmur of the fountains, strolling in the brilliant Calle de la Sierpe, lounging through an evening in the glittering Alcazar, yielding to the soft influence of the scene and its surroundings, he might indeed exclaim that the ancient Eden of the poets was surely the Andalusia of Spain." [Harper & Brothers, New York.]

— "From Dreams to Waking," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, although belonging to the "Library of Select Novels," does not seem to us to be so *select* as it might be. It is not badly written; and yet it is not a pleasant story to read, because it treats almost exclusively of faithless love and treacherous friendship. The most conspicuous male character is a heartless flirt and contemptible mountebank, whose exploits in love-making and heart-breaking were scarcely worth recording. The heroine, it is to be admitted, is a graceful and lovely character; although it is hard to forgive her for being so slow to see through the shallow and flippant sentimentalist who cruelly toys with her affections. She rouses at last, however, from her delusion; and, being deceived both by her lover and her friend, rises to the height of her true womanly nature, and behaves splendidly toward both. We give one or two extracts from the book: "Venitia lived in a world of her own, — which was by no means the world of ordinary human habitation, — where she saw beauty that did not exist; virtue that her own mind only created; love, greatness, nobleness, where were not even the shadows of divine things; where she made gods out of the clouds in the sky, and gave her worship to mist-wreaths that faded away as she looked. . . . For, among the needs of her young soul, that of enthusiasm about some person or thing was the most imperative." Ernest says something to Venitia, which will not commend him to "strong-minded" champions of Woman's Rights: "We do not want our snow-drops, our sweet May-buds, our violets, to be like flaunting poppies, like gaudy tulips, like bold, self-evident peonies. And there are dreadful creatures who are scientific, logical reasoners, — God help them and us! but nowhere have I met with so much exquisite sensibility, such a true artist soul, such a lovely poet's heart." [Harper & Brothers.]

— "Goethe's West-Easterly Divan. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by John Weiss." This is a winsome little book; full of beauty, wisdom, wit, — sparkling, clear, and sweet. There are many little gems of verse in it; and there is just enough of the element of the occult throughout to make it fascinating. The book is a blending of the Orient and the Occident, — West-Easterly. Goethe suffused his mind with Eastern thought, especially the poetic, and then breathed it out through forms created by his own genius. The work of translation, as we happen to know, was done *con amore*. So far as it is possible for one to put himself into the mood and spirit of another, Mr. Weiss has done so by Goethe, and has passed the great poet's thought and sentiment over to us with their own bloom and fragrance. The introduction, which is an essay of twenty-six pages, is a fine preparation of the reader's mind for what follows. Therein we are told how Goethe came to write the "Divan." It was done while Europe was ablaze with the wars of Napoleon. At first, Goethe joined the allied armies with his friend, the Duke Carl August, of Weimar; but he soon found himself in dissonance, not only with the camp, but with the current political tone of Germany. Besides, he had a profound though secret admiration for Napoleon, and divined that his revolutionary imperialism was even a sublimer thing than the selfish ambitions of the allied sovereigns. He fled from the sounds of war, therefore, and buried himself in a studious retreat; where he studied science and, above all, Oriental languages, religions, and literatures. On the very day of the Battle of Waterloo, he fell in with a copy of the poems of the Persian Hafis, and was greatly impressed by them. They proved the spark that fired his own genius into a new and wonderful outburst of poesy. "The 'West-Easterly Divan' created an epoch in Germany," says Mr. Weiss. "The younger poets ran into Oriental studies; the scholars suspected that whole centuries of human development had lapsed into neglect. New journals appeared, which were devoted to the fresh investigation; the prosecution of researches into the religion and literature of Eastern countries suddenly threw off its *dilettante* languor, and blossomed into a zeal which is now bearing the fairest fruits."

We should like to give many extracts, but have room for only two: —

"Knowledge in the market cries,
And the eager passer buys.
Homeward come and leave the roar,
Would you learn love's building-lore.

"Art thou running far and near
Much to know and much to hear? —
Listen at another gate
For the wit of older date.
Would'st thou have the Right in thee? —
Feel in God what's right to be:
Spirits lighted at love's skies
Will the dear God recognize."

And this: —

"What shortens time for me?
Activity!
What lengthens every tense?
Indolence!
What plunges in arrears?
Waiting and fears!
Whence profits spring?
Short wavering!
What brings desert?
Yourself assert!"

[Roberts Brothers.]

— "Anne Warwick. By Georgiana M. Craik." Georgiana M. Craik, whose books are always readable if not always worth reading, is sometimes mistaken for D. M. Craik, our old friend Miss Muloch. Anne Warwick is one of the modern school of heroines, who snub everybody, and who in real life are considered simply pert. She is a beauty who never shrinks from sunshine; rather courting the glare, as we are several times told. She has a cousin Lucy, — rich, but pale and plain, — who envies Anne her beauty and her lover, Fred Hilton, the scented coxcomb of the book; whom Anne fancies she cares for, but gives up, to marry a dying man (not daring to refuse his last earthly wish), only to have him recover. At first, she is indignant, and beats against her prison bars; but finally, when her husband plays indifference and leaves her, she discovers that she adores him. He returns, and every one is made happy, — even Lucy, who gets her Frederic after all. [Harper & Brothers.]

— "Storm Driven. By Mary Healy." This is the second of Lippincott & Co.'s "Star Series," and a very pleasant addition it proves. Miss Healy has improved since she wrote "Lakeville" and "A Summer's Romance." "Storm Driven" is a book which any one may enjoy; although it may not be strikingly new or original, the story is certainly agreeably told. We are interested in Mrs. Cox, who has "been at various European courts, and conscientiously studied the attitudes and gestures of the different sovereigns, just as an actress studies the minutiæ of her part, and had really not lost her time. She so thought about herself, so studied herself, — her own nature, her weak points and her strong points; she so worshipped herself, respected herself, turned and adapted all things in life to her personal advancement and pleasure, — that she had no time to direct her intelligence elsewhere. She did not care to read, unless in some novel she found a case analogous to her own; and even then she soon turned from the heroine to her eternal self-contemplation." She is consistent to the bitter end, when she becomes "La Signora Principessa della Caster Rocca," and changes her poor three-lettered name for a fine-sounding one. Lil, John Bruce, and Leigh Ward are all good types of the men and women of our world; and Issy, with her lofty enthusiasm for art, scorn of fashion, and short-cropped hair, is not the least delightful acquaintance we make. The pictures of Parisian life are good; but why should Mrs. Cox's human menagerie always be spelled in the French style, with an accent (ménagerie), just because she happens to visit France? And why, too, does the hero, not only in this but in every novel we ever read, invariably appear in the very nick of time to rescue the lucky heroine as she utters one faint scream for help? We really wish some one would write a book, where real life is copied, and the lady comes to grief without this trap-door, hey-presto-change-appear transformation. [Lippincott & Co.]

"Majolica and Fayence: Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispanomoresque, and Persian. By Arthur Beckwith. With photo-engraved illustrations." The great interest shown in Ceramics at the present time makes this book especially interesting. In it will be found an account of Majolica and Fayence, the localities and distinguishing characteristics of their various manufactures, the subjects represented on many pieces, and a description of examples chosen for illustration, chiefly from the collection of Signor Castellani, who permitted the author to sketch without restriction the objects in his beautiful collection, to many of which an artistic and historical interest is attached. The book treats also of the use of Majolica, development in Italy and Persia, hints for painting on pottery, modern Fayence at the Exhibition of 1876, and has fifty-one illustrations. [D. Appleton & Co.]

— "The Poetical Works of John Keats, chronologically arranged and edited, with a Memoir by Lord Houghton." In the Protestant Cemetery, at Rome, lie the mortal remains of two of England's youngest poets, — John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Their lives were brief and pathetic, but contained much of sweetness and of beauty. They were friends in life, and in death sleep side by side. This present volume of Keats's poems alone contains all his works. The chronological arrangement, and the incidental insertion of some worthless pieces, are for the purpose, as the editor says, of presenting a faithful, self-drawn literary picture of a short and sad poetic life. But for this, we certainly should lament that several of the poems, here presented, might not have been allowed to pass untreasured. In his earlier pieces, which fill the first seventy-six pages of this volume, while here and there are some lines of real merit, there are many that are harsh and unpleasing; and, on the whole, we should be glad to excuse all of them. Such lines as these, in his poem to Charles Cowden Clarke, —

"Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter," —

make one think of the rhymed epistles which one school-boy sometimes sends to another. And these, which appear in another poem, —

"But when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine," —

the occurrence of the "greedy shark" makes the reader shiver with a sense of the unpoetic. But passing all these, and coming to "Endymion," next in order, and reading, —

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet
breathing," —

we are completely reassured, and give ourselves up to be led by a true and gentle poet. It is upon "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion," and a few other pieces, that the poetic fame of Keats really rests; and upon these it will bloom perennially. By the way, it is interesting to have the fact stated — or restated, — that the first preface which Keats wrote to "Endymion" was suppressed, through the intervention of his friend Reynolds, on account of its unfitness; giving rise to a second, which the editor of this volume happily pronounces to be "one of the most beautiful 'Introductions' in the range of our literature." [Roberts Brothers.]

— "Fourteen weeks in Zoölogy" is one of Mr. J. Dorman Steele's series of scientific text-books, and to any one interested in such subjects is an enticing book to take up. It is prepared upon the same plan of the other members of the series; the principal features being brevity, directness of statement, such a presentation of the subject as will lead the pupil to love the study, frequent foot-notes, a gradual introduction of scientific terms and language, &c. The pages are profusely illustrated, and are made still more interesting by a copious sprinkling of biography, telling "how animals act, think, and are mutually related." [A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.]

— "The Childhood of the English Nation," by Ella S. Armitage, is a very useful and valuable little book. The author is quite modest in her pretensions for it. "The aim of this little book," she says, "is to awaken an interest in the study of English history in those who have never felt its charm." She acknowledges her indebtedness to larger and abler works, and hopes that her own will lead to the study of those. But she has herself done a real service, for which we doubt not many will thank her. Those who have felt the "charm" of which she speaks will not fail to read her tracings of "the beginnings of English history" with interest and profit. She evidently has gone over the ground carefully, and with no little skill and perspicacity has brought out in order the initial and salient facts of English history down to the twelfth century. She presents fine portraitures of King Alfred and Henry II., and gives a good account of the relation of Christianity, on its moral and practical side, to English civilization. She also sketches admirably the mutual attitude of the Church and Free Thought, of Authority and Reason, in the twelfth century. She states fairly, if briefly, on pages 221 and 222, the great intellectual indebtedness of Christian European nations to Mohammedan, Arabic, and Jewish culture in that century. We heartily recommend this book, not only to beginners in English historical studies, but also to such as would like, in a very pleasant way, to refresh their memories of the history of these early periods of our great Motherland. A new and vital interest in historical studies, we trust, is dawning for the youth of our time; and all such books as this will greatly contribute to its promotion. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.]

— "The Heritage of Langdale," by Mrs. Alexander, has taken a new departure; gone back a hundred and sixty years, to the days of the Jacobites, for her story, and made a mistake in so doing, for the book is neither worthy of the author of the "Wooin' o' It," nor of the Leisure-Hour Series, which has given us so many pleasant hours. It is dull and antiquated; anachronisms have crept in, for the many-buttoned gloves so often mentioned had no existence then, their place being filled by gloves made whole, to pull on over the arm,

such as our modern belles are wearing now; nor do we think that the dashing blades of that day would have talked about a girl's having a great deal of "go" in her. At the present day, a marriage in England must be celebrated before 12 o'clock, noon; and we think the same rule held good in the days of King William: how, then, could Mrs. Alexander's heroine have made her famous match, upon which the whole plot turns, at 3 in the afternoon? And is it not somewhat odd to find Nurse Dorothy and Mr. D'Arcy, after using most correct English and pure Parisian, suddenly declaring themselves Irish, and bursting into a violent brogue, a thing not generally so easily dropped? We must confess to a keen sense of disappointment, and a shrewd suspicion that this is no new work, but rather an early effort, which Mrs. Alexander would fain have suppressed. [Henry Holt, New York.]

— All who are interested in researches into Africa, and the character and customs of its people, — as all certainly must be who have read the fascinating books on that subject, written by Dr. Livingston and Sir Samuel Baker, — will find Col. Long's "Central Africa: Naked Truths about Naked People," well worth reading. Col. Long was for several years an officer in the Egyptian army, and having made two expeditions to Central Africa, — one to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the other to the Makraka Niam-Niam country, — he was influenced, as he says, "by the judgment of kind, and, perhaps, too indulgent friends," to prepare for publication this book, "with the view alone of faithfully recounting the stirring incidents of my different expeditions; of promulgating correct views respecting the country, the nature and customs of the negro, and of paying an appropriate tribute to the character of the enlightened sovereign under whose auspices the work of Central African regeneration is being carried forward." That "enlightened sovereign" is Ismaïl Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, who, Col. Long says, has "crowned the splendors of his reign by the triumphant solution of the problem of the sources of the Nile." It is an alluring pleasure to follow Col. Long in his wanderings through that wonderful land, and see with his eyes and hear with his ears the sights and sounds that transpired in the course of his expeditions. The book has occasional illustrations of some handsome places, but not very handsome people. [Harper & Brothers.]

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The Atlantic. — "Rodman the Keeper" is the first paper in this number. Rodman is an ex-colonel of the Union army, and is keeper of one of the national cemeteries in the South. The story is a very pathetic one; and no one ought to be able to read it without feeling his heart empty itself of all bitterness engendered by the war, and fill full of a true, tender sentiment toward all who fought conscientiously on *both* sides. — "H. H." has a dainty bit of verse entitled "Apart." — J. H. A. Bonn writes of "Old English Guilds and Trades Unions," which will prove very interesting to all who have aught in common with the social guilds and unions of our day. For these ancient societies are the true parents of our modern ones, possessing as they did nearly all the features that belong to those extant in our time. They are peculiarly of English origin, and date back at least a hundred years before the reign of the great King Alfred. One feature of these ancient societies, we think, does not characterize most of our modern ones; namely, the recognition by their laws of the perfect equality of the sexes. Out of five hundred of these old guilds making return in obedience to the Parliament of 1388, only about five fail to show the membership of women on equal terms with men. "The original principle of the craft-guild was a community of interest between *all* members of the craft, whether employer or employed. The struggle between capital and labor had not then begun; because few of the craft-masters were capitalists, the greater number working with their journeymen and apprentices. In time the masters grew rich, a gap appeared between them and their hired workmen, which gradually widened; and at last the journeymen and apprentices were shut out from membership of the craft-guilds, and formed organizations of their own. — Professor Longfellow furnishes "A Rosary of Sonnets," five in number; of which the one entitled "Nature" seems to us the best: —

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more, —

So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

— Henry James, Jr., is nearly finishing his "American," having now got as far to it as the twenty-second chapter. — That is an excellent article on "Newspaper Literary Criticism," by E. S. Nadal. We wish we could copy it entire; but we hope it will be read widely by both writers and readers of books; and it will be especially useful to those whose office it is to criticise them. "A book-review should aim to represent the book truthfully to the public," — a truism, but how important its repetition! "The critic should say less rather than more than he means," — that is, one of his cardinal virtues, if not his prime one, should be *sincerity*. "The critic is a literary educator; his main business is to stimulate the minds of people, to conduct a live conversation with the public concerning the books they are reading," — which signifies that the critic should remember that he is the friend of the public, not the flatterer of the author, or the purveyor of the publisher. — Mr. Howells carries farther on his comedy "Out of the Question;" Mrs. Kemble adds the twentieth chapter of her "Old Woman's Gossip," and Mr. E. P. Whipple writes wisely of Dickens's "Hard Times." Mr. Whipple does not think highly of Dickens's capacity to deal with scientific questions, particularly with the principles of Political Economy. "Dickens's mind was so deficient in the power of generalization, so inapt to recognize the operation of inexorable law, that whatever offended his instinctive benevolent sentiments he was inclined to assail as untrue."

Harper's. — The first article, "Contemporary Art in France," by S. G. W. Benjamin, contains some very good things, though we believe some of its adverse judgments on the French people and French character to be altogether too sweeping. "Art is a result rather than a cause, a form of utterance, a means for giving expression to certain individual or national impulses; only thus can we best explain the reason for the wide divergences between the art of different ages and races." "Artists do not create public opinion, as a rule, but are created by it." What the writer calls the immorality of French art he ascribes to the immorality of the French people. "They are satisfied with the physical body, and do not strive to express the soul it contains. They paint a landscape with technical perfection and almost absolute truth; but the thought that landscape suggests to the sensitive, sympathetic, imaginative observer, they are content to ignore." Among the art schools of Paris, "some are simply life-schools, where both sexes study from the nude at the same time." "An eye for color and for brilliant effects is a prominent characteristic of the race; the subjective, the unseen, the future, — these have little hold on the French mind. The Frenchman lives in the objective, the present, the visible; he deals with the concrete, and not the abstract." But the writer justly adds that "it is quite possible to have a very high order of technical art without regard to its moral character;" and in technical excellence of art he believes the French to stand very high. No people probably ever had the art-instinct more generally diffused than the French, he says. "By a species of prophetic instinct, the French seem to have felt for long that the art-talent is the peculiar gift of their race, and have therefore fostered the growth of art by organizations far-seeing in their bearing." They have a Minister of Fine Arts, appointed as much a matter of course as a Minister of Foreign Affairs. There is an annual budget allowed for art purposes; and the appropriation for art purposes, in 1876, was seven millions and a half of francs. The article is profusely illustrated with portraits of eminent French artists, and copies of their works. — An interesting historical account is given by Herbert Tuttle of the "Prussian Wends and their Home," — the "Wends" being the remnant of a Sclavonic people once numerous, warlike, and powerful; and their "Home" being the region where they sought a refuge centuries ago from the conquering arms of the Germans. — J. D. Champlin furnishes an illustrated article on "Litchfield Hill," Conn., where Judge Tapping Reeve established a once famous Law School. "During the half century of the school's existence more than one thousand students were graduated. There might have been seen Calhoun, of S. C.; Woodbury, of N. H.; Seymour, of Vt.; Clayton, of Del.; Mason, of Va.; Morton and Metcalf, of Mass.; and many another whose name has become a part of the country's history." Litchfield, in its day, boasted of some proud names indeed. Of the heads of families resident there at one time, "seventeen were graduates of college, seven were captains in the Continental army, and four became general officers, four members of Congress, two Chief Justices, and two Governors of the State." — An instructive article is that by S. S. Conant on the "Distribution of Animals by Swimming." So is that by Dr. J. W. Draper on "The Age of the Earth as determined by the Law of the Radiation of Heat." Dr. A. L. Green tells us of "A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands," and H. W. Hilliard writes in a vein of somewhat florid enthusiasm of "Webster and the Constitution." C. P. Cranch furnishes a most lovely poem on "Love's Voyage." It is always pleasant to stand before the "Editor's Easy Chair," and listen to his cultured talk, hear his Literary and Historical "Record," and be allowed to have peeps into his "Drawer."

THE GALAXY. — There is nothing of general, and little of special, interest in the first article in this number, "The English Peerage;" and, in the light of the literary make-up of the magazine, we cannot understand why this article should have been accorded the precedence of all others. If the writer — Grenville Murray — only proposed to exhibit the imbecility and profligacy which have generally characterized the line of the English peerage, the success attending his endeavor certainly merits approbation. But who is interested to discover at such length all the uninteresting qualities of a class of our fellowmen? Besides, as long ago as when Thomas Jefferson was our Minister to France, Americans were assured, upon the high authority of his own observation and experience, that, with one or two exceptions, there was not then a sovereign or potentate in all Europe who was fit to be a vestryman in Virginia; and, if royalty was so poor a thing in his time, there is no reason for supposing that either it or "nobility" has grown to be a better since, inasmuch as there exists even less excuse for them now than might have been found then. The enormous egotism and vanity which have ever fed the life-blood of the peerage are well illustrated in the famous lines of Lord John Manners, —

> "Let arts and learning, laws and commerce, die,
> But keep us still our old nobility"!

When we know that there was so much unwholesomeness within, we can easily believe that there may have been not a little without; and so we accept with no astonishment the statement that the eleventh Duke of Norfolk "was remarkable for a dislike of clean linen, which his friends were grieved to see him carry to excess." "Did your Grace ever try a clean shirt?" Dr. John Abernethy is said to have asked the Duke, who had consulted the celebrated surgeon about some disease with which "his Grace" was afflicted. And this little anecdote prepares us furthermore to believe that the origin of this same "noble" family of Howard is rightly supposed to be, "that the word *Howard* is neither more nor less than a euphonious form of *Hogward*; and that the premier Duke and hereditary Earl Marshal of England might ultimately trace his descent to a swine-herd, if he were disposed so to do." The peerage as a class, however, have been in far worse business, on the whole, than swineherding; their business has been — to use an expressive Americanism — to "sit on the coat-tail of progress," or, in other words, to act as a drag on true English civilization. They always have been "privileged" persons; that is, privileged to eat and wear and spend what others sweat and toiled and suffered to earn. The army, the navy, the church, the diplomatic service, — and, indeed, every station in which large pay was received and no real service given, — have been full of them; and to this day England has groaned with carrying the burden of her "nobility," who have been every thing but noble. — The really note-worthy papers in this number are Mr. Coan's "Wordsworth's Corrections," and Mr. Hickox's "Shall Punishment Punish?" Speaking of the corrections which poets administer to the later editions of their writings, Mr. Coan says: "Take Tennyson's, for instance; . . . they spring, I think, from a narrower range of motive than Wordsworth's; they are directed more exclusively toward the object of artistic finish; they commonly show the poet busied in casting perfume upon the lily. . . . But Wordsworth's corrections do not merely illustrate the effort to reach artistic finish, though very many of them are made with that intent: they have a relation to his theories, tastes, creeds; to his temperament and training; to his manner of receiving friendly or hostile criticism. . . . Tasso's *variæ lectiones* are numerous, but they were mostly made to conciliate his critics; Milton's are of great interest, but they are comparatively few in number, and Gray's are fewer still; Pope's are numerous, but not often interesting." Mr. Coan thinks that Wordsworth "bettered his text three times out of four when he changed it." The change in the poem "We are Seven," he thinks was not for the better. Originally it began, —

> "A simple child, dear brother Jim,
> That lightly draws its breath,
> And feels its life in every limb, —
> What should it know of death?"

"It is now sixty years since 'dear brother Jim' was dismissed from his place in these lines, — dismissed, perhaps, with the less compunction because the stanza was written by another hand (Coleridge's) as an introduction to the rest of the poem. But I think the lines were better as the young poets first sent them forth." Illustrative of Wordsworth's "closet description" of natural phenomena which he had failed sufficiently to observe, we have these lines from "Influences of Natural Objects," &c.: —

> "Not seldom from the uproar I retired
> Into a silent bay, — or sportively
> Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng
> *To cut across the image of a star*
> *That gleamed upon the ice.*"

Wordsworth subsequently discovered that his description was false; "for he made a compromise in the later editions, with the optical law of incidence and reflection," thus: —

> "Leaving the tumultuous throng
> To cut across the reflex of a star
> That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
> Upon the glassy plain."

In "The Brothers" he first wrote "the broad *green* wave and sparkling foam;" but afterwards he found that "the deep sea was really blue and not green," and then corrected the line to read "the broad *blue* wave." We think that most casual observers would have made the same mistake. Wordsworth received an unusual amount of severe criticism in his day from some of the best critics, — notably Landor and Jeffrey. By much of Landor's criticism the poet freely profited, making numerous changes on suggestions given him by that not always gentle though generally just critic. Jeffrey was more violent but less heeded. He attacked these lines in the "Ode to Duty," —

> "Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
> And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

Jeffrey said that this was utterly without meaning; "at least we have no sort of conception in what sense Duty can be said to keep old skies *fresh*, and the stars from wrong." Jeffrey also denounced the "Intimations of Immortality," when that ode first appeared, as "illegible and unintelligible." Mr. Coan accounts for this by saying that Jeffrey could not understand "transcendentalism," of which many of Wordsworth's poems are so full. Jeffrey demanded logic, and Wordsworth gave him only beauty. Lamb always was Wordsworth's kindest critic, and often bestowed on him solace when others afflicted him. — Mr. Hickox's "Shall Punishment Punish" is a short article, but quite pungent and startling. He thinks that the punishment which the law ordinarily administers does *not* punish; and he advocates the infliction of *physical* pain as not only the most effectual punishment which can be administered to criminals, but on the whole as also the most humane. He champions the whipping-post, and thinks it one of the best missionaries in the field for reclaiming hardened sinners. Is Mr. Hickox a father of boys? If he is, the youngsters have our hearty commiseration. Perhaps, however, their sufferings are all over; even before this, they may have been transformed into "good boys" by the cat-o'-nine-tails. Let philanthropists read Mr. Hickox, however, ere they frown on him. — We copy the last three stanzas of Sidney Lanier's fine poem "To Beethoven": —

> "O psalmist of the weak, the strong,
> O Troubadour of love and strife,
> Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
> Sole Hymner of the whole of life! —
>
> "I know not how, I care not why,
> Thy music brings this broil at ease,
> And melts my passion's mortal cry
> In satisfying symphonies.
>
> "Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
> Fits Life to Love like rhyme to rhyme,
> And tunes the task each day begins
> By the last trumpet-note of Time."

SCRIBNER'S. — On the 11th October, 1876, The New York Aquarium was opened to the public; and in the first article in this magazine Mr. W. S. Ward gives us a long and illustrated description of it, which will be read with interest by all specialists in the aquarium line. — Dr. Holland gives his readers chapters eight, nine, and ten of "Nicholas Minturn," and they very materially increases the interest of the story. — "Farmer Bassett's Romance" is finished in this number; but the second part is not so pleasing as the first was, although well written, and containing some fine touches. — A sweet little bit of verse is this, by "H. H.," entitled "March": —

> "Month which the warring ancients strangely styled
> The month of war, — as if in their fierce ways
> Were any month of peace! — in thy rough days
> I find no war in Nature, though the wild
> Winds clash and clang, and broken boughs are piled
> At feet of writhing trees. The violets raise
> Their heads without affright or look of maze,
> And sleep through all the din, as sleeps a child.
> And he who watches well will well discern
> Sweet expectation in each living thing.
> Like pregnant mother the sweet earth doth yearn,
> In secret joy makes ready for the spring;
> And hidden, sacred, in her breast doth bear
> Annunciation lilies for the year."

— A paper is contributed by S. D. Alexander, giving a history of Princeton College, which is handsomely illustrated. "Of the many colleges that now exist in the United States, but four had their origin previous to 1750, — Harvard, founded in 1636; William and Mary, in 1693; Yale, in 1701; and the College of New Jersey, now more generally known as Princeton College, in 1746." — "The Youth of Gilbert Stuart," by his daughter, is an interesting biographical sketch of that artist. "An Exposition of Life Insurance" reminds us that there are some Life Insurance Companies that sadly need exposing. A curious paper is the one on "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks." Gen. McClellan gives his third and concluding paper on "A Winter on the Nile." The article on "An Asiatic Invasion" disposes of three points in regard to the Chinese question: first, the Chinese who come to this country do not come as *coolies*, but as free emigrants; second, they do not come, and are not likely to come, in such numbers as to endanger the interests of native labor; third, they do *not* demoralize our American society.

ST. NICHOLAS is as bright and chirrupy and jolly as ever. The young ones are treated to just as much wisdom and wit in their magazine as the old ones are in theirs; only it is given to them in their own juvenile tongue. Here is a scrap for every youthful Micawber to ponder: —

"Luck doth wait, standing idly at the gate, —
Wishing, wishing, all the day;
And at night, without a fire, without a light,
And before an empty tray,
Doth sadly say:
'To-morrow something may turn up;
To-night on wishes I must sup.'

"Labor goes, plowing deep the fertile rows, —
Singing, singing, all the day;
And at night, before the fire, beside the light,
And with a well-filled tray,
Doth gladly say:
'To-morrow I'll turn something up;
To-night on wages earned I sup.'"

LITERARY NEWS.

— In the February number of the *Literary World* we gave a brief notice of the latest new American poem, entitled "The Sons of Godwin," by William Leighton, Jr. We now take pleasure in making the following extracts from an article contributed to the *Daily Advertiser*, of this city, by Thomas Gaffield, Esq., wherein our readers will find some interesting personal information concerning the brilliant and promising poet. Mr. Gaffield says: —

"In pursuing my favorite study of 'glass and glass-making,' to which I was led by my business as a glass-dealer and manufacturer, I have had occasion to meet some men of very interesting character, whose achievements have shown that the pursuits of literature are not incompatible with the cares and duties, not only of professional life, but of mercantile, mechanical, and manufacturing occupations. At the Centennial Exhibition I met such a man in the person of William Leighton, Jr.; a member of the firm of Hobbs, Brockunier, & Co., of Wheeling, W. V., who had one of the finest displays of American crystal glassware in the Main Building: but only on one previous occasion had I ever enjoyed the pleasure of a personal interview. Our conversation was almost entirely on our special topic of the various manufactures of glass, as illustrated in the great Exhibition. You may imagine my surprise, a few days before Christmas, in receiving from my friend a copy of the book named at the head of this article. I immediately wrote him an epistle of surprise and congratulation, using my Yankee privilege of asking him a few questions as to the origin of his work, his choice of subject, and when he commenced to use the poetic pen. I told him that I should as soon have expected to receive a treatise on glass-making from Lowell or Longfellow, as a poem or tragedy from him. I congratulated him that he could wield the pen in prose and poetry as well as the punty and blow-pipe. I suggested that perhaps the fires of the furnace without had kindled and kept alive the poetic flame within him.

"Mr. Leighton, who has reached the middle age of life, was born in East Cambridge, graduated as a Bachelor of Science at the Lawrence Scientific School, and a few years ago became an active partner in the firm named above. He is a man whose merit is equalled by his modesty, and who does well whatever he undertakes, whether in the field of business, of science, or of literature. He wrote a most excellent article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, of January, 1876, on Prince Rupert's Drops, in which he exposed some of the many errors which have appeared in published works on glass-making. It was one of the best essays ever written on this subject, and this opinion is seconded by a most competent authority in Europe."

The following is a portion of a letter addressed to Mr. Gaffield by Mr. Leighton, and explains the origin of his book, and its singular contemporaneousness with Tennyson's "Harold": —

"Although entirely unknown to the world hitherto as a poet, I have always been an ardent admirer of poetry and of the drama, and have cast many a wistful glance up to the blue summit of the Parnassian mountain; but have never really contemplated an attempt to scale its difficult ascent. I have always admired the romantic interest that surrounds King Harold, and long ago — twenty years or more — contemplated a heroic poem on the subject. This book, which seems to you to come so strangely from me, was written and finished more than a year ago, my purpose in writing it being simply literary exercise and amusement, and with no intent to publish. Those of my friends to whom I read the manuscript expressed so much commendation of it, and urged me so strongly to present it to the public, that at length, in doubt and misgiving, I have done it. Now, when it is just out, I learn that Messrs. Osgood & Co., of your city, are publishing a historical drama from the pen of the great Tennyson, upon the same subject, and entitled 'Harold.' So I suppose my little light will be snuffed out before any one has had time to notice that it had been lighted. I am very much afraid my book will be overshadowed completely by the work of the great English laureate, and I should not have published it had I known what was coming from him. But the thing is done, and I must face the music. What little criticism I have yet seen has not been very unfavorable, and some of it more flattering than I dared expect."

— Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is at work on a story, which is to take up the woman question; and is said, by those who have seen parts of it, to be her best book.

— Celia Thaxter is writing a novel, based on her own life, which has been a very romantic one. She was brought up on one of the Isles of Shoals, seeing no one but her own family; and married one of the first men who came to the island for shooting and fishing.

— The children of George MacDonald are giving dramatic representations at the town-hall, Bournemouth, England. Their repertory includes charades, proverbs, and juvenile plays. The brothers and sisters form numerous *corps dramatique*, there being eleven of them, — girls and boys in alternate order; each girl having the sole charge of the brother next in age, and being in fact his little mother. We have seen a photograph of the eleven, one head rising above another like a flight of steps.

— We find the following anecdote related of John Quincy Adams: "When a boy," says Mr. Adams, "I attempted ten times to read Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' I was mortified, even to the shedding of tears, that I could not conceive what it was that my father and mother so much admired in that book. I smoked tobacco and read Milton at the same time, and from the same motive, — to find out what was the recondite charm in them that gave my father so much pleasure. After making myself sick four or five times with smoking, I mastered that accomplishment; but I did not master Milton. I was nearly thirty years of age when I first read 'Paradise Lost' with delight and astonishment."

— In an examination paper returned to the teacher of one of our Boston Grammar Schools it was written: "An adverb is a word that mortifies a verb."

— A youngster of one of our Boston Primary Schools was playing about at home in the presence of his father, one day not long since, when the parent heard him oft carolling thus: —

"Angie two times, nigger on a pond,
Angie two times, nigger on a pond."

Surprised and somewhat displeased at the inelegant nature of the musical snatch, the father inquired how the child came by it. "Oh, that's what the teacher makes us say at school," he replied. The next day the father paid a visit to that school, and respectfully asked the lady instructor if the curriculum of her department included the above doggerel. She was puzzled for a moment to understand him, or to reply. At last the whole thing came out with a flash of intelligence. "Angle, — two lines meeting at a point." This geometrical definition, taught to the children, was the simple original of the child's translation, —

"Angie two times, nigger on a pond."

— Jean Ingelow, in a friendly letter, says: "I was much interested in 'Is That All?' It is written very gracefully; and, though not so powerful as 'Mercy Philbrick's Choice,' is quite as original. I liked the midnight-skating scene; there is something so strongly un-English in such a climate and such fashions, the one, in fact, producing the other." It is gratifying to know that Miss Ingelow has resumed her labors of authorship, after a long interruption, occasioned by the sickness and death of her mother.

— Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, in continuation of his "Nile Journal," is preparing for the press his notes of travel in Syria, with the title of "Syrian Sunshine." It will shortly appear in "The Town and Country Series."

— Colton — an eccentric but often wise writer — says: "If a book really wants the patronage of a great name, it is a bad book; and if it be a good book, it wants it not."

— We learn that Roberts Brothers are to be the publishers, in this country, of the long-expected volume which will contain a brief Autobiography of Barry Cornwall (B. W. Procter), followed by a biographical notice and some unpublished poems and personal sketches of his literary contemporaries. The editors are Mrs. Procter and Coventry Patmore. All lovers of the poet, and of the friends he loved, — Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, Landor, and others, — will anticipate rich things from this forthcoming biography.

— G. P. Putnam's Sons will soon publish a new edition of "Essays on Political Economy," by Frederick Bastiat; the translation of which has been revised by David A. Wells, who also has added Notes and an Introduction.

— Bayard Taylor's "Boys of Other Countries" has been reprinted in England and Germany.

— Perhaps the readers of the *Literary World* will be glad to have us recall to their memory, just now, Dickens's sketch of Walter Savage Landor, in the character of Boythorn in "Bleak House," — to which reference is this month made in the article on "Landor and Browning," in our department of "Current Literature." Mr. Jarndyce, in chapter nine of "Bleak House," remarks of Mr. Boythorn, whom he expects as a visitor, —

"But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, that I speak of. His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre from what he says, — and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. You must not be surprised to see him take me under his protection; for he has never forgotten I was a low boy at school, and that our friendship began in his knocking two of my head-tyrant's teeth out (he says six) before breakfast." Boythorn arrives; and "Talking thus, they went upstairs, and presently we heard him [Boythorn] in his bedroom, thundering 'Ha, ha, ha!' and again, 'Ha, ha, ha!' until the flattest echo in the neighborhood seemed to catch the contagion, and to laugh as enjoyingly as he did, or as we did when we heard him laugh. We all conceived a prepossession in his favor; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. But we were hardly prepared to have it so confirmed by his appearance, when Mr. Jarndyce presented him. He was not only a very handsome old gentleman, — upright and stalwart as he had been described to us, with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist, — but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite; his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was, incapable of any thing on a limited scale, and firing away with those blank great guns because he carried no small arms whatever, that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure, as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a bloodhound and gave out that tremendous 'Ha, ha, ha!'"

— The "Publishers' Weekly" laments "the degrading fact, to-day, that the Homer and Shakspeare, the Dante and Milton, the Tennyson and Longfellow, the Spencer and Mill, the Emerson and Carlyle, the Macaulay, Froude, and Motley, the Bulwer, Thackeray, and George Eliot, have little more meaning in many stores than the labels of such and such bindings, for sale at such and such shops for snch and such prices, with such and all sorts of discounts." Does not the *Weekly* draw it most too *strongly?* We hope so, at least.

— Rev. O. B. Frothingham — the distinguished rationalistic preacher of New York, and the author of several scholarly and eloquent works — has written a new book, entitled "The Cradle of the Christ: A Story in Primitive Christianity;" which is not a collection of sermons, but a work of critical and historical analysis, to which some years of preparation have been given. The Putnams will publish it directly.

— "The American Library Journal" for November — which is very late in appearing, owing to the delay and labor of putting into proper shape the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Conference of Librarians — is a most interesting number. It contains the papers read before the Conference, and a full report of its discussions. Many topics were treated of in the Conference, about which every book-lover and book-owner will delight to read and be informed.

— Mr. Justin Winsor, of the Boston Public Library, gives it as the result of his experience that morocco is the best material for binding books, and calf the worst. He has found gas to be very injurious to leather bindings, the whole upper range of books in Bates Hall having suffered from this cause.

— Rev. Samuel Johnson has in press his second volume on "Oriental Religions." Vol. I. treated of India and its religions. Vol. II. will treat of China and its religions. By the way, we are struck with the singular omission of any mention of Mr. Johnson's work on "India" from the enumeration of the literature of "Oriental Philosophy" in the January "Bulletin" of the Boston Public Library. How to account for this omission we are puzzled. Works are mentioned in that department which are of no more, if of so much, value as Mr. Johnson's. This gentleman has devoted the best portion of the study of twenty years to the subject of Oriental Religions; and there is no scholar in America, probably, who better understands the *philosophy* of those religions than he. His first volume, we happen to know, is in the Public Library of this city, and is highly prized by all who aspire to be well informed upon the theme of which it so ably treats. Sometime since we were told, by a missionary to India, that nearly one hundred copies of Mr. Johnson's book had been sold in Calcutta.

FEBRUARY PUBLICATIONS.

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Current Literature.

THE MAKERS OF FLORENCE.*

In the introduction to her volume Mrs. Oliphant modestly disclaims the intention of giving any consecutive history of Florentine wars and politics, save so far as is inevitable while tracing the influence upon the city's growth of the master minds who in different ways labored best for its advancement. In those past days, however, all art, literature and religion were so mingled and interfused with the fierce strifes of party and family, that there is no disentangling them, and even such "short swallow flights of biography" as those to which the author limits herself, must of necessity include much of the greater story of that most storied of cities. The reader catches the movement of the times in glimpses, as it were, as Giotto may have caught it between the hammer strokes, or Brunelleschi, or the Angelical Brother looking up from his work with perplexed saintly eyes, and anon reverting to it, and forgetting strife and tumult in the joy of pure form and color and raptures of inward vision.

Mrs. Oliphant divides her subject-matter into three principal groups: the first including Dante and his contemporaries; the second the grand fraternity of cathedral builders, Arnolpho, Giotto, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi and Donatello; the third Savonarola and his Monks of San Marco, and the changes wrought under their influence. Three supplementary chapters treat of a sage and peaceful citizen, Sir Agnolo Pandolfini; of the "Piagnone" painters who survived Savonarola and executed their pictures, so to speak, to his memory; and of Michael Angelo. These divisions, it will be seen, cover the two most critical and interesting centuries of Florentine affairs, and the author's wisely limited plan gives opportunity for much of that character-painting and personal anecdote which is the point and accent of history. Of this opportunity she avails herself with grace and skill, and with a relish and enjoyment which lend additional effect to the quaint records amid which she has successfully burrowed.

Conspicuous in quaintness is the history of Sir Agnolo, known as "The Peacemaker." This pacific title, like most worthy things, was only won at the cost of struggle and contest. Having done the city good service on various critical occasions, and filled important civic posts — being three times Gonfaloniere, and again and again a member of the Signory, his shrewdness and temperance of mind saved him from the ruin which befell many of his associates, and the last years of his long life (he lived to be eighty-six) were passed in retirement in a villa at Signa, where he maintained patriarchal state, and wrote his treatise for the edification of sons and grandsons. In this treatise he deals with divers matters, economy, usefulness, the correct rule of living, the soul, religion, the relation of men to the world and of women to men. On this latter topic he is particularly clear and animated:

"The mind of the man is more robust, more firm, more constant to support opposition of enemies and of accident than that of the woman, therefore it ill becomes him to give his attention to foolish housewifish cares which are beneath his notice. He who does not hate these little female affairs, shows that it would not annoy him to be called a woman. . . . It is the duty of the father of a family not only to do all things worthy of a man, but to fly from every female art and thing."

And later:

"I always kept my writings, not in the sleeves of my dress, but in a case, locked up and lodged in a good place in my study, into which place I never gave my wife permission to enter, neither with me nor by herself, and besides *I recommended to her, if ever she found anything written by me, to quickly bring it back to me.*"

His reason for this recommendation he gives in another place:

"Because women who search too much into things which belong to men, cannot do so without raising a suspicion that they have men too much in their minds."

Thereon he loses his temper and bursts into "frank vituperation:"

"Those husbands enrage me who take counsel with their wives, and cannot keep any secret in their own bosoms. Fools, who esteem the female mind! Madmen, who believe their wives will be more silent in their affairs than themselves are! Not that I did not know my wife to be loving and discreet, but always it seemed to me safer that she should not be able to harm me if she would!"

We commend this charming book alike to those who know Florence and to those who do not.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.*

The plan of this long-awaited work is as original as its form is imposing, its history peculiar and its contents entertaining. Its external history is a topic in itself. Miss Martineau wrote the autobiographic portion as many as twenty years ago. Indeed, it was then printed, as we understand, and the sheets were safely stored until the death of the author should release them to their public use. For many years the present publishers have had the contract to bring the work out in this country when the proper time should come, this contract being one of Mr. James T. Fields's trophies fetched home from England. Before laying aside her pen Miss Martineau had commissioned her near friend, Mrs. Chapman, whose name will be recognized in connection with the early period of the anti-slavery reform, to supplement the Autobiography with such sketches as she might choose to provide, and for this purpose placed in her hands "the whole immense mass of journals, memoranda, letters, papers and manuscript studies of her whole life."

Such a work could only so have grown out of the distinctest sort of autobiographic purpose. To that, indeed, Miss Martineau frankly confesses in her introduction, dated at Ambleside, March, 1855. One cannot read that without receiving, at once, a marked impression of the author's personality; a sort of audacious personality, suggestive of a correct and proper egotism. This, indeed, is the distinct flavor of this Autobiography; it is the assertion of a woman of strong intellectuality and great personal force, to the place in the public mind which she knows and feels belongs to her; which *does* belong to her; which most are agreed that she shall occupy. We do not think egotism is generally offensive except when it overtops its foundations. The men and women of the world who *command* our respect and honor, we are content to have *demand* it; and we pay it at their bidding without charging them in return for thinking of themselves more highly than they ought to think. The honesty and frankness and fullness of Miss Martineau's self-presentation captures our attention not only, but to some extent our regard, and we follow her through her pages with an interest which warms into esteem, often rises into admiration, and, in spite of some provocations to the contrary, settles at last into an affectionate reverence which must abide.

The six periods into which she divides her life, and to which the main divisions of her work conform, are as follows: I., to eight years old; II., from that age to seventeen; III., from that to the age of thirty, this period witnessing the first steps of her very remarkable literary career; IV., the seven years next following, into which were crowded a great variety of experiences — toils with her pen, the dawn of fame and popularity, a growth of acquaintance and relations with the distinguished men and women of her time, a visit to the United States, and a journey to the Continent of Europe; V., from the age of thirty-seven years to that of forty-three, which period covered her enfeebled residence at Tynemouth and her recovery through mesmeric offices; and VI., and last, the years which bring her life along past her settlement at Ambleside, as a neighbor of Wordsworth, and her tour in the East, and include the ripened and mellowed feelings with which she looked back upon her eventful and eminent career; the time when she

* The Makers of Florence. Dante, Giotto, Savonarola and their City. By Mrs. Oliphant. Macmillan & Co.

* Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, edited by Maria Weston Chapman; and Memorials of Harriet Martineau, by Maria Weston Chapman. Two Volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

could write as the last words of this public record:

"The world as it is is growing somewhat dim before my eyes; but the world as it is to be looks brighter every day."

Of these successive periods, the first, the third, and the fourth have interested us most deeply. Miss Martineau's was certainly a precocious childhood. The reach of her memory is something remarkable. Impressions of trivial events which occurred almost in her very infancy remained vividly with her to her latest years. Her religious impressions were early and marked. So were her literary tastes. Almost before she could join letters, as she tells us, she folded sheets of paper into a little square book, and wrote therein certain "beloved maxims" which she was fond of gathering, and, in her child-language, repeating, such as "Never ky for tyfles," "Dooty fust, and pleasure afterwards," etc. This, she thinks, must have been her "first attempt at book-making." Her church-going began when very young, and at the age of seven she thinks she became practically religious with all her strength. Her first political interest was the death of Nelson, and one of the first passions to be awakened in her heart was the love of money. She had rules, however, for the expenditure of her allowance, and seems to have managed her finances with discretion. Time certainly was money with her, judging from the industry of her childhood. As her life-long infirmity, deafness, began to appear, she was driven more and more to the indulgence of her purely intellectual tastes:

"My beloved hour of the day was when the cloth was drawn, and I stole away from the dessert, and read Shakespeare by firelight in winter in the drawing-room. My mother was kind enough to allow this breach of good family manners; and again, at a subsequent time, when I took to newspaper reading very heartily. I have often thanked her for this forbearance since. I was conscious of my bad manners in keeping the newspaper on my chair all dinner-time, and stealing away with it as soon as grace was said; and of sticking to my Shakespeare, happen what might, till the tea was poured out; but I could not forego those indulgences, and I went on to enjoy them uneasily."

The entrance into literary life of many most successful authors has been attended with prolonged struggles and many disappointments, and the case of Miss Martineau was no exception to this common experience. The narrative of her early ventures with the pen, of the price of toil and patience she paid for her subsequent successes, of the rebuffs she met with, is full of encouragement to young writers, and gives to the third period of her Autobiography a romantic interest. Among other incidents of this time was her triumphant competition for three prizes, offered by the Central Unitarian Association, for as many essays expository of Unitarianism to Roman Catholics, Jews and Mohammedans respectively. Her account of this feat is entertaining in the extreme. We should be glad to make many extracts from the pages covering her literary labors, but must be content with a single paragraph picturing her methods of labor:

"As for my hours,—it has always been my practice to devote my best strength to my work; and the morning hours have therefore been sacred to it, from the beginning. I really do not know what it is to take anything but the pen in hand, the first thing after breakfast, except, of course, in travelling. I never pass a day without writing; and the writing is always done in the morning. There have been times when I have been obliged to "work double tides," and therefore to work at night; but it has never been a practice; and I have seldom written anything more serious than letters by candlelight. In London, I boiled my coffee at seven or half-past, and went to work immediately till two, when it was necessary to be at liberty for visitors till four o'clock. It was impossible for me to make calls. I had an immense acquaintance, no carriage, and no time: and I therefore remained at home always from two till four, to receive all who came; and I called on nobody. I knew that I should be quizzed or blamed for giving myself airs; but I could not help that. I had engaged before I came to London to write a number of my Series every month for two years; and I could not have fulfilled my engagement and made morning visits too. Sydney Smith was one of the quizzers. He thought I might have managed the thing better, by 'sending round an inferior authoress in a carriage to drop the cards.'

"When my last visitor departed, I ran out for an hour's walk, returning in time to dress and read the newspaper, before the carriage came,—somebody's carriage being always sent,—to take me out to dinner. An evening visit or two closed the day's engagements. I tried my best to get home by twelve or half-past, in order to answer the notes I was sure to find on my table, or to get a little reading before going to rest between one and two. A very refreshing kind of visit was (and it happened pretty often) when I walked to the country, or semi-country house of an intimate friend, and slept there,—returning before breakfast, or in time to sit down to my morning's work. After my mother and aunt joined me in London, I refused Sunday visiting altogether, and devoted that evening to my old ladies. So much for the times of working."

The third section of the fourth period, which covers Miss Martineau's visit to the United States in 1834–5, is certain to be read with very close attention by all Americans who remember the excitement which attended her presence in this country, and it can hardly escape some criticism, if it does not indeed provoke sharp replies. Miss Martineau was then but thirty-two years of age, but her fame had preceded her, and her earnest and undisguised anti-slavery sentiments made it inevitable that feeling should run high while she was amongst us. Strange, indeed, is the sound of some experiences which she relates as belonging to her visit. "Can it be possible that less than fifty years ago things existed as she describes them?" This will be the exclamation of many of her younger readers, and older ones will be struck with the contrast which the past and present are here made to afford. Miss Martineau is very explicit as to the correctness of all her statements at this point, as if anticipating that some rejoinders might be attempted. We shall be curious to see whether controversy will arise over her version of any facts. There are other witnesses of these events who are still alive. An instance of the tenor of her narrative is as follows, the reference being to the then all-engrossing subject of slavery:

"The other eminent scholars and thinkers of the country revealed themselves no less clearly,—the literary men of Boston and Cambridge sneering at the controversy as 'low' and disagreeable, and troubling to their repose, and Edward Everett, the man of letters *par excellence*, burning incense to the South, and insulting the abolitionists while they were few and weak, endeavoring to propitiate them as they grew strong, and finally breaking down in irretrievable disgrace under a pressure to which he had exposed himself by ambition, but which he had neither courage nor conscience to abide. I early saw in him the completest illustration I met with of the influences of republican life upon a man of powers without principle, and of knowledge without wisdom. He was still worshiped through vanity, when I knew him, though his true deserts were well enough understood in private: he had plenty of opportunity to retrieve his political character afterwards: he obtained in England, when ambassador, abundance of the admiration which he sacrificed so much to win; and then at last, when the hour arrived which must test his quality, he sank, and must abide for the rest of his life in a slough of contempt from which there is no rescue."

This is severe language, and we do not think Miss Martineau was justified in using it. Nor do we think she wrote wisely and well in what she has to say a little further on [pp. 384–386] of N. P. Willis; a passage which, with a number of others of like quality, Mrs. Chapman, in her capacity of editor, and out of simple regard to Miss Martineau's memory, probably would have suppressed had circumstances permitted it.

If Miss Martineau may be said to have foreordained her Autobiography, it may be said with equal truth that Mrs. Chapman was predestinated to be her biographer. For such a service to the memory of her friend Mrs. Chapman was well fitted by long and intimate acquaintance, as well as by sympathetic taste. The Memorials which she has prepared out of the abundant materials placed in her hands are in the nature of a commentary upon the Autobiography. They strengthen some points, correct some impressions, supply a good many new particulars, and add shadings to outlines sketched by Miss Martineau. They are grouped under the following heads: Infancy, Youth, Womanhood, Fame, Foreign Life—Western, Consequences of Foreign Life—Without, Consequences of Foreign Life—Within, Consequences to Life Passive, Foreign Life—Eastern, Home, Philosophy, the Life Sorrow, Work, Fresh Foreign Intercourse, Conversations, Waiting for Death, Self-Estimate and Other, Survivorship. This grouping is somewhat arbitrary, and not all of the titles are as simple as they should be, but the indications are sufficient of the character of these supplementary pages. Excellent use is made of Miss Martineau's diaries and correspondence. The extracts from her journals are of special interest, and the fuller treatment

which her American tour here receives will be relished afresh. How much of observation she could pack away into a few lines of record, may be seen from this passage from her note-book of travel:

"*January 14*, [*1834*].—Mr. S. C. Phillips took me to the Senate Chamber, where Sir C. Vaughan welcomed me heartily. A beautiful room and forty-eight fine heads. Webster conspicuous. He and Clay spoke. It was the French Question,—against the President's recommendation of reprisals. Webster's voice beautiful. More to my ear than Clay's. My head ached vehemently, and so we went home. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun and Colonel and Mrs. Preston called, and were most affectionate. Mr. Sprague;—model of an American legislator. Thinks Calhoun not practical, though theoretically complete. Afternoon, calls,—calls,—calls. Evening, Mr. Palfrey, Judge Story, and Mr. Everett. The rest went to a great party which we declined, and Mr. Everett remained. We talked on Furness, Dewey, Channing; on the Senate, on English reviewing, on Mr. Gallatin, on Jackson, on prisons. Mr. Phillips tells me that Massachusetts hopes to get Edward Everett to be either Governor of Massachusetts or Senator with Webster."

No part of these Memorials has given greater pleasure to us than the descriptions of Miss Martineau's home at Ambleside—the convenient cottage of dark gray stone; the delicious landscape in view from its porch, lighted up with just "a gleam of Windermere;" the charming rooms within, enriched by many gifts of many friends; in particular the library, with its several thousand volumes; and, enveloping all, the atmosphere of Wordsworth's near presence and friendship. This picture, charmingly sketched, is one of the brightest and best of all.

And now, much as we have said of these two volumes, we find we have said but little on some of their more important points, such as Miss Martineau's singular religious experience, her outgrowing of Unitarianism at the outset, and final resting in a philosophy so cold that it brought her stern rebuke from her warmest friends, and the name of "atheist" from the world; her marvelous literary industry, and its many and valued fruits; her lofty motives and philanthropic aims; the distinguished aid she gave to the political and moral reforms of her time; her scientific speculations and experiments, with the curious results upon herself; the personal disappointments and sorrows which colored her whole experience; at all these topics we have barely hinted. They are wise among our readers who will hasten from our introduction to the volumes themselves.

Is it of the work, or of the personage who figures in it, that our final judgment is to be given? Neither is perfect, not the one as a book any more than the other as a character. The book might have been amended; the character, we trust, is that already. Were Miss Martineau still with us, we should have some things to say about both her and this record of her, which, now that she has gone from us, we think are best left unsaid. In a true sense she was a great and good and useful woman; and her weaknesses and errors we would gladly forget in the thought of her genius, her personal virtues, and her honorable service to man and womankind. The volumes which she has left as her memorial have corresponding weaknesses and errors; but these, too, we would overlook as we profit by their valuable information of the past, and are entertained by their succession of historic incident and anecdote. Certainly no recent additions to the shelf of popular biographic literature surpass these in interesting qualities of a purely intellectual character.

One word is due to the illustrations, which comprise two portraits on steel, showing Miss Martineau at the age of thirty-one and forty-eight; steel engravings of the house at Norwich, in which she was born, and of Tynemouth, as seen from her sick-room window; and two views, engraved on wood, of "The Knoll," as she called her cottage home at Ambleside. These engravings were prepared under Miss Martineau's own supervision, and add a pleasant feature to the volumes.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.*

THIS book will be found to sustain its author's reputation, won by her delightful New Zealand Chronicles, of being one of the most agreeable letter-writers of her generation. Lady Barker has that happy knack of seeming to address herself confidentially to a single friend which makes the wider public feel personally privileged at being admitted to the conference; while at the same time she is never betrayed by this easy frankness into any revelation not to the point or entertaining. Like almost all really intelligent English women she is a capital traveler, facing the discomforts of pioneer life and a new country with cheerful pluck, and carrying with her wherever she goes the refinement and taste of a lady, and a kindly helpfulness which seems peculiarly her own. A keen observer, with a strong desire to learn, to verify facts and to form just views, she has also much humor and a genuine love of nature, which combine to make her estimate of places and people as instructive as they are amusing; and we can hardly imagine a book more likely to be useful to any one visiting Natal, or proposing to settle there, than this unpretending volume.

The first two letters are devoted to Cape Town, the coasting voyage from there to D'Urban, and the journey thence to the author's ultimate destination, Maritzburg, a town fifty miles in the interior among the hill-ranges. The rest treat of the usual incidents of colonial life, excursions into the mountains, etc. Housekeeping on a small income seems no sinecure in Natal. Roads are bad and supplies uncertain. Milk, butter and vegetables are scarce and dear; the climate, which the geographies style "the best in the world," is liable to extreme and sudden changes from heat to cold, and *vice versa*. Lady Barker describes herself as oppressed by the weight of a muslin scarf at noon, and before sunset of the same day as shivering in a seal-skin jacket! The thunder storms are fearful, and deaths by lightning occur frequently; snakes, mosquitoes and "ticks" abound; and the kafir servants, who figure so drolly in the book, must be a daily trial to their mistresses. On the other hand there is pure air, no malaria, a varied and beautiful flora, fine scenery, and in the course of the year many of those ultra-perfect days which seem to blend the best qualities of the tropic and the temperate zones. These are compensations, and as for such ills as are inevitable to life in a new colony, Lady Barker bears them with resignation tempered by fun, and if she grumbles, does it so delightfully as to enhance the good humored charm of her pages.

*Life in South Africa. By Lady Barker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

F. W. ROBERTSON ON GENESIS.*

WE have received this volume in sheets, and have read it with great avidity, and with a renewed and increased sense of the wonderful freshness and suggestiveness of Mr. Robertson and of his spiritual fertility. The preface by his son, Charles Boyd Robertson, is dated London, Nov., 1876. We wish it gave more precise information as to what these "Notes" are. We are not told whether they are in the shape left by Mr. Robertson, or whether they are made up of the original notes, with additions from the memoranda or the memory of some of his hearers. The Lectures on Corinthians, previously published, are compilations from short-hand notes taken by different people, carefully collated with Mr. Robertson's manuscript notes. The Lectures on Corinthians are more full than these on Genesis. There is a density and compactness and simplicity of expression in this present volume which incline us to think we have here more of the *ipsissima verba* of the great preacher.

The Notes are fragmentary in a double sense. There are gaps in the exposition; sometimes single chapters are omitted, and sometimes eight or ten chapters are skipped at a leap. There are corresponding gaps in the Sundays; now for two, now for eight, and again for ten Sundays there are no "Notes." Some of these missing links would be of great interest. Notably, for instance, we should like exceedingly the views of Mr. Robertson on Noah, the Flood, and the

* Notes on Genesis. By the late Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., of Brighton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dispersion of Babel, on all of which we know from other sources that he lectured. While these Notes cover the whole book of Genesis, from chapter one to chapter fifty inclusive, about twenty chapters scattered here and there are not touched upon.

We are thankful, and we believe the literary and religious world will be thankful, for even these crumbs from Robertson's table. Soon after he entered upon his ministry at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, he began courses of expository lectures Sunday afternoons. The First and Second Books of Samuel and the Acts of the Apostles preceded his lectures on Genesis. These last extended from Feb. 17, 1850, to May 18, 1851. They were followed by the Lectures on Corinthians, which covered the two following years, and were his last work. We thus have in these Notes on Genesis some of his maturest thoughts.

The author of Genesis Robertson believes to be Moses, and that he "was inspired by God to make this account." He does not try to make Moses' writings agree with the present state of science and knowledge:

"Moses had not a scientific message to deliver; but the marvel is this, that there is not one spiritual fact that can be overturned. The cosmogony of the Phœnicians was atheistical; so was that of the Egyptians; in North America the Indians have a cosmogony not atheistical, but simply ludicrous. Now comes the question, how it is that out of all these cosmogonies one only is found that stands the test of great scientific principles? Science declares that the God of the universe is a God of order, that there has been gradation in the growth of the world, that there is unity at the root of variety. Moses declares so also, in the simple, child-like language of those days before science had existed."

The unity of the human race he considers to be plainly taught, and that "science now compels us to pronounce" in favor of it.

The Sabbath he regards as based on an "eternal necessity:"

"On this perpetual necessity of a Sabbath, our observance of the Sabbath must be founded, in this requirement of physical rest by our nature, in the fact also that it is only by means of these stated returns of particular seasons that man can, in rest from temporal concerns, fix his attention on his Maker. There is a further necessity for a similar outward form in the mode of worship on the Sabbath, which illustrates the primal necessity of having a day set apart. Thoughtful men have often asked why they cannot go out and have their worship in the great temple of the universe. The man who argues so knows not his own nature. There is a temple of God's universe, and those who deny it forget a grand and spiritual truth; but the feeling gained in this temple of God is one thing, that gained in the church of God is another. We may in like manner worship God all the week, but the emotion of worship on the Sabbath, when we lay aside work, is different from the emotions felt towards God in the midst of work."

We cannot open this little volume anywhere without lighting on some deeply spiritual and directly practical suggestion. Thus, on page thirty-five, is described Abram's journey through Canaan:

"As he went along he erected altars to commemorate the mercies of God, and to remind his posterity that this was really their own land. . . . Consider then, what the land of Canaan became. Gradually it was dotted over with these stones, teaching the Israelites that it was a sacred land. What these stones did for the Israelites our memory does for us; it brings back in review our past life. Remember, I pray you, what that life will be to you when it all appears again. Blessed, thrice blessed, is the man to whom life is, as it was to Abram, dotted over with memorials of communion with God. But your life — that guilty thought and act, that unhallowed feeling — dare you see it come before you again?"

So, in describing Reuben's effort to save Joseph in the pit, he says:

"His conduct in this instance was just in accordance with his character, which seems to have been remarkable for a certain softness. He did not dare to shed his brother's blood, neither did he dare manfully to save him. He was not cruel, simply because he was guilty of a different class of sin. It is well for us, before we take credit to ourselves for being free from that or this sin, to inquire whether it be banished by grace, or only by another sin. You are not censorious, but then pause and ask whether you are not too lax to be censorious; you are not a tale-bearer or a busybody, but are you certain that you have in you sufficient love for others to make you at all interested in their matters? It is thus very possible for devils to be cast out by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils."

PIONEER LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.*

ONLY a small part of this book is "a Record of Pioneer Life in California." To the voyage thither one hundred and sixteen pages are devoted, and to the trip home one hundred and one more; while to California but sixty-seven pages are given, and these contain but scanty information. The author, a physician, embarked in January, 1849, on a ship which rounded Cape Horn and arrived at San Francisco Aug. 15th, being nine months on the way. He stayed there fourteen months, and then returned across the Isthmus, the journey occupying, with sundry detentions and mishaps, one hundred and thirteen days. The narrative is mostly in the form of a journal kept at the time, and abounds in adventures. At one time the author is in a boat attached to a blackfish, which runs away with him; at another, a whale persists in swimming under the ship, keeping exact time with the vessel for twenty-four days, like a watch-dog under a carriage. Our traveler dines off wild potatoes and roast monkey, and comes near dying from eating the fruit of the upas tree. He sails under captains remarkable for their incompetence and barbarity, and is cast away on unfrequented islands. Much of the book is merely of personal interest, and now and then the doctor fills the pages of his journal with what there is great provocation to call twaddle. For example:

"*April 7th.*— I have just finished reading *Festus*. I have read it with wonder and tears. It is a magnificent production, abounding in startling gleams that blind us for a moment, and leave the soul reverberating with thunder. 'Most noble Festus!' How often is the lofty, aspiring spirit of youth led away from its early love by the syren song of the spirit of the world, until his heart loses capabilities for happiness and becomes hard and hollow. Fortunate is he, who, in his wanderings with the spirit, does not lose sight of his great god — Truth," *etc.*, *etc.*

It is not obvious why the author, who lives in San Francisco, should think it necessary to publish at this time such observations as the following, which are a fair specimen of his book:

"I know that many will inquire my opinion of California. It is not an unpleasant country for a residence. With the comforts one could bring with him from the States, few places would be more desirable than a choice location on the banks of the Sacramento. The greatest drawback is the long dry season. The rains have been frequent since the first of the month, and grass is growing finely. The weather is cool, but we have not yet felt the want of fire. For several days it has been very pleasant, and the roads are quite passable. The spring is said to make a perfect flower-garden of the whole country. Yet there are few who intend to make this country a permanent residence; some are going for their families, and the society will be much improved. So far as making money here is concerned, it is easily done by those who are calculated for it," *etc.*, *etc.*

Twenty-eight years ago many might have been glad to read such a book as this; but there seems to be less need of it in 1877. As an historic picture it may have a certain use. To our mind, the best part of the book is the appendix, where we have an account of a remarkable journey on foot, in 1849, by forty-eight seekers of the "Golden Fleece," up the peninsula of Lower California, through the desert some three hundred miles to San Diego. These adventurers, of whom Dr. Stillman was not one, suffered everything from hunger and thirst, eating rattlesnakes and drinking the sap of the cactus. The account given is compiled from journals kept by two of the pedestrians, John W. Griffith and Samuel P. Crane. In an unseaworthy schooner, the Dolphin, baffled by head winds and ill-provided with water, the party finally land and begin their march northward.

"They were all enervated by the life on board ship, and by their scanty allowance of food for so long a time, and their halts were frequent and progress slow over the sharp, loose rocks. There was no soil on the surface, and the rocks had the appearance of having been burned, and were red or black. Amongst them grew various species of cacti, the only vegetation. About midday the heat became oppressive, and in their distress they began to throw away everything that encumbered them. . . . They dug in various places, but found no moisture. They licked the moist rocks in their distress, and with their lips and moustaches covered with mud, gave it up to renew the search. . . . In our course we came to a very high mountain, which it seemed necessary that we must cross, but, as we came nearer, we found a deep ravine interposed, and into this we must go. It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, as we had to get down by holding on to whatever we could, and jumping from rock to rock. When part of the way down we saw a stream of water. In their eagerness to reach it, many threw away their baggage to lighten their loads — blankets, shirts, and every disposable thing."

* Seeking the Golden Fleece; a Record of Pioneer Life in California. By J. D. B. Stillman. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

After this the stock of provisions gave out, and the party were reduced to dire extremity. An enfeebled old horse which fell into their hands by the way was gladly butchered and served up for food, yielding some scanty sustenance to the famished sufferers. Much sickness was the result. The sick had to be left behind, and the strongest and best walkers pushed on. They at length reached the Mission of San Fernando, where they had quite a feast, obtaining half a pint each of mush made from unripe wheat, which they compelled an Indian to sell them. Meantime, the sick ones traveled slowly along after, as they were able, following the trail of their comrades. Finally, succor arrived. Mr. Crane says:

"About nine or ten o'clock we were surprised at seeing a man coming along the trail toward us. We started to our feet, and he halted, when he took his rifle by the muzzle, trailed it along the ground, and approached, saying he was *Christiano*. He was an old Mission Indian. . . . He took from a girdle, which was tied about him, some *pinola*, a kind of flour made of wheat, parched and ground on stones, and we soon mixed some for Melville, who could eat but little. The old man asked me if I was hungry, and upon my showing him my meat, he gave a look of disgust, and told me to bring wood, whilst he cut the stalks from a species of cactus, very much resembling cornstalks, at the same time digging from the ground with his knife the bulbous root of another species. After I had collected a pile of dried cactus, the old man cut the stalks into pieces about two feet in length, and throwing them on the pile, set fire to it. In about thirty minutes the heat had burned the outside off, and the inner part was about the consistence of a banana, and I thought it the best food I had ever tasted. He then dug a small hole in the ground, into which he placed the roots and built a fire over them. In about two hours they were sufficiently cooked, and they resembled the sweet potato in eating. I need not say that after this I ate no more horse meat."

After this the party continued their journey up the coast until the 24th of June, when they arrived at San Diego. "Hungry, ragged and destitute, they saw above the military station at that place the stars-and-stripes flying, which they greeted with a hearty good will."

FRIEND FRITZ.*

A BIT of parti-colored ribbon, a spring-song of the birds, a nosegay fresh and fragrant from the dewy garden, a summer morning's landscape, a turn of the merry dance — any of these things might serve as the emblem of this story, which is one of the brightest, purest, sunniest we have read for many a day. It is just perfectly charming in its way. Not that it is a great work as respects either plan or execution, except so far as there is the greatness of true art in the simplicity of the one and the beauty of the other; but that it is a fresh, tuneful, natural and every way delightful tale, wrought out of commonplace materials, yet with a consummate skill and that refinement of touch which one so quickly recognizes, but finds it so hard to define. There is the merest thread of a story. "How comes it that Mr. Kobus, that rich man, that man of position, is going to marry a simple country girl, the daughter of his own farm-manager, he who for the last fifteen years has refused so many fine matches?" This is a question occurring on one of its pages, to which the whole book may be set down as the answer. The charm of the work lies in the ease of the dramatic development, the life-likeness with which the characters are drawn, the absolutely untainted sweetness of its materials, the delicacy with which sentiment and feeling are portrayed, the amusing turns which are given here and there to the narrative, and the careful finish which is bestowed upon every part. In all these features, the impress of the real genius of its joint authors is plainly visible. Besides Mr. Kobus, who, more familiarly speaking, is the Friend Fritz of the title, and the demure and lovely little maiden, Suzel, who in the end leads him captive, there is the latter's good father, Christel, the farm-manager at Meisenthal; Fritz's old house-servant, Katel, "the best cook in Hunebourg;" David Sichel, a venerable and amiable rabbi, whom Fritz counts among his most valued friends; fat Mr. Haan, the tax-collector, and the old soldier Schoultz, who are more properly to be designated as his boon-companions; with a few other personages of less prominence; all together making up an interesting circle, marked by great varieties of person and trait. The scenery is picturesque and delightful. The slenderness of plot is made up for by the easy succession of incident, the graphic character drawing, and the sunny light which rests upon all. The whole play — for a play it is — is presented to the eye with a rare fidelity to truth, and an exquisite delicacy and grace. The visit to the wine cellar, a scene for a Dutch master to paint; the convivial meetings in the hostelry of the Great Stag; the rural surroundings of the farm at Meisenthal; the amusing passage between Fritz and old Katel on the occasion of the former's dressing himself for the fête at Bischem; the comical expedition thither of the three friends, Fritz, Haan and Schoultz; and the final steps by which Fritz gets his love declared and secures his Suzel, just as a hateful young Anabaptist was about to carry her off — these are only a few points among many that give the tale a genuine distinction. The only ground on which the most fastidious moralist could base an exception to it is found in the drinking habits of Fritz and his friends, which, it must be confessed, are at times rather excessive, though never unpleasantly so, unless upon purely abstract grounds. The whole tone is otherwise so pure and wholesome that one feels willing to look on this feature with an indulgent eye. Bound up in the same volume is a short sketch by the same authors—*The College Life of Maître Nablot.*

* Friend Fritz: a Tale of the Banks of the Lauter. From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

RUSSIAN FOLK-TALES.*

EVERYTHING that relates to Russia is of special interest just now; and the publication of this book could hardly have been more opportune. The aim of Mr. Ralston is simply to "familiarize English readers with the Russian Folk-Tale;" and, without attempting any discussion of "historical and mythological problems," which he has left to a competent Russian scholar now engaged on the subject, he has given us fifty-one stories, translated "as literally as possible." Like the popular tales of all nations, they treat of demons who work mischief, and good witches who help unfortunate mortals out of their difficulties, and birds and beasts endowed with power of speech and able to change themselves into human shape if occasion requires. It is a suggestive fact that the animals almost invariably repay kindness by coming to the help of their benefactors when in great straits. In such magical ways as we are familiar with in the Arabian Nights, they furnish food or means of deliverance or transportation: the eagle advises, the crow warns, the pike makes a bridge of himself across the sea, the cat brings good luck.

The points of resemblance between these *skazkas*, as they are called, and the popular tales of other lands, are so evident as to prove them but national variations of that universal folk-lore, whose origin seems lost in antiquity. The Russians have their "Wise Men of Gotham," their "Rip Van Winkle," their "Sleeping Beauty," and their "Cinderella," who is the heroine of many tales — often as a step-daughter. To her, prosperity never fails to come; in one case, through a magic doll, who did the chores for her, so that all in good time "the beds were weeded, and the pails were filled, and the cabbages were watered, and the stove was heated. Moreover, the doll showed Vasilissa herbs, which prevented her from getting sunburnt." The origin of "Whittington and his Cat" is shown in the tale of "The Three Copecks;" and versions of the "Blue Beard" chamber and "Jack and the Bean-stalk" are very common, with this difference in the case of the former, that it is the curiosity of a man instead of a woman that receives punishment. In the bean-stalk myth, it is sometimes a cabbage, and sometimes a pea that is planted, and at the top is a hand-mill, and "the mill gives a turn — out come a pie and a cake, with a pot of stewed grain on top;" or, there is a hut whose walls

* Russian Folk-Tales. By W. R. S. Ralston. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

are made of pies or pancakes, its benches of white bread, and the stove of buttered curds.

It is one of the most interesting features of these tales that they illustrate the customs of the people, giving us an insight into the peasant life, so that we see their modes of cooking, their peculiar articles of food and domestic utensils, the spinning and weaving and knitting and lace-making of the women, and the occupations of the men. Considerable space is devoted to those *skazkas* in which festivals, burials, and weddings are prominent occurrences; and the narratives are usually of a highly dramatic character, with touches of the grotesque and the humorous. One of the most spirited, and perhaps as purely national as any, is that of "Princess Helena the Fair," which is too long to be copied entire, but a few extracts will serve to show its quality:

"The Princess Helena the Fair had ordered a shrine to be built for her, with twelve columns, with twelve rows of beams. In that shrine she was sitting upon a high throne, and awaiting her bridegroom, the bold youth, who, with a single bound of his swift steed, should reach high enough to kiss her on the lips. A stir ran through the whole youth of the nation."

The news reached three brothers, two of whom "did nothing but exercise their horses, and curl their hair, and dye their moustaches," but the youngest, who had been an obedient son, was inferior to the others, like a "half-fledged duckling," and dared not hope even to get a sight of the Princess, till his dead father, saying, "Don't grieve, Vanya, I'll help you in your trouble," whistled. The result shall be told in the words of the *skazka*:

"From goodness knows whence appeared a horse, the earth quaking beneath it, a flame rushing from its ears and nostrils. To and fro it flew, and then stood still before the old man, as if rooted in the ground, and cried,

"'What are thy commands?'

"Vanya crept into one of the horse's ears, and out of the other, and turned into such a hero as no *skazka* can tell of, no pen describe! He mounted the horse, set his arms a-kimbo, and flew, just like a falcon, straight to the home of the Princess Helena. With a wave of his hand, with a bound aloft, he only failed by the breadth of two rows of beams. Back again he turned, galloped up, leapt aloft, and got within one beam-row's breadth. Once more he turned, once more he wheeled, then shot past the eye like a streak of fire, took an accurate aim, and kissed the fair Helena right on the lips!"

The result, of course, is obvious:

"And he — good heavens! how clever he turned out, and how brave, and what a handsome fellow! Only see him mount his flying steed, give his cap a cock, and stick his arms a-kimbo! why, you'd say he was a king, a born king!"

The subjects are grouped as Mythological, Stories of Magic, Ghost Stories, and Legends. The latter are a curious mingling of the pagan and the Christian element, and relate to the origin of evil, the creation of man and animals, and the traditions about Christ, the disciples and certain saints; and in the course of the narratives some interesting bits of legendary lore, as held by the Russians, come to light, such as their belief in the worthiness of the snake, because he stopped a leak in Noah's ark; their reason for considering the flesh of the horse unclean, because he ate the hay which concealed the Babe in the manger; and the pathetic incidents concerning the swallows and the sparrows on the day of the crucifixion, when the former carried off the nails provided for the execution of Christ, and the latter brought them back, since when swallows have been befriended, but sparrows held in abhorrence.

Mr. Ralston, who has already published several works relating to Russia, half promises to supplement the "Folk-Lore" by a volume of poems, in which those "*skazkas* which are connected with them will find their fitting place."

LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.*

WE have hardly had time to read the third volume of Landor before the publishers are ready with the fourth. This introduces a good many persons living at the time the series was first issued. It is a somewhat mixed and anachronistic volume. The first two conversations are between Southey and Landor, concerning Milton, Keats, and some of the minor poets. These probably had a historic foundation. At all events they give us the pleasure of seeing what Landor can find to say about himself. In our days, when the whole world has grown so humble that few can bear the very least shadow of self-conceit, perhaps no one will be found to care for this. There are two ways of judging the author, by what he says for himself, and by what he conceives his contemporaries likely to say. This volume furnishes both methods.

It is interesting to learn that Landor had never felt himself inferior but *once*, and that once in the presence of Kosciuszco. For what reason he does not say, but he goes on to speak pertinent words which will be omitted or forgotten by most readers, though they apply to many people:

"At the very moment when most beside yourself, catching up half my words, would call me self-sufficient, I bow my head before the humble with greatly more than their humiliation. There are half hours when, although in good humor and good spirits, I would not be disturbed by the necessity of talking to be the possessor of all the rich marshes that we see yonder."

An historical lecturer said lately that it was almost impossible for a modern to use successfully the ancient Latin quantities and so write a real-sounding Latin verse. Landor, perhaps, might have done this, if anybody, and so what he writes of Milton's Latin verse has special interest. The two following lines from his seventh sonnet, Landor says he never read without the heartache, seeing in them the first indication of love and blindness:

"Ut mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar."

Many of the conversations in this volume are between eminent women. No one can read the tender words of Roger Ascham to Lady Jane Grey without a feeling of tears, and no one has ever caught the spirit of King Harry and Anne Boleyn with a prettier dramatic grace than Landor. The notes to this last dialogue are both spirited and quaint. These conversations are not the less valuable because the reader must sometimes turn to the encyclopedia to find out who and what is speaking. The "Notes and Queries" sent not only to the *Literary World*, but to our daily papers, show what an incredible number of people live without maps, dictionaries, encyclopedias and gazetteers. The book which is at once entertaining and stimulating, which will rouse questions until it teaches the reader how to find the answers, is the book of all others most likely to put an end to this slovenly state of things. Of all authors Walter Savage Landor knows best how to do this.

* Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Fourth Series. Literary Men, Famous Women, and Miscellaneous. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

CAPT. BURNABY'S RIDE TO KHIVA.*

IT is almost twenty years since Arminius Vámbéry, a Hungarian, visited the regions east of the Caspian Sea, to discover, if possible, whether there were anything in common between the Hungarians and the present inhabitants. Before that time little was known in regard to the country or the people, and from Vámbéry's visit till the annexation of Turkistan to the Czar's domains, very little has been known of what is there going on. Since that enlargement of Russian domain, we have had two notable books by Americans, Schuyler's "Turkistan" and McGahan's "Campaigning on the Oxus;" and now we have a volume by an Englishman, Captain Burnaby. Its title fully describes it: *A Ride to Khiva.* It was a ride in midwinter, with the mercury at times frozen in the bulb of the thermometer.

He was in the Soudan, on the Blue Nile, when, happening to take up an old number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his eye falling upon a paragraph in regard to Turkistan, the passion seized him to visit Khiva before his leave of absence expired. Leaving the Nile he hastened to England to put his project in execution. The journey was wholly in Russian territory, from St. Petersburg by rail to the Volga, and thence by sleighs while the snow lasted; while the remainder of the distance was accomplished

* A Ride to Khiva. Travels and Adventures in Central Asia. By Fred Burnaby, Captain Royal Horse Guards. New York: Harper & Brothers.

on horseback with a camel train. The route was southeast to the Sea of Aral, thence along the country east of that sea, across the Syr Daria, the Jaxartes of the ancients, due south to the Oxus — the track of Zenophon and the ten thousand — to the Turkoman's capital.

Captain Burnaby is a keen observer, noticing all that is going on around him. He can speak several languages, among them the Arabic and Russian, but in his ride he was obliged to employ a servant who could speak both Russian and Tartar. He has traveled enough to be able to accommodate himself to every condition and circumstance of life. He understands the Orientals, and has enough of English pluck to carry him triumphantly through all troubles, and to enable him to surmount difficulties which would deter men of less self-assertion. His Tartar servant, Nazar, was small of stature but faithful to him. His Turkoman guide, on the other hand, was disposed to be master:

"I found the guide lying at full length on an old piece of carpet which he had placed by the fire. He showed no readiness to resign it on my arrival. The little Tartar, however, soon removed him, for, taking up a cooking pot, which was filled with ice and water, he poured a portion of the contents on the head of the delinquent. The latter started up, uttered some fearful language at this summary proceeding, which he did not seem to relish, then rolling the folds of his sheep-skin tighter round his body, threw himself down a few yards farther off from the fire."

To get the guide up in the morning the Tartar heaped hot ashes upon him.

The Turkomans are Mohammedans and fatalists, throwing upon the Deity the responsibility for any mischance that may occur through their negligence. The camel driver of this expedition was careless and smashed several boxes. His excuse was that it was the will of God, whereupon Captain Burnaby gave him a thrashing:

"Brother, it is the will of God: you must not complain. It was your destiny to break my property, and mine to beat you. We neither of us could help it, praise be to Allah."

This put an end to all smashing of boxes.

The book is replete with similarly lively and entertaining passages. Our traveler came one day to a Kirghiz kibitka or tent:

"It evidently belonged to a wealthy Kirghiz. It was three times the size of an ordinary kibitka, and the walls were ornamented with straw plaiting of different colors. A girl who was carrying a large sheet of ice to the tent came up to the guide, who asked if there was a sheep for sale. The inquiry instantly produced a sensation in the kibitka, and the whole family came out to have a look at the Crœsus who actually wanted to buy a whole sheep. . . . The ice-bearer would have held her own if pitted for good looks against any European belle, and her complexion, two or three shades darker than that of her companions, made my thoughts wander several thousand miles in another direction, and I bethought me of far-off Sevilla, for the girl might have been a gitna from Triana, by the side of the Guadalquiver. . . The pretty girl hurried forward to the flock to catch a sheep for our inspection. She ran like a hare over the rough stump and brushwood which studded the snow-covered ground, a large number of black-faced sheep scampering before her. At last she came to one, which, fatter than the others, could not keep up with the flock. Suddenly stooping, she seized the victim by one foot, and with a rapid movement turned him over on his back. A clear, ringing laugh resounded from her lips. She turned round to us and pointed triumphantly at the sheep; then drawing her hand across the neck went through in pantomime the operation of cutting its throat."

Captain Burnaby had an eye especially to the movements of Russia toward India. He is of the opinion that some day Russia intends to carry her frontier to Hindoostan. He does not think, however, that this is the policy so much of the Czar as of the military authorities in Central Asia. He represents the officers there as ever ready to avail themselves of any trouble with the Turkomans to get up a war, in order that they may distinguish themselves and so gain promotion. He thinks that personal ambition had not a little to do with the late annexation, and anticipates other additions to Russian territory from similar causes.

The Appendix, with the maps in the two "pockets" of the volume, makes it a book which admirably supplements Schuyler's work. The information here given in regard to distances, routes, etc., so far as we know, can be found nowhere else, and is of especial value to those who keep pace with geographical explorations.

HOUSEHOLD ART.*

COMFORT and convenience are what we desire first of all in our homes; but Mr. Loftie in his entertaining *Plea for Art in the House*, and the Misses Garrett in their charming treatise on *House Decoration*, show us that a degree of beauty is not incompatible with this measure of utility, since "articles which are really beautiful owe their chief attraction to the sense of suitability and permanent value which is required to make them satisfactory." Nor is a large outlay necessary to make our homes what they should be, "cheerful, happy habitations:" what is wanted is not more money but more discrimination. Mr. Loftie says:

"A pleasant and lovely home need not be expensive. To make a house beautiful we do not require gilding and carving, marble and bronze, but we do want a little taste, and perhaps a little trouble."

The simple, practical style in which both these books are written is delightful; there are no Utopian flights of fancy, but all the hints and suggestions relative to house furnishing rest upon a thoroughly common-sense, as well as artistic, basis.

Rhoda Garrett and her cousin Agnes, the joint authors of *House Decoration*, are practical, energetic, sensible women. The former was at one time a partner of William Morris, the poet, in a firm of professional house decorators; and is now carrying on that business with her cousin with marked success. The so-called "Queen Anne" style, to the study of which the Misses Garrett have devoted their attention, tends rather to the classical than to the Gothic forms, and sympathizes more with Wren than with Wolsey; it avoids extraneous ornament, prefers red brick to stucco, and for internal decoration adopts both wood paneling and wall paper. "Houses as They Are," "Houses as They Might Be," a chapter upon "Draperies," and a consideration of the knotty point, "What Will It Cost?" make up their valuable little treatise, every page of which is richly suggestive.

Mr. Loftie, the author of the other volume, is a well-known writer for the *Saturday Review* and the *Guardian*. He is an enthusiastic collector of articles of *vertu*, and we are not surprised that he devotes one chapter to "The Prudence of Collecting." In a number of interesting anecdotes he shows that "a very small expenditure on worthy objects of art is both good and pleasant in itself, and also a prudent piece of economy, . . . since, except for people who are actually artists, much that goes to make home beautiful must of necessity be obtained by judicious collecting." While he does not admire private museums, and thinks that houses which are ugly, badly furnished and uncomfortable are none the better for being filled with curiosities; yet in the striking contrast between the houses of "Brown" and "Smith" he shows us very graphically how the possession of "a taste" helps one "to eat a cake and have it too!" In his chapter upon "Pictures" Mr. Loftie gives a number of excellent rules "by which a man who desires to have pictorial decorations for his rooms may manage to do it, and to do it without loss." Mr. Gillott's mode of buying from rising young artists, and the judgment and taste evinced by Mr. Wynn Ellis and Mr. Sheepshanks in their selections, show how important it is to be able to recognize good contemporary work; and while the buying of genuine "old masters" is advised, the amateur is cautioned against purchasing a picture simply because it is old.

"A picture is not an autograph. Because a great man's hand has been over it, and because, perhaps, it bears his signature, it is not necessarily valuable. . . . A good name is a good thing for a picture to have, but it is a far better thing for the picture itself to be good."

The purchase of fine engravings is especially recommended, and this chapter concludes with some excellent hints upon art in the nursery. Books and illuminated MSS., oriental and English porcelains, enamels, ivories, bronzes, plate and glass, are each severally discussed in their relation to household art; and in the closing chapter the author dwells at length upon the economical and civilizing value of art training to the individual, the family, and the nation at large.

* A Plea for Art in the House. By W. J. Loftie. Suggestions for House Decoration, etc. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1877.

Communications for the editorial department of the paper should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD; for the business department to THE PUBLISHER OF THE LITERARY WORLD; P. O. Box 1183, Boston, Mass.

No communications will receive attention that are not accompanied by the name and address of the writer in full.

The editor will welcome correspondence upon topics related to the paper and its work; and will endeavor to return communications of which no use can be made, provided they are accompanied (when sent) with a written request to that effect, and with the necessary postage.

For terms of subscription, advertising rates, and other particulars relating to the business department of the paper, see the publisher's card upon the last page of reading matter.

"MR. CROCKER'S LITERARY WORLD."

THUS for now nearly seven years has this paper been known. With disturbed minds and sorrowing hearts, we doubt not, will its readers note the disappearance from its accustomed place of the name of the editor who from the outset has presided over its pages. The first words to be written with the pen which has fallen from his stricken hand should be words of tribute to him.

It was in June, 1870, that the first number of *The Literary World* appeared. Its aim and character were quickly and favorably recognized. It was at once assigned an honorable place, and though it never commanded the resources or enjoyed the facilities which in these days are supposed to be essential to the success of such an enterprise, yet its growth has been steady and substantial. That it has succeeded as it has is one convincing credential of its mission.

In the way of immediate preparation for the task which now devolves upon us, we have been at pains to examine with some care the contents of the several volumes into which the paper has grown, and we must be allowed to place on record here our sense of the genuine excellence which uniformly characterizes their contents. Every number, and almost every column of every number, bears the marks of skilled and conscientious labor. Errors, of course, Mr. Crocker has committed, and we find that he has been habitually ready to acknowledge them, too; but for diligent study of materials, for thoughtful and judicial use of them, for fullness, frankness and force of opinion, for prevailing correctness and clearness of style, and for a generally agreeable flavor, we must consider that his critical work takes a very high rank. As we have thus refreshed our recollections of his entertaining pages, and summed up the impressions of their varied merits, we almost despair of going on with the work as it has been begun. We should have little courage in undertaking to do so, did we not feel hopeful of receiving the generous consideration of the patrons of the paper. For such kindly grant we here and now present our respectful appeal.

For the future we have no promises to make. We prefer that the paper should continue to speak for itself. We make no important changes of plan or form, and we shall earnestly strive that there be no deterioration of aim or spirit. Of course in the case of a journal so peculiarly personal as this has been, and must, for the present, at least, continue to be, a change of editors involves some change of countenance and manner. The new voice cannot sound like the old. We can only say that neither the wish nor the effort shall be lacking on our part to keep the paper true to its best traditions and associations, while we shall neglect no opportunity nor means within our reach to develop its strength and usefulness.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

THE doctrine has lately been advanced in influential quarters that a distinction of essence divides critics into two classes: "newspaper critics" and "critics of pure literature." This sheep-and-goats sort of division critics as they actually are may really deserve, but when the distinction is carried so far as to make it apply to the art of literary criticism considered in the abstract, is not the truth a little strained?

Between "newspaper criticism"—by which, of course, is to be understood criticism *in*, not *of*, the newspapers—and the "criticism of pure literature" there must needs be differences of form and method, but is not the critical spirit, in itself considered, one and the same in both cases—ought it not to be, at least—however variously it may be developed, and whatever the modifications of its direction? In proportion as what is called "newspaper criticism" approaches in character and quality the true ideal, does it not prove to be of the same essence with what is called "criticism of pure literature?"

Nobody would think of claiming that "current literature" and "pure literature" are of one and the same piece, or that the crowded columns of a newspaper afford the critic equal scope for the exercise of his faculty with the ample pages of a volume; but we fail to see in this any reason why learning and judgment and conscience and expert skill should be excluded from the former and confined solely to the latter.

THE historical novel belongs to a class of fictitious literature which will never lack for readers. Though they are assured that it has only a foundation in fact, and that all the rest is of the unsubstantial stuff of which dreams are made, they yet give themselves up to the charm with which the skilled writer is able to invest his work, till they lose for the time both the power and the wish to discover where truth ends and fiction begins. But we have the authority of the greatest master of the art, Sir Walter Scott himself, in saying that such works may be of advantage, first, to those who are so stimulated by the narrative that they will study into the facts, and, second, to those who are too idle to investigate, but who may "acquire some acquaintance with history, which, however inaccurate, is better than none."

TO THE FRIENDLY READER.

ONE thing has been made very apparent at the very beginning of our acquaintance with the constituency of the *Literary World*. That is, its readers are its friends. For a young journal we are convinced that it has made for itself a very wide and deep place in the hearts of those to whom it has been coming. And we wish, as we think we properly may, to ask whether this friendly interest, so far as it exists, may not be put to further practical service for the benefit of the paper. What we mean may be well illustrated by the following letter:

CINCINNATI, O., March 6, '77.

Editor Literary World.

DEAR SIR:—Please find enclosed six dollars for subscriptions, as per accompanying list. Please send the March numbers on to the new subscribers at once. I hope to send you more subscribers from time to time. . . .

Very truly yours, — — —

The writer of this letter is an entire stranger to us. Her interest obviously is purely in the paper. And we feel free to say that we think its past character justifies her evident hopefulness as to its future.

We have now to raise the question with others of our subscribers whether they cannot go and do likewise? A very little effort on the part of those who have faith in the mission of the *Literary World*, and who are pleased with the promise of this its April number, would give a new impulse to our work. And under the spur of such substantial encouragement, our plans for the improvement of the paper and the increase of its value to its readers could be vigorously prosecuted.

IF Mr. Longfellow has ever had any doubts of the extent to which he is established in the hearts of the American people, those doubts must have been dispelled by the warmth of the notice which was taken of his recent seventieth birthday. The flocking of his personal friends of Cambridge and vicinity to his door that day, with their graceful offerings of flowers, gratifying as that may have been, was the least part of the testimonial called forth by the occasion. The whole country, by its mouthpiece the press, has responded to the call which such an anniversary of such a man proclaims.

CUMMINGTON.

AMID these haunts a poet's boyhood drew
The inspiring breath of Nature and of God;
On his young vision broke divinely true,
While through these very woodland ways he trod,
That View of Death that soothes the spirit so,
That perfect work of life's imperfect age;
In this doth Genius clearly, grandly show
How soon her own may claim their heritage.
Here myriad thought-tones swept his being through,
Which, linked and blended in some after time
'Mid the world's noise, to finished music grew,
Rolling forth chords, now tender, now sublime.
Here the *fringed gentian* of the poet blows,
Yielding dim odor; *yellow violets* still
Jewel Spring's naked bosom till it glows,
While yet the air holds fast its wintry chill.
Nature, as grateful for her true son's love,
At his return seems pouring out her joy;
Shows him new blossoms in some leafy cove,
Yet shares with him far memories of the boy;
And here the laureled poet loves to come,
And finds his soul, despite the years, at home.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

. . . I HAVE from the first taken the liveliest interest in this paper, and, having two or three times met Mr. S. R. Crocker, I have some appreciation of his arduous labors, and the greater regret at his painful illness. . . .

I have found the March number most enjoyable; and I and other friends of the *Literary World* here send you our best wishes for its larger success. It has won its own place, and I trust that all changes will but call attention to its merits and make it stronger. P.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . SOME time ago I saw the *Literary World* regularly, and liked the plan of it. There is undoubtedly a place for such a paper. There is a vast number of busy men like myself who haven't time to read all the books, yet like to know something about them — to get their flavor and drift. I don't like "condensed" — or elongated — classics, but I do like to know *of what sort* the literature of the day is. And then is there any gossip quite so delightful as literary gossip? . . . Have you seen Mozley's Sermons? He is the most robust thinker that has looked down upon us from the pulpit for many a year. M.

East Hartford, Conn.

. . . UPON looking over the catalogues of our libraries, I have been surprised to find so much difference in the number of books for boys and for girls. Certainly our boys need not complain as to the *quantity* supplied. The *quality* is another matter. Far too many are full of slang phrases and criminal anecdote, familiarizing their young minds with evil much better kept out of sight as long as possible. Such books we do not desire for our girls; but in these days, when all manner of useful knowledge is given our children, and school lessons are many, and their brains often weary with solids, they crave, in leisure hours, amusing reading, and suitable books becoming soon exhausted, too often seek the pernicious trashy novels which abound in our circulating libraries. Having the subject constantly brought before me by the demands of my own girls, and their young companions, for pleasant reading, I feel very desirous that the attention of our good writers should be directed to the matter, to the pleasure and lasting benefit of all young people. S.

Roxbury, Mass.

WALLACE'S RUSSIA.*

BY common consent of those qualified to judge, this is the best book that has ever been written about Russia. Its appearance at the present critical juncture of Eastern affairs is therefore singularly opportune. We know not how better to describe it in a few words than by saying that it is the "main department" of an immense "exhibition," in the Philadelphia sense, of the empire of the Czar in its geographical, political, economic and domestic aspects and relations. Its fullness, minuteness and accuracy as an interior view of the country and the people are not to be realized except by personal examination.

Mr. Wallace is not a mere traveler, and his work is far more than a book of travels. He writes as having been a resident of Russia, and his pages embody the fruits of patient and prolonged observation. Arriving in the country in 1870 with the purpose of spending a few months, he remained six years, and during all that time devoted himself to the closest investigation. In the pursuit of his purpose he showed the enthusiastic industry of the true scholar, adapted by novel methods to the peculiar intricacies of the subject. He chose unfrequented routes for such journeys as he made, that he might better come in contact with the real life of the people. At one time he penetrated the vast forests of the north, and took up his abode in a remote village, where under the direction of the priest he made slow but substantial progress in his studies. At another time he fell ill and went through the round of curious experiences which wait on medical practice. He acquired the language that he might have access to facts at first hand. He familiarized himself with the homes and manners of the peasantry, as well as with the habits of aristocratic circles in the great cities. He explored the libraries in search of such literature as might serve his purpose. And the stores of information which he acquired by all these indefatigable measures are here disposed to public view with perfect method, and with a compactness, clearness and charm of manner which are simply admirable. Touches of humor enliven his descriptions at every point. Perhaps he is describing his reverend teacher, the village priest of Ivánofka:

. . . . "a tall, muscular man of about forty years of age, with a full, dark-brown beard, and long, lank hair falling over his shoulders. The visible parts of his dress consisted of three articles — a dingy-brown robe of coarse material, buttoned closely at the neck and descending to the ground, a wide-awake hat and a pair of large boots. As to the esoteric parts of his attire, I refrained from making investigations."

His pictures of real life are invariably full of curious interest, and convey a great deal in a few lines. Thus, speaking of the families composing a Russian village, he says:

"The Heads of Households must often meet together and consult in the Village Assembly, and their daily avocations must be influenced by the communal decrees. They cannot begin to mow the hay or plow the fallow field until the Village Assembly has passed a resolution on the subject. . . . No peasant can permanently leave the village without the consent of the Commune, and this consent will not be granted until the applicant gives satisfactory security for the fulfillment of all his actual and future liabilities. If a peasant wishes to go away for a short time in order to work elsewhere he must obtain a written permission, which serves him as a passport during his absence; and he may be recalled any moment by a communal decree."

Every topic included in his plan is treated with a like utmost circumstantial fidelity. Whether exploring a squalid village in some out-of-the-way region, or calling upon a rich merchant in town; whether describing the imperial administration and its officials, or the church and its priesthood; whether wandering among the pastoral tribes of the steppes or analyzing the results of emancipation; at every point we find in Mr. Wallace the same spirit of patient and resolute investigation, and receive from him the same particularity of information. In rareness and richness of materials as well as in their skillful employment, his work must be assigned a place at the very head of its class, and will be read with the intensest interest by all who desire a correct knowledge of the round world in which they live. The American publishers have presented it to us in an imperial elegance of garb which well befits its character.

* Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

—*A Book of American Explorers.* In this tasteful volume Mr. T. W. Higginson follows up the distinguished success of his "Young Folks' History of the United States" with a new and very effective stroke of literary genius. The plan of the book is as novel as its execution is apt. By means of an extended and nicely joined series of extracts,

he allows the old contemporary letter-writers, annalists and historians to tell in their own language the story of the discovery and settlement of America, beginning with the Norse legends of the year 1000 and thereabouts, and ending with various authentic narratives of the founding of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. By the same method the voyages of Columbus and the Cabots, the experiences of the French in Canada and Florida, the adventures of De Soto and Capt. John Smith, the discovery of the Hudson River, the settlement of New Netherlands, and the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, are all in turn related, thus substantially covering the entire period from 985 to 1630. The only work of Mr. Higginson's pen has been to introduce the original authorities, to amend their sometimes unintelligible spelling, to insert now and then a helpful word in brackets, and to append a few foot-notes along the pages. But this, though apparently a slight service, is really an extremely valuable one. It is not every one who could be trusted to guide us judiciously through the volumes of the Hakluyt Society and the collections of the Historical Societies, and the almost countless records which relate to this period. Mr. Higginson seems to us to have performed his task with great success, and the result is a most novel and entertaining volume, the interest of which is not at all in proportion to its size. Beautiful typography and numerous pictures add to its attractions, and we do not see why all of the young, and the great majority of the old, should not find it as entertaining as it is instructive. These passages of history never fail to interest, no matter how often told, and when told in the quaint language of the actors they are invested with a fresh and indescribable charm. [Lee & Shepard.]

— H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge, have Paige's *History of Cambridge* well along through the press, and it will soon be published. The author, Rev. L. R. Paige, D. D., is a retired clergyman, long a resident of Cambridge. He has been engaged upon the work for many years, and has given to it, as we happen to know, a vast amount of industrious labor and patient care. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the locality, and in the fullest sympathy with its peliar institutions and rich associations, he has accomplished his grateful but responsible task with merited success. Of his qualifications there could be no question, and the value of the work produced is self-evident. The volume is a handsomely printed octavo, extending through some seven hundred pages. The arrangement of materials is first topical, and under that chronological; the general history being divided into subjects, and each subject treated by itself. The Civil History of the town is first taken up, beginning with its settlement in 1631 by Thomas Dudley, Deputy Governor of Massachusetts, and a few others, and ending with the acceptance of the act of incorporation in 1846. The Ecclesiastical History comes next, the origin and growth of each of the churches being traced minutely; and then, in the order named, Heresy and Witchcraft, Education, Indian History, Military History, and Statistics; a Genealogical Register completing the volume. We can testify from personal knowledge to the efforts which have been made by the author to ensure fullness, freshness, and accuracy, even upon comparatively unimportant points, and we believe that he has attained that result in a remarkable degree. The work is strikingly one of solid fact and figure; there being no superfluous writing, and almost no attempt to employ picturesque effects. We could wish that on a subject so rich and inviting the stern and impartial historian could have allowed himself a little more liberty in that direction. However, it is a satisfaction to have some books which speak with authority and not as the scribes. This history is printed from type and not from plates, so that copies cannot be multiplied above the number embraced in the original edition. It will be issued to subscribers at five dollars; but after they shall have been supplied, the price of the volume will be increased. Past experience warrants the confident expectation that it will soon become very scarce, and grow more and more costly.

— Mr. Thomas C. Amory, a well-known citizen of Boston, a lawyer by profession, has written a history of the conquest of Ireland by England, which he entitles *Transfer of Erin*. The book, which is a large octavo of more than six hundred pages, was printed in this city, but bears the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. It embodies unmistakably the results of laborious research. Much light is thrown upon the antiquities of the Emerald Isle, and a great deal of curious family history and genealogical detail is given. An interesting feature of the work is the account of the literary remains of the ancient Irish people — manuscripts and other records now stored in the national libraries and in private collections, over which Prof. Eugene O'Curry has been working of late with results so gratifying for the fullness and truth of history. A narrative of the course of political and military events from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the end of the sixteenth forms a large part of the volume. The author's success has been greater, we think, in the collection of his materials than in the employment of them. The arrangement is not always orderly, and the construction of sentences is often awkward to the point of obscurity, a quality which is not mended by the strange terms which constantly appear. Thus, on p. 85, we read:

"The freemen flaths and aires, after three days consideration at the house of the bruigh fer or at some other central place, selected from amongst the candidates, but always out of the family or fine of the chief and out of the roydamnas or such as came within the prescribed degrees, generally the nearest in blood to the deceased competent to rule."

And, worse still, on p. 301:

"His cosherings might sometimes prove oppressive; his coyne and livery, risings out or compulsion to military service, bonaght or claim to quarters for his soldiers."

Such passages as these are by no means infrequent, and are quite too much for the capacity of the ordinary reader; nor do we find any glossary to which he can turn for enlightenment. Neither is there any running title to the pages. In some such respects as these the work is seriously defective, and might have been greatly improved by careful literary and mechanical revision. Of the author's motive, however, we have nothing to say but in praise. That motive is to render a patriotic service to Ireland in her struggles after political independence. His closing chapter rises into a truly eloquent appeal in her behalf, and the volume, as a whole, is not without many interesting and instructive passages. An intelligent Irishman would read it through from beginning to end with intense delight.

— Mr. S. Dana Horton, the author of *Silver and Gold, and their Relation to the Problem of Resumption*, is an Ohio gentleman, the son of Hon. V. B. Horton, a member of Congress from that State in 1862. To that father the volume is dedicated in a pleasant manner, advantage being taken to introduce in this connection an extract from a speech made by him in the House of Representatives on the Legal Tender Act in February of that year. The author shows himself to be a diligent student of his subject, and his work is one of no small learning. It is not adapted to popular service, being scientific and technical in its character. Only those who have acquired some familiarity with financial mysteries could either gather information from it or master its course of reasoning. As its title indicates, its main point of direction is not the contest between paper and specie, but the question whether there shall be a single and double standard — gold and silver only, or gold alone. The whole perplexing matter of the demonetization of silver, which has been begun abroad and is now under consideration here, is entered into with great thoroughness. The author is strongly in favor of the double standard, which was the tenor of the Silver Commission's report presented to Congress early in March, and his argument has weight and force. Whether it should prevail we do not feel competent to say. We think we see signs of some eccentricity in the author, or it may be only originality and independence of mind. He evidently thinks for himself, and calls no man master in the science he expounds.

Great place is given to statistics relating to Europe. A useful feature is an appended list of more than a hundred works in German, French and English, bearing on the subject. [Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.]

—We doubt if it be generally known that the Royal Institute of London provides, during the Christmas season of each year, a course of scientific lectures for boys and girls. This is a very capital idea, and does honor to the intelligence and shrewdness of the managers. The distinguished Faraday gave a course on this foundation in 1827, and at Christmas, a year ago, the lecturer was Mr. Tyndall; his theme, *Electricity*. The lectures have now been published for this country by D. Appleton & Co. in a small volume with copious and excellent illustrations, affording not only a very lucid exposition of the laws and the phenomena of the electric force, but a very admirable example of popular teaching. We can imagine with what delight the boys and girls must have followed the lecturer through his course of interesting experiments, and there is many a boy of a scientific turn of mind who would like nothing better than to take this book and go through with its instructions and experiments himself. The expense for apparatus need not be large. A very complete set will be furnished by a New York dealer for about fifty dollars, according to a list subjoined to the volume. The illustrations are so many and so helpful that the reader can get the substance of the book without resorting to any experiments at all. We commend it on many accounts to the parents of intelligent children.

— The advance sheets of the memoir of Bryan Waller Procter, better known as "Barry Cornwall," have been received from England by Roberts Brothers, who have the volume in press for early publication. Those who remember the pleasant sketch of "Barry Cornwall and his Friends," by Mr. James T. Fields, in a recent number of *Harper's Monthly*, will await the appearance of this fuller narrative with eager expectations. The work has been prepared by Mrs. Procter and Mr. Coventry Patmore, and consists of autobiographical fragments bound together by a biographical thread, with extracts from correspondence, etc. Mr. Procter recorded some of his own reminiscences, not enough to cover his whole life, but such as touched on several interesting points of it from his childhood up to early manhood. His actual literary career was comparatively brief, commencing with his work upon the *Literary Gazette* in 1815, and ending with his publication of the "Flood of Thessaly and Other Poems," in 1823. But his literary acquaintance and friendships continued through all his life, and the account of these constitutes the strong attraction of the volume. His home, successively on Harley and Weymouth Streets, London, was the constant resort for a long period of years of a wide circle of distinguished men and women. The sketches of these pleasant relations to the professional world he lived in introduce many figures upon which one never wearies of looking, and abound with delightful anecdote and incident. What earthly privilege is greater than thus to mingle with the gifted people whose names make their days forever memorable? Mr. Procter writes:

"I saw Sir T. Lawrence first at a dinner of Mr. C. Kemble's in Gerrard Street. Mrs. Siddons was there eating and drinking amongst the mortals, and uttering a few ordinary words in grave, perhaps solemn tones. Her 'I will take a slice of mutton if you please,' would have become Lady Macbeth. It was listened to with awe."

And again, under date of May 17th, 1828:

"I met this evening (for the first time) with Cooper, the American writer. He is the author of the 'Pioneers,' the 'Spy,' etc. He has a dogged, discontented look, and seems ready to affront or to be affronted. His eye is rather deep-set, dull, and with little motion."

From this and what follows it is evident that Cooper did not make himself very agreeable during his visit in London. Procter says "he should be put in a cage and taught civil tunes." Cooper was complimented on his books and told that they had "pleased the English." To this he replied: "It wasn't what I intended." We shall have more to say of this book hereafter, which is no more, we are sure, than our readers will expect.

— The story of *The White Cross and the Dove of Pearls* comes to us through the hands of an American publisher from an English source, and with the endorsement of a good degree of popularity among the readers, whom it first addressed. It belongs to the class of "religious novels," though the religious lessons which it conveys are without sectarian coloring and need not give offence to any one. It deals with the fortunes of a little girl, rescued at the outset from a captivity among the gypsies by kind friends, who are unable to discover the secret of her history. She grows up to womanhood, and to be loved by the bachelor clergyman who adopts her. Him she finally marries, but not until after some tribulations, such as the course of true love often encounters. Her parentage is not discovered till near the end. The strong points of the story are its purity, its pleasant pictures of English country life, the effective grouping of a couple of Yorkshire families, the well-drawn portraits of the two or three leading characters, and the dramatic interest, which is considerable. The faults are a defective construction, and an unnaturalness in portions of the dialogue. There is no pretense, however, to artistic power, and the moderate degree of excellence attained will prove quite satisfying to those who like fiction for the sake of the Christian truths it may be made to teach.

— *Silent Love* is a poem of about eight hundred lines, which has reached a fourth edition in England, and has now been reprinted in a neat volume by R. H. Ball of Philadelphia. The author is not named. It is the recital of a heart's experience — the love of a man for a woman left undeclared until it was "too late," by reason of the latter's death. The theme is treated with dignity and delicacy, and the diction is smooth and flowing; but we are at a loss to discover the reason of its popularity at home, or to understand the call for its reproduction here in a strange land. Has it any secret history which gives it an adventitious charm?

— Such a period of special activity among some churches as is now witnessed nearly every winter calls for an unusual provision of religious literature intended for what is known as "revival work." We have received from Mr. Eben Shute, Boston, several publications in tract form adapted to this purpose. *The Way and the Word* covers two tracts, one on "How to Study the Bible," by Mr. Moody, the other on "Regeneration," by an English gentleman, and warmly commended by Mr. Moody. The latter is also published in separate form. *My Enquiry Meeting* is a setting forth, by Dr. Robert Boyd, of "several plain truths for anxious souls, saved or unsaved." *Doubts Removed* is by Rev. Cæsar Malan, in the form of a conversation between a Christian pastor and a doubting disciple. All the foregoing are published by F. H. Revell, of Chicago. Mr. Shute also himself publishes *The Sin and Folly of Unbelief*, a vigorous address by Rev. George F. Pentecost of this city.

— Our receipts of musical publications the past month have been confined to bound volumes, none of them, however, very large. Their titles in full may be found in their proper place. The *Music Reader* is an obviously useful manual for instruction, designed especially for beginners, and so simple in its methods that it could be easily mastered by a student without the help of a teacher. The fact that it has reached a fourth edition attests its excellence and popularity.— The rather obscure vignette of half-clothed women which adorns the cover of Asa Hull's *Temperance Glee Book* does not go very well with the conjoined motto in which "purity" is linked with "faith, hope and charity;" suggesting that the virtues do not all flock together. The contents of the book are well adapted to the wants of clubs and societies.— *Garlands of Praise* belongs to the already crowded class of Sunday School singing books; but as Mr. Sankey says fresh music is one of the sources of life to the churches, we suppose room must be made for every

new-comer.— The collection of *Songs of P. P. Bliss* — songs *by* P. P. Bliss would have been the more exact title — shows that this lamented composer had a sentimental, and even a comic, vein running through him; and a large number of the pieces here printed are pitched to one or the other of these keys. Those of a strictly sacred character are quite in the minority. There is much, we think, which would be sung with zest in the family circle around the piano. The memorial preface by the editor gives one or two interesting facts about Mr. Bliss which we have not yet seen in print. He was, Mr. Murray says, an inveterate versifier, and many of his reports to the house of Root & Cady, when he was in their service, were couched in rhyme, humorous and otherwise. He seemed to have had an exuberant nature as well as a religious spirit. His motto might well have been: "Is any merry? let him sing psalms."

—We have from T. B. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia a little treatise on *The Laws and Practice of the Game of Euchre.* Its title-page ascribes it to "a professor," who is "a member of the Washington Euchre Club." It therefore must be accepted as expounding the game — which the author pronounces "the queen of all card-games" — with a certain authority. A glossary of technical terms is given, a code of laws, and a chapter of hints to beginners. A supplement furnishes similar instructions for playing "Draw Poker." When we remember how men of exalted station have not thought it beneath them to play the part of master in this last-named game, the little book before us becomes invested with something of the respectability and dignity of a volume of United States Statutes.

— We advise every one of our readers who owns books, buys books, or ever has occasion to consult them, to buy a copy, at almost any sacrifice, of *The Best Reading*, Mr. F. B. Perkins's manual of direction to general literature. This latest edition, which is the fifteenth, has been enlarged to nearly twice the size of the last, and in its three hundred pages gives very comprehensive, judicious and suggestive lists of leading publications upon all branches of learning. Sizes, places of publication, and prices are also named in most cases, and the information is brought down very closely to the present time. This book is one of a dozen works of reference which are indispensable to every workman whose bench is a library table and whose tools are books. [Putman's Sons.]

— In 1876 Rev. Dr. Lorimer, the popular minister of the Tremont Temple, Boston, preached a sermon in Chicago on "Religious Liberty." He has expanded this discourse into a small volume, which he somewhat ambiguously entitles *The Great Conflict.* It *might* then refer to the electoral count, or to the late rebellion. It *does* refer exclusively to Baptists and their alleged distinctive championship of religious liberty. Roman Catholics, the author claims, are not to be credited with religious liberty, neither are Calvinists, nor Presbyterians, nor the Church of England, nor Independents, nor Congregationalists, but only Baptists, to whom Dr. Lorimer concedes the front rank, and possibly the very foremost position in the rank, of those martyr souls who toiled and suffered for the triumph of this principle. From his point of view, therefore, Roger Williams remains the traditional hero he has always been, and Dr. Dexter's recent supposed settlement of his place in history is set down as a partisan, and even a "disingenuous" perversion of the facts. We are bound to admit, however, that Dr. Lorimer has a spirit of liberty which is to be commended to the denomination he represents. [Lee & Shepard.]

— Dr. William C. Prime, of New York, whose peculiar antiquarian tastes lead him into many untraveled paths, has written a curious and interesting little monograph upon the wood of the cross on which our Lord was crucified, tracing its history, so far as it can be traced, sifting the traditions which have grown up in the Roman Church concerning it, and pointing the subject with some sensible and profitable reflections upon the general duty of a greater veneration for the past, and for such of its relics as have a character. The whole story will be greatly enjoyed by people of devout minds, few of whom will care to draw the line too sharply between the historic fact and fiction that enter into it. *Holy Cross* is the title of the volume, which is a very neatly printed one of 142 pages; and A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are the publishers.

APRIL MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S.— The pages of this magazine are very full of out-door scene and life, as is highly suitable under the date of April, when the bands of winter are being loosed, and we are turning with some relief from confined pursuits around the fireside to more active occupations in the open air. So, in mighty flights, our imaginations are taken by writer and artist, first to Chincoteague, an out-of-the-way island off the northeastern shore of Virginia, where an untamed breed of ponies and an almost equally rude type of humanity divide the reader's interest; thence to Deadwood and other mining precincts of the Black Hills, where bullets whistle around our ears and the scalping-knife of the savage threatens us at every turn of the page; and thence to Moscow, where Mr. Eugene Schuyler, of "Turkistan" fame, lets us look out of his window upon some of the strange scenes and picturesque figures and quaint customs of Russian life. Returning to America, we are introduced to a distinguished company of sporting dogs, and enlightened as to all the mysteries of the fox-hunt, "retrieving," breaking young dogs, kennel making, etc. This, to tell the truth, is rather the most striking article in the number, the engravings being numerous, spirited and fine, and the subject-matter quite one side from the beaten track of magazine writers. Another and more practical aspect of out-door life is treated by Mr. George E. Waring, Jr., in his article on "Farm Villages," in which he presents the plans and specifications of a system whereby farmers living apart from each other after the common country fashion may huddle a little more comfortably together, and so secure for themselves some of the social and intellectual privileges and advantages of village life. The idea is interesting in itself, and is very invitingly set forth, though we confess to a feeling that any such geometrical arrangements would greatly lessen the beauty of rural scenery, and one charm of rural life.

THE ATLANTIC.— The delights of this first genuine month of spring are also the inspiration of one of the *Atlantic's* poets, "H. H.," who this sonnet sings:

APRIL.

"No days such honored days as these! While yet
Fair Aphrodite reigned, men seeking wide
For some fair thing which should forever bide
On earth, her beauteous memory to set
In fitting frame that no age could forget,
Her name in lovely April's name did hide,
And leave it there, eternally allied
To all the fairest flowers spring doth beget.
And when fair Aphrodite passed from earth,
Her shrines forgotten and her feasts of mirth,
A holier symbol still, in seal and sign,
Sweet April took, of kingdom more divine,
When Christ ascended, in the time of birth
Of spring anemones, in Palestine."

Though in this number of the *Atlantic* Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., furnishes some extracts from the diary of a British officer in Boston in 1775, and Mr. John Fiske sketches the races of the Danube, and Mrs. Kemble continues her gossip, and Mr. Howells completes his charming little comedy, and Mr. Whipple has something to say of Dickens's American Notes, and "a South Carolinian" states the condition of South Carolina morals, and an unnamed reviewer gives us an account of Knight's Mechanical Dictionary, yet all these appetizing titles, with more besides, most readers, we think, will skip to come at once to the Contributors' Club, which is full as usual of very piquant and delightful chit-chat on literary topics. The first "contributor" wants to know how the world is going to live under the load of books that is being heaped upon it. A second protests against Mr. William Black's "Madcap Violet," as being a story which leaves not a household mentioned in it "without its corpse." A third calls for more of the dramatic *form* in novels: "What we want is that frequent and unobtrusive gliding from one form to the other found in the Pilgrim's

Progress and Boswell's Johnson." A fourth raises against the postal card the moral objection that the use of it creates a tendency "to read against your own will postal cards not addressed to yourself." And so on for eight or ten pages. This sort of literary "free and easy" is a great innovation in the pages of the sedate and dignified *Atlantic*, but a very capital one. None of our other monthlies give us anything like it.

HARPER'S.—We do not remember the number of an American magazine which has presented us with a more superbly illustrated article than that on "Furniture and its Decoration in the Renaissance," which this month opens *Harper's*. Pictures like these do not carry away the mind to far distances and engage it with the most noble thoughts, but they are full of a minute and wonderful beauty, and make the reader bend his head down low for a close and admiring inspection. Old furniture has an historic use as well as an artistic suggestion, and these reproductions by the engraver's tool of some twenty specimens, after photographs by Goupil of Paris, are of remarkable excellence. We have studied some of them under the magnifying glass, and they bear the ordeal surprisingly well. Look for instance with your "linen tester" at the Louis XIII. bedstead on page 649, or the *armoire* of the 16th century on page 641: what effects of solidity and strength are brought out! Nor does the fineness and brilliancy of the work disappear under this test. The article thus richly embellished, which is by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is one of intelligent criticism, and enters into what may be called the great philosophies of rather a small subject. Further on Miss Anna C. Brackett offers a few remarks on a "Liberal Education for Women," of which the following seem to us especially sensible and to the point:

"Because a man has had a college education, he is not necessarily a marked man; but if he has rightly used the opportunities offered to him at any well-ordered college, his whole life will be broadened and steadied, whatever relations he may come to hold to society, and society or solitude will be found to yield to him all its possibilities. And so it will be with the women. They will come back from their college life to their homes with a broader appreciation of the value of those homes. They will find their own places. Some few will go on into professional life. Schools are eagerly watching to utilize all who may choose to labor in that line for an independent life, and they will start fairly in the work of teaching, and hence not break down physically in it. Some will give us books which will, we trust, savor more of the impartiality and breadth of the writings of the English women than of the flippancy and superficiality of the American style. The majority will organize homes of their own, will become, like the men, heads of families, and their whole lives in all their details will, like those of the men, be broadened and steadied by their college training. They will hold their lives in their own control, and not be swept away by the force of undisciplined impulses. These will be the majority. No inconsiderable percentage, as with the young men, will make no mark. We are not to trouble ourselves so much as to what the young women graduates shall do, any more than about what the young men graduates shall do. They will go to their own place."

In his article on "The Public Libraries of the United States" Mr. Edward Howland has made good use of some of the vast stores of information packed away into the recent report upon this subject of the Commissioner of Education. Many interesting facts are brought to the light respecting the American book-world before the Revolution, when, to illustrate, there were but twenty-six public libraries in the colonies, of which the one in what is now Portland, Me., had but ninety-three volumes; and all together did not put more than some 43,000 volumes at the disposal of the public.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—There is certainly an improvement of late in the pictorial quality of this always typographically-elegant magazine. The opening article on "The Tartar and his Home" gives us not less than eighteen illustrations, or almost one for every page of text, and several are of striking excellence. The "Ruins of the Emperor's Summer Palace" is a very effective picture. There does not seem, however, to be any very close relation between the engravings and the article, and wherever any exists no hint of it is given by the former. This article and the one following on the "Valleys of Peru" supply a large amount of narrative of travel and observation. In "A Chapter from Real Life" we have a simple and affecting relation of the experiences of two immigrants who came to this country in 1870. It is not often that so-well written and obviously truthful a story gets into print, and the contrast to the stereotyped accounts given by most voyagers is very refreshing. Our two friends—for such they make themselves to be—bought their five-pounds passage tickets and the usual emigrants' outfit:

"This consisted of two straw mattresses, two pairs of common gray blankets, a few tin pots and a tin frying-pan, besides some bacon, some coffee and sugar, and a little can of condensed milk (these last, of course, superfluities), and two common boxes painted yellow, rather like sailors' chests than ordinary traveling trunks: we had only a few clothes to stow away in them."

Their ship was a sailing vessel, and this fact of course helped them to have an unusual time of it. Says the writer:

"I lived mostly on pea soup and sugared rice. We had to cook for ourselves in turns, and to wash and "fix" the beef and soak the biscuit. The steward sometimes treated us to a limited quantity of bread, which he baked every two days for the cabin, and the sick occasionally got a little milk. There were two cows and some sheep, pigs and poultry on board, some of the three latter being killed now and then for the cabin; and as there was a butcher among the passengers, he was allowed some fresh meat in part payment of his services. The bunks were stiflingly hot at night, and besides this there were worse evils in the shape of bad language and the unmentionable infliction of fleas."

This was, however, only the beginning of sorrows. On reaching New York they passed through the Castle Garden ordeal, and afterwards, with fifteen dollars for their "sole fortune," had a hard time of it getting settled. Finally they found friends who helped them out of the city, and their story leaves them somewhere in the country, their troubles ended. There are various signs of their being women of some intelligence and culture, and many a reader of their entertaining and often touching narrative will have a wish to know who they were. Further on Mr. Robert Wilson, who, in previous numbers of *Lippincott's*, gave us such pleasant pictures of life along the "Eastern Shore," tells us with equal skill about Wye Island, the home of William Paca, one of the Signers of the Declaration, a subject which is rich in historic scene and incident.

THE GALAXY.—Mr. Richard Grant White is at home from England, and of course resumes his place as one of the regular contributors to this magazine, where a large circle of readers will be pleased again to find him. His subject this month is "English Traits." As Mr. White is a writer who likes not only to be accurate, but to be thought so, we venture to inform him that he has misquoted Scripture at the top of his very first page, second column, where he attempts to put into the mouth of Sydney Smith (whose first name, by the way, we notice he spells *Sidney*) the words of Hazael to Elisha [2 Kings, viii: 13] "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" but makes two misses in the twelve words. Is it not quite as well worth the while of the scholar to quote the Bible correctly as Shakespeare? Mr. White reports that the men of England "are on the whole more attractive to the eye than the women." England is their "paradise; for there the world is made for them; and women are happy in making it so." In a succeeding paper Mr. White promises us a word by itself about English women. There are two articles in the number of special interest to theatre-goers: the sketch by Mr. Henry James, Jr., of "The Theatre Français" in Paris; and a second chapter of Capt. Frederick Whittaker's critical discussion of the art-principles which underly play-writing and play-acting. Those who are familiar with the stage and its literature, and particularly with plays of present popularity, and with living actors and actresses of distinction, will read both of these articles with great interest.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.—This magazine of the provinces on our northern border is yet in its infancy, having in its March number completed only the first quarter of its second volume. Its typographical appearance is very good, and its contents do credit to the editorial faculty of its conductors and the intelligence and taste of its readers.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April, which contains ten illustrated articles and nearly one hundred pictures, is of a somewhat light and breezy character, as befits the spring. It opens with "The Story of an Island of Ponies," and "A Trip to the Black Hills," and has a paper on "Some American Sporting Dogs," in which are discussed the comparative virtues of Pointers and Setters, training dogs, &c. It is full of pictures and full of incident. "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugene Schuyler, and "Insectivorous Plants," by Mrs. Herrick, are specially valuable contributions. Besides the continued Serials, "Nicholas Minturn," by Dr. Holland, and "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Burnett, the Essays and Poems, shorter stories, and the Editorial discussions, papers on House-Furnishing and Housekeeping, &c., &c.,—the paper which will be likely to attract most attention relates to

American Farmers and Farm Life,

in which the writer says: "My purpose has been only to suggest a scheme which seems to me entirely, even though remotely, practicable, and in which I hope for the sympathy and help of the country-bound farmers' wives and daughters,—a scheme which promises what seems the easiest, if not the only, relief for the dullness and desolation of living which make American farming loathsome to so many who ought to glory in its pursuit, but who now are only bound to it by commanding necessity."

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Current Literature.

ANCIENT STREETS AND HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.*

NOT archæologists only, but all travelers with a taste for the old and picturesque, owe Mr. Rimmer thanks for this pleasantly written and beautifully illustrated volume. It treats for the most part of a region of English country which lies away from the general line of travel, and so is comparatively unknown to the ordinary tourist, who, with a natural desire to achieve much sight-seeing in short time, judges it safer to keep to mapped-out routes and "through" lines of railway. A great many such tourists, however, would be glad to venture on digressions here and there if they could learn precisely where and how and wherefore to digress. This information Mr. Rimmer's book supplies, and we hope his hints will make it possible for a great many people to get glimpses of the quaint and beautiful nooks which he describes.

The first chapter he devotes to Chester, a town at which Americans are wont to make their first stay after landing at Liverpool, and which in many respects is conspicuously interesting. But almost no Americans visit Shrewsbury, only forty miles distant by rail; yet Shrewsbury is equally rich in old buildings, and, historically considered, is even better worth seeing than Chester. For those who land at Southampton, Sherborne Castle and Abbey in Dorset are close at hand. Lichfield and Coventry can easily be included in the excursion to Stratford-on-Avon and Warwick. Ripon, Wakefield and other noteworthy spots in Yorkshire are accessible by a little divergence on the route to Scotland, and a study of Mr. Rimmer's sketches will easily suggest other feasible combinations.

Dealing as he does with an unhackneyed region, Mr. Rimmer's text is naturally full of records and anecdotes which will be new to his readers. There is, for example, the delightful tale of Mrs. Mottershed, landlady of the Blue Posts Inn in Chester, in the year 1558. Hearing Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, then a guest in her house, boast himself holder of a royal commission to "persecute" the Irish Protestants, in testimony whereof he showed the leather box which held the warrant, she took advantage of his momentary absence to open the box, extract the warrant, and "place in lieu of it a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost." This significant substitution was not discovered until the box containing the supposed commission was formally opened in the presence of the Lord Deputy and the Privy-Council in Dublin! The confusion which ensued may be imagined. Dr. Cole was sent back to London for more satisfactory authority, but before he could return Queen Mary breathed her last, and Mrs. Mottershed was rewarded by Elizabeth with a pension of forty pounds a year.

Again, on page 35, we find a transcript from the book left by Sir Edward Moore, Lord of the Manor of Liverpool, for the guidance of his son, in which occurs this curious example of the censorship formerly exercised by landlords over the *appearance* of streets in towns and villages. Speaking of a tenant he says:

> "This man should have built two dormer-windows as the others did, but when he had got me fast and he was loose, he would build none, *but made the house like a barn*, much to the disparagement of the street. If he have occasion to use you, deal not with him till he have made two dormer-windows."

On page 207 is another quaint instance of an old custom in some of the old farms in Cheshire, *apropos* of the movable outside staircases in use in many farm buildings:

> "I myself have seen the laborers go to their loft to sleep, and the farmer remove the staircase regularly every night."

The wood-cuts which enrich the book are drawn and engraved with a grace and precision unusual even in these days of lavish illustration, and will interest and charm many readers who do not hope to visit the spots from which they are taken. But there is no index to the letter-press, which most certainly there ought to have been.

* Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England. By Alfred Rimmer. Macmillan & Co.

VAN LAUN'S HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

THE remark of Lord Bacon that a man often obtains a better view of his own field by going into the field of another, receives excellent illustration in the fact that the best history of English literature has been written by a Frenchman, and that an Edinburgh professor is writing what will prove to be the most complete history of French literature for English readers.

Like the great work of M. Taine, this work of Professor Van Laun, whose first two volumes are before us, begins with the consideration of the origin and early historic condition of the race with whose literature it is to deal. After a brief examination of the fragmentary literature that existed previous to Charlemagne, it considers the literary characteristics of the age of feudalism; and then, under the obvious divisions of "The Renaissance," "The Classical Renaissance," and "The Age of Louis XIV," examines French literature as it successively sprouted, budded and flowered in these epochs. A third and last volume is in preparation, which will bring the work down to the reign of Napoleon III.

To Professor Van Laun, as to M. Taine, "the literature of a country is a reflex of that country's history." Every author's work is colored and qualified by his epoch and by his surroundings. It is, therefore, in the light of his historic position that each author, as he appears in these volumes, is studied. The Troubadours, who sang their songs to the kings, counts and noble ladies of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, sprang, therefore, from the higher feudal society of France, and represent the reaction against the religious tyranny of the age. In the satires of Clément Marot and of Rabelais are expressed the derision and newly-found liberty of the early renaissance; and the purism of the classical renaissance manifests itself in the studied poems of Ronsard and Malherbe. So, likewise, from the Augustan age of French power sprang the Augustan age of French literature, with its Molière, its La Fontaine, and its Racine. From the point of view, therefore, of the sôcial, religious and political history of France does Professor Van Laun study its literature.

That this historical method of literary investigation is the only method which is exhaustive and worthy of perfect trust is, we believe, a firmly established canon. The literature of a nation is the result of that nation's life, of its experience and feeling, and to attempt to study it without studying the conditions under which it arose is quite as foolish as trying to estimate the character of Napoleon without surveying Europe in the first years of this century.

Yet, in spite of the excellence of his method, Professor Van Laun's work seems to us, we are forced to acknowledge, more of a sketch of French literature than a history. The author has not, in fact, allowed himself a sufficient number of pages to permit him to give an exhaustive treatment of a subject which, in the volumes before us, covers seventeen hundred years, which displays the most diverse characteristics, and is fundamental in its various relations. Spanish literature is a desert compared with French; yet Mr. Ticknor's incomparable work contains a far larger amount of matter than Van Laun's; and M. Taine's history of English literature is nearly twice the length of the work before us. (We speak, of course, on the supposition that the last volume will not materially differ in its length from the first two.) The broad outlines of a broad subject Professor Van Laun has drawn, and, we are glad to say, he has drawn them well; but he has not, as we believe he tried to do, painted a complete and finished picture. The result is a sketch, clear, strong, graceful and usually truthful; but still a sketch. For this very reason, however, to one comparatively igno-

* History of French Literature. By Henri Van Laun. Vols. I. and II. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

rant of French literature it may be of far greater service than a more complete work: but to the scholar it will prove rather a handbook than a history of the intellectual achievements of the French people.

The parts of Professor Van Laun's work most satisfactory to us are the analyses of the great literary characters with which he deals. These are carefully made, vivid, truthful. Of Molière, for instance, whose dramatic works he has translated, he writes:

"His claim to distinction is based only on a strong common sense, good manners, sound morality, real wit, true humor, a great, facile, and accurate command of language, and a photographic delineation of nature. It cannot be denied that there is little action in his plays, but there is a great deal of natural conversation; his personages show that he was a most attentive observer of men, even at court, where a certain varnish of over-refinement conceals nearly all individual features. He generally makes vice appear in its most ridiculous aspect, in order to let his audience laugh and despise it; his aim is to correct the follies of the age by exposing them to ridicule."

A correct if not an accurate estimate is this of the power of the French Shakespeare. Of Molière's friend, La Fontaine, our author writes these strong and graceful sentences:

"La Fontaine is the French Homer, for he is as universal, idealistic and natural as the Greek. He is easy to understand, for he does not fatigue, and skims everything, even sentiments. Sometimes he is serious, sometimes ironical, sometimes innocent, or philosophical, but he is always making fun of some one or of some thing. As a moralist he is neither severe nor indignant, but teaches that man should not be a fool, should learn to know life, and become neither the dupe of others nor of himself. . . . As a writer, his only creed appears to be 'Let us live and be merry,' and this he preaches with a persistency worthy of a better cause, and in a style so natural and easy, that he was and is still more popular with the French than any other writer."

Of Rabelais, "the centre of a new system in the literary heavens;" of Corneille, "the greatest classical poet of France;" of "the tender Racine," "the painter of love;" and of other great names of French literature, Professor Van Laun writes clearly, comprehensively and with judicial impartiality. His examination of the works of a single author is, to our mind, superior to his review of the literature of an age or of a school. For in the latter case is often manifest a tendency to vagueness, especially in the first volume, which suggests a suspicion that the historian is walking through a country with which his acquaintance has been brief.

Although the general division of the work into books is logical as well as chronological, the division into chapters and sections is, in certain cases, illogical and arbitrary, and tends to break up the continuity of thought. In the course of a single chapter (the eighth in Book IV) the reader is obliged to pass from the consideration of "Richelieu and his Work" to a review of the philosophy of Descartes. This fault is probably due, in part at least, to the negligence of omitting the headings of chapters, and allowing them to stand only over books and sections. The division, moreover, between the character of an author as an author and his character as a man is not in every case made clear and distinct. This is particularly true in regard to Malherbe and Pascal. We also notice a tendency to use trite metaphors, and in several instances the employment of such expressions as "danced attendance," "egged on," "sponged on," which are more fitted, as we believe will generally be confessed, to a political harangue than to the dignity of the history of a nation's literature. In spite, however, of these faults of logic and of taste, we desire heartily to congratulate the author upon the moral purity of his treatment of a subject which in many parts is morally impure. In his abridgement of M. Taine's English Literature, it will be remembered, Mr. Fiske felt compelled to strike out numerous "objectionable passages." No such excision would be either necessary or possible in the work before us.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.*

PROF. Perry's works on economic science have this advantage over most of those in the hands of the public: that they limit the field of Political Economy to exchanges, making it the science, not of wealth, but of value. This view, among European writers, has the support of Macleod and Whately; and, in accordance with it, the latter proposed changing the name of the science to Catallactics, a word which Mr. Perry, in all his works that we have seen, persists in spelling Catalactics. For such an orthography there is no authority and no foundation in reason, as the derivation [καταλλάσσω] shows. His definition of value, "a relation of mutual purchase established between two services by their exchange," is an improvement even on Bastiat, and a correct analysis of it leads the author to a better explanation of production than is to be found in the books. He defines production to be "effort with reference to a sale," an idea to which Macleod came nearest when he said the producer is the person who places any required article on a given spot. This view of production allows the wages of the so-called "unproductive" opera singer to be brought into economic consideration along with those of the baker, the brick-maker and others, who, to use Mill's expression, "embody utilities in material objects."

In his elucidation of capital, Mr. Perry is not so successful. He formerly called capital "any product reserved to be employed in further production." [Elements of Political Economy.] In the present volume it is considered as "any valuable thing, outside of man himself, from whose use springs a pecuniary increase or profit." It is not easy to see what is gained by the change. If capital must yield a pecuniary increase, then there can be no capital under a system of barter, and the tin pedlar who sells his wares for rags, and exchanges the latter at the country store for provisions, is trading without capital. In the further discussion of the subject he fails to correctly distinguish capital from labor. The former, we are told, brings increase, profit; the latter only a *return*, a replacement of what was lost in the exercise of the natural powers. The laborer gets back, through wages, only what he gave; the capitalist receives back his capital and a profit besides. Now this distinction seldom holds. What comes back to the laborer, in the shape of wages, over and above what is necessary to keep his powers unimpaired — that is, the necessaries of food, clothing, shelter, etc.— is, to our thinking, *increase*. As with the capitalist who puts his money at interest, what goes out is replaced, or kept intact, and something is added which may be expended in enlarged reproduction or in unproductive consumption. Mr. Perry only hints at the real ground of distinction. It is the capacity of *transference* which makes Barnum's woolly horse capital, while the ligature which bound and made rich the Siamese twins is not such. Even the human powers, which are expressly excepted in the above definition, are properly considered capital, where, under a system of slavery, a man has, in an economic view, the character of a machine which can be passed from hand to hand at an estimated money value.

The chapter on Production concludes with an analysis of Cost of Production, which, it is to be regretted, repeats Mr. Mill's old error, now so clearly exposed by his able commentator, Cairnes. The chapter on Commerce contains an able argument in favor of Free Trade; Money and Credit are excellently treated, and the latest developments in American financial affairs are brought in.

Few writers on Political Economy have had more readers and been more widely translated than *Bastiat*. His happy way of putting whole arguments into simple illustrations has done great service in extending the influence of a science whose first principles present considerable difficulties, and, unless thoroughly grasped, are fruitful of fallacies. To the essays in this volume Mr. Wells has added notes of especial value to American readers. A note to the essay on Capital gives a characteristic extract from Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, in which we are surprised to see that eminent writer declaiming against taking interest on capital as being "worse

* An Introduction to Political Economy. By Arthur Latham Perry. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Essays on Political Economy. By Frederick Bastiat. Revised with Notes by David A. Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

than theft." An analysis less careful than he usually bestows on a Gothic ornament would have shown him the disastrous results, to the interests of labor itself, of such a theory. But Ruskin views Political Economy from afar off, and thinks he sees in its favorite *laissez-faire* only Anglo-Saxon selfishness in French dress. He meant to make a sharp thrust at a popular hobby of writers on this science, when he wrote the eloquent passage in the "Stones of Venice" on the injurious effects to the mind and soul of the laborer, of minute division of labor. But economists, though not called upon to discuss the moral side of such questions, are no less awake to it than Ruskin. Prof. Perry, in his work noticed above, has a good presentation of the disadvantages of the division of labor; and Say, a half-century ago, said epigrammatically: "To have never done anything but make the eighteenth part of a pin, is a sorry account for a human being to give of his existence."

AN ENGLISHMAN ON HIS TRAVELS.*

THE author of this volume was invited by his friend, a lieutenant in the British Navy in command of the gunboat *Rocket*, to accompany the vessel on a leisurely cruise from Plymouth to Vancouver Island on the Pacific coast, where she was to relieve another vessel.

"The inducements were considerable; including a trip through the Straits of Magellan, a look at the Patagonians and several places on the Pacific coast of America, possibly some good salmon fishing and shooting in British Columbia, and an undoubtedly interesting journey home by the Union Pacific Railway from San Francisco, visiting *en route* the celebrated Yo-Semite Valley, the Salt Lake City of Brigham Young and the Mormons, and the Falls of Niagara."

His expectations with regard to British Columbia were not realized; for the *Rocket* proved to be such a slow craft, that with sails and steam together she occupied eight months in the journey from Plymouth to San Diego, Cal., at which point our baronet left her and pursued his journey by land, not going farther north than California. Wherever the ship touched, however, she seems to have stayed as long as there was anything to be seen or shot, the Captain having a glorious disregard of time, and being chiefly anxious that his sporting friend should enjoy himself and keep the larder of the ship in good condition. This fact, perhaps, as much as the unwieldiness of the *Rocket*, accounts for the singular circumstance that a steamer should occupy two-thirds of a year going from England to the Pacific without accident to detain her. The book is thoroughly British in flavor; for example:

"Cleanliness out of England, or away from hotels frequented and chiefly patronized by Englishmen, is simply not to be had in the world. I have been in many parts of it, entirely round and in most of its corners, but have never yet met cleanliness of habits, person and habitations combined, away from our egotistical selves. Why this should be the case I cannot even hazard a conjecture."

Sir Rose very sensibly omits to describe places which figure in all books of travel, and devotes a good deal of space to regions little known. Those parts of Chili and Patagonia which border on the Straits of Magellan, where few tourists have been, are honored with three chapters, in which much information is comprised. Our author spent considerable time there chasing guanaco and other game, and his observations are naturally from a sportsman's point of view. Indeed, in his whole book he is somewhat inclined to look upon the world as a grand hunting and fishing ground, and to regard all science as centering in catching game and cooking it. It deeply impresses him to discover that quails can be properly cooked without wrapping them in vine leaves; banana peel is even better, when the thin slice of bacon which covers the bird is wrapped in this covering and roasted:

"The birds thus cooked were superior to any I have ever tasted dressed in the conventional vine leaf, and the receipt may prove a useful wrinkle (*sic*) to travelers who, like myself, may have enjoyed capital quail shooting in places where banana peel was plentiful, but vine leaves scarce."

The baronet has a hearty contempt for popular government, and finds many opportunities in South America to point out evils inherent in republics. In the United States he admits that matters are somewhat better, but in our Territories he notices a condition of things bordering on anarchy. There is no law, murder is as common as eating, and some desperadoes cannot enjoy their breakfast till they have killed their man. Evidently the "natives" told our traveler some curious stories, all of which he religiously believes. One thing that particularly amazed him was the small respect paid to high dignitaries of the government. He gives an amusing account of the reception of President Grant when he passed through Fort Laramie:

"I never saw less enthusiasm at the reception of any distinguished individual than was displayed here. For some moments the crowd seemed undecided as to who was the President, and a man near me shouted out, 'Which is Grant?' 'I guess he's that red-faced coon in a plug hat,' replied another, in a by no means *sotto voce* tone; and this information seeming to be sufficient, the mob shortly afterwards raised a faint cheer."

We are so accustomed to being reproved by our English cousins for our national fondness for *slang*, that we cannot but be struck with the style in which this educated English gentleman chooses to express himself in a book. Whenever he has occasion to mention colored people, he invariably describes them as "niggers." Instead of the expressions "far better," "far beyond," he favors us with "far away and better," "far away and beyond." He is fond of the phrase "polish off," by which he does not mean make smooth, but murder, skin, and sometimes eat.

To these defects of style the printer has superadded some execrable spelling. The proof-reader must have been at the Centennial when this book went through the press. Among other blunders we have "forceable" for forcible (p. 117), "lead" for led (p. 130), "jealously" for jealousy (p. 142), "leaed" for leaped (p. 178), and Acapulco a dozen times spelled "Acupulco." The engravings also are distributed with wild disregard of the letter-press; in the midst of Chilian life appears a cut of an alleged scene in Nevada related more than two hundred pages farther on; and the plate that faces the 24th page should have been placed opposite the 223d. The type of the volume is refreshingly large and clear, and the paper good.

* The Two Americas. By Major Sir Rose Lambart Price, Bart., F. R. G. S. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.*

THIS book of Principal Tulloch's is addressed to young men who are willing to take advice from one who, through a long and honorable association with the young, is well qualified to give it. Religion, Business, Study, Recreation: the young man who has not come to definite ideas on these subjects begins his course without compass and chart, and if he ever comes to port it will be because he has accidentally drifted there. It is to these matters that the author has given a lively and sometimes eloquent pen. The first and most interesting part of his book he devotes to religion. To the proofs of Christianity, from history, from the miracles, from the nature of things, he gives some excellent chapters, drawing freely from Paley's exhaustless mine, and also from the less quoted Pascal, whose sublime *Pensées* contains a masterly argument for the truth of Christianity, founded on an analysis of the human soul. He has some sharp strokes at Positivism and other forms of modern philosophy, and does very good service in clearing away certain misty notions that have gathered about the idea of a miracle, and made a belief in such an event so difficult to so many minds. We do not know of any book for young people in which the Christian evidences are accorded so high an importance, or treated with more clearness. When putting the character and power of religion in their true light, he gives some thrusts at the conventionalities that have crept into it which remind one of *Gates Ajar*. Under "What to Do" and "How to Do it" there is more sensible

* Beginning Life. A Book for Young Men. By John Tulloch, D. D. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

advice than the majority of readers will be apt to take. On "Study" and "Reading," as pursued to a limited extent in the intervals of business, the author's ideas are a good way removed from the old-fashioned notion of laying out a plan of discouraging vastness and then carrying it through with tiresome punctuality. On the principle that the mind retains best that learning in which it takes the freshest interest, he argues that it should be allowed more freedom in following its natural bent, and that more regard should be paid to the tastes of the hour. There is much truth in this, but the author does not, we think, insist enough on the importance of cultivating new and better tastes as well as of improving old ones. On "Recreation" he is less scrupulous and more liberal than might be expected of a Scotchman. He deals with shooting, theatres, billiards and dancing in a way that makes short work of some old prejudices. On the whole the book is excellently adapted to those for whom it is written, and its readers can hardly avoid being better for its perusal.

THACKERAY'S EARLY AND LATE PAPERS.*

WE are pleased to find in the convenient form and neat dress of Henry Holt & Co.'s "Leisure Hour Series" a new edition of Thackeray's *Early and Late Papers*, first collected for publication by that skillful purveyor of literary meats and drinks, Mr. James T. Fields, in 1867. When Mr. Fields suggested to Thackeray to bring together in such a volume his fugitive pieces, such as had been contributed to *Fraser* and *Punch*, the latter replied: "Do it yourself, *mon ami;* write the preface, and I'll stand by you." The contents of this volume have become familiar to a large proportion of the public, but thus freshly presented will find new readers and make new friends. Here we have the genial author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" with his coat off, as it were, and his wristbands unbuttoned — in his most unstudied moods, and disposed to the freest and most friendly utterance of the thoughts that lie nearest him. There are twenty-four of the papers. There is no connection between them, unless in the sunny temper which shines through all, except in the case of three, which constitute a series of travel and roadside sketches. These relate to a little trip into Belgium, and are brimful of amusing pictures — of what may be called fun in "assorted packages." Thus, soon after setting out in the coach from Richmond;

"A gentleman sitting behind me tapped me on the back and asked for a light. He was a footman, or rather a valet. He had no livery, but the three friends who accompanied him were tall men in pepper-and-salt undress jackets, with a duke's coronet on their buttons.

"After tapping me on the back, and when he had finished his cheroot, the gentleman produced another wind-instrument which he called a 'kinopium,'— a sort of trumpet, on which he showed a great inclination to play. He began puffing out of the 'kinopium' a most abominable air, which he said was the 'Duke's March.' It was played by particular request of one of the pepper-and-salt gentry.

"The noise was so abominable that even the coachman objected (although my friend's brother footmen were ravished with it) and said that it was not allowed to play toons on *his* bus. 'Very well,' said the valet, '*we're only of the Duke of B——'s establishment*, THAT'S ALL.' The coachman could not resist that appeal to his fashionable feelings. The valet was allowed to play his infernal 'kinopium.'" . . .

What was more, says Thackeray, the discomfited coachman attempted now to restore the equilibrium of rank by relating "stories of his having been groom in Captain Hoskins's family, *nephew of Governor Hoskins*, which stories the footmen received with great contempt."

All of which must have been real entertainment to our traveler. Among other appetizing titles included in the Table of Contents are these: "Memorials of Gormandizing," "Dickens in France," and "The Anonymous in Periodical Literature." Upon this latter topic we read:

"To be a writer for a newspaper requires more knowledge, genius, readiness, scholarship, than you want in Saint Stephen's. Compare a good leading article and a speech in the House of Commons: compare a House of Commons orator with a writer, psha!"

We trust the quality of parliamentary eloquence has improved since these words were written. What follows, more pertinent to the topic he particularly has in hand, may be outlined as follows:

"Would Jones or Smith, however, much profit by the publication of their names to their articles? . . . The public does not care very much what Jones's opinions are. . . . It is the article, and not the name and pedigree of the artificer, which a newspaper or any other dealer has a right to sell to the public. . . . A newspaper is a composite work, got up by many hireling hands, of whom it is necessary to know no other name than the printer's or proprietor's. It is not to be denied that men of signal ability will write for years in papers and perish unknown. . . . It is hard upon a man, with whose work the whole town is ringing, that not a soul should know or care who is the author who so delights the public. But, on the other hand, if your article is excellent, would you have had any great renown from it, supposing the paper had not published it? . . . If to some men the want of publicity is an evil, to many others the privacy is most welcome. . . . Take away this modest mask,— force every man upon the public stage to appear with his name placarded, and we lose some of the best books, some of the best articles, some of the pleasantest wit that we have ever had."

These seem to us sound words, whose usefulness quite outlasts their immediate occasion, and which deserve to be repeated from time to time perpetually. The question between personal and impersonal journalism is, however, a broad one, and not to be settled in a few paragraphs.

* Early and Late Papers Hitherto Uncollected. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Henry Holt & Co.

COMO IN MAY.

From the May Harper's.

THE snow has not yet faded from the crest
Where Alpine outskirts envy Italy,
Yet, looking down the terraced walks, we see,
On slopes beneath us, buds with snowy breast,
And crimson-bosomed open roses, pressed
With jasmine's slender arm and starry eye
And nameless twining vines so thick and nigh
Unto the parapet that, unconfessed
The stones lie hidden in luxuriance;
And where the bloom-girt pathway steepest slants
A ruined tower looks on the lake's blue trance,
Known by its shape alone, so deep the wall
Is buried in wistaria's purple fall
And countless clustered roses, pink and small.

MOZLEY'S RULING IDEAS IN EARLY AGES.*

THIS book of Dr. Mozley's is a valuable contribution to the philosophy of both history and theology. The author's "Eight Lectures on the Miracles" form one of the ablest apologetic works lately published; and his "University Sermons" exhibit a comprehension of the great truths of human nature that deserves to be compared with the masterly analyses of Bishop Butler. In its field the present work is equally excellent. It is an examination of the relation which certain primitive ideas and beliefs bear to the leading events of Old Testament history. The book opens with a chapter or lecture upon Abraham, which represents him as the Bacon of the Christian Church, and his teachings as the Novum Organon that guides the religious development of mankind. It then proceeds to consider his sacrifice of Isaac in the light of the patriarchal theory of family ownership. According to this theory the head of the family was regarded as its owner, and therefore Abraham, owning his son, possessed the right of sacrificing him. The same theory explains both the indiscriminating cruelty of the exterminating wars waged by Israel, and the visitation of the father's sins upon the children. Each member of the tribe or family shared the guilt of its head, and, therefore, deserved also to share the pain of the consequent punishment. Jael's killing of Sisera, therefore, was not violation of hospitality, but obedience to fundamental rights of public justice. To the principles held by that barbarous age, God not only permitted but commanded obedience. He sanctioned the bloody law of Goël, the *lex talionis*. But, although the divine revelation was primarily adapted to the embryonic condition of society, it was progressive in its character and purpose. Rude penal laws and barbarous customs were only the scaffoldings by means of which the edifice of a perfect system of morals was gradually built. Dr. Mozley's style is nervous, forcible, eloquent. It is,

* Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and Their Relation to Old Testament Faith. By J. B. Mozley, D. D. E. P. Dutton & Co.

however, verbose — a fault almost necessarily inherent in writing primarily intended for the ear and not for the eye.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

A RARE spirit passed away from this world when Charles Kingsley died. Whatever charges and "bitter newspaper attacks" certain utterances of his may have drawn upon him during some of the most fruitful years of his over-crowded life, no one could then or ever call in question the integrity of the man, his utter unselfishness and his sweetness of soul. The story of his life, told in letters of his own and reminiscences of friends, connected by a thread of narrative, is more fascinating than any of his fictions. We have known him as the writer of charming verse and stimulating story, the advocate of the poor man's rights, and the brilliant preacher; but here we have a revelation of his real life, his perplexities and doubts, his strong affections, his keen delight in out-of-door pursuits, his tenderness and humility, his exquisite humor and the perfect happiness that reigned in his home; and can see how much better he was than the best that he wrote, and how delightful it must have been to have had him for a personal friend.

He was born in Devonshire, where his father held a curacy, and was remarkable as a child. His father was cultivated and refined, of loving nature and "stainless honor," with the tastes of an artist and a fondness for natural history; his mother was "full of poetry and enthusiasm," with a love for science and literature; and in this first-born son were reproduced in strong personality the prominent traits of both, including a force and originality and martial spirit which must not be left out of the account. "Our talent," he says, "such as it is, is altogether hereditary."

As a youth he is described as of "keen visage and great bodily activity," "original to the verge of eccentricity," while yet a "genuine out-of-door English boy," with an absolute enthusiasm for botany and geology, fearless and brave, and yet keenly sensitive, tender-hearted and forgiving; constitutionally shy, and a stammerer — disadvantages which he never overcame, though the infirmity of speech disappeared when he warmed to his work in preaching. The dread of entering a room, or of speaking, sometimes amounted to terror, so that he said he "could have wished the earth to open and swallow him."

At twenty he first met his future wife, who says:

"He was then full of religious doubts, and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind, . . . but as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness. . . . He was like his own Lancelot in Yeast — a bold thinker, a bold rider, a most chivalrous gentleman, sad, shy and serious habitually."

After agonizing struggle "he read for Holy Orders," and at twenty-three settled down at Eversley — for life, as it proved; and two years later brought home his bride to the old rectory which "had not been repaired for a hundred years" — such a damp, unhealthy place, that, in spite of the rector's sanitary improvements, we are forced to believe that it had a share in breaking him down while yet a young man. It was an unpromising parish; "the services had been utterly neglected," the communion seldom observed; and in consequence "the alehouses were full on Sunday, and the church empty," and "there was not a grown-up man or woman among the laboring classes who could read or write." For such a people his best work was done; for them his sermons were prepared with the utmost care. He knew intimately every individual in his parish, and was "chivalrous to every woman, gentle to every child, true to every man;" never too tired or too busy to listen to them, but ready to give up his sorely-needed holidays if there were a sick one who might miss him. He could "swing a flail with the threshers," or a scythe with the mowers, and enter into every one's interest; thanking God for having given him such a versatile mind. As a result, while they learned to respect themselves, they loved the parson, and went to church, where he preached them sermons they could understand; for he used forcible illustrations with which they were familiar, catching men "by their leading ideas," so that his preaching became a mighty power, and Eversley made a great advance in morals and culture before he was taken away from it.

When vital questions began to stir the nation, he threw himself into the Chartist struggle with all the impetuosity of his aggressive nature, ready to dare anything rather than violate his own convictions of duty, or compromise with what seemed to him an evil. "I will not be a liar, I will speak," he wrote home from London, at a time when to speak was perilous. And when he became dissatisfied with the want of faith and vitality in the church, he roused such antagonism as would have dismayed a less courageous man. Finally, he drew upon himself additional reproach in accepting church promotion, incurring thus the charge of inconsistency. That a man of such an unusual combination of qualities should sometimes seem to contradict himself, and err in judgment, was inevitable; but from first to last he was sternly self-respectful and pure in motive — a man whom we might not always agree with, but could always love. These varied and trying experiences qualified him more and more to help his fellow-men; and the volume before us is full of recognition of the sympathy and encouragement and stimulus for which men and women in all parts of the world were indebted to him.

It was a happy and saving quality in one who spent so much of his vitality in his work, that he was able to throw off all care, and, with the zest of a boy, give himself up to the delight of flower or insect-hunting with his children, or a mountain or fishing excursion with his beloved "Tom Brown," Tom Taylor or Froude; when, overflowing with wholesome nonsense, he was the life of the party. To the former he wrote, planning a trip to Snowdon:

"Of all men on earth, I should like to have Tom Taylor for a third. Entreat him to make it possible, and come and be a salvidge man with us; and tell him I can show him views of the big stone work which no mortal cockney knows, because, though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run among the hills, and the lakes which sit a-top thereof. Tell him I'll show him such a view . . as tourist never saw, nor will see, 'case why, he can't find it; and I will show him the original mouth of the pit — but *I* only think of the trouts — which the last I saw killed . . was three and one-half pounds, and we'll kill his wife and family. . . And oh, what won't we do, except break our necks?"

Wherever he went, he wrote to his family about the scenery and the flowers. With America, which, it will be remembered, he visited in 1874, he was greatly delighted, especially with Longfellow, and "dear old Whittier," and Asa Gray; and:

"I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I've seen, or of all the kindness we have received."

New England is graphically described, as in winter:

"The saddest country, all brown grass, ice-polished rocks, sticking up through the copses, cedar-scrub, low, swampy shores; an iron land, which only iron people could have settled in. The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it."

The grandeur of our West overpowered him; and the profusion of flowers was a perpetual delight. "And, oh! the flowers!" "Flowers most lovely and wonderful;" and "enormous tropic butterflies, all colors, as big as bats. We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive." All enthusiasm to the last; but he longed to get home — the place so dear that he never liked to quit it.

In spite of occasional depression — which was hereditary — he kept a cheerful front, conquering his sadness before he came forth to his daily associates whose lives he made sunny and healthful. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is as much laughing in any other home in England as ours." Terribly overworked by the pressure of writing to meet his expenses and by his constant service for humanity, he broke down in his meridian, and looked forward to the final rest like one exhausted; but was constantly

* Charles Kingsley. His Letters and Memories of His Life. Abridged. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

more thankful for his experiences than he had words to tell; "Oh! how good God has been to me!" The end came, as he had wished, at Eversley:

"the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home: for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley church-yard."

These "Memories" are edited with a good degree of tact and judgment; and the abridgment for American readers contains all that is of especial interest to them. The volume is of handsome shape, and has, beside the index and a chronological list of his works, a fac-simile of the manuscript of "The Three Fishers," and several illustrations—Eversley rectory, the study window, the great fir trees and the church; an admirable portrait of Mr. Kingsley, which shows a wiry-looking man with keen eyes under knit brows and a most kindly aspect; and his grave, where, on a cross, are "the words of his choice, the story of his life:"

"Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus!"

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.*

IN this brief essay Mr. Freeman brings the stores of great historical learning, the discriminating glance of a critical mind, and the charms of a singularly simple method and intelligible style, to the review of what is known as "the Eastern Question." We have nowhere seen within anything like so narrow a compass so ample and clear a statement of the facts, and so conclusive an argument upon them. Who and what is the Turk? What has he done in Europe? What shall be done with him? These are the questions which Mr. Freeman sets out to answer. It is not to be denied that he writes as an advocate whose mind is made up; but we do not see how, in the light of the case as he presents it, the minds of his unprejudiced readers can fail to be carried along with him. He first studies the European nations proper by themselves, in order to point out the essential differences between them on the one hand and the Turks on the other. He shows how nearly all the European nations belong to one family of mankind, speak languages which once were one, have much of their history and memories in common, are adherents of one common religion, live under a common civilization, and enjoy, generally speaking, the benefits of national governments. The Turks, on the other hand, "are simply a band of strangers, a foreign army, in short, encamped in that part of Europe which from their encampment is called Turkey." They have "no share in any of the things which bind the nations of Europe together." They belong to quite a different family, their history and traditions are distinct, their religion is essentially antagonistic, their political, social and moral system is totally foreign, and their rule in Europe can never be national.

"And this state of things not only is so, but it always must be so as long as the Turk keeps his power. . . . As long as he remains Mohammedan, he cannot be anything but a foreign ruler over subject nations in their own land; and such a foreign ruler can hardly fail to be a foreign oppressor."

The period of what may be called Turkish "squatter-sovereignty" in Europe Mr. Freeman dates from the accession of Othman to the rude power founded by his grandfather, Ertoghrul, the wandering chieftain who entered Asia Minor out of the East about the middle of the thirteenth century. From the word Othman sprang "Ottoman." Bajazet, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, was the first Ottoman prince who bore the title of Sultan. In 1453 Constantinople was captured by Mahomet, and "the new Rome became the capital of the Ottoman power."

The course of the Ottoman power since that time Mr. Freeman relates with a careful particularity which we have not space to follow. He does not think it has lost much of its barbarian character under the influence of European ideas, though no doubt the Turks have "aped European ways" and "put on a varnish of European civilization which has deceived many people." "Reforms" have been only pretended. Since the death of Mahmoud [in 1839] the succession of weak and worthless Sultans has been wholly in the hands of a corrupt "ring." "These men dress and talk like Europeans, and so take Europeans in, while they carry on a worse system of tyranny than that of the old Sultans."

"This kind of tyranny, which has no parallel in modern Europe, and which can hardly have been surpassed in any age or country, is known in diplomatic language by two or three cant phrases, such as the 'sovereign rights of the Sultan,' and 'the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire.' The 'integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire' means that the Turk should be allowed the power of doing whatever crimes he pleases through the whole extent of the land which he at present holds in bondage."

And now, what shall be done with this uncomfortable creature — the Turk in Europe? His power, according to Mr. Freeman, "is something purely evil, something which cannot be reformed." It is a mistake to speak of it as "a government:"

"Systematic oppression, systematic plunder, the denial of the commonest rights of human beings to those who are under its power, is not government in any sense of the word. It is, therefore, a mistake, and a dangerous mistake, to speak of the Sultan and his ministers as a 'government,' and to treat them as such. It is a mistake to speak of the 'rights' of the Sultan; for he has no rights. The Turk has never dealt with the subject nations in such a way as to give him any rights over them, or to bind them to any duty towards him. His rule is a rule of brute force, of mere brigandage."

To preach to him, to argue with him, is simply to waste words. He will yield only to superior force. His direct rule in Europe must be *made* to cease. He must have no voice in the choice of rulers for the provinces he has so long held in subjection. None of his garrisons must be allowed in any of the regions that are to be set free. "Justice, reason, humanity, demand that the rule of the Turk in Europe should be got rid of; and the time for getting rid of it has now come."

Such are the ringing words with which Mr. Freeman brings his plea to a close. He writes, as the extracts we have given show, with some heat, but we think it to be the heat of an honest and manly indignation at a great historic wrong, and not that of an impulsive partisanship prompted by insufficient knowledge. In his indignation we fully share, and we wish his timely pamphlet might do something to correct what we believe to be the misplaced sympathies of not a few Americans.

* The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

MY BOOKS.

A Fragment from Barry Cornwall's unpublished verses.

All round the room my silent servants wait,—
My friends in every season, bright and dim;
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late;
From the old world's divine and distant date,
From the sublimer few,
Down to the poet who but yester-eve
Sang sweet and made us grieve,
All come, assembling here in order due,
And here I dwell with Poesy, my mate,
With Erato and all her vernal sighs,
Great Clio with her victories elate,
Or pale Urania's deep and starry eyes.
Oh friends, whom chance and change can never harm,
Whom Death the tyrant cannot doom to die,
Within whose folding soft eternal charm
I love to lie,
And meditate upon your verse that flows,
And fertilizes wheresoe'er it goes,
Whether . . . .

THROUGH PERSIA BY CARAVAN.*

THE author of this volume is an Englishman, a younger brother, we believe, of Matthew Arnold, who, in the summer of 1875, accompanied by his wife, left London and made his way to Warsaw, St. Petersburg, and Nijni Novgorod; thence down the Volga to Astrakhan and through the Caspian Sea, landing at Enzelli, a port on the Persian side. From this point he traveled by caravan through Persia for a distance of more than a thousand miles, passing through Ispahan, Teheran and other important places. He left the Caspian Sea early in October, and reached Bombay in March following, returning home *via* Alexandria.

A journey of a thousand miles by a lady in a saddle was not to be thought of, but

* Through Persia by Caravan. By Arthur Arnold. Harper & Brothers.

as there are neither carriage roads nor carriages in Persia, Mrs. Arnold was under the necessity of traveling either in a "kerjava" or a "takht-i-rawan:"

"The kerjava, in its best appearance, takes the form of two very small gipsy tents made of light bands of wood, the top bent circular, and covered with shawls or carpets. In each of these tents a man or woman sits, after the kerjavas have been slung, like panniers, across the saddle of a strong mule. In the kerjava one must sit cross-legged, or with one's feet hanging out. The open side is sometimes turned to the tail of the mule, and the rider cannot see where the animal is going.

"The takht-i-rawan is a carriage built of wood, and placed upon a strong framework, of which the two long poles, forming the four shafts, are the principal parts. The sides are generally paneled in order to obtain strength without weight, and the roof of thin boards is covered with coarse cotton or canvas to keep out the rain. There is usually a small square of glass in the side doors to give light when these are closed. One can rarely find a takht-i-rawan when such a carriage is wanted; they are usually built to order, and cost from six to ten pounds sterling."

Mules are harnessed into the shafts. The passenger can sit cross-legged or lie at full length. The motion is irregular, and if perchance either mule stumbles the occupant of the "takht-i-rawan" is thrown against its side with great force.

The author of this volume is a keen observer. He has traveled enough to take things easy under adverse circumstances, and to make the best of the situation, whatever it may be. He is a concise and forcible writer, as will be seen from the following paragraphs:

"In Persia, passing from the swift, and, on the whole, steady career of Western Europe in the ways of civilization, there appears to be not only an absence of progress, but rather retrogression. That which is truly interesting in Persia is the extended scenery, and the out-door life — for no European sees much of the in-door existence — of the people. Persia is, *par excellence*, the land of magnificent distances. In summer the mountains, always in sight, and in many places strongly colored with the metallic ores which they contain, glow with wondrous beauty in the rose-light of the morning sun, and harden into masses of deep purple and black when the clear and pleasant starlight is substituted for the glare of the blazing sun of Persia. In another season, when looking from the snow-covered mountains, we have seen the plains resembling an arctic sea, the apparently perfect level covered with a dazzling expanse of untrodden snow; and, again, when the white hills loomed through the blinding storm like icebergs of polar regions.

"Wherever the people are seen, their presence adds to the charm of the landscape. The men are handsome and picturesque in their costumes of blue or white cotton, with here and there one in red and yellow. In the towns the traveler recognizes in the people the characters of the tales in 'The Arabian Nights.' There is the handsome, stalwart porter, the *hamal*, with panting breast exposed and darkly sun-burned skin, scratching his shaved head, ready for any new summons, including that of the mysterious lady, the mistress of the equally mysterious house, wherein he may be murdered or enriched, killed and buried like a dog, or clad in splendid robes and served by lovely maidens bearing dishes of gold and silver, according to the good pleasure of the genii." . . . . .

Mr. Arnold had an interview with the "Shadow-of-God," the Shah of Persia, and also with his son, governor of Teheran. The government, the people, the country, its present condition, the prospects of the future, railways, British trade, the relations of Persia to India and to Russia, all are dwelt upon forcibly and intelligently. The volume throughout is interesting and instructive. It is inscribed to the Earl and Countess Granville.

A CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.*

IN these volumes, published at four dollars, we have a valuable mass of information that was formerly sold at ten dollars, and was not counted dear at that price. It is probable that many of our readers are familiar with Miss Martineau's history, but the recent death of the accomplished author and the interest that her autobiography has renewed in her writings, makes it proper that we should note with some particularity the volumes before us. A good contemporary history is not easy to find, and especially one written by a person whose advantages for obtaining the necessary facts were so great as those Miss Martineau enjoyed.

The four volumes before us occupy twenty-two hundred well-filled pages in treating a period which Mr. Green, the latest writer on the subject, disposes of in an "Epilogue" of eight pages, and to which Mr. Knight, in his admirable popular history, is able to allow a single volume. It was, indeed, at the instance of Mr. Knight that Miss Martineau entered upon the task of writing a chronicle of the "Thirty Years' Peace" that succeeded the downfall of Napoleon. Mr. Knight himself had begun the work, and indications of the fact are to be found in a similarity that exists between certain pages in the writers' respective histories. These facts are, of course, duly acknowledged.

When a Boston firm proposed to republish the English edition of the History of the Peace, in 1863, Miss Martineau added an entire book, extending the work from 1846 to 1854; and also wrote a new introduction which added very much to the completeness and value of the whole. The introduction adds to the "completeness," and the new book to the "value," of the work, for we can see little of interest in the former. It is couched in the style so often adopted by the English when they wish to patronize any other worthy people. The relations of our country and England have materially changed within the last score of years, and at the present time it is graciously acknowledged by our brethren over the sea that we are no whit inferior to them in any respect. In fact, as we have refreshed our knowledge of the past by the pages of the history before us, we have felt that all through the period it treats the average civilization of the United States has been higher than that of the mother country.

Miss Martineau says that the greatest apparent danger in England, in 1863, was threatened by the Trades Unions, "a despotism of working-men over fellow-workers in their own class and their own trade," and refers to the conflicts between labor and capital which have often assumed such grave and even frightful shapes. We are thankful that in this land we have been spared the terrible experiences which she suggests. While, however, we deprecate the tone of the American introduction, we find little to which to object in the body of the work.

Recent history possesses an interest that is all its own. To a certain extent we are familiar with the events, and the men and women have a reality for us that those of more remote eras almost entirely lack. The romance of the latter is lost, it must be confessed, but the bearing of recent events upon our own circumstances gives them a utilitarian character which ought, in this age at least, to be considered preferable. In these volumes, for example, we miss the heroes and myths of earlier times, but in their stead we see a great nation struggling with "corn laws," and "poor laws," with "parliamentary reform," "Catholic emancipation," and the proper treatment of "dissenters." We watch the progress of a civilization which advances with increased momentum every day, as the steamboat and the railway, the penny-post, the newspaper-press and the telegraph, add their respective quotas to the material and intellectual capital of the people.

The progress is by no means peacefully accomplished. At one time the "O. P." riots, for the restoration of old prices at the theaters, interrupt the proceedings of parliament during a discussion of the conduct of the Spanish war. Again, the coal districts are excited by riots caused by distress arising from the stoppage of certain manufactories. Then the workers with hand-looms rise and destroy the machinery that they think is to render their work useless and to take bread from their mouths. In one year an enrollment of militia brings the mob into collision with the authorities; in another a queen's funeral procession does not pass through the streets that the people wish, and they rush to arms; and still again the "enclosing" of certain lands (a time-honored incentive to riot) causes a suspicious and ignorant populace to rise against soldiers and landlords with unreasoning violence. To these must be added the burning of ricks, the seizure of corn, the Chartist riots and the violent disturbances at elections, before we can arrive at a just appreciation of the turmoil and bloodshed which marked most of the years of "the

* The History of England from the Commencement of the XIXth Century to the Crimean War. By Harriet Martineau. 4 vols. Porter & Coates.

peace" of which Miss Martineau gives us the history.

There are, of course, many passages of a much more agreeable nature than those which describe these social and civil turmoils, for many beneficent influences first began to work during the period. The story of the inauguration of cheap postage opens with an anecdote in which Mr. Coleridge and Rowland Hill exhibit their reflective and unreflective charity in a very interesting manner. The story is that owing to the high charges on letters a poor woman arranged with an absent brother that he should send her a blank letter, unpaid, as a token of his welfare, which she, on her part, should permit the postman to retain for non-payment of postage on delivery. Mr. Coleridge happened to see the postman taking the letter away and volunteered to pay the charge, only discovering when too late that he had wasted his charity. Mr. Hill, on the other hand, reflected that a system which encouraged cheating must be wrong, and was thus led to advocate penny postage. The whole history of the smuggling of letters and the other methods adopted by reputable persons to evade the postal laws, shows that cheap postage has proved a moral blessing to England.

The rise of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and of others of a similar nature; of a national system of education; and of various benevolent and religious movements, are traced in these volumes in connection with the political progress. Miss Martineau of course could not develop a philosophy of history in treating events so recent, and she makes no attempt at so doing. Sometimes she permits her feelings to get the better of her judgment, or her wishes to run away with her reason, as, for example, when she impressively asserts that spontaneous generation was proved by the experiments of Mr. Andrew Crosse made in 1836, and long ago discredited by scientists. In the light of subsequent events the lecture with which she favors the "scientific part of society" for the "levity" and "anger" with which the statements of Mr. Crosse were received, will serve as a warning to those who tend towards dogmatism in the realm of science.

There are a thousand passages of great interest in these volumes, but we can refer to but one more. The introduction of gas in the streets threw a flood of light upon a condition of profligacy, indecency, brutality and squalor which without the facts it would be difficult to have imagined. The drowsy watchman, the flickering oil-lamps, the link-boys and the thieving vagabonds of the early years of our century, passed out of London, and comparative order and decency now mark its streets by night. And yet, this reform, patent as it now appears, was not anticipated, nor permitted to be effected, without a struggle. Miss Martineau asserts that the "adventurers in gas-light did more for the prevention of crime than the government had done since the days of Alfred;" and yet noble lords and patriotic citizens denounced them as "rapacious monopolists intent upon the ruin of established industry," and derided them as deluded visionaries. It was argued in Parliament that the introduction of gas would ruin the whale-fisheries and drive out of existence that hardy race of men employed in them, besides depriving of their support thousands of seamen, rope-makers, mast-makers, sail-makers, and others indirectly connected with them. It is undoubtedly well that conservatives should exist, but it is to be wished that they would show more temperance in their advocacy of the old ways!

Here we must stop abruptly, for there is no natural limit to so fruitful a theme. The reader of these volumes — now furnished at a price which appears ridiculously cheap — will find them crowded with incident of the most instructive and entertaining nature, and will thank the publishers for the present timely reissue of them.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH.*

THESE four books, which, with possibly the exception of the third, are tales rather than novels, have certain traits in common which allow them not unnaturally to be grouped together; while individual characteristics at the same time afford marked contrasts, helpful in forming a general judgment. The first, second and fourth have their scenes laid in England, the third mainly in Ireland. All are stories of woman's love, and three of them have more or less to do with man's heartless treachery and the shame or sorrow of his victims. The last three are written by women; and, but for positive information to the contrary, we should have suspected like authorship of the first. The first, however, is separated from its companions by the absolute cleanliness of its materials; and the last is even more decisively distinguished by its remarkable originality and power.

Olivia Raleigh, which takes its place as an early volume in Lippincott's "Star Series," is warmly commended in its American introduction as a story which no one can begin and leave unfinished. We have found its beginning tedious, and that both patience and perseverance are needed to get through the three or four opening chapters of family history to the point where the story fairly opens. The heroine, so far as the leading character of so uneventful a tale can be called by that name, is an orphan, left in charge of her two uncles, brothers, who in their turn die, leaving her their heir. An attachment which grows up between her and a cousin, Geoffrey Walsham, is curiously complicated by money considerations. The lovers, almost before they recognize each other as such, are separated by unkindly fate, but finally reunited, and all ends well, as it should in the well-regulated story. The talent of the author is best shown in the portraiture of Aunt Penelope, which is very well done. None of the coarse iniquities of life are allowed to appear, beyond the glimpse of a remote duel; while that particular evil which is so fondly made use of in modern fiction, and indeed so prominently in each of the other three books now under notice, is not so much as named. Aunt Penelope carries on a good deal of her conversation in French, a sacrifice to the verities of character which the unlearned reader will greatly deplore. The story is short and harmless, but we cannot in justice say that it is more than moderately interesting or in any degree brilliant.

The scene of *Bessie Lang*, like that of the foregoing, is laid in England, forty or fifty years ago. The story is peculiar in form, in that instead of being a direct narrative in the author's own language, it is told ostensibly by the aunt of the motherless young woman whose name it bears. This Bessie Lang is a yeoman's daughter, betrothed to one of George Stephenson's apprentices. She is betrayed by a strolling artist with whom she capriciously falls in love, and dies, leaving a child, who is compassionately adopted by her earlier and ever faithful lover. He does not marry, but takes the child at the beseeching request of its heart-broken mother; breaking then away from England to find a home in America. What good comes from telling such tales as this?

The Dark Colleen is the work, we should say, of an admirer of Mr. William Black's "Princess of Thule," and to some extent is a reminder of that incomparable story. That it is a conscious imitation we should not like to say. It opens in an Eagle Island off the west coast of Ireland, which well corresponds to the rugged and picturesque spot in which Mr. Black discovers his heroine. There is a "King" to this Irish island, as there was a "King of Borva." There is a "Morna" as there was a "Sheila." And there is a "Captain Bisson" as there was a "Lavender." The interest of the whole first portion of the book brings Mr. Black's powerful opening chapters to mind, but the effect suffers in the comparison. From this point on the analogy fails, and the standard of merit with which the book sets out is not maintained. Bisson, who is a shipwrecked French sea-captain,

* (1) Olivia Raleigh. By W. W. Follett Synge. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

(2) Bessie Lang. By Alice Corkran. Henry Holt & Co.

(3) The Dark Colleen. By the Author of "The Queen of Connaught." Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

(4) That Lass o' Lowrie's. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

cast up by the waves, and saved by Morna from the hands of the heartless and superstitious islanders, turns out to be a first-class scoundrel. After trying in vain to seduce Morna, he succeeds in making her his wife by going through a "ceremony" of marriage. Presently, getting tired of his victim, he proposes to return to France, but Morna, who really loves him, clings to him, and the two leave the island together. Arrived in France, Bisson cruelly neglects, and finally, for another woman, abandons his Irish beauty, who after a series of varied insults, mishaps and trials, finds her way back alone, worn in body and crushed in spirit, to her remote home. The story is a sorrowful one, superior in literary qualities to either of the two before named, but not marked by a high tone, and far from satisfactory to the moral sense.

After such as the foregoing Mrs. Burnett's *That Lass o' Lowrie's* is read to great advantage; and taken by itself it cannot fail to make a very deep impression. In important qualities its equal has not appeared in many a day. Artistically viewed it might be described as a "charcoal sketch" rather than a finished picture, and indeed it is by virtue of this character that its strength is most apparent. Its essential quality is power. It impresses rather than pleases; it holds rather than entertains; for while it is both entertaining and pleasing in a very marked degree, yet to say that it were simply that would be to give no hint of its masculine vigor, its dramatic intensity, its clear truthfulness to life and the consummate art of its execution. The art is all the greater in that you see nothing of it, but only the scenes which the art pictures and the life which it portrays. These are pervaded by the most graphic and telling effects. Outlines and touches do the work, and do it rapidly and sharply. The scene is laid in Riggan, a representative mining town in the north of England; whose air is full of smoke and grime, the din of labor, and the gloom of poverty and ignorance and sorrow. The prominent character is Joan Lowrie; a sort of queen among her people, self-contained, heroic, masculine in proportions both morally and physically. Few such figures have been seen in fiction. On her side of the picture stands her devil of a father and the indistinct forms of other of the work-people; one Liz, an outcast, with her death-struck baby; "owd" Sammy Craddock, another very original creation; and the boy, Jud, whose adventures with his dog, Nib, serve to enliven the action. Over against this group are Fergus Derrick, the engineer; Mr. Barham, the impractical rector, Anice, his daughter, and Mr. Grace, the curate. The motive of the story is the development of the feminine in Joan, and the slow growth and final recognition of mutual attachment between her and Derrick. As to what befalls Grace and Anice we are left to surmise. Liz's unfortunate history, Derrick's quarrel with Joan's father and the latter's miscarrying attempt at vengeance, Anice's tact and success in alleviating some of the social ills of the community with which she is brought into relation, Derrick's devotion to the interests of the miners, and an explosion of the mine in consequence of a disregard of his counsels by the Company, make up the piece, which is tragedy and comedy by turns, Mr. Craddock doing his part well to furnish the latter. The contrasts of character are marked between Joan and Anice, and between Derrick and Grace. The movement is exceedingly spirited. Much of the conversation is carried on in the Lancashire dialect, which is managed with great skill. We have not for a long time read a story so well put together, so absolutely natural and faithful to realities, so free from structural weakness and artistic defect; and, considering its materials, so wholesome in tone. We could only wish that Mrs. Burnett had so modified Liz's character and history as to save the story from the taint which her part therein gives to it. Still this element is managed with delicacy and discretion. The work of a firm and well-controlled hand is seen from beginning to end. The intensity of the treatment never is allowed to descend into the sensational, and the striking individualities of its characters have nothing of extravagance or caricature. Among recent works of fiction *That Lass o' Lowrie's* certainly holds a place quite by itself, and, if it has not exhausted the talent of its author, denotes an important accession to the ranks of American writers in this department.

HISTORY OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.*

MR. Warren's volume is a massive and sumptuous one, printed in large type, on heavy paper, with the attraction of a number of portraits on steel and upwards of twenty heliotypes. The author was the President of the Association from 1847 to 1875. When, in 1839, he was first chosen to be its Secretary, he found scarcely any of the original papers on file. By diligent inquiry a large mass of materials was accumulated, which are here assorted and combined into a consecutive narrative.

The history of Bunker Hill Monument is that of most public enterprises of its kind. There was first the conception in the minds of a few patriotic and public-spirited citizens; then an effort to enlist the sympathies and the coöperation of the community in general; then a fair and somewhat enthusiastic beginning of the work itself; then a stage of criticism, with a suspension of popular confidence and interest; after this, a rallying to the support of what came near to being a tottering project; and finally, its triumphant completion. The names of some of the most eminent citizens of the Commonwealth are connected with this history. Mr. Webster's orations at the laying of the corner-stone in 1825, and at the dedication in 1843, were among his most distinguished efforts. There was a curious bit of secret history in connection with the laying of the corner-stone. Mr. Webster was a little fearful lest a previous celebration of the 19th of April, at Concord, with an oration by Mr. Everett, should "take the wind out of his sails;" and there was also, for a moment, danger of a slight "unpleasantness" over the invitation to Lafayette to participate in the exercises, it being finally determined that the Masonic brethren should be honored with the foremost part. The relation of the Masonic fraternity to the progress of the work at various points was, indeed, the occasion of a good deal of feeling, and political considerations could not be altogether excluded from the management of the enterprise. As an offset to these less agreeable features may be mentioned the generous and devoted aid rendered by the women of Boston and vicinity, who came to the rescue at an opportune moment, and perhaps did as much as any one class to ensure success. It is an interesting fact, too, that the opening of a granite ledge at Quincy, to supply the stone needed for the monument, was intimately related to the construction of the always famous "first railway" in the United States, over which the granite was transferred from the quarry to tide-water.

Mr. Warren has little to say about the battle which the monument commemorates, and, of course, enters into none of the nice controversies over persons and names to which that event has given rise. His work is not marked by any special literary value, which indeed such a subject, so treated, could hardly allow. Nor is the volume one for which there can be any wide demand; but for all Charlestownians, for many Boston people, for all who honor Massachusetts and her contributions to the national character and life, for public libraries, and for such individuals as wish to include in their private collections what is unique and special, it has a distinct value. The heliotypes include fac-similes of many interesting letters from public men, and of several portraits and documents. There is no index, the author having had the idea that his minute table of contents, with its sub-topical references to pages, would answer every purpose. We notice some trivial blemishes in the text, but, in the main, the work seems to us to have been intelligently and successfully performed.

*The History of the Bunker Hill Monument Association during the First Century of the United States of America. By George Washington Warren. James R. Osgood & Co.

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THE HAKLUYT MANUSCRIPT.

"A particuler discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde comodyties that are like to growe to this Realme of Englande by the Westerne discoueries lately attempted, written in the yere 1584. by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the requeste and direction of the righte worshipfull Mr Walter Rayhly, nowe Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo barkes, and is devided into xxi chapiters, the titles whereof followe in the nexte leafe."

The discovery upon the crowded shelves of a private library in England of a veritable Hakluyt manuscript, the title of which is reproduced above as nearly as is possible in print, and its forthcoming publication by the agency of a local historical society in the United States, is an event of no small importance to antiquaries and scholars, and one which contributes a fresh and interesting chapter to the curiosities of literature. It is with great pleasure that we lay before our readers the particulars of the story.

It was in 1868 that Dr. Leonard Woods, a former President of Bowdoin College, and now a resident of Brunswick, Me., being in England in search of whatever might be found to his advantage as an explorer of the early history of Maine, learned of the existence, in the collection of the then living Sir Thomas Phillipps, at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, of a manuscript Discourse by Hakluyt, whose famous volumes of early English voyages are among the classics of historical literature. This manuscript, it appeared, had been bought by Sir Thomas in 1854, at a sale of books in London belonging to Mr. Henry Stevens, on whose catalogue it was thus described:

"A VERY IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT; sixty-three pages, closely and neatly written; *in the original calf binding*. From Lord Valentia's Collection. The following note, pencilled on the fly-leaf, is believed to be in Lord Valentia's hand: 'This unpublished manuscript of Hakluyt's is extremely curious. I procured it from the family of Sir Peter Thomson. The editors of the last edition would have given any money for it, had it been known to have existed.'"

Sir Peter Thomson, or Thompson "with a p," as his name seems sometimes to have been spelled, was a diligent and enthusiastic collector of literary and other curiosities, who died in Dorset in 1770. His library, which was described as "containing many curious and scarce articles in old English literature, MSS., and rare Books," came under the hammer at Evans's in London, in 1815, and it was at this sale doubtless that this Hakluyt manuscript passed to Lord Valentia, who was an Irish nobleman. At the subsequent sale of his library it was bought by Mr. Stevens, through whom in turn it passed to Sir Thomas Phillipps. And in his possession Dr. Woods found it, in January, 1868. His picture of its exterior is in these words:

"The manuscript is written in a contemporaneous hand, though it is believed not in that of its author. . . . The book consists of sixty-five pages in folio. It is sixteen and one-half inches long, and a little over eleven and one-half wide, and one-half inch thick. The written page is fourteen inches long, and eight and one-half wide, with a margin on the left of two inches for notes. The commencement of all fresh paragraphs is in a large *old English* hand." . . .

The sensations of the American discoverer of this interesting relic can be better imagined than described. Dr. Woods rejoiced over it "as one who findeth great spoil," though he seems to have held his emotions under proper reserve. He easily procured permission from the baronet to have a copy taken, and that work was performed by an expert with the utmost skill and care. Tracings of the original hand-writing were made, the abbreviations of the manuscript were retained in the copy, and the spelling and punctuation were strictly followed. In fact, all pains were taken to reproduce the original with the greatest possible fidelity.

With his invaluable acquisition Dr. Woods returned to America, and soon set about the task of preparing the manuscript for publication. But alas! fate, which had locked the original in almost entire oblivion for nearly three hundred years, with equal mercilessness twice threatened to arrest the use of the copy. In the first instance Dr. Woods's library was burned, and the results of much of his preparatory labor, with some of his critical apparatus, were destroyed. This was in August, 1873. Happily the manuscript had by this time been wholly stereotyped, and a few of the rough notes which had been drafted were also in a place of safety. Following this narrow escape, the sudden undermining of Dr. Woods's health compelled him to suspend his labors of annotation, and the proposed publication was again obstructed. In this emergency recourse was had to Charles Deane, LL. D., of Cambridge, Mass., whose ample historical learning and special accomplishments with respect to the particular subjects of the Discourse, qualified him preëminently to carry forward and finish the task which Dr. Woods had projected and so happily begun. Under his most competent hand the fabric has been rescued from its peril, brought to its present state, and is presently to be given to the public in a perfected and enduring form.

The volume opens with an explanatory Note from the Standing Committee of the Maine Historical Society, by the hand of Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin College. This is followed by a very graceful Editor's Note from Mr. Deane. Next is a Preface, in which is related the history of the manuscript as above outlined. And then comes an extended Introduction, of a more particularly descriptive and distinctively critical character. In printing the Discourse the copy has been strictly followed in every particular, except that in a few instances liberties have been taken with capital letters, and punctuation and abbreviations have been amended wherever the sense made it necessary. The text was stereotyped without note or comment, but there is an Appendix to the volume of some seventy pages, containing annotations on the text by the editor.

We cannot here enter into an exposition of the subject-matter of the Discourse, or repeat the ingenious argument from internal evidence by which its date and authorship are fixed, and the circumstances of its composition determined. Suffice it to say that its date was 1584; that its author was unquestionably Hakluyt; that it was written by request of Walter Raleigh, before he was knighted; that it was intended to serve as an argument with the Queen in favor of royal aid to schemes of discovery and colonization; and that the manuscript thus utilized is itself one of three, or possibly four, copies that Hakluyt caused to be made of the original. "It was not written for the press." We further quote from the Introduction:

"This Discourse purports to have been written in recommendation of an enterprise of planting the English race in the unsettled parts of North America discovered by Cabot and not yet occupied by any Christian people, of which possession had been taken the previous year by Gilbert; and indeed, in advocacy of what was even then known as the voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of which Raleigh's separate enterprise was but a continuation. It commends this policy on high and patriotic grounds, urging the commercial benefits it will confer on the English people, and as a remedy for the existing political evils by which the State was threatened. . . . Proposing as it does a remedy for existing evils and a deliverance from threatening dangers, and instinct as it is with the interests, the passions, and the aspirations of the hour, this Discourse cannot be justly estimated unless viewed in its relation to the period in which it was written; viz., the political, religious and commercial condition at that precise period

in England,—a condition certainly critical in the highest degree, presenting just ground for the anxieties of its statesmen, and perhaps offering some apology for the measures which they were driven to adopt."

The work is now ready for publication, and its appearance will awaken great interest in historical circles. As a second volume in the "Documentary History" of Maine, it will give to that series a novel and immediate distinction, and the Maine Historical Society is to be congratulated on having its name connected with so unique a contribution to our sources of information respecting the period in question. We count it a pleasant thing that Dr. Woods should live to see the completion of a project in which he has been so vitally instrumental, and a fortunate one that aid so competent as that of Mr. Deane could be procured to ensure its success.

A LIGHT TO WORK BY.

IT is one of the drawbacks to a purely literary life that he who leads it is of necessity cut off in great degree from all personal contact with those with whom his writings bring him into intellectual relations. The orator has before him a living audience, in whose faces he can quickly catch the first signs of sympathetic attention, and if he be equal to his opportunity the glistening eye or the approving smile is at once his inspiration and reward. His effort meets an immediate and direct response, which is his best encouragement.

Not so the author, to whose ear even the plaudits of an admiring public are scarcely ever more than faint and unsatisfactory echoes. He writes for unseen readers. His words go out into the wide world, with no hint of the direction they are taking, and too often with no return from truly grateful hearts, to whom without knowing it he may have ministered of truth and life. Thus in a large degree he is left to work in darkness, and therefore at a disadvantage.

Occasionally, however, a happier experience befalls him. The time comes when, from some distant corner of the earth it may be, whither one bit or another of his work had drifted, there returns to him an expression of indebtedness and thankfulness for a service rendered to some fellow being whom he has never seen and perhaps will never see. Then for the first time he realizes that he has not worked in vain; that the coin which he has flung out, stamped with the sharp die of his own personality, is not trodden under foot of men and lost, but is passing current from hand to hand, and doing its part in the spiritual commerce of his time.

We need not say that such an experience as this is one of the most precious of the returns which the literary workman sets over against his expenditure. Coming to him in the comparative darkness of his isolation it gives him a sort of light to work by. What had been perhaps a lonely life has now a companionship; and in the responsiveness of a hitherto unresponsive world is found a new zest to labor. More of it from those who feel themselves placed under intellectual and moral obligations to living authors would doubtless quicken the latter for the public good.

THE present number of the *Literary World* closes its seventh volume. The pressure upon our columns requires, as our readers will notice, an addition of four pages. We take this as a good omen. How glad we should be to make the enlargement permanent! A continuation of the encouragement received during the last two months will justify us in doing nothing less. With its June number we shall regard the paper as having fairly entered on its new course. We expect that course to prove onward and upward. We have large plans, but will still reserve all promises.

WANTED, an English word to take the place and do the work of the French word *littérateur*. Neither "literary man" nor "man of letters," phrases which in a measure express the meaning of the French term, answer the purpose, which requires rather a single word that shall be comprehensive, convenient and agreeable. The word "writer" is indefinite and ambiguous; "author" is inadequate; and the Latin *litterator*, which might be more easily adopted than the French form *littérateur*, has rather an insignificant sense in the original, and so would not be acceptable. The want to which we call attention has been expressed often before, but as yet there seems to be no help for it.

A BOOK'S title is the handle whereby the book is to be taken hold of by the public, and passed about by one reader to another. A title therefore should be a structural part of the work to which it belongs, not a separate thing stuck on; not bulky so that it cannot be easily grasped; not finical, as the handles of some household ware are whose art lessens their convenience; but strong, honest, undisguised, and serviceable. When well chosen a title may be the making of a book. It is often its most effective introduction.

SOME books, like some women, are overdressed. In either case the excess is unpleasant. The ideal binding will attract attention neither for what it is nor for what it is not. Mr. Richard Grant White in his article on English Women in the May *Galaxy* says:

"If a woman be beautiful or charming without actual beauty, a man cares very little in what she is dressed, so long as she seems at ease in her clothes, and their color is becoming to her and harmonious."

It is very much so with books, is it not?

NOT even the enlargement of this number gives us the space which our work requires, and reviews of a number of new and interesting books are unavoidably deferred. Among these are the new *Leopold Shakspere*, Steiger's *Cyclopedia of Education*, Cameron's *Across Africa*, Squier's *Peru*, Smiles's *Thomas Edward*, Mrs. Browning's *Letters*, Tyng's *He Will Come*, and two volumes of discourse by Mr. Frothingham.

BARRY CORNWALL.*

MR. Procter died in 1874 in his 87th year. The greater part of his long life was spent in London, where he was by profession a conveyancer, and for many years a Commissioner of Lunacy. He was by taste, however, a man of letters, and his associates, who were numerous and distinguished, were all of the world of literature and art. His own poems were mostly written before he had reached his thirty-fifth year. The volume before us, while wanting in the avoirdupois qualities of some recent memoirs, is of a finer grain than most, and redolent withal like a tropical wood. Biographical notes by its editors, Mrs. Procter and Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Procter's own sketches of some of his distinguished contemporaries, a collection of his unpublished lyrics, and a few of the letters of his friends from Byron down to Longfellow and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, contribute to its richness and fragrance. Opened anywhere its leaves diffuse a sweet savor, and nowhere in it is there a suggestion of the unpleasant odors which the most famous biographies sometimes exhale. The "autobiographical fragment" with which it opens is tantalizingly scant. Of his schoolfellows at Harrow Mr. Procter writes:

"There were two of them who became very remarkable. One toiled and struggled upwards, till he became a Minister of State [Sir Robert Peel]. Another blossomed into a poet [Lord Byron]. There were, however, in the latter, during his school-time, no symptoms of such a destiny. He was loud, even coarse, and very capable of a boy's vulgar enjoyments. He played at hockey and racquets, and was occasionally engaged in pugilistic combats." . . . .

Byron he further remembers as "with an iron cramp on one of his feet, with loose corduroy trousers plentifully relieved by ink, and with finger-nails bitten to the quick. He was then a rough, curly-headed boy, and apparently nothing more."

Procter remained four years at Harrow, spending his vacations "almost invariably" at the house of his mother's uncle, about a dozen miles from London. Here he fell under the singularly intellectual influences of a female servant, "occupying no very high position, but endowed with an acute intellect, far beyond her station, beyond all doubt superior in intellect to the other inhabitants of the house."

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*Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment, etc., etc. Roberts Brothers.

"She knew some of the historians and poets, and all the productions of Richardson and Fielding, and narrated their stories fluently and emphatically, and with marvelous taste and discrimination of the characters. But above all—high above all—she worshiped Shakespeare. She it was who first taught me to know him and to love him, and led eventually to my wondering admiration for the greatest genius that the world has ever produced. She used to repeat to me whole scenes, selecting those best adapted to a boy's apprehension. In particular I remember what effect was produced on me by her recitation of passages in 'Hamlet,' and of the scenes between Hubert and Arthur in 'King John.' 'I will buy a Shakespeare with the first money that I get,' said I. 'And you cannot do better,' replied she. This was not a mere threat, but a resolution that was accomplished soon after. I bought a Shakespeare, and entered into a world beyond my own."

After leaving Harrow young Procter was placed under the charge of a Wiltshire solicitor.

"The profession for which I was intended was the law, but I regret to say that, with certain little intervals of study, my time was absorbed by amusing books. I read all the English poets, from Chaucer down to Burns. Almost all the classics which had been converted into English; most of the histories accessible to English readers; and all the novels and romances then extant, without a single exception. From such a groundwork my future might have been easily anticipated. Accordingly I threw myself into letters. I began with verse."

In 1807, when Mr. Procter was nineteen or twenty, he came to London, and just at this point, where this autobiographical fragment ought to expand, it provokingly ends. It is helped out, however, by his personal sketches of his contemporaries, the plan of which Mr. Procter seems to have formed as early as 1828, though he did not fairly begin to write them until after he had passed his seventieth year. These sketches Mr. Patmore describes as "nothing more than rough draughts, the MS. having many double readings, notes to the effect of 'correct this,' etc.;" but they form a most delightful feature of the volume. Mr. Procter's own poetical writings were confined almost exclusively to the period from 1815 to 1823; after that time the main interest of his life consists in his pleasant relations to the literary men and women who have distinguished England for the last fifty years, almost every one of whom seems to have been his personal friend. His recollections of his acquaintances are fresh and graphic, and add many striking features to the portraits of the intellectual nobility already existing. Thus did he move about in the charming circles of his time:

"By Leigh Hunt I was introduced to Keats, Peacock, Hazlitt, Coulson, Novello (the composer of music), and to Charles Lamb. Hazlitt took me to Haydon and Charles Lloyd; and at Charles Lamb's evening parties I found Talfourd, Manning and the renowned Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Through Coleridge (or Lamb) I subsequently became acquainted with Wordsworth and Southey; and I lived for a short time in a house where Hartley Coleridge was sojourning. In 1819 or 1820, I visited at Mr. Rogers' house, in Saint James Place. There I met Campbell and Thomas Moore and Crabbe, Sir Walter Scott and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay."

Of Walter Scott he relates an incident which occurred at a breakfast once in Haydon's studio:

"Charles Lamb and Hazlitt and various other people were there, and the conversation turned on the *vraisemblance* of certain dramatis personæ in a modern book. Sir Walter's opinion was asked. 'Well!' replied he, 'they are as true as the personages in "Waverly" and "Guy Mannering" are, I think.' This was long before he had confessed that he was the author of the Scotch Novels, and when much curiosity was alive on the subject. I looked very steadily into his face as he spoke, but it did not betray any consciousness or suppressed humor. His command of countenance was perfect."

Of Hazlitt he says:

"He had a very quick perception of the beauties and defects of books. When he was about to write his 'Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth,' he knew little or nothing of the dramatists of that time, with the exception of Shakespeare. He spoke to Charles Lamb, and to myself, who were supposed by many to be well acquainted with those ancient writers. I lent him about a dozen volumes, comprehending the finest of the old plays; and he then went down to Winterslow Hut, in Wiltshire, and after a stay of six weeks came back to London, fully impregnated with the subject, with his thoughts fully made up upon it, and with all his lectures written. And he then appeared to comprehend the character and merits of the old writers more thoroughly than any other person, although he had so lately entered upon the subject."

Of Wordsworth:

"A most reliable friend of mine, who went to visit him at the period of his poverty, told me that he met him coming out of a wood where he had been laboriously gathering large quantities of nuts, and having a vast quantity of that fruit in a bag or apron before him; and this gathering was for the purpose of helping the scanty meal to which his family had to sit down on that day."

So the book runs on in a stream of sparkling anecdote about Beddoes and Wainwright, Leigh Hunt, Keats and Godwin, Carlyle, Coleridge and Moore, Kean, Macready and Sir Thomas Lawrence. There is also an interesting chapter on the "London Magazine," the list of whose contributors included many names of note. As a whole it is capable of affording as much and as choice enjoyment, in proportion to its size, as any volume of its class with which we are familiar. It is prefaced by a fine portrait of Mr. Procter on steel.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

—*Home Building.* This is a large volume of rather a mongrel aspect, prepared by a New York architect, who, we think, gives evidence of greater knowledge of his profession than of book-making. His title-page, for instance, is stretched out to twenty-nine lines, which are full twenty too many. The work is really in three parts. There is, first, a series of forty-two designs, mostly of dwelling-houses, giving on one page the elevation and the ground plans, and on the other descriptions and specifications in brief, with an estimate of the cost in the New York market. The designs are generally of modest description. We do not consider them, however, as embodying the freshest and more tasteful architectural styles. Next comes a short table showing the average cost of materials and labor, for 1876, in about four hundred cities and towns, lying chiefly in a belt extending from New England and the Middle States westward to the Pacific coast. The names of towns are alphabetically printed in one column, and, in parallel columns, the average cost in each of lumber, brick, lime, and the day's wages of carpenters, masons, painters, common laborers, and of a two-horse team with driver. Following this is a general chapter on specifications. The last section of the volume is what may be called a gazetteer for about two hundred and fifty towns and cities, scattered through the northern half of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are at a loss to understand what principle has governed the selection of towns honored with mention here; and of method in their arrangement there seems to be none whatever. The information given covers the points usually embodied in a gazetteer, with some additional particulars relating to real estate. The notices do not seem to be regulated by any sense of proportion. There is a flavor of "the shop" about the book, which we cannot exactly localize nor define, but which makes us a little suspicious of its character. Further, *house*-building is not *home*-building by any manner of means. [E. C. Hussey.]

—*The Apologies of Justin Martyr.* This volume is the fifth of the "Douglass Series of Christian Greek and Latin Writers," intended as text-books for use in schools and colleges. The series has its origin in an endowment by Mr. Benjamin Douglass for the study of these authors in Lafayette College, and grows out of a conviction that the writings of the early Christians afford quite as suitable a means for this purpose as the more commonly used "pagan" literature. The series is under the general editorial care of Professor March of Lafayette College. The introduction and notes to the present volume are furnished by Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. The text, which comprises but a small part of the book, includes the first and second Apologies and the Epistle to Diognetus, though the editor rejects the theory which ascribes this latter production to Justin. The notes are copious and satisfactory. There are elaborate indexes, and the introduction furnishes a comprehensive view of the life and character of Justin, and a critical estimate of his several writings. Justin may be called the earliest of the church fathers after the Apostles, having been born in Samaria about the beginning of the second

century. His parents were Greek colonists. He was well educated, and after a course of discipleship under the Platonic philosophy he became a convert to Christianity. He entered active life at a time when the new religion was beset with foes behind and before, and he espoused its fortunes with zeal and courage. The scenes of his life were chiefly Ephesus, Corinth and Rome. His martyrdom took place in the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The genuineness of his two Apologies has never been questioned. His style was faulty, and he was far from accurate on historic points, but his writings hold an important place in early Christian literature, and can be studied with profit, especially by those who adhere to the Christian faith. Apart from their religious character and the theological purpose which inspired them, we think, however, there is some reason to question whether they furnish the best material for classical study. [Harper & Brothers.]

— *La Mescolánza.* This *brochure* belongs to that class of publications which inevitably suffer in the first judgment of the public by being announced as "printed for the author." Its authorship is hidden under the pseudonym of "Cénto," but a key to the secret is perhaps furnished by the copyright, which is vested in "Philip Millington." Even this name has a fanciful sound, and may be an assumed one. The book is one of poems, of which there are some forty grouped under the three heads of "Schérzo," "Amóre," and "Dissonánza." Fifteen of them are entitled madrigals. Nearly all are love-songs. They are the productions of an eccentric mind, whose right to disport itself in verse now fanciful and grotesque, and now sentimental and amorous, none of course can deny. We see no reason, however, for the publication of the book except for the personal gratification of its author. Its typographical appearance is exceptionally fine. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, are the printers.

— *Which is the Church?* The question embodied in this title is one easier to ask than to answer. What gives special interest to it in this instance is that the volume bearing the title is the work of an English gentleman, a Mr. Cudworth, who was formerly a member of the body of Orthodox Friends, and who has passed over to the Church of England. He gives here an account of the process of mind by which he ceased to be a Friend, and became a Churchman. His argument is really in two parts, of which the first relates to the alleged unscripturalness of the doctrines and system of the Friends; the second to the essentially and exclusively scriptural foundation of the doctrines and system of the Church of England. In giving our judgment upon the book, we must divide the question on this line, and say that we think the first part of the argument is stronger and more satisfactory than the second. The author shows himself to be a careful student of the New Testament Scriptures, and his exegesis is generally scholarly and accurate. He makes many excellent points, and his spirit is uniformly moderate and kind. He has some views, however, which we do not regard as sound, and not a few of his propositions would be rejected by a large proportion of our readers. Episcopalians will find in this volume a very satisfactory exposition of the principles of their church; and if the Friends were to read it with the stoutest opposition of mind, they could hardly be offended at either its spirit or its language. All who are interested in ecclesiastical controversy over points that lie one side from the track of common thought, would find in the volume much to interest them. [Simkin, Marshall & Co.]

— We have in *The Golden Dog* a Canadian historical novel of considerable length, and of material enough for half-a-dozen stories. The canvas is crowded with characters, and the scenes succeed one another like the paintings in a panorama. The plot is complicated, but the author keeps the end in view, and for the most part is master of the spirits he has evoked. The events relate to an early period in Canadian history, when the province was in its glory as New France, and lords and ladies held there their mimic court in emulation of the magnificence and luxury of their sovereign beyond the seas. In all the splendor of jewels and costly robes the beautiful women move in their gorgeous saloons; gray nuns glide about; officers, courtiers, monks, French and Canadian, mingle in the streets, on the ramparts, and at the country seats in the environs of Quebec. The book abounds in incident and picturesque description; it is brilliantly written, and the period is one of so much importance, and the subject so fresh both to writer and reader of romance, that many will find pleasure in its perusal. It is, however, rather crowded with crime. The story takes its name from a gilded sculpture on the house of the bourgeois Philibert, who is the noblest character portrayed, and whose tragic death, involving the fate of many others, closes the story like the gray ending of a day that dawned in splendor. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.]

— We have from T. B. Peterson & Bros. of Philadelphia, in paper covers, *The Steward*, by Henry Cockton, and, in cloth, an edition of Madame de Staël's *Corinne*, Wilkie Collins's *Basil*, and Madame George Sand's *First and True Love*. These last three volumes are printed in rather better style than these publishers commonly indulge in, though that, it must be confessed, is not saying a great deal. We cannot say as much, however, for their *Pickwick Abroad*, which is one of G. W. M. Reynolds's stories, or for Alexander Dumas's *The Man with Five Wives*, neither of which, either as respects soul or body, is such a book as we are willing to recommend. The countenances of Mrs. Warfield's *The Cardinal's Daughter* and of the Countess of Blessington's *Country Quarters* are rather more in their favor.

— The author of *Christian Conception and Experience*, Rev. W. I. Gill, is a Methodist minister who, a year or two ago, subjected himself to the theological suspicions of his brethren in the New Jersey Conference, by the publication of a volume entitled "Evolution and Progress." He seems to have survived the treatment then received, and still to hold his liberal pen with a firm and unhesitating hand. The present volume should, however, restore confidence to his more "Orthodox" brethren. It is a very innocent essay in reconciliation of what he esteems to be a true Christian theism with the dictates of sound reason. Not great, but good; not brilliant, but useful; creditable to its author as a thinker and a writer, and fitted to be useful in the religious circles to which it is addressed. Its object, briefly stated, is first to set forth the truthfulness and value of a theistic belief ideally considered, and then to show its superiority in practical relations to character and life. We observe that the author refers to the late Dr. Sears as a representative Unitarian. He was hardly that. The book is issued under the imprint of that novel "concern," "The Authors' Publishing Company."

— *What is Art* is the title of a brief essay by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Mr. Benjamin is a professional artist, and these his views of the theory and practice of art have already been made public in the form of a lecture before the Boston Art Club, the Massachusetts Normal Art School, and other bodies somewhat familiar with the subject. To them it must have furnished an hour of delightful entertainment, being full of suggestive thought and happy illustration. To all those whom taste and cultivation have already inclined to the study of art, either practically or as a branch of general knowledge, Mr. Benjamin's essay will prove an aid and an inspiration; but for the great reading public, who, knowing nothing or next to nothing of the subject, seek for instruction in its pages, it will be less profitable. It lacks accuracy of definition, and at the same time assumes too much knowledge on the part of the reader. In its second part, on the practice of art, more points are brought forward than are profitably developed. Some, indeed, belong entirely to the studio, and can scarcely be understood outside of it, painting being made the prominent branch, of

which distinction we do not complain. In discussing the relation which the art-loving public bears to art and artists, Mr. Benjamin gives some very valuable hints to those who are so ready to find fault with whatever does not accord with their preconceived notions; and we trust that to this very public his volume may bring both profit and pleasure.

—We have Volume IV, for 1876, of the *Sanitarian*, a monthly journal devoted exclusively to the exposition of sanitary science. The plan of the magazine comprises papers by experts on selected topics, useful adaptations from the foreign press, proceedings of public associations, statistics, critical reviews, and some miscellaneous reading matter. The publication has, we understand, the sanction of the medical authorities, and, one of its editors being a physician and the other a civil engineer, it seems well qualified to be instructive to the public generally, as well as serviceable to a professional class. The price is four dollars a year, and the office of publication, 82 Nassau Street, New York City.

—The second volume of Roberts Brothers' Town and Country Series will "conduce" to three, if not to all four, of the ends which Sir J. Denham, in the couplet chosen as a motto for the series, specifies for all books. It is entitled *From Traditional to Rational Faith: or the Way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity;* the story of an able man's change from "Evangelical" to "Liberal" Christianity. It is so told that many thoughtful readers will surely find in it "wisdom, piety, use," and consequently "delight." The author is Rev. R. A. Griffin, now pastor of the Unitarian Society in Marlboro', Mass. Theological changes from the so-called "Evangelical" denominations to Universalism or Unitarianism are not so rare in these days that each change deserves to be chronicled in a book. But Mr. Griffin's little work justifies its own existence by its style, its matter and its spirit. Once an English Baptist, Mr. Griffin declares himself a Unitarian now, *because* he was a Baptist, because he has been "faithful to those sacred principles without which the denomination would never have come into existence." The peculiarities of the author's experience recommend the book to the perusal of the body into which Mr. Griffin has come. The body which he has left can find little to blame in the manner in which the story is related; for it is the manner of sincerity, earnestness, ability, and, with slight exception, of moderation and sweetness. The chapter on "Finding Christ" is especially strong, while the "Record of a Temptation" is a much-needed incentive to intellectual honesty among the clergy. Mr. Griffin's literary style needs, in addition to its many merits, only a little more finish and accuracy to be called very good.

—When such a scholar as Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, sits down to teach English Grammar, surely all of us ought to gather around him to study it. His little treatise on the *Essentials of English Grammar* seems to us to be admirably adapted to its purpose; philosophically conceived, constructed on a truly scientific plan, informed with a thorough and accurate knowledge of the subject, and presented in a remarkably clear and attractive form. We like especially his estimate of the place which English Grammar holds in the scale of studies; his whole preface is indeed so sound that we are very sorry not to be able to quote from it at length as we had intended doing. The book is admirably printed, but we are not sure that its binding is the best for school use. [Ginn & Heath.]

—Mrs. Emma Marshall, of Gloucester, England, whose story, "Life's Aftermath," was concluded in the *Churchman* last year, has published through Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, a *History of France*, adapted from that of Lamé Fleury. The portion from the Reformation to the present time was necessarily rewritten, and one entire chapter was added to fit the book for the use of English children. We doubt not that it has thus been improved for use in our own country. The book would please us much better if the author had given her readers an outline of the philosophic divisions into which French history falls, instead of presenting a simple narrative with no aids for the understanding of its progress. Children, no less than older folk, understand history far better when it is shown that there are periods in its progress and a relation between the events of successive eras. In the present case the narrative is flowing, and the style open to few adverse criticisms. We wish Mrs. Marshall had not told us that the Third Estate met in a "fives court" in 1789, but had used the more familiar word "tennis," which has general sanction. Neither do we like the expression "war it down," when referring to the determination of the English to destroy the efforts of the French revolutionists.

—The Harpers, too, are to give us books in a "series." "Half Hour Series" is the title selected, the form a 32mo., which is about as small a book as is commonly made; the covers of paper; the edges square trimmed; and the type clear and sufficiently large. The prices are to range from fifteen cents to twenty-five, and illustrations will be given occasionally. Five volumes have been received. The first contains Mr. Freeman's pamphlet on *The Turks in Europe*, which, under the imprint of another house, we have noticed at length in another column. In the second we have Mr. Anthony Trollope's story of *Thompson Hall;* in the third *When the Ship Comes Home*, a story by Walter Besant and James Rice; and in the fourth and fifth two collections of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Tragedies and Comedies respectively. We suppose that these books may have a mission in the world, but they can hardly aspire to the dignity of a position in the library. They must live in the pockets of the people, and do what good they can in odd moments of time.

—We have from West, Johnston & Co., Richmond, Va., *The Sempstress' Story*, a translation from the French of Gustav Droz. There are but nineteen pages of it. It is a simple but touching little tale of a child in Paris who lay at the point of death with croup, and was saved by the kind service of a big-hearted surgeon. It is a fresh, bright, warmly colored picture of an ordinary "interior" and a not uncommon experience.

—Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of Philadelphia, publish a French version of Irving's *Rip Van Winkle.* The translation seems to have been made with a large degree of enthusiasm, and the book may serve a good use in the hands of French classes.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.

OUR receipts of sheet music for the last month include selections from the publications of Boosey & Co., New York and London; George Willig & Co., Baltimore; W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O.; W. A. Pond & Co., and S. T. Gordon & Son, New York City; Louis Meyer, Philadelphia; Balmer & Weber, St. Louis; and White, Smith & Co., Boston. The greater proportion are compositions for the piano, more detailed notice of which we defer till our next issue. Of the songs the larger number are of a highly sentimental order, being the outpourings of love-sick hearts in not always the most meritorious melodies; but we select a few which seem to us to have a good degree of excellence, and which we can commend with a measure of confidence to such of our readers as are endowed with voices to sing.

(1) Will You Remember Me? Song. By H. P. Danks. pp. 3. 35 cents. [White, Smith & Co.]

A simple, easy and pleasing ballad in A flat, running only to F; without very marked character, but of a respectable degree of merit, with some phrases of true excellence, and well suited for a light tenor voice.

(2) I Love Thee. Romanza. English Translation by Dr. W. J. Wetmore. Music by Tito Mattei. pp. 5. 40 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

In the same key with No. 1, but a song of greater body and stronger character; better suited to a somewhat robust voice, to which it presents one opportunity of striking high B flat. There is a good deal of music in the

accompaniment, and both German and Italian words accompany the English.

(3) O, Lovely Naples. By F. Campana. English version by Dr. W. J. Wetmore. pp. 8. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

This is rather a shallow melody, but it has a tripping movement which at once catches the ear, and sets the feet beating with the strongly marked accent. The words celebrate the gaieties of Naples, and a sunny gleam runs through the music. The key is that of two sharps, with a digression into one. A baritone voice would sing this with good effect.

(4) Her Image. (Ihr Bildniss.) By Karl Collan. Arrangement and words by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. pp. 4. 35 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

This is one of a long series of "Lays of Sweden and Finland," and has a weird and plaintive tone which gives it a certain impressiveness. The key is D sharp, and the score is within the easy management of an alto voice of fair range. These songs of other lands afford a refreshing relief from the hackneyed themes to which sheet music is so largely confined; and should be made liberal use of to enrich the amateur's *repertoire*.

(5) Lullaby. Song for Mezzo Soprano. By Adam Geibel. pp. 4. 40 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

This song is dedicated to Mrs. Charles Eliot Furness, a name which *ought* to be recognized in certain circles of Cambridge and Philadelphia. The words are taken from Dr. Holland's "Mistress of the Manse," and the music to which they are set is very sweet and simple, the whole making a really charming little cradle song. One can easily fancy a mother crooning over her baby in the strains of its gentle and soothing melody.

(6) Song of the Exile. (Der Verbannte.) By Adam Geibel. pp 4. 35 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

This is a well conceived composition, for soprano or tenor, embodying no great difficulties, and reminding one a little of Abt's manner, though not instinct with the peculiar vitality which breathes in his delightful songs.

THE MAY MAGAZINES, AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" We cannot answer this conundrum, for the *Literary World* is not a theological journal; but we must, this month at least, notice the *Atlantic Monthly* as among the illustrated magazines. Its opening paper, by Mr. Edward H. Knight, begins a delineation with both pen and pencil of certain "crude and curious inventions" exhibited at Philadelphia last summer; chiefly, now and here, of instruments of "music" from benighted regions of the earth — clappers from China, rattles from Mexico, harmonicons from Africa, and so on. The very thought of the distracting sounds to be evolved from these uncivilized looking appliances is enough to excite anew one's compassion for the heathen, and makes it pleasant to pass on to Mr. Whittier's poem, which is next in order, a "Hymn of the Dunkers," as sung by "Sister Maria Christina," 1738:

"Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm!
Lord God of Hosts, make bare thine arm!
Fulfill this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

"Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown."

. . . . . .

Two glimpses are given us in this number of the "good old Colony times." The British officer who obligingly kept a diary in Boston in 1775 furnishes further entertaining extracts from the same for the edification of particular historians of that period; and Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., recounts the setting up of the May-pole at Merrymount. This last is a sort of anniversary paper, the event which it chronicles having taken place — "old style" thrown out — just a quarter of a thousand years ago the first day of May, 1877; when "the names of Hampden and Cromwell and Milton were as unknown to history as those of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson." The story of Capt. Wollaston's settlement on the south shore of Boston's bay is told in an interesting way; though not much to the credit of Thomas Morton, who was the leading spirit in it. Further on Mr. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., writes instructively and encouragingly of the "life and work of the Eastern farmer," meaning thereby the New England farmer and his nearer neighbors as contrasted with their fellows at the West, popularly supposed to be of a more fortunate lot in life. Cannot Dr. Loring, or some of our agricultural societies, obtain the printing of this intelligent essay in tract form and its wide circulation — by way of sowing good seed broadcast — among the class for whom it is intended? Mr. Longfellow enriches the number with a poem on "Castles in Spain," of which this is the last and brightest touch:

"How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents of time
Stands now the Past that I have known;
Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
But of white summer cloud, and blown
Into this little mist of rhyme!"

From this point only a critical essay on Wagner's Bayreuth Festival bars the way to the Contributors' Club, which is full of bright things; and to the review of Recent Literature, which is distinguished with what we guess to be Mr. Howells's own not very complimentary opinion of Harriet Martineau and her autobiography.

— As is not unusual with *Harper's*, the most inviting outlooks are in the direction of various quarters, near and remote, of the world we live in. The Usk, which obtains attention for one subject, our well-read reader will remember to be a fair river of England which falls into Bristol Channel at Newport, the most important of the Welsh seaports next to Cardiff. A village of Usk lies back a few miles from the sea; where once flourished the proud Roman city of Burrium. Will you enter it to-day?

"You pass down a pleasant walled and shaded street, where the trees on either side grow so luxuriantly that they seem almost to shut out the sky overhead, catching glimpses down leafy lanes, over rustic bridges, of well-kept country villas upon whose lawns blooming British girls are playing croquet, or its more recent fashionable rival, lawn tennis."

There is a fine old castle here, well overgrown with ivy. Newport would seem to be a pleasant city to stroll around in. Near it is the seat of Lord Tredegar:

"A great plain house, old-fashioned, and rather commonplace of aspect in this land of picturesque structures, but magnificent in dimensions, solid, unornamented, but roomy enough for a regiment of infantry. One apartment is forty-two feet long by twenty-seven wide, and is floored and wainscoted from the wood of a single oak tree felled in the park. It is called the Oak Room. The house is crowded with pictures and marbles, many of them by the first masters, and including family portraits reaching back through many centuries. The family is, indeed, one of the oldest in Britain, tracing its pedigree in an unbroken line to Welsh kings, who were a power on this island before the oldest Anglo-Saxon monarchies had a name in history."

Passing on to the "Gateway of the Catskills," we can barely touch upon the striking, and strikingly illustrated, poem of "Israfil" in which the old story of Eden is rehearsed with new touches. One of the pictures is fitted to these lines:

"She sleeps — she dreams;
For now a smile hovers with tender grace
About her lips. The beauty of her face
A breathing wonder to the angel seems.
Her dark eyelashes rest
Motionless on the warm flush of her cheek;
Her lips part softly, as if she would speak,
But had in dream-land lost the word she fain would seek;
One hand is lightly clasped about a rose
Which fully open blows,
Too blest to share its sister flowers' repose;
And, veiling her white breast,
Falls wave on wave of lustrous golden hair.
Like one enchanted, in the moonlight glow
The angel lingers still, and murmurs low,
'Daughter of earth — how fair!'"

The articles on the Catskills and its accompanying engravings are full of a rare sylvan charm. It is hard to realize that such wild and simple scenes as these are so comparatively near the great metropolis. Bears, too, and bear traps, and women who go a-hunting! The paper on Florence is superbly illustrated, and may almost take the place and do the work of an actual visit to that enchanted city. Interesting use is made of the diaries of Mr. Samuel Breck, an old Philadelphian, of Boston birth, lately deceased, who remembered all about both cities in the days closely following the Revolution; while for reading of a more substantial sort there is a "Popular Exposition of Some Scientific Experiments," and a capital homily on equestrianism.

— *Lippincott's* two illustrated papers this month are on the Valleys of Peru, and the Banks of the Rhine, the latter being the first of a series by Lady Blanche Murphy, which promises to be very good. The strength of the number is contributed by "a quartette of male voices," C. H. Harding, Chauncey Hickox, Walter Mitchell and J. Brander Matthews, who write respectively of "Parisian Club Life," of "Schliemann and his Discoveries," of "Burials and Burial-Places," and of "Damned Plays." This last rather startling title covers a curious chapter of anecdote and reminiscence, which might have been wrought in Mr. Francis Jacox's literary museum, relating to the fortunes and misfortunes, and especially the misfortunes, of stage plays. Play writing is very profitable when it is successful, and success, if reaped at all, is generally instantaneous.

"A run of one hundred nights at a New York

theater is not unusual, nor is a fee of twenty-five dollars a night at all out of the way; and these represent a profit to the author of twenty-five hundred dollars for one play in one city for one season — barely a quarter of the sum the piece will ultimately net him."

Very trivial matters often ensure a triumph or the opposite. Long "waits" between the acts, or one act too many, often set the seal of failure:

"Many a time has a weak dénoûement removed the good impression left by the first four acts."

Here is a hint, we should say, for preachers, and, indeed, for newspaper writers as well. It is set down as a superstition of the stage that a piece which pleases the actors rarely pleases the public:

"Some authors tremble when the cast are delighted with their characters, and are not at all disturbed in mind when they but ill conceal their poor opinion."

There was a time — that of the old London pit, for instance — when poor plays were "damned" in a very downright fashion: and when face-to-face, hand-to-hand fights were fought between the actors and the audience over the question of merit. Is it in one of these antiquated schools that a would-be actress of the present hour has been taking lessons? The first performance of Congreve's "Way of the World" was greeted with signs of severe disapprobation:

"In the midst of the hisses the author of the brilliant play came forward calmly, and coolly asked, 'Is it your intention to damn this play?' 'Yes, yes! Off! off!' 'Then I can tell you,' he answered, 'that this play of mine will be a living play when you are all dead and damned.' And he then walked slowly off."

— Another phase of this same general subject is taken up by Mr. Henry James, Jr., in the *Galaxy*, his article in a previous number on the Theatre Français in Paris, being now followed by one on "The London Theaters." When you go to the theater in London, says Mr. James, you buy your eleven-shillings "stall" at an agency in Piccadilly, receiving it "from the hands of a smooth, sleek, bottle-nosed clerk, who seems for all the world as if he had stepped straight out of a volume of Dickens or of Thackeray." The price *is* high, and play-going is correspondingly not popular. The institution is "a social luxury and not an artistic necessity."

"An English audience is as different as possible from a French, though the difference is altogether by no means to its disadvantage. . . . It is well dressed, tranquil, motionless; it suggests domestic virtue and comfortable homes; it looks as if it had come to the play in its own carriage, after a dinner of beef and pudding. The ladies are mild, fresh colored English mothers; they all wear caps; they are wrapped in knitted shawls. There are many rosy young girls, with dull eyes and quiet cheeks — an element wholly absent from Parisian audiences. The men are handsome and honorable looking; they are in evening dress; they come with the ladies — usually with several ladies — and remain with them; they sit still in their places, and don't go herding out between the acts with their hats askew."

Mr. James gives an interesting account of Mr. Henry Irving, who just now is occupying the place of honor on the London stage:

"This gentleman enjoys an esteem and consideration, which, I believe, has been the lot of no English actor since Macready left the stage, and he may at the present moment claim the dignity of being a bone of contention in London society second only in magnitude to the rights of the Turks and the wrongs of the Bulgarians. I am told that London is divided, on the subject of his merits, into two fiercely hostile camps; that he has sown dissension in families, and made old friends cease to 'speak.' His appearance in a new part is a great event; and if one has the courage of one's opinion, at dinner tables and elsewhere, a conversational godsend."

The secret of Mr. Irving's success Mr. James has not succeeded in mastering:

"His defects seem to me in excess of his qualities, and the lessons he has not learned more striking than the lessons he has learned."

"English Women" come under Mr. Richard Grant White's microscope a little further on, and the beauties which he discovers in them, we are happy to say, are more than the blemishes, though he is by no means blind to the latter. He does not think they dress well, nor has he found their complexions "exceptionally beautiful," but for intelligence and social qualities he gives them the highest mark. Nevertheless, being again at home among his own country-women, he is gallant enough to say of the latter:

"If they would be a little more gentle, a little less self-asserting, a little less determined, and a little more persuasive in their utterance as well as in their manner, I am sure that, with all their other advantages, they need fear no rivalry in womanly charm, even with the truly feminine, sensible, soft-mannered, sweet-voiced women of England."

— The illustrations in *Scribner's* are, as usual, numerous and well-engraved, but there are one or two singular things about the drawing. On p. 1 is presented "A Jacobean Chair." What now adjoins the casement of the French window in the background? What possible truth can underlie the construction of the table in its designated relations to the book-case on p. 4? Why so destroy symmetry in the hanging of the mirror on p. 6? The drawings which accompany the article on Smith College are much better in the main, and are beautifully engraved; but it seems to us there are glaring faults in the "Interior of Study Room" on p. 12. We venture to say no chimney piece in any of the buildings of Smith College appears as is here represented; and can anybody explain how the bureau stands? Is it *in* the corner, or *across* the corner? The article on "Sea Trout Fishing" in Canada waters is an exceedingly inviting one, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will turn many a summer tourist in that direction. The attention of our country readers we earnestly entreat in behalf of Mr. George E. Waring, Jr.'s exposition of the function and methods of "Village Improvement Societies."

— *Appleton's Journal* is now fairly entitled to a place and mention among the monthly magazines. Its literary character is very high, and its pictorial resources are being steadily enlarged.

— We are glad to learn of the assured success of *The Magazine of American History*, whose May number is the fifth in its first volume. It is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., at $5.00 a year, and its editor is Mr. John Austin Stevens, the librarian of the New York Historical Society. The resources at his command easily give him a great advantage in the management of such a periodical. The present number contains a variety of historical information, some of it rare and curious. Liberal use is made of hitherto unpublished documents, and there is a department of Notes and Queries. The form is a quarto of about sixty pages, and the *matériel*, if we may adapt that word to our purpose, is exceptionally fine. To historical scholars, and all persons interested in the early periods of the national life, we should think this magazine would be very acceptable.

— The *American Library Journal* is what no librarian can do without, and we trust the day is not far distant when its fame will have introduced it to the attention, and its merits have secured for it the patronage, not only of every public library in the country, but of every owner of a private collection of books of considerable size. The whole science of handling books to the end of their best popular use is expounded in its pages with the knowledge which comes by experience. The wonder is that the library world has done without such an admirable organ so long. In externals the magazine bears a general resemblance to the one last named, and is edited in Boston, but its publisher is F. Leypoldt, 37 Park Row, New York. Price $5.00 a year.

— We are indebted to August Brentano, of New York, for a copy of the April number of the new English review, *The Nineteenth Century*. We do not wonder at the instantaneous popularity which has attended this experiment. The contents of this number are exceptionally fresh and strong. Cardinal Manning furnishes a second chapter of his "True Story of the Vatican Council," and a very interesting and impressive story he is making out of it. A Mr. E. D. J. Wilson, who must be an American, reviews the late "Political Crisis in the United States," and does it intelligently and fairly. There is a tender and appreciative paper on George Sand, by F. W. H. Myers. Dr. Carpenter explains "the Radiometer and its Lessons." Sir John Lubbock makes an appeal for "The Preservation of Our Ancient National Monuments." Sir James Stephen discusses "Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Lewis on Authority in Matters of Opinion." Mr. Grant Duff concludes his instructive interior study of Russia. The Rt. Hon. Lyon Playfair writes "On Patents and the New Patent Bill." And Mr. Henry Irving, the lion of London above mentioned, supplies a "Shakspearian Note" on "The Third Murderer in Macbeth." The most novel and striking feature of the number is "A Modern 'Symposium.'" This is a discussion of "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief," participated in successively by Sir James Stephen, Lord Selborne, Rev. Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederick Harrison, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Duke of Argyle and Professor Clifford. Of the first number of *The Nineteenth Century* 9,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and five subsequent editions, of perhaps 1,000 each, were called for. One American dealer took 500 copies. For aught we know the fortune of this second number has been a repetition of this brilliant success.

— The history of the Philadelphia Exhibition is certain to be well told in the series of papers by Prof. Francis A. Walker in the *International*

Review, the first of which is given in the number for May and June. This is devoted to what is termed the "Mechanism and Administration," or the external history of the event. The article is statistical and critical, minute, and of course accurate. Politics furnish the themes for two accompanying articles, one on "The American Foreign Service," by Hon. John Jay, the other on "The New Federal Administration," unsigned, but perhaps by the author of the caustic review of President Grant's administration in a previous issue. Mr. Charlton T. Lewis comes to the rescue of "The Life Insurance Question," a Mr. James H. Rigg writes interestingly of the "Disestablishment of the Church of England," and there is a valuable critique of Tennyson, by Bayard Taylor. The review of "Recent American and European Books" is unworthy of the name, the division of "Recent American Books" occupying precisely one page and fourteen lines, and covering only two books, both of which are old. The last title in the Table of Contents as printed on the cover is "Contemporary Events." The "department" so dignified will be found to consist of a single paragraph of twelve lines on the approaching extra session of Congress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

. . . WHAT seems to me to be the great desideratum of such a periodical as the *Literary World* is to make the several articles, as it were, *complete in themselves*, so as to be reasonably satisfactory to readers who are without any means or opportunity for seeing the books which are the subjects of them. . . . We can conceive of an article founded upon the contents of a book which would be very interesting and valuable, which *would not seem to be a review* of the book at all, and scarcely show at all from what source the information which it contained was drawn; and a periodical consisting of such articles might be very attractive and very valuable to the reader. But this would be very unfair to the author and publisher.

. . . I TRUST you will not be afraid to form your own opinions of books and their authors and state them fairly and squarely — without asking yourself how this man — this set — this publisher or that — likes them. Satisfy yourself and you will satisfy the public. The *Literary World* should be cosmopolitan and not provincial. To this end pray give a wide berth to the Boston M . . t . . al Admiration Society, which deserves to be the laughing stock of all outsiders.

. . . I HAVE thought that had Mr. Crocker been able to continue his work he would have, in time, raised it to something more nearly like the English critical journals, so far as they are literary and not political or scientific. Such a change would be justified by the increase in numbers of reading people here who appreciate broad and able criticism, not too "genial," nor on the other hand "slashing." Publishers and readers alike would respect and favor such a paper taking an independent position, and mainly regarding the interests of sound criticism and the wise guidance of uncritical readers. Such work on many books no one man can do well. The improvement of your paper, which I have no doubt you desire in this direction, would involve necessarily the calling in of helpers who would be willing to do good work in special lines of reviewing; and this, until the paper has a larger income, much as a "labor of love."

. . . I FULLY understand and *approve* your views as to freedom from theological bias in the columns of the *Literary World*. I would jealously maintain it myself were I in control of such a journal.

. . . I ENCLOSE my subscription for this year. The *Literary World* answers a demand of long standing on my part for *just* such a review of the writers and writing of the day. I shall take great pleasure in receiving and reading it, and in bringing it under the notice of my friends.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

— "J. L. S.," of Jewett City, Ct., asks for the correct spelling of Shakespeare's name, and, to be particular, "how the old gentleman himself wrote it." There seems to be but little doubt that Shakespeare, following a very frequent custom of his age, spelt his name differently at different times. In one of his autographs, preserved in the British Museum, he has written very evidently Shakspere. In others, though the writing is so illegible as to make it difficult to decipher, the name is written Shakspeare. On the title page of the quarto editions of his plays, also of the editions of his poems published by himself, in the first two folios, on the family tomb, and in some legal documents, the name is spelt Shakespeare. The probability is that out of the fifty-five different recorded ways of spelling the name at that time, Shakspere was the most common provincial form, but that Shakespeare was the form adopted by scholars and the literary world. This latter form has been and still is in most general use, notwithstanding a society has recently been formed in England called the "New Shakspere Society."

— Referring to the answer in your April number (p. 178), to query whether "truest" etc., are correct, in which answer you say that the expressions in question are from "a thoughtless usage," query: Does not good English usage permit comparatives and superlatives of some terms whose meaning is *logically* incapable of the modification? For instance: "full," "straight," "honest." Note, however, that this query refers only to "true" and not to "perfect" in the place quoted. That word and "dead," "square," "round," etc., "eternal," "almighty," etc., are both logically and by usage not comparable. It is a question partly of usage and partly of logic, is it not? F. B. P.

— "In *The Literary World* for April, you say of *Perkins's Best Reading:* 'This is one of a dozen works of reference which are indispensable to every workman whose bench is a library table and whose tools are books.' Please give the names of those dozen works." "T." (Knoxville, Tenn.) We said "a dozen" at a venture, perhaps, not meaning necessarily to indicate that precise number; nor would the same identical set answer the purpose of every "workman." The lawyer's indispensable reference-books would differ somewhat from the minister's, and his from the teacher's, and his from the artist's, and his from the editor's; but all of us, we take it, need the following:

1. Webster's, or Worcester's, Unabridged *Dictionary*, according to lexicographical preference.
2. A fresh and accurate *Atlas* of the world.
3. Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*, or Hawes's *Chronology of Ancient and Modern History*, or an equivalent.
4. Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words.*
5. Bartlett's *Dictionary of Familiar Quotations.*

Mr. Perkins's *Best Reading* would make a sixth volume, and from this point the list would vary according to individual wants, and might be greatly extended in many directions.

. . . "I AM not a believer in sex in literature; but there are, I hold, certain general qualities which seldom fail to distinguish the writing of men from that of women. Internal evidence in the case of the notice of "Friend Fritz," in the April *World*, forces me to the conclusion that it was written by a woman's pen. The late President Walker used to tell us that a good guess was equal to half-knowledge. In this case I am quite sure that my guess is equivalent to full knowledge. Am I not right? T." No.

. . . ONE of my Latin pupils who is an attentive reader of the *Literary World*, has called my attention to the following paragraph in the article in the April number on "Landor's Imaginary Conversations:"

"The two following lines from his seventh Sonnet, Landor says he never read without the heartache, seeing in them the first indication of love and blindness:

"'Ut mihi adhuc refugam quærabant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.'"

Here Landor's memory failed him slightly. Milton's Sonnets were not written in Latin but in English, and there is nothing in the seventh Sonnet corresponding with the fact here referred to, the weakness of his eyes. It is in the seventh *Elegy* of the poet we findthe lines; the Elegies were all written in Latin, but have been elegantly translated into English verse. As it is difficult to see the force of such quotations without the connection, I will mention that the seventh Elegy describes an imaginary scene where Cupid first overpowered Milton with his influence, and he felt the first emotion of love. It was on a bright May day in his nineteenth year. There were, as Landor says, even then indications of his blindness. His eyes were too weak to endure the morning light, and reluctantly parted with the retiring night. The first word of the quotation should be *at* not "ut." R. L. P.

LITERARY NEWS.

— We have been much interested in looking over the advance sheets of the volume of revival sermons by ministers of Boston and vicinity which Lockwood, Brooks & Co. have in press for immediate publication. Those who like sermons will find among these not a few of more than common freshness and interest; while several are discourses of remarkable power. The titles and names of contributors are as follows:

1. "The Christian Believer's Burden." Rev. Dr. E. K. Alden, of South Boston.

2. "The Old Faith and the New." Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple.
3. "Learn of Me." Dean Gray, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge.
4. "The Soul's Separation from God." Rev. Dr. Mallalieu, of Boston.
5. "The Decay of Will." Rev. S. E. Herrick, of Boston.
6. "Coming to One's Self." Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge.
7. "The Cry for a Cleansed Heart." Rev. A. E. Dunning, of Boston Highlands.
8. "God's Controversy with His People." Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Boston.
9. "God a Consuming Fire." Rev. A. J. Gordon, of Boston.
10. "God Dismissed." Prof. Caldwell, of the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton.
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—R. Worthington, of New York, announces "From Ocean to Ocean," the description of an expedition across Canada in 1872, and a book which will take readers into a new region of the continent of North America. T. Whittaker will put immediately to press a second volume of miscellaneous papers by the late Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, edited by Sister Anne, the superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital and of St. Johnland. Henry Holt & Co. have nearly ready a curious and interesting work on "Ancient Society," by Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, N. Y.; "Idols and Ideals," with an essay on Christianity, by M. D. Conway; and new editions of Richter's "Hesperus" and "Titan."

—Rev. Phillips Brooks's Lectures on Preaching, delivered to the students of the Theological Seminary in New Haven, last winter, on the Lyman Beecher Foundation, are now in press by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York, and will be published early in the autumn.

—The *Nineteenth Century* is not the only new periodical venture in England. Two others have appeared in London, one the *Marlborough*, a review of politics and society, and *London*, a weekly journal of politics, art, literature, music and the drama. Nor is Cardinal Manning, in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, the only historian of the Vatican Council; Prof. Friedrich has been engaged for some time on a comprehensive work upon that subject, the first part of which is now in press, and will appear the present summer. It will contain many documents of the first importance, which have never been published. The Pope, too, is to have his life written, Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope being engaged upon it. The work will be as strictly personal in its character as the peculiarities of the subject will allow.

—Victor Hugo sent his last work into the world on his seventy-sixth birthday with the following touching preface: "The *complément* of the Legend of the Ages will be published shortly, at least if the end of the author does not come before the end of the book." In that volume he also promised, for the present month of May, a poetical work entitled "L'art d'être grandpere;" in October a history of the "Crime du 2 décembre;" and in February, 1878, another volume of poetry called "Toute la Lyre." Too much faith, however, will not be put in these promises by those who remember that, since 1867, he has announced the speedy publication of no less than nine books, none of which have as yet appeared. All these works there is reason to believe are completed, but are withheld for some personal reason. It has been said that Hugo has works in manuscript equal in number to those which he has already published. If this be true, he is not only one of the greatest, but also one of the most prolific, writers of the day. The manuscripts of all his works already published he still possesses—"a fortune" in themselves as Arséne Houssaye says. One Paris admirer of the venerable poet paid 1,200 francs for a single copy of the *Legend of the Ages* printed on vellum. Who says there is no such mania as bibliomania?

—J. R. Osgood & Co. will publish early in the season two volumes of Joseph Cook's "Monday Lectures," entitled respectively "Biology" and "Transcendentalism;" and later, possibly, a third, comprising a selection from the "preludes" to the lectures. These "preludes," in the minds of some of Mr. Cook's hearers, have been the best part of the intellectual entertainment he has regularly spread at Tremont Temple Monday noons. Among other spring announcements of Eastern publishers are the following: Goodholme's "Domestic Cyclopedia of Practical Information," a work intended to cover the whole range of household science, industry and art (H. Holt & Co.); a "Manual of Practical Directions for Economical Every-Day Cookery," by Miss Corson of the New York Cooking School (Dodd, Mead & Co.); a new volume of Rev. E. Foster's "Cyclopedia of Prose Illustrations" (T. Y. Crowell); a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the North and South, under the title of "Is Our Republic a Failure?" by E. H. Watson, of Boston (Authors' Publishing Company); "Reverend Green Willingwood," a sketch of life among the clergy by Rev. Robert Fisher (do. do.); a new collection of Sunday School songs entitled "Heavenward," containing the best work of P. P. Bliss and James R. Murray (S. Brainard's Sons); and "Adirondack Tales," a series of humorous sketches by Rev. W. H. H. Murray (Golden Rule Publishing Co.). Messrs. Putnam's Sons also have in preparation a volume of twelve sermons by leading ministers of different denominations, on "The Nature and Work of Christ." Thompson, Brown & Co. announce a new edition of "Cushing's Manual," revised by Hon. E. L. Cushing of New Hampshire, a brother of the author.

—The death of Mr. Walter Bagehot, which occurred early in April, removes one of the ablest writers on political science at a time when his services were sorely needed. Mr. Bagehot was the editor of the London *Economist*, and the author of a number of works which have had a wide circulation in the United States. He had barely passed the age of fifty, and his death was sudden.—The widely-known author of "Biographical Sketches of the Loyalists of the American Revolution," Lorenzo Sabine, died in Boston, April 14, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Sabine, though what is called a self-educated man, had led an industrious and useful life in politics and literature, and his published works, which are several in number, are of recognized value in historical and antiquarian circles.—Robert M. Dewitt, one of the oldest of New York publishers, is also dead. He was one of the incorporators of the New York News Company.

—On entering to our editorial desk the other morning we found upon it a mysterious package enveloped in brown paper, and directed in a bold hand which of itself would anywhere arrest attention. Opening it, the contents proved to be the fair proof sheets of a new book nearly complete; without title-page, however, and with no hint of publisher's or author's name. A rigorous compliance with our rule toward anonymous communications would have promptly consigned this to the waste-basket, but something in the very first sentence stayed our hand. It was this:

"Cephas's mother and my mother traded cradles in our infancy, so that we were both rolled on the same rockers."

Reading on we came to this:

"My mother," said Cephas, "has an heirloom china platter which cost eight dollars; and it has been in her family so long, that, if the money had been put at compound interest, it would now amount to more than sixty-five thousand dollars; it is not very old either. And I am a firm believer in working miracles by compound interest."

Other striking thoughts and ways of putting them, with bold picturings of nature and out-door life, held the interest thus awakened, and before we knew it we had read the sheets all through. With no name by which to call the work, and no author's name to mention in connection with it, we can only now further distinguish it by its chapter titles, some of which are these: "The Phantom of Tragabigzanda," "The Fishing Village," "The English Helen," "The Essex Woods," and "Old Harbor;" and by saying that it is a piece of religious fiction of great originality and freshness, and of some singular merits. We have good reason to believe that it is a volume of which we have been hearing off and on for several years, as being in hand by a former Massachusetts minister of rare intellectual gifts; and, if we are right in this conjecture, and are not mistaken in our estimate, its publication will be an event in thoughtful and cultivated circles. By next month we shall hope to be able to speak of the volume more in detail.

—Mrs. Burnett, the author of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, was a Miss Hodgson, and was born in England, but came to this country at an early age. Her home is in Knoxville, Tenn., where her husband pursues his profession as a physician and oculist. She is said to be one of the youngest of the contributors to *Scribner's Monthly*.

—Henri Van Laun, whose History of French Literature is reviewed elsewhere, was born in Belgium, of half-English parentage; and was educated partly in England and partly on the Continent. He is the translator of Taine's History of English Literature, and of Molière's works

and the author of a series of French grammars; and has also filled the chair of French in the University of Edinburgh.

— Mr. A. H. Cassell, of Harleysville, Montgomery Co., Pennsylvania, must certainly be awarded an honorable place among bibliophiles. Though a self-educated man, he has been all his life a great reader, and now, at the age of a little under sixty, he has a library of upwards of 10,000 volumes. It contains a great many old works, as choice as they are scarce, and a good variety of manuscripts on vellum, belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of elephant folios he has several hundred, of "Poor Richard's Almanac" a full set, and of Bibles a large and interesting collection. One of his curiosities is said to be a file containing one copy of every newspaper published in the United States and British America, though we suppose this statement is to be taken with some qualifications.

— Mr. Charles Wyllys Elliott, whose recent writings on art topics as applied to home life have revived the fame of his earlier authorship, is diligently pursuing his studies along a line of antiquarian research, in a way which seems certain to yield some results of great interest a year or two hence. The history of the development of the household is, so far as we know, an unworked subject, and who is he that can better uncover its riches than Mr. Elliott? Is he not the Schliemann for this Mycenæ? A course of lectures and one or two volumes would be none too much attention to give to it.

— Mr. Tupper has come and gone. We do not know that any more appropriate tribute has been paid to him than the New York *Tribune's*, of which we cut off for present use the head and tail:

"Now he leaves, but ere he leaves us, One more gentle song he weaves us, Says, 'Farewell!' in stanzas three, And on Wednesday goes to sea. . . . . We wish him a voyage home undisturbed by nautical nausea; and we shall look with interest for the little poem which he will write upon his return to dear Mother England: Mother mighty, mother mild, Welcome back your wandering child, From the Yankees safe returning, All his old affection burning! Hear a song he puts his heart in, And say, how are you, dearest Martin?"

— Less is known than might be, to the general interest, of Mr. William Black, whose "Princess of Thule," to say nothing of other of his works, has advanced him to the front rank of living novelists. His own account of himself, as recently published in the *Portrait*, is thus reduced to its lowest terms by the London correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*:

"The substance of it is that he was born in Glasgow on the 13th or 15th of November — he is not sure which — 1841; that he had a desultory education; that he set himself to translate Livy, form a collection of British plants, and construct a machine which should demonstrate perpetual motion, at the same time. His early ambition was to be a landscape painter. He studied art for a year or two. 'As an artist I was a complete failure, and so qualified myself for becoming in after life, for a time, an art critic.' He began his literary career by writing literary criticisms for a Glasgow journal; then he wrote sketches of rambles in the country; then he was a musical and dramatic critic; 'while on one occasion — though I really am ashamed to make this confession — I wrote a leading article on the American civil war, and severely condemned the miserable tactics of a particular general; I forget whom.' He left Glasgow for London in 1864; acted as special correspondent of the *Morning Star* during the Prusso-Austrian war, and, after being connected with the *London Review*, *Examiner* and *Daily News*, he left journalism in 1875. His account of his novels is far too meagre, and leaves too much untold. His chief statement is that he likes his last the best: 'It undoubtedly contains the best work of which I am capable.'"

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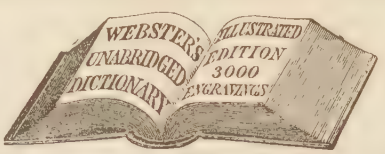

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CAMERON'S ACROSS AFRICA.*

THE perusal of this large and handsome volume is greatly facilitated, and the comprehension of its narrative rendered sensibly easier and more vivid, by the admirable map which accompanies it. This map is not bound inconveniently into the book itself, so that it can be examined only at risk of being torn; but is neatly folded away into a snug pocket of its own on the inside of the cover, and thus can be used independently of the volume. The striking merits and value of the map will commend themselves at sight to every student of African exploration. Its subject is the broad belt from 2° to 14° south of the equator, running entirely across the continent, through which the course of the author's expedition lay. Its details are compiled from his own documents, and are, therefore, authentic and exact. In one corner is given, on a reduced scale, a map of Africa entire, so colored as to show the principal river basins; while at the bottom is a horizontal section of the Continent along the route pursued. This profile is to us a most interesting and instructive feature, furnishing in a single glance a better idea of the contour of the country — its basins, table-lands, mountain ranges and bold coast frontage, than could be obtained from pages of description. The map is drawn in the best style of topographical art, and exquisitely engraved and printed; being in all respects fully up to the high standard of Stanford's celebrated establishment in London, whose imprint it bears. It alone is an exceedingly important contribution to our means for the geographical study of Africa.

Comr. Cameron, who is an officer in the British Navy, may be said to have departed on the expedition recounted in this volume early in 1873, though it was on the 30th of November, 1872, that he left England. He went by way of Zanzibar. His immediate object was to aid in the search for Dr. Livingstone; his ultimate hope to cross the Continent to the west coast, a feat which at that time had only been accomplished by Arab traders. At Unyanyembe, on the 20th of October, 1873, tidings reached him from Ukhonongo of Dr. Livingstone's death; and he had the sad satisfaction, a few days later, of receiving the body of that intrepid explorer and seeing it on its way to Zanzibar. Left now to proceed with his ultimate design, he struck out, unaccompanied save by native attendants, on his novel, difficult and perilous "march to the sea" — the Atlantic; and in November, 1875, nearly three full years from the time of his leaving England, achieved the proud distinction of being welcomed at Katombéla, about 400 miles south of the Kongo, as "the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west."

The narrative of the expedition is one of absorbing interest for all lovers of the literature of travels. Such a tramp across Africa might be expected to abound in strange sights, thrilling adventures, hardships and emergencies, unpleasant predicaments and hairbreadth escapes; and to these the author does full justice, without, however, at all neglecting the weightier matters of scientific observation and practical reflection. The pains and perils which he encountered were incredible in number and degree. The viciousness and treachery of the natives, hunger and thirst, fever and blindness, excessive heats, are only a few items upon the list. It seems a miracle that he outlived the accumulation of sicknesses and struggles through which he passed before he could reach his journey's end. Along his entire route he kept a minute diary, crowding it with his observations of the country and the people. The result is a great mass of curious information, rich and varied in detail, and presenting in photographic distinctness a panoramic view of scenery and life in tropical Africa; constituting a really large addition to the sum of our previous knowledge of this section of the Continent. Beyond question the achievements here recorded entitle the author's name to a place, both as an adventurer and a discoverer, by the side of Speke and Livingstone.

Of the prospects of Africa Comr. Cameron takes a more hopeful view than do some recent travelers — Col. Long, for instance. That the Continent has a future before it he is very confident. The famous ivory trade is not likely to last long, owing to the wanton destruction of elephants; but the vegetable and mineral products are varied and valuable. On the establishment of proper means of communication and the adequate supply of labor, alone depends the commercial development of the interior. Sugar-cane, cotton, coffee, tobacco, spices, rice, wheat, india-rubber, are a few of the products of the soil; and iron, coal, copper, and even gold and silver, are found among its hidden treasures. Missionary efforts Comr. Cameron does not think will alone avail to stop the accursed interior slave-trade, or to open the country to civilization; they must be supplemented by commerce. Commercial enterprise and missionary effort should work hand in hand. A strong argument is presented for the construction of a light railway from the Zanzibar coast into the interior; which need not cost more than a thousand pounds a mile, and which would yield quick and ample returns. Steamers should be placed on the Zambési, Kongo and Kwanza Rivers, and depots established at convenient points on a trunk route across the Continent. In short, Comr. Cameron furnishes full specifications for the opening of the country, and his recommendations seem reasonable. We must take his word for it that they are practicable. The whole volume is directed by a utilitarian purpose, and its immense stores of information are effectively displayed. There are numerous illustrations.

* Across Africa. By Verney Lovett Cameron. Harper & Brothers.

BAGEHOT'S ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

THIS is a most instructive as well as a most readable volume, and is to be commended not only to those who make political institutions a special study, but to the general public. For full profit one needs to come to it with a decent knowledge of the main features of the British Monarchy and Parliament. The writer, who, we may remark, died in April last, speaks to those who are familiar with the broad and open peculiarities of this great political structure. It would be well if the book had been adapted for more general circulation in America by a brief sketch of what is elemental to every Briton in regard to the constitution of his country, but which is imperfectly understood by the average of well-informed Americans. Taking for granted that his readers understand the general working of Crown, Cabinet and Parliament, Mr. Bagehot most acutely and with great felicity points out forces that are out of sight, and shows how they modify the operation of what are popularly supposed to be the controlling powers. He treats in successive chapters of the Cabinet, the Monarchy, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, Changes of Ministry, Supposed Checks and Balances, the Prerequisites of Cabinet Government and the peculiar form they have assumed in England, its History and the effects of that History.

* The English Constitution and Other Political Essays. By Walter Bagehot. D. Appleton & Co.

Whether or not it is owing to the inherent superiority of the English Constitution, it is a notable fact that no Englishman writes about it without burning incense in its praise. Mr. Bagehot indulges in criticisms on certain particulars, but does not come behind his fellows in his expressions of supreme satisfaction with the Constitution as compared with that of any other country. In his Introduction to this edition, covering some seventy pages, he specially points out the great superiority of Parliamentary Government, which he considers that of England, over Presidential Government, which he supposes to be the form of government of the United States. It is surprising that, with such accurate knowledge of his own government, he so misconceives that of this country as to suppose that Congress has little practical power in shaping legislation and determining questions of taxation and finance; and that it is the President who really controls these great matters. Not only is he not aware of his ignorance in this direction; he plumes himself upon special familiarity with American finance:

"There is one series of events which have happened in America since the beginning of the civil war, on which I should wish to say something in detail. I mean the financial events. These lie within the scope of my peculiar studies, and it is comparatively easy to judge of them."

Whereupon he proceeds to say that in matters of taxation and finance there is discussion and debate in Parliament, so that the people indirectly shape the result; but in our Presidential Government this wholesome corrective of discussion is lacking:

"The distinguishing quality of Parliamentary Government is, that in each stage of a public transaction there is a discussion; that the public assist at this discussion. . . . But the characteristic of a Presidential Government is, in a multitude of cases, that there is no such discussion; . . that upon the whole, the administration is doing pretty much as it likes, and neglecting as it likes."

While we in America are considering how to guard the Presidential authority from the encroachments of Congress, and while plans are suggested by which the Secretary of the Treasury, for instance, may have a hand in shaping financial legislation, Mr. Bagehot writes as though our difficulty was in the other direction, and as though Congress had nothing to say, and held no interminable discussions upon tariffs and tax levies.

Some of Mr. Bagehot's errors of fact as to American financial legislation are simply marvelous. He considers it, for instance, a great mistake that the North issued Legal Tenders during the Rebellion, and intimates that it was this inconvertible currency that placed the North at a disadvantage in England as against the South, which, he seems to suppose, had no such inconvertible currency:

"Being a new country, America ought in her times of financial want to borrow of old countries; but the old countries were frightened by the probable issue of unlimited inconvertible paper, and they would not lend a shilling. Much more than the mercantile credit of America was thus lost. The great commercial houses in England are the most natural and most effectual conveyers of intelligence from other countries to Europe. If they had been financially interested [!] in giving in a sound report as to the progress of the war, a sound report we should have had. But as the Northern States raised no loans [!] in Lombard Street, (and could raise none because of their vicious paper money,) Lombard Street did not care about them, and England was very imperfectly informed of the progress of the civil struggle."

Did Lombard Street never know of any "vicious paper money" in the Confederate States? Did Mr. Bagehot never see Jefferson Davis's face on Confederate notes?

It is still more amazing to find Mr. Bagehot stating it as a peculiarity of our government that it is not Congress that issues paper money, but the President, of his sole authority. He declares in so many words that our legal tender notes were issued by President Lincoln as a part of his prerogative. He says "it is decided," as though there had been some judicial decision to this effect, "that this power to issue greenbacks belongs to the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army; it is a part of what is called the war power."

"The authors of the American Constitution doubtless intended that Congress should be able to control the American Executive as our Parliament controls ours. They placed the granting of supplies in the House of Representatives exclusively. But they forgot to look after 'paper money.' And now it has been held that the President has power to emit such money without consulting Congress at all. The first part of the late war was so carried on by Mr. Lincoln; he relied not on grants of Congress, but on the prerogative of emission."

Despite this unaccountable ignorance on some points of American history, American government and finance, the book is a very valuable one. It is a pity that it has not been edited by one who would take pains to correct these glaring mistakes. There is an "American Preface" with the signature of "E. L. Y.," but we judge that "E. L. Y." must have gone very cursorily through the volume, or he would have made corrections which are obviously needed. The Preface itself shows signs of the haste which tolerates slovenly sentences.

SQUIER'S PERU.*

THIS volume presents in an extremely attractive form the results of a prolonged exploration of the monumental antiquities of Peru. More than a dozen years since the author, already known as an accomplished archæologist, and distinguished for his discoveries in the valley of the Mississippi and the regions of Central America, received appointment as Commissioner from the United States to Peru, for the settlement of conflicting claims between the two countries. Having completed his duties in this capacity, he entered on a work of travel and research, which occupied him many months, and resulted in a most thorough examination of the territory and its ruins. He carried with him "the compass, the measuring-line, the pencil and the photographic camera; knowing well that only accurate plans, sections, elevations, drawings and views can adequately meet the rigorous demands of modern science, and render clear what mere verbal description would fail to make intelligible." In this spirit, and thus equipped, Mr. Squier first traversed the coast section, westward of the Cordillera, visiting the vast ruins of Grand Chimu, Pachacamac, Cajarmarquilla, and numberless others less known but scarcely less interesting; thence, crossed the Cordillera to Tiahuanuco in Bolivia, and Lake Titicaca with its sacred islands, the probable birthplace of the Inca civilization; thence proceeded northward to Cuzco, which point he made the center of radiating expeditions for many miles in every direction; and finally returned to Lima, bringing back with him more than four hundred plans, sections and elevations, about as many sketches and drawings, a large number of photographs, and a considerable collection of works of art and industry. Not less than two hundred and fifty of these are made use of for the illustration of the present volume.

Mr. Squier's narrative possesses the twofold interest of a description of a country and its people as now existing, and a study of a country and its people as they once were. Like an old painting which has been covered up by a new, Peru is the seat of more than one civilization, and the work before us is distinctly valuable in that it allows us to see the one through and underneath the other. The phrase "Travel and Exploration" is well included in its title. The book is a skillful and intelligent record of both of those two things.

The historic grandeur of the field whose exploration was undertaken by Mr. Squier, is well portrayed in the following passage:

"The Inca Empire had attained its greatest extension and power precisely at the period of the discovery by Columbus, under the reign of Huayna Capac, who, rather than Huascar, or Atahualpa, should be called the last of the Incas. His father, the Inca Tupac Yupanqui, had pushed his conquests in the south beyond the great desert of Atacama, to the river Maule, in Chili; while, at the same time, Huayna Capac himself had reduced the powerful and refined kingdom of the Sciris of Quito, on the north. From their great dominating central plateau, the Incas had pressed down to the Pacific, on the one hand, and to the dense forests of the Amazonian valleys, on the other. Throughout this wide region, and over all its nations, principalities and tribes, Huayna Capac at the beginning of the sixteenth century ruled supreme. His empire extended from four degrees above the equator to the thirty-fourth southern parallel of latitude, a distance of not far from three thou-

* Peru, etc. By E. G. Squier. Harper & Brothers.

sand miles; while from east to west it spread, with varying width, from the Pacific to the valleys of Paucartambo and Chuquisaca, an average distance of not far from four hundred miles, covering an area therefore of more than one million square miles, equal to about one third of the total area of the United States, or to the whole of the United States to the eastward of the Mississippi River."

The ancient inhabitants of this country were powerfully affected, not only in their character and habits, but in their polity, religion and art, by its strongly marked features:

"The empire itself could never have existed, nor the Incas have obtained any extraordinary ascendancy over their neighbors, or have developed a civilization so advanced as theirs, had it not been for exceptional circumstances of position, influencing alike climate and productions, and directing their power and ambition in fixed channels.

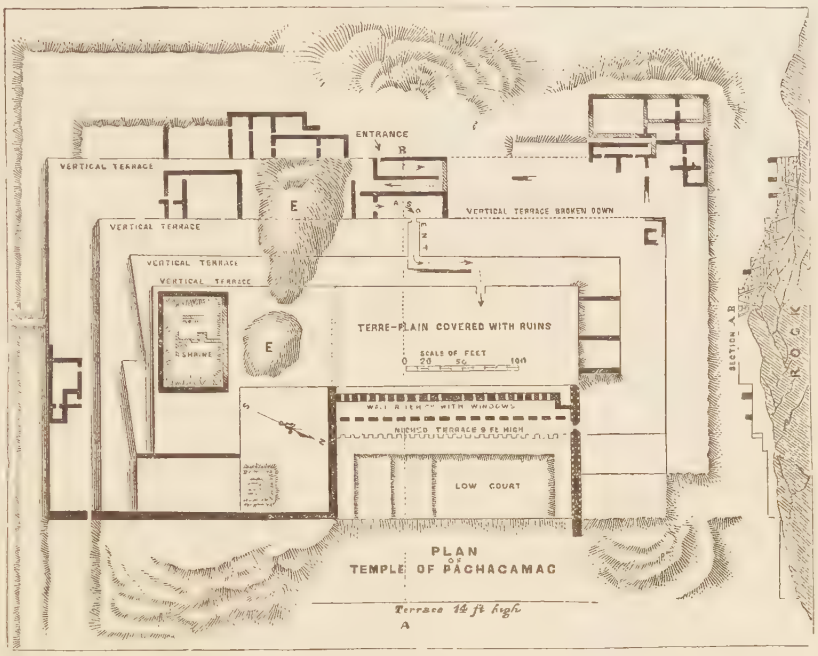
"In no part of the world does nature assume grander, more imposing, or more varied forms. Deserts as bare and repulsive as those of Sahara alternate with valleys as rich and luxuriant as those of Italy. . . . . There are lakes, ranking in size with those that feed the St. Lawrence, whose surfaces lie almost level with the summit of Mt. Blanc; and they are the centers of great terrestrial basins, with river systems of their own, and having no outlet to the sea. The two great mountain ranges which determine the physical aspect of the South American continent, attain their maximum of bulk, and have their most decided features in what was the Inca Empire. . . .

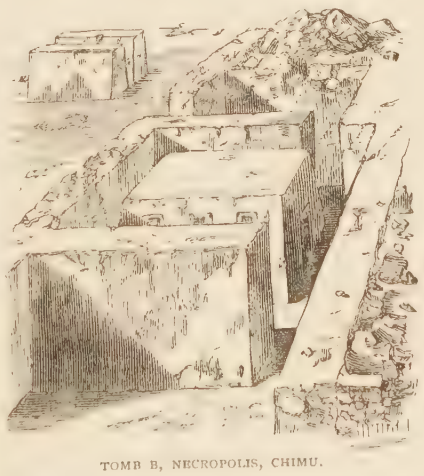
. . . "The ancient inhabitants built their dwellings among rough rocks, on arid slopes of hills, and walled up their dead in caves and clefts, or buried them among irreclaimable sands, in order to utilize the scanty cultivable soil for agriculture. They excavated great areas in the deserts until they reached moisture enough to support vegetation, and then brought guano from the islands to fertilize these sunken gardens. They terraced up every hill and mountain-side, and gathered the soil from the crevices of the rocks to fill the narrow platforms."

These last words furnish a suggestion of the character of the ruins of Peru. The Inca civilization left no writings; its only literature was the massive and curious architecture which dotted hill and valley. In the remains of these ancient edifices is to be read much of the history of the people who built and used them:

"Their reservoirs and aqueducts give us a clear insight into their agricultural system. Their bridges, roads and tambos tell us of their means of intercommunication. Their great fortresses and other public works show that the rulers had at their disposal the labor of a numerous and industrious population. And the very absence of any remains of the habitations of the common people shows us conclusively what must have been the condition of the masses. . . . We know how crimes were punished, from the elaborate prisons; how executions were performed, from the ruins of structures which unmistakably indicate the purpose of their construction. The sites of their villages, and the indications of the quarters of their cities, show how closely the people must have been crowded together in their narrow homes. We have remains which indicate the general character of their household implements and the texture of their garments. Their chulpas and tombs give evidence of their belief in a future life."

Careful search discovers, not exactly the glittering treasures which appear to have rewarded the faith and enthusiasm of Dr. Schliemann on the plains of Troy, but still a great variety of curious objects — knitting utensils, weapons, pottery, wooden and metal ware, some ornaments and sculptures, and symbolic figures. One skull, taken from the Inca cemetery in the valley of Yucay, distinctly presents a case of "trepanning" before death, and is the most valuable bit of evidence of a knowledge of surgery among the aborigines yet discovered on the Continent.





TOMB B, NECROPOLIS, CHIMU.

The engravings which, by favor of the publishers of Mr. Squier's volume, we are permitted to use in this connection, are illustrations at once of its pictorial elegance and of the singularly interesting character of many of the remains in question. Pachacamac, a ground plan of whose Temple is shown in the larger of the two, lies twenty miles south of Lima, close by and overlooking the sea. The spot is one of the most notable in Peru. Here, according to tradition, was the sacred city of the natives before their conquest by the Incas. Pachacamac was their chief divinity, the name signifying "he who animates the universe," "the creator of the world." The Temple which contained the shrine of this god occupies the crest of a considerable headland rising some five hundred feet above the sea, which breaks directly at its feet. Its conspicuous feature is the series of terraces, four in number. The nearly perpendicular walls of each terrace were originally painted red, and the *terre-plain* was reached by a winding passage-way. The shrine stood by itself at the southern corner. The whole structure is now greatly dilapidated, but traces of former splendors are readily discerned.

The second illustration affords a view of a section of the ruins at Chimu, further north upon the coast, near Truxillo; this structure being a tomb.

The conclusions to which Mr. Squier's researches have brought him are summed up in his final chapter. He entertains no doubt that the civilization of the ancient Peruvians was indigenous. What might have been its future but for the Spanish conquest he does not venture to conjecture. The material prosperity of the country was then far in advance of what it is now. There are some evidences in Peru "of an early and comparatively rude past . . . monuments coincident in character, if not in time, with those which the unanimous verdict of science gives to the earliest of what we call the Old World:

"There is no valid evidence that within any period known to human records the progenitors of the Peruvians reached their country from abroad, or that their civilization was imparted to them by any other race. Even if it be assumed that the whole human family sprung from a single pair, and that their original seat was in the highlands of Armenia, whence they have overspread the globe, still it remains true that the period of their advent in Peru antedates all human record. The attempt to make them Hindoos because *inta* is the Quichua name for the Sun, and *India* has the same meaning in Hindostanee, is simply absurd."

SPENCER'S PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY.*

BEFORE saying our word about this book, we desire to record a protest against the name with which Mr. Spencer has distinguished his philosophical system. The name of a system of philosophy should be a definite expression of its character and its method. The "Synthetic Philosophy" is not a definite expression of either the character or the method of Herbert Spencer's system. The system is of course synthetic, and so is the system of Hegel and of Aquinas, but the term has no special adaptiveness to Mr. Spencer's. For his exposition of his master's doctrines, Mr. Fiske selected a far more fitting name. The "Cosmic Philosophy" expresses the character and method of the system (with more precision) than any other term which, so far as we know, has been suggested.

The work before us is the fourth of the series in which Mr. Spencer is embodying his doctrines. It is divided into three parts, the first and the largest of which is devoted to the data of sociology. These data are such external conditions as the climate, geology and flora of a country, and such internal conditions as the ideas and beliefs which man in the various stages of civilization possesses. The ideas that a tribe or a people hold regarding such phenomena as sleep and dreams, death and resurrection; regarding souls, ghosts, demons and all supernatural objects; regarding its deities and the methods of worshiping them, are the principal internal data for determining the sociological condition of that people. These data Mr. Spencer has collected to an amount and to a degree of detail worthy of the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy;" he has arranged them with a clearness, grace and force which Buckle never surpassed; and he has traced the relations existing between them with philosophic discrimination.

In the second part Mr. Spencer considers the inductions of Sociology. The key-stone of the whole system is the induction that "society is an organism;" and the chapters treating of "social growth," "social functions," "social types and constitutions," attempt to prove in various ways the truth of this and of allied propositions. The chief reasons for regarding society as an organism are:

"It [society] undergoes continuous growth; as it grows, its parts, becoming unlike, exhibit increase of structure; the unlike parts simultaneously assume activities of unlike kinds; these activities are not simply different, but their differences are so related as to make one another possible; the reciprocal aid thus given causes mutual dependence of the parts; and the mutually-dependent parts, living by and for one another, form an aggregate constituted on the same general principle as an individual organism."

The third part is devoted to the consideration of the domestic relations looked at from the historical point of view. The growth of the marriage relation is traced from that state of communism, or promiscuity, which the vast majority of historical students now agree was primitive, down to the monogamy of civilized nations. In regard to that unsolved problem of the origin of marriage, Mr. Spencer criticizes Mr. McLennan's theory of capture in war with great acumen; but he does not accept the opposing theory of purchase. He believes that marriage originated in conditions similar to those in which the idea of property in material objects arose. But to both these questions the historical school of criticism has not yet, we believe, proposed a satisfactory solution.

The volume is, in our judgment, the most valuable, as well as the most correct in its doctrines, of any that has yet been issued in the series of the "Synthetic Philosophy." The next volume Mr. Spencer hopes to complete before the close of 1879.

* The Principles of Sociology. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I. D. Appleton & Co.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S TWO VOLUMES.*

MR. Frothingham's position among the scholars and men of marked intellectual power in this country has long been recognized. As a preacher in the great metropolis of this nation he has achieved a happy eminence, and from Sunday to Sunday wins to his hearing an audience which, if not conspicuously great in numbers, is certainly so in culture and refinement. And yet Mr. Frothingham is no holiday man; he is not merely an orator capable of graceful and elegant periods; he is not a student to say with Prospero in the *Tempest:*

"My library was dukedom large enough,"

so being content with his books, and indifferently leaving the affairs of men to drift by as they will. In all that concerns humanity this scholar and preacher has taken a vital interest. Early in his ministry he became deeply enlisted in the anti-slavery cause, and his pulpit trumpet gave no uncertain sound in that great ethico-political agitation. On later questions of reform, as they have successively risen to vex our social sphere, he has been as unequivocally committed to the side of justice and impartial right, finding in all a common ground of sympathy and coöperation with enlightened, philanthropic men of every Christian sect.

We mention these facts with the purpose of indicating that Mr. Frothingham, as an author, has a distinct claim to the candid consideration of the public whenever he writes upon subjects that move his intellect and conscience; a claim which suggests that upon whatever topic his pen may touch he is likely to have something to say worthy in itself to be considered.

The fact, then, that the author of the books before us is a famous expounder of so-called religious Rationalism should not deter any real thinker from turning their pages with care. Mr. Frothingham, both in the matter and manner of his writing, appeals only to cultured, thoughtful and serious readers. He has no coarse, sneering, defiant sentences to tickle the ears of mere iconoclasts, to rouse the rude joy of reckless deniers and polemical shoulder-hitters; but he invites to calm thought, to candid comparison, to charitable judgment, to reasonable discussion.

We are of those who firmly believe that respect for the essence and substance of religion is ineradicably ingrained in the nature of man; and, therefore, that the frank discussion of the relative merits of any or all the forms by which the human religious element has sought to express itself is not only in order, but may fearlessly be encouraged to proceed. He who attacks religion itself, we believe, attacks an invulnerable fortress, which never has surrendered, and never will surrender; and this, because it is intrenched in the natural love, sympathy, aspiration, hope and faith of the common heart of mankind. The finite human *feels*, even when it does not *think*, its relation to the Infinite; and out of that conscious relation springs what we call religion, which is the *pose* of the individual soul in more or less of awe, reverence, worship and obedience toward God. This *pose* cannot be *op*-posed successfully; simply because there is nothing so natural as religion.

In this belief Mr. Frothingham is himself a sharer. On page 117 of *The Spirit of the New Faith*, he says:

"It is my faith that, as long as there shall be traces of human life, there will be traces of religion; and the religion, instead of becoming more shadowy and ephemeral, will increase in richness and splendor. It is my belief that the cardinal ideas that constitute its intellectual substance will never decline; that great realities will become more real as time rolls on. Aspiration, the sighing for the perfect, the longing for the infinite, the craving for a better truth than has been discovered, will haunt the mind more and more as reason becomes calm and composed, and able to entertain the facts that make up human life. As man grows older, reason will more and more predominate over passion: then intellect will become wider, more comprehensive in its scope as it becomes richer in its culture, more rather than less imaginative and poetic. The great words will be charged with new meanings; the great doctrines will be interpreted in finer senses."

In this volume, which is a collection of Discourses, twelve in number, one thing is markedly apparent; and that is the high moral tone which pervades every chapter.

* The Spirit of the New Faith: A Series of Sermons. By O. B. Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Cradle of the Christ: A Study in Primitive Christianity. By O. B. Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

We do not use this word *moral* in any superficial or legal sense, but rather in that which expresses a certain *elevation* of spirit, which instinctively and spontaneously allies itself with whatsoever is pure and beautiful and good. On the current of thought and emotion in these pages we are borne up into sweet, wholesome air, where our minds and hearts are swept clean of anything like hatred or ill-will or uncharitableness toward our fellow-men.

The second volume, *The Cradle of the Christ*, is doctrinal, and even controversial, in comparison with the first; and yet here that purpose which so generally characterizes the author is plainly manifest, namely, to be fair and just, and always from his point of view reasonable. The essay has for its object to strip off what its author conceives to be the husk of Christianity and to expose its inner life, and to tone down what are believed to be the extravagant and superstitious views of the church with respect to its founder. Mr. Frothingham carefully distinguishes between the Jesus and the Christ, and seeks here to trace historically and critically the process by which he regards the veritable man as having taken on a largely mythical form. He declares his intention, even in this effort, to be mainly literary, and in his preface he takes no little pains to allay the apprehension of the reader that there is any *dogmatic* determination in the book. On reading over what he has written, he says:

"The thought has occurred to him [the author] that, in his solicitude to make his positions perfectly clear, and to state his points concisely, he may have laid himself open to the charge of carrying on a controversy under the pretence of explaining a literature. Such a reproach, his heart tells him, would be undeserved. He disclaims all purpose and desire to weaken the moral supports of any form of religion; as little purpose or desire to undermine Christianity as to revive Judaism. It is his honest belief that no genuine interests of religion are compromised by scientific or literary studies; that religion is independent of history, that Christianity is independent of the New Testament. He is cordially persuaded that the admission of every one of his conclusions would leave the institutions of the Church precisely, in every spiritual respect, as they are: and in thus declaring he has no mental reserve, no misty philosophical meaning that preserves expressions while destroying ideas; he uses candid and intelligible speech. The lily's perfect charm suffers no abatement from the chemist's analysis of the slime into which it strikes its slender root; the grape of the Johannisberg vineyards is no less luscious from the fact that the soil has been subjected to the microscope; the fine qualities of the human being, man or woman, are the same on any theory,—the Bible theory of the perfect Adam, or Darwin's of the anthropoid ape. The hero is hero still, and the saint saint, whatever his ancestry."

Indeed, we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that Rationalists in general would do well to learn from Mr. Frothingham a larger and finer appreciation of the spiritual contents of Christianity, and to do better justice to many of its doctrines and institutions.

From any theological criticism of these volumes we purposely abstain. Their literary execution is on the whole excellent. We might object that the author is sometimes too rhetorical, and that he indulges too much in metaphors and antitheses. He has a habit of stating both sides very strongly; indeed, sometimes so strongly as almost to bewilder the reader, and leave him in doubt as to where the truth really lies. The orthography of the pages is a little mixed, partaking now of Webster and now of Worcester. Why does Mr. Frothingham give to Christian a small *c*, to Arabian a small *a*, and to Hebrew a small *h*? Would he begin German with a small *g*, and Russian with a small *r*? We are sorry to observe that the proof-reading of these volumes is quite faulty, and the mechanical execution of them in some respects astonishingly imperfect, excellent as it is in others.

WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE-BOOKS.*

GROWN people now-a-days can hardly help mixing a feeling of envy with their wonderment, as they contrast the limited opportunities of their own childhood with those so lavishly provided for the lucky little ones of the present time. Twenty-five years ago small readers had to be content with woodcuts of "Pecksy" and "Flapsy," attitudinizing stiffly on the edge of their nest; or "Young Timothy," waving a wooden hand at "Sin," represented as a sort of bifurcated bat. Art had nothing better for its young disciples *then*. *Now*, an army of clever artists devote themselves to making juvenile books beautiful, and lavish upon them a wealth of talent and pains which older folks alone can thoroughly appreciate and enjoy.

Foremost among these artists, these genii of the picture-book, stands Mr. Walter Crane. His designs are so unique for movement and expression, so finished, and so delicious in color, that they deserve to be classed and mentioned as high art. He is astonishingly rich in detail. His oriental backgrounds, furniture and *bric-à-brac* are worth careful study, and his thoroughness is carried into the very *minutiæ* of the picture, so that one is forever being surprised by the discovery of delicate touches of humor, or suggestions which have escaped notice at a first glance. For instance: in the Frog Prince, we are so pleased with the handsome young cavalier, doffing his cap to the Princess, that it is some time before we perceive in the air behind him the details of his transformation, beginning with a green frog and ending in a Prince. And gazing off at the distance with Sister Anne on the tower-top, we fail at first to notice the Blue Beard coat-of-arms emblazoned on the parapet beside her — two green-eyed monsters supporting a shield parted with a hinge and bolt, a key, scutcheon, dagger and tear-drops by way of device, and for motto *Garde le clef*. There is a wealth of imagination in this redundant finish, which neglects no trifle however small and makes all subserve to the drollery and effect of the picture.

That we do not overstate the merits of Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations is proved by the fact that during the last few years they have been largely used for decorative purposes, both in this country and in England. We have seen them set as a substitute for tiles round a chimney-piece, inserted in book-cases and side-boards, employed by way of a frieze at the top of a tinted wall and as a *dado* at the bottom, used with excellent effect to fill the panels of a door, and, prettiest of all, to line the back of a shelved cupboard, in which ornamental china was kept. The effect of the superb and harmoniously blended reds and golds and blues behind the china was admirable. A nursery which we sometimes visit has a band of these pictures set round the room at the top of a chair rail. This band is an inexhaustible pleasure to the children who inhabit the room, and, according to their nurse, "as good as a drawing lesson any day;" for spirit and correctness of design are not lost upon children any more than upon older people, and the wide-open little eyes which are so ready to observe and learn gain unconscious education merely by living in the sight of a first-rate thing instead of a poor one.

The Baby's Opera, last comer among these publications, contains a selection of rhymes from Mother Goose and other classic sources, set to music, and illustrated most delightfully in color. Mr. Crane has never done better work than in this charming volume. It is hard to discriminate where every page is good; still we will especially call attention to the Ballads of "Ye Frog and Ye Crow," and "My Pretty Maid," to the idyl of "Mrs. Bond and her Ducklings," and to the well-known rhyme of "King Arthur and the Barley Meal." That legendary monarch is seen in regal attire, the "Dragon of the Great Pendragonship" glittering on his surcoat, and the whole history of the Round Table hovering round his pious lips, while in his eye gleams the thievish joy of a magpie as he exhibits the stolen meal to Guinever, who has tied on a cooking apron, embroidered with *fleur de lis*, over her dress, and clasps her hands in rapture over this unexpected supply! Nothing could be better also than the faces of the three fiddlers in the song of "Old King Cole."

The two editions of the book before us resemble each other closely in externals. Within we find some differences of arrangement, and, in that bearing the imprint of McLoughlin Brothers, a slight inferiority of

* The Baby's Opera. By Walter Crane. Geo. Routledge & Sons.

Do., do. McLoughlin Brothers.

paper, with possibly a little less delicate coloring. This, American, edition is thus sold at one dollar, and that it may hold its own, the price of the other, English, edition has been reduced from two dollars to one and a half.

TOWNSEND ON REVIVALS.*

THIS book is not so much an argument to prove that revivals of religion are the result, in part, of supernatural forces, as a series of sketches of some of the more notable revivals. The first chapter is, indeed, of the nature of argument, but it is hardly conclusive. "The salt that is to save the world," says Mr. Townsend, "is not in nature, nor in the improvements of civilized life." "The tendencies of modern civilization, as such, develop corruption, not sanctification." So much is assertion, now what is the proof? The fact that Babylon, Greece, Rome, and other highly civilized states have fallen. But churches have fallen, too; and whole regions over which Christianity once held empire, have sunk into degradation. That ought not to cast discredit upon Christianity if, on the whole, the peoples that have received it have risen in the scale of intelligence and virtue. All progress is irregular and inconstant; it is a stream in which there are many eddies. Therefore the decadence of single nations, no more than the ruin of individuals, can be taken as a proof of the failure of what is called civilization. It may be that, in spite of these discouraging episodes, the history of the world shows a decided advance all along the line, even in those countries where Christianity is not accepted. We do not say that this is the fact; we only wish to point out that this was the thing to be disproved. Mr. Townsend's assumption is one to which *we* should have no difficulty in assenting; nevertheless, it is nothing more than an assumption.

Granting, however, that supernatural forces are indispensable for the regeneration of society, two questions remain:

1. Which is the more probable, that these forces will act uniformly, giving us a steady and orderly growth of goodness; or that they will act intermittently, giving us times of drought and times of refreshing?

2. In point of fact, have the exceptional movements in the history of the church been the product of supernatural or of natural causes?

The first of these questions is not very fully argued, and the second is disposed of by a full collation of facts concerning revivals. It is shown that the progress made by the church in all ages has been more or less irregular. Sometimes the movement has seemed to be halting and even receding, sometimes it has gone forward with great power. With these forward movements much violence and extravagance have been mingled, but, on the whole, the church has been the gainer on account of them. So large have been the accessions, through revivals, to the numbers and the power of the churches, that one who believes in the supernatural origin of Christianity can scarcely doubt the existence of a supernatural factor in revivals of religion.

Mr. Townsend furnishes, in his second chapter, a rapid survey of some of the principal religious revivals that have occurred in the church, beginning with the Old Testament history; in the third he depicts the experiences of individuals in connection with revival work; in the fourth he sketches evangelists and revival agencies; and the fifth is devoted to the Boston Tabernacle. The material which he has collected is valuable, but it is presented in a somewhat disorderly manner, and the bearing of much of it upon the theory which he is trying to establish is not distinctly seen. Quite a number of passages appear in quotation marks without credit. The practice is slovenly. What is worth using is worth acknowledging. Perhaps, however, the omission is due to the fact that the author became weary in well doing. So large a portion of the book is quoted that the labor of verification and acknowledgment must have grown tedious. Indeed, the book bears evidence of having been made for the market, and doubtless it has not been made in vain. A devout and not over-critical public, that is fond of incidents and that dotes on "hash," will find entertainment in it, all the more, perhaps, from the fact that its method is not too philosophical nor its logic too severe.

* The Supernatural Factor in Religious Revivals. By L. T. Townsend, D. D. Lee & Shepard.

SMILES'S LIFE OF THOMAS EDWARD.*

THOMAS Edward was the son of a poor Scotch linen weaver. He never went to school after he was six years old. He was apprenticed to a shoe-maker when he was eleven. He has earned his living by making shoes all his life. For more than forty years he has kept his wife and eleven children fed and clothed by the work of his hands, during the hours from six at dawn to eight at dusk. He has spent upon his bench all the hours of daylight to which men commonly limit their work. He has had nothing of outside help to make him anything more than a mere artisan. His home was in Banff, a town near Aberdeen, so small that it was almost unknown to the post-office. He had neither gold nor books nor friends, nor anything but his love of the wonders of nature, his strong will, and his good wife, who made home happy and let him have his own way.

And yet this man, in his passion for the study of beasts and birds and fish and plants and everything God has made, has done more in finding out new things in nature than almost any other man ever did who had all the aid which Edward lacked. He walked while others slept. He slept only when the light of day was utterly gone, and waked before the black became gray sky. His story is a marvel, not because any one thing in it is so wonderful, but because of the fact that any man, with so little outside stimulus and with almost no reward, except the knowledge he gained for himself out of nature herself, without any go-between, should for a life-time daily deny himself what most men cannot bear to live without. He still lives by making shoes, having in old age nothing left, either of health for like search after new secrets, or of money to give him his daily bread without his daily labor. Indeed, but for the fruit which the olive-plants about his table now bear, we are left to guess that he would be in actual want. His love of science has never sought or found recompense in money or fame. He has spent himself in its gratification for its own delight.

Agassiz used to teach his pupils by giving them a specimen, and telling them to observe everything about it. Few men see half what is imaged on the retina. Edward is one of these few. He did not kill until he had studied the habits and action of the object in life. His stores of unknown facts are still possible to save, if somebody would write to his dictation who knew how to draw them forth. If Mr. Smiles, whose book proves his valuation of Edward's work, would bring this to pass, the world might gain even by Edward's loss of health.

This book shows also how much a close observer will find within a narrow range. Edward's rambles in the dark during his forty years were confined within a circle of not over ten miles in radius. Yet he discovered in Moray Frith no less than twenty new species of Crustacea, and found one hundred and seventy-seven of those which Bate and Westwood enumerate; and in other branches of natural history he made such collections that perhaps no man, by his unaided single efforts, ever produced the like.

The book in its literary execution shares in the defects of style and method with which Mr. Smiles's other works have made us familiar. But the blemishes are trivial, while the books themselves are among our best, because their aim and influence are so noble. Books are to be measured by their worth to the world as well as their literary perfection; and Mr. Smiles always tells of noble lives in order to ennoble his readers.

The illustrations are without peer for merit. We have never seen such real works of art in such a book before. The etching

* Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward. By Samuel Smiles. Harper & Brothers.

of Edward's head in frontispiece deserves to be mounted in the Gray collection. We suppose them to be from English plates of Mr. Reid.

We have no space for quotation. Edward's adventures rival Audubon's, and are too good to spoil by abbreviating. From a child he was possessed with the infatuation of genius for "beasties;" and many were the woes they brought him at the hands of unsympathizing schoolmates, who did not like to find leeches up their sleeves, and of prosaic teachers, who objected to having a boy of six hide ravens in the legs of his trousers during school-hours. If Mr. Smiles has not unconsciously dressed up the hero, a better example of a born genius can hardly be shown.

SHAKESPEAREANA.*

(*a.*) SHAKESPEARE, FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

THE reader whose attention is attracted to this elegant volume will ask with some curiosity: What does the title mean? Why look at Shakespeare from an American point of view? He will soon learn that the author uses the word "American" in the sense given to it in England and Canada, and means to restrict its application to the United States. His view is taken from the standpoint of the Declaration of Independence, and he appears disturbed because Shakespeare did not write in the spirit of that immortal document. "The world must move on," Mr. Wilkes is kind enough to assure us, "and Shakespeare must face the ordeal of improved ideas with all others." We imagine Shakespeare facing the ordeal of "improved ideas," with all other sorts, and tremble for the result. Mr. Wilkes says that it is "by no means a pleasant task" to expose the deformities of Shakespeare, but that the "duty of exposing these errors is all the more incumbent according to the authority of the author who commits them!" Permitting the structure of this sentence to pass, let us state that, in brief, the object of Mr. Wilkes is "to establish the degree of difference, if any, in which the Shakespearean volume should be regarded, relatively, in England and America, as a family textbook;" to "demand boldly who and what this mighty genius was,—what were his principles, his character, his faith, his motive in writing as he did, and what manner of man he was in his familiar way of life;" to prove that Shakespeare alone among the great writers of the world prefers to be the parasite of the rich and noble, and seldom, if ever, permits the humble to escape him without a derisive jest or sneer; to show that Bacon did not write Shakespeare's works, (in spite of the fact that those "two prominent statesmen and lawyers," Lord Palmerston and Benjamin F. Butler held the reverse); to show that Shakespeare was a Romanist, having imbibed that religious sentiment as it "was breathed over him into his spiritual lungs, as it were, by his mother while he was lying in his cradle;" and finally to prove that in America we ought to "take no interest in Shakespeare as a politician, nor yet as a moralist," and should disenchant ourselves of the spells fumed up by loyalty and doctrine, and "treat this mighty mortal as a man."

Mr. Wilkes labors through his five hundred pages to prove these propositions, and then coolly gives it as his own private opinion that the works of Shakespeare "are the richest inheritance of the intellectual world," and that the great dramatist is "the one man who, above all others, whether alive or dead, has contributed more happy hours to the civilized world, certainly to those in it who speak his language, than any other man who ever lived." We are at a loss to understand how a man who holds such exalted opinions regarding Shakespeare, and confesses them, can expect his readers to accept the views that the body of this book endeavors to impress upon them. It is difficult to believe him to be serious in both instances.

The evidence for Shakespeare's Romanism is, to our mind, quite inconclusive. His father was an office-holder, and as such must have taken an oath disowning that faith. William was himself baptized in the English church, and obtained his marriage certificate from an English bishop. The so-called confession of faith of the father is a palpable fabrication.

It was no Romanist that put into the mouth of Paulina, in The Winter's Tale, the noble words,

> "It is an heretic which makes the fire,
> Not she which burns in 't."

We do not believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works, and so far agree with Mr. Wilkes; but that the great dramatist was a sycophant and a despiser of the poor we cannot concede. Philanthropists and reformers have made this charge before. Shakespeare was not a reformer, but a writer of plays; he held "as 'twere the mirror up to nature;" and it would have been not less than absurd for him to put into his writings characters and sentiments that were not born of the ages he described. The world has progressed since his day, and yet he could say then:

> "Not all these laid in bed majestical,
> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
> Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
> Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread, . .
> . . . but for ceremony such a wretch,
> Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
> Had the forehand and vantage of a king."

He did not omit from the list of the virtues of his favorite, King Henry V, the words:

> "Five hundred poor have I in yearly pay,
> Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
> Toward heaven to pardon blood."

An aristocratic sycophant would never have put into a king's mouth the words:

> "Strange is it, that our bloods,
> Of color, weight and heat, pour'd all together,
> Would quite confound distinction. . . .
> From lowest place where virtuous things proceed,
> The place is dignified by the doer's deed. . . .
> . . . . Honors best thrive,
> When rather from our acts we them derive,
> Than our foregoers."

Much more might be said on this score, but we forbear. Mr. Wilkes argues very vigorously against Shakespeare's sympathy with the people of humble birth, from "the monstrous and inexcusable falsehoods which disgrace the pages" of King Henry VI, part ii, a play which is by many considered spurious, and if written by Shakespeare was the product of his early years. It was, however, based upon some earlier plays, and in the treatment of Jack Cade, of which Mr. Wilkes especially complains, these followed the histories of Hall and Holinshed.

As instances showing the straits to which one is reduced who attempts to prove Shakespeare a Romanist, we need only refer to our author's treatment of the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, of whom the King says:

> "He dies, and makes no sign."

"No sign of repentance," Mr. Wilkes explains, "without which, according to Catholic doctrine, no sinner can be allowed to enter heaven!" Do Protestants, forsooth, enter heaven without repentance? As the scene closes the King says: "Let us all to meditation," and Mr. Wilkes asserts that he here refers to a "pious practice prescribed by the Romish Church." "William Shakespeare could hardly have made this doctrinal reference to it unless he had been a Catholic himself!" Again, we ask, is "meditation" confined to Romanists?

Finally, we need only mention the fact that Mr. Wilkes finds himself obliged to support his various conclusions by extensive quotations from the edition of Shakespeare by Dr. Samuel Johnson, of which Macaulay says: "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic."

Mr. Wilkes is widely known as the long-time editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, a prominent sporting journal of New York which often treats literary topics. We are surprised that a writer of so much experience should have read Shakespeare to so little effective purpose, and that in the course of his study he should not have gained a more correct literary style.

(*b.*) ROLFE'S MACBETH.

In Mr. Rolfe's *Macbeth* we find very little to question and much to commend. We hardly agree with those who think that very

* Shakespeare, from an American Point of View, etc. By George Wilkes. D. Appleton & Co.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Macbeth. Edited by William J. Rolfe. Harper & Brothers.

brief notes are sufficient in a book of this kind intended for school use. On the contrary we should be disposed, in unfolding one of Shakespeare's plays to a class of students, to make it the means of the most extensive instruction possible. Of course no irrelevant matter should be introduced, nor should too curious investigations be pursued. Mr. Rolfe has followed the line which we think a wise teacher would adopt, and we find no fault with the great extent of his notes and illustrative extracts, though we should have hesitated to introduce the revolutionary remarks about the character of Banquo, on pages 165 and 200. It is questionable whether Dr. Flathe is a critic of sufficient insight to authorize the use or the acceptance of his derogatory opinion of one whom other and much better known writers have praised as "pure" and "blessed." We doubt the propriety of putting into a school text-book remarks which run counter to the received notions of the critical world, and we presume that Mr. Rolfe will agree with us. We see, at least, no evidence that he disapproves of the general estimation in which Banquo is held. Dr. Flathe issued his work in three installments in 1863, '4, '5, and it appears to have made little impression upon the world. We are sorry to have any of its views thus tacitly endorsed. As an indication of the thoroughness with which this book has been prepared, it may be mentioned that though Macbeth is the shortest of Shakespeare's tragedies, and occupies but seventy-nine of Mr. Rolfe's pages, the volume covers two hundred and sixty pages. It is very free from typographical errors. In fact, we notice but a single one (l. 128, Act i, Sc. 3), and there is hardly a word unexplained that needs to be made clearer. The book challenges comparison with the corresponding one in the Clarendon Press series, from which it differs very little. Mr. Rolfe gives a valuable index of words that he has explained, which the other editors do not give, and also a number of engravings, transferred from Knight and other authentic sources, which add to the interest of the text. No one can study Macbeth in this edition without advantage, and its usefulness ought not to be confined to the school-room.

RECENT FICTION.

— *A Modern Mephistopheles* * is the sixth of the "No Name" sisterhood, and it bears as little likeness to its predecessors as they to each other. The "Modern Mephistopheles" is a clever saturnine invalid, with a morbid taste for experimenting on human souls. His subjects are a youthful pair, lovers when the story opens, husband and wife afterward; whom his manipulations first unite, and later separate — by the saddest and most final of separations. There are absolutely no other *dramatis personæ*, except an older woman madly in love with the invalid. The interest centers around these four figures. With all its unlikeness, one traces through the whole narrative a fine thread of association with the story of the ancient Faust. There are the tempter, the temptation, the tempted one; the sin, the flawless purity, the expiation in suffering; but the likeness is so delicately worked out that the dark lesson of the old tale exists here but as a softening shadow. Gladys, the Margaret of this new rendering, is as pure a little vision, and as distinct in her pureness, as a lily set in a June garden. There is something of an exquisite art in the way in which she is made real to us in her gracious, womanly stillness, — a mixture of child, wife and flower. For the authorship — we suppose everybody is allowed a guess — ours hovers between Miss Alcott and Mrs. Spofford. Certain turns of phrase and movement suggest the former, though the style throughout exhibits a painstaking nicety and finish which that clever writer does not always allow herself time to achieve, while the luxuriant fancy which would indicate Mrs. Spofford is curbed and reined in with a discretion not always manifested in her writings. The book is not without a very decided artistic power, though we cannot call it the most agreeable reading, nor do we think it altogether wholesome.—— Since the above was in type we have seen what appears to be an authoritative declaration that Mrs. Spofford is not the author.

— Miss Peard's *A Winter Story*, * which appears as the third number of the new "Town and Country Series," is a charming English tale, of modest proportions and unassuming mien, but of rare excellence from every point of view. It is not greatest among recent works of fiction, but it is among the best. There is about it an air of good breeding — an artistic completeness, symmetry and finish—which sets it quite apart by itself. We might liken it to a rich and refined symphony, pitched upon a minor key, but full of strains of sweetness and melody which quietly stir the purest passions of the human soul. The title comes to contain a fine significance when the story has been read. The chief characters are Ronald Carr, an orphan; Mr. Philip Oldfield, his uncle, of Pollard Farm; Ben and Rachael, the farmer and his wife; Hester Lyle, once betrothed to Philip, but separated from him by a misfortune of his, which has overwhelmed him with remorse, almost to the dethronement of his reason; and Jess, an untamed "Arab" child, who, in the course of the story, is brought under civilizing influences. The landscape of the south of England is in full view throughout, pictured with a loving and faithful hand. The atmosphere is fresh, pure, invigorating. There are no obscurations, no noisome currents. The child-life of Ronald and Jess, the earlier remorse and later peace of Philip, the gentle and true Hester, quaint farmer Ben and his strong-minded wife, and the ins and outs of the Pollard Farm, make up a *tout ensemble* of uncommon attractiveness. The author writes with a reserved power, pleasantly mingles the humorous with the pathetic, and with great skill brings a spring-time of life and joy to succeed the "winter" of grief, loneliness and despair with which her opening pages are chilled. As a deeply interesting, truly artistic and thoroughly wholesome story, we give this our warmest commendation.

— Had Mr. Howells's * little comedy been first launched — not upon the crests of the *Atlantic* but suddenly and quite unexpectedly upon the "No Name" sea of literature, the wise public would doubtless have declared that there was the unmistakable touch of a woman's hand in it; that it was quite "out of the question" for any man to have so subtle an intuition of feminine character. But what is the proof of true genius, if not the possession of this very "double-nature?" To one who has followed the story as a serial, its republication in the handy "Little Classics" form, will prove as delightful as an unexpected "reunion" of passing acquaintances. The opening scene in the parlor of the Ponkwasset Hotel is as clearly and tersely drawn as a pen-and-ink sketch. Can you not see it all — the hair-cloth sofas, the cane-seated chairs "of divers patterns," the inevitable "state lamp of kerosene — a perfume by day, a flame by night," the expectant girls waiting for the belated stage, and the rapturous greeting when Leslie, unannounced, "drifts lightly into the room?" The stage has met with an accident, the "divinely impulsive" heroine has walked from the foot of the hill, leaving a young man, the good genius of the ride, in charge of mamma and "Aunt Kate;" "he made me leave the bag with him too, but that isn't the worst," adds Leslie:

"'I shall know what to do with the hand-bag when it gets here, but I shan't know what to do with the young man.'

"*Maggie:* 'With the young man? Why, Leslie, a young man is worth a *thousand* hand-bags in a place like this! You don't know what you're talking about, Leslie. A young man' ——

"*Leslie*, rising and going toward the window: 'My dear, he's out of the question . . . . you'll see at once he'll never do. . . . He's perfectly respectful and nice, of course, but he's no more social perspective than — the man in the moon. He's never obtrusive, but he's as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence; and when you did get up some little perspective with him, and tried to let him know, don't you know, that there was such a thing as a vanishing point somewhere, he was sure to do or say something so

* A Modern Mephistopheles. Roberts Brothers.

* A Winter Story. By Miss Peard. Roberts Brothers.

* Out of the Question. A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co.

unconscious, that away went your perspective — one simple crush.'"

The "young man" follows up his "chance acquaintance" to the "foregone conclusion" of all such chapters of life as this. Leslie's mother and her Aunt Kate serve throughout as fine foils to each other, and are photographed to the reader with wonderful force and delicacy. The second scene, "in Fayre Forest," is finely delineated, although we must acknowledge a little inconsistency in the conversation of the two tramps. Leslie forms a very pretty picture as she takes out her sketching materials, and begins to trace the shadowy birches, while her companions stray off for wild flowers, all unconscious of the danger so near. The tragic scene that follows, Blake's sudden appearance, his brave struggle with the ruffians, and Leslie's despair when, grasping warmly the hand that returns her watch uninjured, he falls gasping at her feet, are all most vividly portrayed. Of course, as we have before intimated, the remainder of the little drama discloses itself. From it, as a whole, we get a new sense of Mr. Howells's power of discerning the thoughts and intents of the feminine heart, and of his marvelous skill in the use of language to depict the finest lines and most delicate shadings of individuality and action; though we are also moved by it to wish that he might direct his rare gifts to the service of higher ends than the mere amusement of the fancy. It is cunning embroidery, to be sure; there is nothing like it anywhere; but there is reason to doubt how deeply and how long it can satisfy. When the author of *Out of the Question* and the interesting line of books to which it belongs comes under the sway of some grand moral or spiritual idea, we shall have one of those masterpieces of fiction which the world delights to honor.

— Bret Harte's dramatic venture we think it was a mistake to lay before the reading public. The unfavorable verdict of those who saw *Two Men of Sandy Bar* * acted on the stage will only be confirmed, for what was faulty before the footlights appears more glaringly so in a book. The plot is uninteresting, the characters are unreal, the conversations and situations unnatural, the tone low, and the style is by no means Bret Harte's best.

— *Deephaven* † is descriptive of the experiences of two cultivated young women from the city, in a summer spent at a delightful old town by the sea. Some such place as Portsmouth or Newburyport might have been the model from which "Deephaven" is painted, unless, indeed, the book be a reality, as in some of its features we should judge it were. "Deephaven" is a lazy little town, with more of the English aspect than the American, without factories, foreigners or excitement of any kind, knowing no new houses, occasionally welcoming to one of its wharves a schooner with a load of hay or firewood, and sending out its fishing boats into the offing, but having some reminiscences and suggestions of busier and better times gone by. Our friends find themselves established in a fine, old house, full of antique flavor, both in structure and furnishing. They warm themselves, of a cold evening, by the great fire-place, and nestle in the huge sofas. Out doors, they while away the time with rambles along the shore, or visits to the lighthouse, or street chat with sailors and other folk, young and old, whom they meet. Now and then they venture upon a fishing trip, and once, by way of an extraordinary dissipation, ride half a score of miles, on a Saturday afternoon, to a circus in an inland town. The book is a dreamily pleasant one, overhung by a kind of glowing haze, which softens every outline; full of well-drawn pictures of common things, without more of humor than there is in everyday life, and with touches of pathos which relate to some of the deeper things of human experience. Those who like the sea, and the atmosphere of seaside towns, will enjoy it; and we should describe it as a choice book of its class.

— Mrs. Forrester's *Mignon* * is the story of a woman without a heart — absolutely without a heart; a woman as cruel to men as the Pomeroy boy was to children. She is married to a man older than her father, who loves her devotedly; but for whom she has never more than what might be called twinges of tenderness. She is very beautiful, and that is all that can be said in her favor. We are at a loss to perceive the object of the book, unless it be to hold up a mirror to heartless wives, to whom, therefore, we commend it for their possible edification. It is well written, but we do not think it leaves a very agreeable impression: except so far as the character of the husband is concerned, who is a model of patience and affection. Women who wish to marry will do well to keep the book out of the hands of the men.

— The plot of Miss Kavanagh's *Two Lilies* † is ingenious, the development skillful, the characters strongly drawn, and the style natural and agreeable. Like all this author's works the story is thoroughly pure and wholesome, and, though a little prolix in parts, it is likely to hold most readers' attention from beginning to end. One of the most entertaining of the subordinate characters is Miss Cowper, a wealthy maiden lady, with ascetic tendencies in religion, and mediæval tastes. It is her favorite project to build some almshouses for needy "sisters," who shall dress like herself, in plain black and white. She goes so far as to hold consultation with an architect with reference to her plans, the account of which is amusing enough; but afterwards comes under the influence of one Professor Mortlock, a conceited lecturer upon evolution and protoplasm, and imbibes his advanced doctrines. Under his influence she changes her religious views, her dress and her benevolent plans. A scheme of a "college" for the "regeneration" of woman supersedes that of an almshouse for relief; but the "college," too, remains a castle in the air, owing to a quarrel which ensues between her and her "Professor." The story is a little too much drawn out in the earlier chapters, and a little hurried and abrupt towards the close. It is good, though we cannot pronounce it the best of Miss Kavanagh's productions.

— This is the substance of Auerbach's *Lorley and Reinhard:* * Reinhard, a great artist, paints an altar-piece for the church, the Madonna in which is Lorley, a charming peasant girl. Lorley is as remarkable for her simplicity of character and manners as for her beauty and goodness. The two marry, and are for a time very happy. But Lorley annoys her husband by her ignorance of the world and her unconventional ways, as also by inability to share his feelings as an artist. She also is distressed by his frequent absences from home; in short, it is a clear case of "incompatibility." At length he comes home intoxicated, she leaves him, and they never meet again. Reinhard goes to Italy, and after thirty years returns to his native village to find Lorley dead, who, nevertheless, continues through the latter half of the book the principal personage, the story consisting chiefly of reminiscences of her.

— We have in paper-covered *Rosine* † a flash story of the times of the French Revolution; in which a dissolute nobleman, a beautiful peasant girl and her worthy lover, Marie Antoinette, and a few less prominent personages, are employed to lead the imagination upon dangerous ground. The book is well enough dressed, but ought not to have admittance to good society.

— *Will it Be?* ‡ is a melodramatic novelette, of the third or fourth order of merit; without strength, delicacy or moral weight to commend it to the reader. There is a glitter about it, but it is the glitter of cheap jewelry.

* Two Men of Sandy Bar. A Drama. By Bret Harte. James R. Osgood & Co.

† Deephaven. By Sarah O. Jewett. James R. Osgood & Co.

* Mignon. By Mrs. Forrester. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

† Two Lilies. By Julia Kavanagh. D. Appleton & Co.

* Lorley and Reinhard. By B. Auerbach. Henry Holt & Co.

† Rosine. By J. G. Whyte Melville. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

‡ Will it Be? By Mrs. Helen J. Ford. Loring.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

MEASURED hastily and thoughtlessly the field of such a journal as this seems limited and narrow. It has to do nominally with books and authors only, and books and authors may seem to hold but a small place in the sum of human activities. Who are authors, it is asked, by the side of capitalists, statesmen, great captains and rulers; and what are books in comparison with discoveries, commerce, public works and the achievements of arms? A journal of literature, we might be told, may well content itself with being a monthly, and confine its space to twenty diminutive pages or so!

This is a very superficial view to take, and a thoughtful mind will quickly abandon it. Printing, it has been said, "is the art preservative of arts." Literature is more, even as the spirit is always finer, grander than the form. Literature is the great and wide sea in which floats all thought; it is the one open and free main which no power controls; the element in which intellectual commerce must be carried on between the past, the present and the future, and between all the ends of the earth. Arts and sciences, knowledges and the trades — these are the continents and islands, fixed and circumscribed; literature envelops them, and makes them known and serviceable one to another.

To those, therefore, who tread the paths of literature the field is most truly the world. A journal of literature is in reality the broadest of journals. Who will mark the confines of the literary world? Who will assign its age, or circumscribe its present, or predict its future? News papers, religious papers, papers for the sciences and the professions — these are local, special, territorial; the journal of literature alone covers the whole field of human thought and enterprise, and takes both the new and old into its view. History, philosophy, science, the arts, travel, biography — all these, no less than fiction, poetry and letters, are the ingredients of literature, which is the sum and substance of them all.

These thoughts are almost too trite to repeat, but they may make some of our readers feel better. And at the remembrance of them we deplore afresh that we speak but twelve times a year, and then to the extent of only three short columns to a page.

BREAKING DOWN.

"ON Monday of last week he was still at his office, and he died on Saturday. He had even bought tickets for a vacation trip South, but before he could start he was thrown down with brain fever, and the end came. As one of the partners in the Scribner house — a position sufficiently engrossing in itself — he worked constantly and faithfully at his desk, but much of his additional literary work for the journals to which he usefully contributed without parade of his name, was done after the day was over, and *well into the hours of the morning*."

This is the short story of the sad death of a good and useful man. We never shall forget Mr. Seymour's sunny face, his genial manner, and his pure and purifying personality, as we knew him nearly twenty years ago. His position of late years had been much beneath the surface; just where so many of the best and bravest and most beneficent of men are stationed; but his influence was a commanding one. How much his hand had to do with filling the fountain from whose streams so many of us have been glad to drink, few probably have ever known.

The sad thing about such a death as his is that it seems as if it needed not to have been. He was still comparatively young, and had only fairly entered on his career. His best and most fruitful years were, to all appearance, before him. No insidious disease carried him off. No sudden crash by land or wreck by sea overwhelmed him. We speak in a figure, and in no spirit of harshness or censure, when we say that he died by his own hand. The words we have italicized in the above extract point our meaning: "he worked constantly and faithfully at his desk, but much of his additional literary work . . . was done after the day was over, *and well into the hours of the morning*." Here, we do not doubt, was the secret of his break-down.

A few weeks since a portion of the roof of the New York Post Office proved too heavy for the supports beneath it, and fell in. A few days after the lofty dome of the new Court House at Rockford, Illinois, gave way from a similar cause, just as the workmen were raising a last massive stone to its resting place; and that shapely edifice was involved in ruin. Architects did not estimate aright, and contractors did not fully realize, the strength of materials imperatively necessary to sustain the majestic but enormously heavy fabric they were rearing. The point was reached when the strain became too great, and the result was inevitable.

Just here, we fear, is the danger of most intellectual workmen in these crowded, exacting, stimulating times of ours. The mass of work undertaken to be carried is greater than strength allows. And there is one point, we believe, where the temptation to weaken the foundations of activity is most pressing. That is the point of *sleep*. Mr. Seymour did his day's work, and then went home to a night's work in addition. No man can do that *once* without subjecting his mechanism to a strain; no man can do it *habitually* without inviting a catastrophe.

The late Prof. Henry B. Smith was once remonstrated with by an eminent physician of New York for overworking.

"Oh, I'm an exception," said the theologian.

"There are no exceptions," replied the physician.

We have unlimited confidence in the capacity of a healthy man for intellectual work so long as he avails himself of the two restoratives provided by nature: sleep and the Sabbath. We place the Sabbath here upon precisely the same grounds with sleep: that of constitutional necessity. We believe that with a religious regard of these two periodic seasons of repose a man may carry pretty much all he can "pile on;" that disregarding them no man is safe. We might name other instances, which would, perhaps, be peculiarly impressive to the readers of the *Literary World*, of the deplorable consequences of violating the laws of nature in these respects. And we warn all whose work is brain-work to resist temptation. A little self-denial here may prolong one's years.

A CHART OF LITERATURE.

WITHIN the past few years the art of representing pictorially certain classes of truths has been carried to a high state of perfection. By the aid of delicately shaded or colored maps it is possible to obtain, almost at a glance, a comprehensive and correct idea of the relative density of the population of a country, the distribution of nationalities, the ignorance or intelligence, the prevalence of certain diseases, the character of the soil, the products and manufactures, or indeed almost any fact capable of generalization. In like manner it would not be very difficult to construct a chart which should show the progress and direction of the thought of the present day as it finds expression in literature. The attempt has not been made, so far as our knowledge goes, but the means are at hand in the tables published annually by the various English and foreign bibliographical journals. These tables are classified lists of the publications of the year, and by a comparison of those of several years certain general facts in regard to the prevailing tendency of the mind become evident.

For instance, it was to be expected that

the study of theology, which has ever held the supremacy in human thought, would be affected by the sudden growth of interest in the study of natural science incident on the great discoveries of the past half century. The extent of this influence, which without these tables it would be difficult to detect, is most clearly and accurately mirrored in the simple fact that within seven years the production of theological literature in Great Britain has fallen from over one thousand works to less than seven hundred, whilst works on science have more than doubled in the same time. No less clearly is shown the effect in literature of the interest in the study of art awakened by the schools of design in this country and England, and the impulse given to the writing of works upon political economy and social science by the long continued and wide spread stagnation of business.

We have little doubt that, when a sufficient number of years have passed to permit of a comprehensive comparison of the tables of literary statistics, important laws affecting and governing our intellectual growth will be brought to light.

With the present number the *Literary World* enters upon its Eighth Volume. We do not intend that the paper shall speak often or freely of itself in its own columns, and we have nothing in particular to say here of our plans and arrangements for the new year. Our readers have now received three numbers under the new management, and can form their own opinions as to the probable future character and course of the paper. Outwardly, it was never in so prosperous a condition as at present, and we hope that improvements which the coming twelvemonth are likely to witness will give it stronger claims than ever on the confidence and support of the public.

It commonly has been supposed that a young author reaches the fullness of his earthly reward when he first sees his first work in print, his name perhaps in full upon its title-page, and a review of it in the papers. But there is reason to believe that the bliss of even this ecstatic period is surpassed when, as a consequent of such achievement, he receives a first request for his autograph. It is then for the first time that the full possibilities of fame dawn upon him. With what restraint of emotion does he comply with the request. With what unaccustomed solicitude does he henceforth write the most trivial of notes, mindful of the high purpose to which it may in the future be applied. And what matter of surprise does it become to him, that they who are far on in advance of him should ever treat with contemptuous indifference the similar requests with which they may be honored!

More care should be taken in the signatures of letters addressed to strangers, especially to editors, to indicate the sex of the writer, and, if a lady, whether she be "Miss" or "Mrs." We receive a letter, we will suppose (though we never actually did), signed L. F. Brooker. It requires an answer. We should be glad to be able to address the answer more precisely than that signature allows us to do, simply to "L. F. Brooker." Should it be *Mr.* Brooker? Or, as we will suppose again, our letter is signed "Laurelia F. Brooker." Shall we now address our reply to "Miss" or "Mrs." Brooker? This is a quandary in which no editor of ordinary capacity ought to be left.

COMPANIONS.

By R. H. Stoddard in the June Atlantic.

A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions: men, women and books.
Sir John Davys.

We have companions, comrade mine:
  Jolly good fellows, tried and true,
Are filling their cups with the Rhenish wine,
  And pledging each other, as I do you.
Never a man in all the land
  But has, in his hour of need, a friend,
Who stretches to him a helping hand,
  And stands by him to the bitter end.
If not before, there is comfort then,
In the strong companionship of men.

But better than that, old friend of mine,
  Is the love of woman, the life of life,
Whether in maiden's eyes it shine,
  Or melts in the tender kiss of wife;
A heart contented to feel, not know,
  That finds in the other its sole delight;
White hands that are loth to let us go,
  The tenderness that is more than might!
On earth below, in heaven above,
Is there anything better than woman's love?

I do not say so, companion mine,
  For what, without it, would I be here?
It lightens my troubles, like this good wine,
  And, if I must weep, sheds tear for tear!
But books, old friends that are always new,
  Of all good things that we know are best;
They never forsake us, as others do,
  And never disturb our inward rest.
Here is truth in a world of lies,
And all that in man is great and wise!

Better than men and women, friend,
  That are dust, though dear in our joy and pain,
Are the books their cunning hands have penned,
  For they depart, but the books remain;
Through these they speak to us what was best
  In the loving heart and the noble mind:
All their royal souls possessed
  Belongs forever to all mankind!
When others fail him, the wise man looks
To the sure companionship of books.

We are sorry to learn that the Sprague Collection of Manuscripts still waits for a purchaser, and that the prospect of its finding its way to England, or even being broken up here under the hammer, is, therefore, rather increasing than otherwise. Any such disposition of this incomparable treasure would be a national calamity. Since the New York State Library at Albany has failed to secure it, is there not public spirit and generosity enough among our Boston citizens to purchase it for our Public Library? It would be a most valuable acquisition, the like of which is probably never to be seen again this side of the sea. We earnestly hope that it may be saved intact to the country where it belongs.

The friends of the *Literary World* are steadfast friends. The paper is again indebted to Mr. J. H. Woods of the Public Library, Jacksonville, Ill., for the preparation of its annual Index. With this and the title page accompanying the present number, the Seventh Volume is completed ready for binding. To Mr. Woods we publicly tender thanks in behalf of our readers, as well as for ourselves, for his labor of love. The labor is no slight one.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Periodical Literature.—A French Standard of Excellence.—The Gurtenlaube, Salon, and Nord und Sud.—Popular American Books.—Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, and Mark Twain.—etc.

We are accustomed to consider America the land, *par excellence*, of newspapers and periodicals, but no one can dwell long in Germany without perceiving that this view is a mistake. The number of weekly and monthly publications devoted to science, literature, and special branches of learning is almost countless, and is rapidly growing. Many of these journals, however, are only partially dependent on the public for support, and others disappear after a brief flight. The subject has recently given occasion to much discussion in the press, and some of the points raised have interest for other countries than Germany.

It should be said, in advance, that in this country the standard of comparison in all matters is not England but France. The parliamentary and administrative machinery is French, and when a German writer wishes to express an idea for which he has no word in his own language, he takes, not the far more German sounding English word, but the absolutely unfamiliar French one. So in literature, the standard of a high class literary periodical is not the *Edinburgh* or *Fortnightly*, but the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is generally admitted that even the English language, with its dozen good novelists, and hundreds of famous statesmen, lawyers and men of science who figure as essayists, has nothing to offer equal to this granary of French research and wit; how much less, therefore, could such a periodical be expected in Germany, where men of literary culture—men, that is, who not only have something to say but who know how to say it, are almost as rare as white blackbirds, and where, too, the general, as it were the *family*, standard of intelligence is by no means high. In no country of the world, probably, is the difference in general information and mental training between men and women so great as here, and an excellent German writer, Prof. Carl Hillébrand, of Florence, has well summed up the difference between the two countries in this respect, in the statement that the family journal of the educated classes in France is the *Revue*, in Germany the *Gurtenlaube*. The paterfamilias here reads the *Revue* in a café, and looks at the pictures in the *Gurtenlaube* at home, whose whole contents is devoured by the female portion of the family. In spite of this state of things, however, a publisher in Leipzig resolved, some eight years ago, to start a first-class magazine of the lighter order, an enterprise which had no precedent. It was called the *Salon*, was edited by Dr. Rodenberg, and soon attained the (for Germany) enormous circulation of 30,000 copies. But after the last war, in literature as in everything else, the public began to make higher claims, and a Berlin firm brought out the first number of

a periodical which in external form, character of the contributors and their authors, was as close an imitation of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as the circumstances permitted. Dr. Rodenberg, having proved his capacity in the management of the *Salon*, was secured as editor, and the new *Rundschau* became known in all parts of the world, having now, after three years' existence, an increasing circulation of 10,000 copies, the *Salon* having meanwhile sunk to 5,000. This prosperity, however, has encouraged Mr. Paul Lindau, the best known of living German playwrights and litterateurs, and conductor of a politico-critical weekly, the *Gegenwart*, to try his hand, the first number of the new monthly, *Nord und Süd*, appearing three weeks since.

Nothing of a literary nature has happened in the century more remarkable than the avidity with which the heavy German public takes to the current light American literature, and nothing more comical than the criticism which they bestow upon it. For they are not content with being amused by Harte and Aldrich and Mark Twain; they see an ethical or æsthetical purpose in everything, without which they would regard the perusal of such works as a waste of time. They assume, too, that these writers, the first-named, perhaps, with trifling exaggeration, depict the every-day state of society and family life, not alone in California and Montana, but throughout America.

As to the comparative æsthetic merit, the critics do not all agree, the most considering Harte the greatest American genius, while others award this glory to Aldrich. I myself am among those who have read Mr. Aldrich's tales with the greatest pleasure, but I imagine that gentleman himself would be somewhat astonished by a criticism which I read yesterday in a well-known critical journal. The writer had first spoken of Harte, then continuing: "But while Harte is merely a painter of externals, of manners, Aldrich reminds one continually of Richter; he depicts the depths of the soul."

The excellent English work on *German Home Life* has begun to attract a good deal of attention here, through the long and complimentary criticism of Carl Hillebrand in the *National Zeitung*. Mr. T. S. Fay, now living in Dresden, but for many years U. S. Chargé d' Affaires in Berlin, and Minister to Switzerland, will shortly issue in New York a history of Prussia, on which he has labored for many years. A. V.

Berlin, April 21.

MINOR BOOK NOTICES.

The Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Henry Kiddle and Alexander J. Schem. [E. Steiger.]

Our notice of this really valuable work must be confined to limits which are not adequate to do it justice. It deserves a page; we must put it off with less than a column. As a dictionary of information for teachers, officers of schools, and all persons related to educational work in its various aspects, it is fitted to be extremely serviceable. The editors are well known as wholly competent for the task they have performed. The contributors include a large number of eminent scholars and writers. The range of topics is wide, including biographies of educationists, histories of institutions, discussions of principles and methods, statistical accounts of educational work in all the countries of the world, bibliographical information, etc., etc. The plan is excellent and the execution of corresponding quality. We do not mean to say that there is nothing in the volume to find fault with. On the contrary, there are omissions which lessen its usefulness; there are errors of perspective; there are, we think, some mistakes of statement and a few typographical blemishes. But the merits of the work far outweigh its defects. As the first cyclopedia upon its subject in the English language, it is a notable success, and is an honest and capable piece of work all through, even to the binding, which has a remarkably substantial and enduring look. There is nothing "cheap" in or about it. We unhesitatingly give it a place among reference-books of the first class; though we should expect to annotate a copy of our own, as indeed one may well do with all such books, so as to correct errors and supply omissions.

The Science of Language, Linguistics, Philology and Etymology. By Abel Hovelacque. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

This is a very interesting and valuable contribution to the science of linguistics or comparative philology. Its investigations sweep over all the continents and islands of human tongues, written and spoken; numbers and maps them over the globe, giving to each its local habitation. It is more and better for the student than Adelung's great work, for it not only classifies these languages into families, but gives us the common and distinctive peculiarities of their structure, their mutual affinities and lineage, their phonetic elements and grammatical principles. Indeed, what Linnæus did for botany, this comparatively new writer on philology has done for the cognate or affined science of language. The research that marks this exhaustive work, the sources from which its materials are drawn, the authors cited, the historical, ethnological and geographical facts adduced, must give its author a place in the very front rank of philological writers. It is a work which may be read with great profit and interest by any one who has any taste for even a superficial study of language, or who would merely take a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the families in which they are grouped, and of the principles of such a classification.

The Eastern Question. By James M. Bugbee. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

Mr. Bugbee's part in this little book is excellent and serviceable. In something like fifty pages he gives a rapid account of the train of public events upon the European stage which have culminated in the present war. We do not know where the reader, who has only fifteen or twenty minutes in which to inform himself with regard to the subject, can find an exposition of it better suited to his purpose. Some supplementary pages give statistics of the Russian and Turkish empires, and a few incidental particulars. The two maps inserted, though large, are not satisfactory. That of the Black Sea and its surroundings, showing the seat of war, is inadequate; being barely more than an outline, and leaving Turkey in Asia almost an entire blank. That of Europe, which might well have been an outline merely, is densely filled, so much so as to be indistinct. For their purpose in this case the two fields should have been treated in just the opposite way. Moreover, in our copy of the book, the map of Europe is mounted upside down. Purchasers should inspect their copies with care to see that this blemish is not repeated.

A Brief History of Russia, etc. By Frances A. Shaw. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

It is something of a literary achievement to tell the story of Russia in less than one hundred and twenty-five pages, and to tell it well. This book does it. The divisions of the subject are made to correspond to the reigns of the successive sovereigns from Oleg (879–912) to the present Czar, Alexander II; making thirty-one periods in all. Multiplicity of dates, names and details is carefully avoided, and the essential facts are cleverly wrought into a really interesting as well as instructive narrative. Very properly the author dwells a little more at length on the more striking passages of Russian history, such as the careers of Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and Catherine, and the romances of Dimitri the Impostor and the Princess Tarrakanoff. There are two maps in heliotype, one of Russia exclusively, the other of Asia; but though an improvement upon those accompanying the book last mentioned, they do not impress us with the excellence of this method of map production. There is a blurred appearance to the names, and a general indistinctness of outline and boundaries which disappoints and perplexes the eye. The book itself will be found very useful, conducting as it does an approach from one quarter to the existing war.

The Northern and Asiatic Defences of Turkey, etc. [D. Appleton & Co.]

In this "tall" pamphlet Mr. Charles H. Woodman and Mr. Geo. M. Towle combine forces to give us a survey of the field of the present war in the East. No historical approach to the subject is attempted, but as with a powerful field-glass from a commanding position the reader is shown the "lay of the land," with closeness and care, both in Europe and Asia; is acquainted with its general conformation and leading features, the situation of its cities and towns, the course and character of its rivers, and all

the various points which go to determine the conduct of a great military campaign. Two maps, one of Turkey in Europe, the other of Turkey in Asia, are borrowed from Appleton's Cyclopedia for illustration. This pamphlet is the best guide we have yet seen for going over the actual ground.

How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

Such a book as this of Mr. Gould's will suggest the possibility of a healthful, life-giving vacation to many whose lean pocket-books debar them from Saratoga and Newport; for all of the author's hints are based on an economical policy. His directions are very minute and simple, and "such as the youngest here present can understand," as the Sunday School superintendents say. But in endeavoring to be very circumstantial he goes to an extreme which, to "old campers," will be sometimes amusing. There may be profit in the method for others. For instance: in enumerating articles which may be taken on a camping expedition, he gives a list of *one hundred and fourteen*, among which are ammoniated opodeldoc, chalk, dates, Dutch oven and shingles! The book evidently contemplates juvenile, not to say infantile, readers, since it exhorts them not to "carry off keys which others must have." "Whoever leads [the horse] must be careful not to fall under the horse or wagon, nor to fall under the horse's feet should he stumble." Here is a rule of camp etiquette which our own readers may like to know: "If there is no separate knife for the butter, cheese and meat, you can use your own by wiping it on a piece of bread." The closing chapter upon keeping a diary, and Mr. Coues's hygienic notes, are exceptionally good. In the latter it is easy to recognize the hand of the well-known author of *Field Ornithology* and *Key to North American Birds;* and this chapter is worthy of careful study.

Three Years at Wolverton. By a Wolvertonian. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

This story of life at an English boarding school derives its charm mainly from the simplicity and naturalness with which its incidents are described. There is no straining after dramatic effect; the rosy coloring which the healthiness and buoyancy of his nature give to a schoolboy's life, especially when spent away from home among the novelties of a great school, revives again in the reader's memory and lends the romance which might otherwise be sought in thrilling adventures and strange situations. The prominent characters are three boys, who go among their schoolmates by the nicknames of Dormouse, Angelina and Bear. The last is older than the other two, and to his influence they are led to develop much of latent good in their own natures, while he finds in them a friendship which softens in a great degree the good-hearted surliness which has given him such an undesirable sobriquet. To its young American readers the book will be attractive for its picture of that which is peculiar in the ancient schools of England, such as the intense *esprit de corps*, kept alive in each school by a long roll of graduates running back into the centuries, and the annual cricket matches, with institutions of equal name and fame. The method of discipline, too, under which a number of older boys, called "prefects," are endowed with unlimited authority to preserve order, by caning the rest for swearing or other disobedience to the rules, would strike an Andover or Exeter student, full of the "I'm as good as you be,"—which Emerson says is the leading Yankee trait — as quite un-American. A displeasing feature of the book is the presence of a great deal of schoolboy slang in the dialogue, into which the author is also careless enough to drop even when speaking *in propria persona.*

He Will Come. By Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D. D. [Mucklow & Simon.]

We do not ask our religious writers to put themselves on a footing of pure thought; but some subjects require a drier light for their proper treatment than often falls to their lot. Questions which are yet undetermined by competent scholarship may well ask to be exempted from the forcing process of emotional sensibility and passional impulse, and to be left to the cooler and clearer intellectuality which, while none the less devout and loyal to one's ideal, insists on studying such topics with a judicial understanding rather than with a longing, however spiritual, heart. An example of what we thus indicate as objectionable reaches us in this book by the younger Dr. Tyng; a series of "Meditations upon the Return of the Lord Jesus Christ to Reign over the Earth;" endorsed by an Introduction from his father. The book would be more forcible if it were less fervid. It is too positive for conviction. It forestalls the investigation of its assumptions at the very start. The author throughout is rhetorical to a fault in handling a theme which demands some careful exegesis. We are happy, however, to find that he distinctly repudiates the dismal notion of the sleep of the soul held by so many Second-Adventists. The souls of the righteous are immediately "wafted to be with Christ in paradise. Wherever Christ is this day, there are all those who have outrun us in the race and are entered into rest."

Aids to Latin Orthography. By Wilhelm Brambach. Translated by W. Gordon M'Cabe. [Harper & Brothers.]

The subject presented in this little book is one of great practical value to classical students, though it has been very much neglected in this country. In Germany it has long been accorded that attention which it fully merits. England has responded with promptness to the pleadings of Prof. Munro on the subject in his introduction to Lucretius. Among the eminent scholars of Germany who have made the matter a subject of special study, Brambach stands confessedly the first. His large work published in 1868 made him the recognized authority on the subject. In the volume before us the student will find embodied the results of that more elaborate treatise. With a view to distinguish the usage of Latin writers in the matter of pronunciation and orthography, they are divided into three groups; to the first or oldest group belong Cicero, Cæsar and Sallust; to the second Livy, Virgil, Horace and Ovid; and to the third Quintilian, Curtius and Tacitus. The texts of these authors may be so dealt with that the first two groups shall conform to the practice of the older Latin in pronunciation and spelling, which prevailed down to the time of Nero, while the third group belongs to the Silver Latinity in its highest development. The orthography which obtained in the Silver Age (from Nero to Hadrian) is regarded as the best model both for modern Latinity and for grammatical purposes. In presenting the general rules for Latin orthography the author takes as his basis the model period of the language. The greater part of the work consists of an index of words, in alphabetical order, illustrating the rules of orthography. The rules themselves occupy twenty-four pages of the book. Here we have a few remarks on the nature of Latin spelling and the Latin alphabet. The spelling of the Romans was phonetic. If single sounds were varied or lost, the spelling changed in conformity with such variation, while lost sounds were no longer indicated. Etymological spelling, which is opposed to phonetic spelling, arises when those sounds which were originally present in a word are still written in full after they have undergone change, or are only faintly heard in the living pronunciation. Of this sort is the French spelling. Consequently the rules of orthography in the work are divided into two classes; those deducible from phonetics, and those deducible from inflection and derivation. At the close of the book is a ready reference table, such as every boy in the German gymnasia is required to keep constantly at his elbow.

Class List for English Prose Fiction. Boston Public Library. Sixth edition. April, 1877.

The governing idea in the management of the Boston Public Library from its start, twenty-five years ago, has been to make it a link in the educational system of the city. With this aim constantly in view, every means which could be devised has been used to encourage instructive and elevating reading in the youth who throng its rooms and draw from its shelves. The agents most relied on have been, of course, the Cat-

alogues, and the attempt has been made to combine in them, in some degree, the offices of an ordinary catalogue and a manual of literature. This last publication of the Library, the *Class List for English Prose Fiction*, well illustrates the system, originated, we believe, by Mr. Winsor, the present Superintendent. The plan is simple, and consists in interspersing notes with the ordinary entries of books under authors and subjects. Well-known writers are characterized with more or less brevity, and their best works designated. Under the various countries, nations and historical events, such as Crusades, Reformation, etc., are lists of the novels and stories having reference to them. Some of these notes are very brief, that on About being six lines, whilst those on the United States and England are six and nine pages respectively. Opinions will differ in regard to the completeness of these notes and the justice of their characterizations. We miss, for example, one of the most famous of the novels depicting the ancient life of Greece, the *Agathon* of Wieland. Nor are we able to find any note upon India, which has furnished many writers, both in France and England, with themes for novels and historical tales. Twenty-two lines, again, are devoted to a notice of E. E. Hale, while Hawthorne has but eight. An extended note is given upon Miss Edgeworth, but scarcely a word is said of Harriet Martineau, and very little upon Miss Austen or Mrs. Stowe. Still, considering the vast range of subjects contained in the literature of fiction, the excellence, fullness and general accuracy of the notes is remarkable, and reflects great credit upon the compilers of the Catalogue. There is no doubt that it will stimulate historical reading and study among the children and workful classes of our city, and, indirectly, of others. If it do this it will have accomplished a great work.

The Roman Triumvirates. By Charles Merivale, D. D. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

This is the fourth volume in the popular series of "Epochs of Ancient History," being a condensation of the first part of Dean Merivale's *History of the Romans Under the Empire.* The period covered is that from the rise of Pompey to the battle of Actium, and the editors, one of whom is himself the author of two volumes in the series, have made a satisfactory abridgment. We wish they had been careful to preserve in all instances the style of the original. In describing Cicero's desire to throw on the Senate the responsibility for the murder of the conspirators, the author wrote: "He restored to the assembly the sword it had thrust into his hand," which the editors change to "The Senate had thrust the sword into his hands, but he was careful to slip it back." These are small matters; but nothing less than a close adherence to the original would be just to the learned author whose name appears on the title page.

Nomisma; or Legal Tender. By Henri Cernuschi. [D. Appleton & Co.]

Mr. Cernuschi is an Italian by birth and a Paris banker by profession. During a recent visit to this country he was called before the Congressional Monetary Commission, and his evidence on that occasion is now given to the public in this small but suggestive volume. Mr. Cernuschi is directing his efforts in the field of finance to the restoration of the double standard, and it must be said that he makes out a plausible case against the mono-metallists. He thinks the evils usually attributed to the double standard are due solely to the fact that the standard has been different in different countries; in his view, if all the great powers will unite in making silver and gold legal tender at an agreed ratio of relative value, we need not fear such an over valuation of either metal in any part of the world as will cause a drain of the same metal from other parts. On the contrary, if the demonetization of silver continues, we shall find ourselves without par of exchange with China and other silver mono-metallic nations, the fluctuations in prices will be more violent, and resumption of specie payments by the United States an impossibility.

Misunderstood. [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.]

This little and unpretending story is *about* children rather than *for* them, being written evidently with the intent of warning parents against the danger of partiality, and of illustrating the painful sense of isolation which may come upon a tender-hearted child, who feels that upon another is lavished the whole affection in which he would only too gladly have a share, but for which he is too proud to ask. The story is well written, and has some very touching passages. It is neither long nor elaborate.

Six Little Cooks. [Jansen, McClurg & Co.]

This is a capital book in both design and execution. An "Aunt Jane" and half a dozen little girls are its characters, and its object is to awaken in the girl-mind an appreciation of domestic cookery as a fine and useful art, and to convey suitable instruction in the same. The pudding part of the dish is a well mixed and agreeable story, toothsome in itself; and the plums are so many receipts, all of which have been tested in real life. Any good housekeeper will be interested in the latter, among which she will find many that are new and excellent; and the children will be delighted with the book all through. Its purpose, too, is admirable.

Adventures in the Wilderness, etc. By William H. H. Murray. [Lee & Shepard.]

We have in this volume a new edition of the book which made such a commotion in the ecclesiastical, literary and sporting worlds eight years ago this spring, when the author stood near the center of each, as far as Boston is concerned. There are the same attractive pictures and the same marvelous tales of woodland life and adventure. And the line between fact and fiction is as delightfully mysterious as ever.

MONTENEGRO.

By Alfred Tennyson in the Nineteenth Century for May.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.

The publishers of sheet music have either great confidence in the musical judgment of the *Literary World*, or great appreciation of the musical taste of its readers, or both; for since our last issue their contributions to our portfolio have more than doubled its original contents. We have received sheet music from the following: Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; G. Schirmer, Boosey & Co., and S. T. Gordon & Son, New York; Louis Meyer, Philadelphia; Geo. Willig & Co., Baltimore; John Church & Co., Cincinnati; S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O., and Balmer & Weber, St. Louis.

From the mass before us we select the following as worthy of special notice:

FOR THE PIANO.

Swing Song. Lullaby. C. A. Garratt. Pp. 4. 50 cents. [Balmer & Weber.]

This is a really meritorious composition. The harmony is rich, the movement rythmical, the color soft and soothing. There are some difficulties in it, but they need not disconcert the fairly competent player.

Calme et Solitude. Caprice pour le Piano. Par J. Leybach. Pp. 4. 40 cents. [Boosey & Co.]

A difficult piece, but embodying a very pretty melody, which delights the ear as soon as it catches it. This author's work is almost always good, and we recommend it with confidence.

Angel of Midnight. Charles de Frees. Pp. 7. 40 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

The first phrases of this waltz give a promise which is not fulfilled by what follows; still, as a whole, the piece has good quality, without being over strong or solid.

Le Baisir d' Amour. [Love's Kiss.] Georges Lamothe. Pp. 11. 75 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

A capital waltz; simple and easy, but original and fresh and musical above the common. It is richer in harmony than ordinary compositions of its class. We are com-

ing to like Lamothe's compositions very much. Their standard is uniformly high.

Twilight. Reverie. Thos. P. Murphy. Pp. 9. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

We consider this a *very* good piece; rich, sober, strongly accented and marked by much variety of effect. One's musical taste is always left in good condition after playing music like this. Its difficulties are not great, and yet there is more substance to it than to a dozen of the ordinary productions that come under one's notice. The piece gives plenty of good work to both hands.

Elsa's Dream. F. Liszt. Pp. 4. 30 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

This is a transcription by Liszt of one of the passages in Wagner's Opera of Lohengrin. It gives one a good idea of "the music of the future," which is both presently delightful and for the future inspiring. It is grand. We have enjoyed it exceedingly, but its difficulties are too great for any but a skilled player.

Vivat Regina. Ed. Dorn. Pp. 7. 40 cents. [George Willig & Co.]

The middle part of this march is worth cutting out to be preserved, but the enclosing portions are cheap and common.

Memory. Song Without Words. Geibel. Pp. 5. 35 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

Gavotte Allemande. Geibel. Pp. 5. 35 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

It is impossible to touch one's fingers to such compositions as these without understanding at once what is meant by music with a soul. Both belong to the series known as "Golden Treasury." If all its numbers are as choice as these two, the set is a fine one indeed.

VOCAL.

Sleep, Darling, Sleep. Serenade for Tenor and Soprano. Pp. 5. 40 cents.

Winter. Glee for Mixed Voices. Pp. 4. 20 cents.

Down in a Pretty Valley. Song for Alto or Baritone. Pp. 5. 35 cents.

Good Night, My Love, Good Night. Vocal Duett. Pp. 7. 50 cents.

Cuckoo's Call. Trio for Three Female Voices. Pp. 7. 50 cents.

The Pine Tree. (Der Fichtenbaum.) Pp. 5. 35 cents.

The above are all by Adam Geibel, the author of the two pieces for the piano last upon the list above, and are all from the same publisher, Louis Meyer. There is much variety in them, but all are excellent; much above the average of songs. Geibel comes nearer to Abt than any composer with whom we are familiar. His phrasing is rich, his melodies linger in the ear, and there is an air of remarkable grace and refinement to all of his work that we have seen. These qualities are all noticeable in the pieces before us. We like especially the *Serenade, Down in a Pretty Valley* and *The Pine Tree.*

The Tryst.

The Lily and the Violet. [G. Schirmer.]

The music of both of these songs is by S. P. Warren. They possess more than common body and character. They will not please so *quickly* as others that we have mentioned, but after a little use, we believe, will be as highly valued. They are in no way commonplace, nor are they very difficult.

Till the Clouds Go By. Song and Chorus. Written by Jas. A. Gleason. Music by Jas. M. North. Pp. 5. 30 cents. [S. Brainard's Sons.]

This is a very pretty little song, light and picturesque, with a decided Scotch accent. Any young lady who throws some archness of manner into her singing can make it very effective.

THE RADICAL REVIEW.

WE have received (May 16) the first number, under date of May, of this new quarterly, edited by Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, and published at 45 Purchase Street, New Bedford, Mass. It is a handsomely printed octavo of 204 pages, and in point of typography and paper compares favorably with the best work of its class. It is bound in the odd colors of the popular "No Name" series, black and red; which weird combination we do not feel sure of being wholly appropriate to a publication of its character. The aim and scope of this latest accession to the ancient and honorable rank of quarterly reviews are well set forth in these terms from its Prospectus:

"THE RADICAL REVIEW, as its name implies, is a publication for the thorough, fearless and impartial discussion of all sides of all subjects pertaining to human welfare, whether social, economic, scientific, literary, æsthetic, or religious. Although under radical management, or rather because under radical management, it shows no partiality to any particular school or special system of belief. Sincerity and earnestness of purpose, depth and subtlety of thought, ability and propriety of presentation, — these, regardless of conclusions reached, are the principal qualifications essential in commanding admission to its pages. But its management, while aiming to conduct it in this catholic spirit, yet conceiving some subjects to be of more immediate importance than others, and believing that the so-called "LABOR QUESTION," — involving, as it does, the basis of property, the principles of finance, and the organization of industry, and seriously affecting, in its settlement, directly the material, and indirectly the mental and spiritual condition of the people, demands consideration by the best minds, — will give the preference largely, in the selection of its contents, to articles relating to this disputed problem." . . .

Mr. Tucker, the editor, is an ardent disciple of Proudhon, the French political writer and communal reformer, an edition of whose works he sought to bring out in this country, in a translation, about a year ago, though we believe without much encouragement; and we think it remains to be seen how far he will succeed in summoning writers of real intellectual breadth and true catholicity to his aid in this present venture, and in keeping off mere visionaries and iconoclasts. The contents of this number are as follows:

"The Two Traditions, Ecclesiastic and Scientific;" by William J. Potter. "To Benedict Spinoza" (a poem); by B. W. Ball. "Practical Socialism in Germany;" by C. W. Ernst. "Theodore Parker as Religious Reformer;" by D. A. Wasson. "The Discoverer" (a poem); by E. C. Stedman. "System of Economical Contradictions;" by P. J. Proudhon. Editor's Translation. "The Influence of Physical Conditions in the Genesis of Species;" by Joel A. Allen. "Our Financiers: Their Ignorance, Usurpations and Frauds;" by Lysander Spooner. "Current Literature." "Chips From my Studio;" by Sidney H. Morse.

Mr. Potter's and Mr. Wasson's essays speak sufficiently for themselves by their titles. Mr. Ernst's paper is full of interesting and suggestive facts. Mr. Stedman's poem is an uncommonly sweet and pretty one. The "discoverer" of his fancy is a little child,

> "Whose earthly summers are but three,
> And yet a voyager is he,
> Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
> Than all their peers together!"

He has gone by death into the beyond:

> "Since that time no word
> From the absent has been heard.
> Who can tell
> How he fares, or answer well
> What the little one has found
> Since he left us, outward-bound?
> Would that he might return!"
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Ah, no! Not so!
> We may follow in his track,
> But he comes not back.
> And yet I dare aver,
> He is a brave discoverer
> Of climes his elders do not know.
> He has more learning than appears
> On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
> More than in the groves is taught,
> Or from furthest Indies brought;
> He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
> What shapes the angels wear,
> What is their guise and speech —
> In those lands beyond our reach,—
> And his eyes behold
> Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told."

The department of "Current Literature" contains initial-signed reviews of Tennyson's "Harold" ("J. W."), Larned's "Talks About Labor" ("S. P. A."), Ellis's "Memoir of Sir Benjamin Thompson" ("J. H. A."), Lowell's "Memorial Poems" ("J. V. B."), Thompson's "The Papacy and the Civil Power" ("C. A."), Gross's "Teachings of Providence" ("J. V. B."), and Habberton's "The Jericho Road" ("C. A."). None of these books are very new, and some of them have little importance; the reviewing being on the whole better than the subjects. The "Chips from my Studio" are brief essays of an editorial sort upon a variety of topics. The price of *The Radical Review* is $1.50 a copy, or $5.00 a year.

THE NORTH AMERICAN. MAY-JUNE.

The May–June number of the *North American* bears striking witness to the zeal, intelligence and vigor of the new management, already so favorably commended to the public. It contains nine articles, besides a chapter on "Recent Progress in Physical Science" and the department of "Contemporary Literature," which latter comprises notices of no less than fifteen books, among them Wallace's "Russia," Van Laun's "History of French Literature," Chauncey Wright's "Philosophical Discussions," Victor Hugo's "La Légende des Siécles," Kingsley's "Life and Letters," and Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva." Of the articles composing the body of the number one is by the editor, Mr. Thornton K. Rice, upon "The Progress of Painting in America." Rev. James Freeman Clarke reviews Harriet Martineau and her Autobiography in an impartial manner. Elizur Wright discusses "The Relations of Debt and Money." Mr. Bryant furnishes a critical paper upon the poet Cowley. Karl Blind studies some recent "Revelations of Euro-

pean Diplomacy." Senator Morton enters upon a consideration of certain important reasons for constitutional reform, chiefly as respects the manner of electing a President. The articles most interesting to us are the three remaining: "African Explorers," by Lawrence Oliphant; "Soul and Substance," by Thomas Hitchcock; and "Political Reflexions," by "A Japanese Traveler." Mr. Oliphant's paper, which is accompanied by maps, the reader will find to be a very good summary and analysis of the results of African exploration during the past twenty-five years; chiefly as attained by Speke, Burton, Baker, Livingstone, Cameron, Long and Stanley. Of the two last-named, Mr. Oliphant is not disposed to think over highly; concerning Mr. Stanley, at least, he holds judgment in suspense. Mr. Hitchcock has an extremely fascinating subject. He is in search of the mysterious something which is the condition of a community of nature between spirit and matter. The hypothesis which he favors gives to the soul "a substantial organism, analogous to the body and affected by mediums similar to those which affect sight and hearing." He expounds his views with singular clearness — allowing none of the fogginess which usually envelops such themes to gather about his discussion of it. The "Japanese Traveler's" contribution is curious enough, and by all odds the most remarkable feature of the number, of whose fortune it ought to be the making. The author, whose signature is "Sionara," introduces himself as having first left Japan eleven years ago. He spent three years in Europe and America, then returning to Japan. He left Japan a second time six years ago, and has been traveling ever since in Turkey, Italy, Germany, France, England and the United States, studying the institutions of each country in turn and in detail. He is now prepared to make "a few remarks," and here they are, chiefly upon America. They are highly entertaining, being delivered with a marked foreign accent, and characterized by an amusing freshness, both of thought and expression. The editor has very wisely not interrupted his contributor so far as to conform any of his idioms to our standards. Think of a Japanese coming and telling us:

"Japan changes, China changes even a little, Turkey changes also, only little, because of religion, all the other European countries change, only America in politics for a hundred years never change."

Has not "Sionara" heard of Emancipation? Oh, yes. He says:

"Only one step have they [the Americans] made in a hundred years, and that is backwards, when they gave votes to a different race, who have no education and small intelligence, to help to elect a President, who for four years is not responsible to anybody. Already it has been found that many things are not provided for in the Constitution. I counted nineteen difficulties during last election, for which no provision was made in the Constitution."

"Sionara" thinks we of the United States are too conservative (!), too much afraid "to move from old customs."

"How can a Constitution which was made for two millions of people a hundred years ago, be good for forty millions of people now, when all other countries have changed since then, and steam has altered everything?"

"Sionara's" cure for existing evils is "to abolish the Constitution," make the President "choose his Cabinet from two Houses of Congress," "give more power to House of Representatives, because that is people's House more than Senate," and when the President and Cabinet cannot get "a vote of confidence" in the House, why then let them resign:

"This is free government,— it is very simple, but the American people do not yet understand it, having been so long blinded by hundred year old Constitution."

Some of the astuter critics, we notice, are reasoning among themselves whether the whole thing, signature and all, be not a political joke; to be charged to Senator Morton, for instance. Some color is given to this entertaining hypothesis by the statement made by a correspondent of the *Nation*, that "Sionara" is Japanese for "good bye," and that the word must have been appended to the article, if genuine, not as a signature, but "merely by way of conclusion in due form." However this may be, the "Sionara" paper, we give most emphatic assurance, is well worth reading, as indeed is almost everything else in this number.

THE JUNE MAGAZINES.

— Treating the June magazines in bulk, by topics, as we find it more convenient to do this time, we would say first that in their discussion of purely literary matters — such as authorship and its fruits — they are peculiarly rich. *Scribner's*, for instance, has interesting papers, with portraits, on Disraeli and Tourguéneff, respectively by E. S. Nadal and Prof. Boyesen; the *Atlantic*, in addition to the large attention bestowed upon subjects of this class in its "Contributor's Club," contains careful critical studies of Fitz-Greene Halleck, by G. P. Lathrop, and of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's Translations from Persian verse, by T. S. Perry. In the *Galaxy* Mr. Henry James, Jr., writes in an interesting way of Alfred de Musset.

The tastes awakened by the advent of summer are met in *Harper's* by a finely illustrated account of the Androscoggin Lakes, which woodland paradise of Maine we commend to all tourists; in *Appletons' Journal* by Robert B. Roosevelt's pleasing description of a Long Island trout-stream and its speckled occupants; and in the *Galaxy* by George Dawson's exposition of "The Fascinations of Angling." Lovers of the literature of travel on broader grounds will find especial satisfaction in *Lippincott's*, where Lady Blanche Murphy continues her jaunt "Down the Rhine," and where also fresh glimpses are given of "the Valleys of Peru." The account of "The Wheeler Survey in Nevada," in *Harper's*, affords fine views of the grand scenery among our western mountains; next to it standing a brief paper on Gibraltar. In the *Atlantic* "H. H." recounts a Colorado excursion. And *Scribner's* takes us "To Damascus by Diligence," with a pause for "A State Ball at Constantinople" on the way.

Current affairs are touched upon at a number of points with good effect. *Appletons' Journal* prints a humorous picture of Persian life and warfare from the French of De Gobineau, and, of a more serious cast, a paper by C. H. Woodman on the causes that have led to the decline of the Turkish race. In the *Atlantic* the "South Carolinian" continues his pictures of life and society in his State; in the *Galaxy* Dr. J. L. M. Curry discusses "Executive Patronage and Civil Service Reform;" Mr. Albert Rhodes sketches in *Lippincott's* a Chinese community in the Pennsylvania village of Beaver's Falls; Charles De Kay writes in *Scribner's* about the statue of Liberty which French friends of America propose to erect on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, and in the same magazine Mr. Waring lays down principles for "Village Sanitary Work." In *Scribner's* also E. O. Graves tells us how the civil service is managed in Great Britain.

Under the head of art in various forms come, in *Harper's*, another of Mr. Benjamin's papers on "Contemporary Art in Germany," and an exposition of the "Niebelungen Lay," both plenteously illustrated; in the *Galaxy* a study of "Three Periods of Modern Music," by Richard Grant White; in *Scribner's* a study of "Traditional Music of the Spanish Pyrenees;" and in the *Atlantic* a second paper by Edward H. Knight on "Crude and Curious" implements of music exhibited at the Centennial.

Fiction in the June magazines we shall pass over altogether, presuming that the majority of our readers will find their way thereto without direction; but among articles of a miscellaneous character worthy of perusal on various grounds, let us not fail to specify Charles Dudley Warner's memoir of the cat Calvin in *Scribner's*, and, in the *Atlantic*, Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, "The First Fan."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(1.) In the "Notes and Queries" of the April number, you say in answer to the question whether or not the expressions "truest," "more perfect" and "most perfect" are correct, that you suppose that these expressions have no sanction beyond a "thoughtless usage." I feel obliged to dissent from your opinion for two reasons:

a. We have examples of such superlatives in our very best literature. I will cite but two examples. "The *perfectest* herald of joy."—*Shakespeare.* "No discord in the three, but the *most perfect* harmony."— *Longfellow.*

b. The expression is natural. Crabbe justly says: "There is nothing in the proper sense *perfect* which is the work of man; but the term is used *relatively* for whatever makes the nearest approach to perfection." In Grant's Grammar, quoted by Professor Fowler, we find the opinion that "in such instances, the adjective, in its positive state, is not employed so as to denote absolutely the highest degree of quality, but only an *approximation* to that degree. Thus, when we say that one thing is fuller than another, we must mean that the one thing approaches nearer to fullness or perfection than another, presupposing that neither of the things is absolutely full." Professor Fowler prefaces this quotation by stating that "these forms of expression, though not *logically* correct, are *rhetorically* so." (*Eng. Gram. p. 270.*)

(2.) I am desirous of obtaining the best list of Pseudonyms, Anonyms, Anagrams, etc.

Will you have the kindness to mention the best authority on this subject? D. J. H.

The least unsatisfactory English book on the subject is that by Olphar Hamst (anagram for Ralph Thomas), which is in the market. An extensive one has for some time been announced by Mr. Laing, of the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, but this will doubtless not appear this good while.

(3.) "I note a little slip on p. 182 (May number), in the criticism on Molière. Is not 'a *correct* if not an *accurate*' rather mixed and contradictory? Are not the two terms rather synonymous?"

S. G. W. B.

The words *correct* and *accurate* are "rather synonymous," but not wholly so. We admit that the distinction between them is a fine one, and perhaps it was hazardous to use them as we did, though the use was distinctly intentional and not at all an oversight. "We speak of a thing as *correct*," says Webster, "with reference to some rule or standard of comparison; as a *correct* account, a *correct* likeness, a man of *correct* deportment. We speak of a thing as *accurate*, with reference to the care bestowed upon its execution, and the increased correctness to be expected therefrom; as an *accurate* statement, an *accurate* detail of particulars." In using the words we were commenting upon Mr. Van Laun's analysis of Molière, thus:

"A correct if not an accurate estimate is this of the power of the French Shakespeare."

We leave it to our respected correspondent, who so well understands the use of "color," to decide whether or not our language comes "under the statute."

(4.) Can you tell me where to find the poem — or prose — of which "Singe the beard of the King of Spain" is a fragment? I can trace it to Motley, but he uses it in quotation.

(5.) What is the pure orthography of the word *program* or programme? I incline to the use of the former, yet do not care to affect that spelling if the other is preferred by good usage.

G. M. K.

"Program" is simply an American fashion, phonetically determined, for spelling the word *programme*, which is adopted from the French.

(6.) In the May–June number of the *North American Review* I notice the phrase "opening-up," in two places. This is common in Western pulpits; but is not the "up" superfluous? Also, in the same, these expressions: "resurrected;" which Webster's Unabridged has not yet minted, and a curious treatment of the French adjective *naïve*, lengthening it into a comparative by our English *er* — "naïver" (p. 495). Is there any such word as "unmistaken?" (p. 499), and if there is, does it mean the same as unmistakable, as obviously it is here used? J. T. T.

(7.) In Mrs. Hawthorne's book on Italy she says, in speaking of the statue known as the Ludovisi Juno, that it seemed a very "Lily of the White Ray." To what special lily or symbol did she refer, and where is this particular phrase used and explained? F. B. P.

(8.) Is there any further information to be had concerning Raphael's "Hours," beyond that given in the February number of the *Literary World*?

J. H. W.

All the information that can be furnished about Raphael's "Hours" is a mere summary of doubts and conjectures. They are conceded not to be the work of Raphael. Some suppose them, on the one hand, the work of a pupil of Raphael, in imitation of his master's style; on the other hand, to have been designed for the set of prints engraved by Fosseyeux and others in 1805 and 1806. The originals are generally considered to be in some part of the Vatican, either as frescoes in some chamber, or as ornaments on the case of a clock. As to their precise position in the Vatican, I have found nothing more definite than the cutting from the N. Y. *Evening Post*, noticed in the February *World*. A set of the prints by Fosseyeux and others is in the Gray collection, now in the Art Museum, Boston. Engravings of them can also be found in C. P. Landon's *Vies et Œuvres des Peintres*, Vol. VIII, plates 458–63. Those desirous of consulting original sources of information are referred to C. P. Landon as above; to J. D. Passavant's *Raphael d' Urbin*, édition française par P. Lacroix, Paris, 1860. Vol. II, p. 355; to L. Theis's *Catalogue of the Gray Collection*, under Fosseyeux, p. 133; to *Notes and Queries*, 5th ser. Vol. VII, Apr. 21, 1877, p. 318; to G. K. Nagler's *Künstler Lexicon*, Vol. XIV, p. 421. J. F. C.

(9.) Can you tell me in what volume to find a poem entitled "Master Eckart's Sermon," by R. H. Stoddard? H. P. C.

We do not find this in any edition of Mr. Stoddard's writings, nor in such miscellaneous collections as Dana's, Bryant's, etc.; nor is it mentioned in the indexes of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, or the *Atlantic*. Is our correspondent sure that the poem in question is by Mr. Stoddard?

(10.) Where in the original may be found "Odi profanum vulgus?" And what is a good English translation? H. P. C.

These words are in the first line of Ode I, Book III, of Horace. Among the multitude of English translations of Horace it is difficult to say which is the best. That by Rev. Phil. Francis still stands in the front rank, though published in the last century. Bulwer's is also highly praised.

(11.) I have received a letter from a well known literary character in which, referring to a poor photograph of himself, he uses this phrase: "The fact is I am one of the worst people to take that ever were." Is this correct? H. P. C.

TABLE TALK.

[Under this head the editor will print brief and choice extracts from the letters he receives, relating to books, authors and general literary topics, such as have appeared in the last two numbers of the paper under the head of "Correspondence." The readers of the *Literary World* are invited to enrich this department with their observations, and are promised the liberty of saying pretty much what they please, comparatively speaking.]

. . . Permit me to add to the works of reference named in your issue for May, the following, which, if not actually indispensable, will be found very useful to writers:

7. Cruden's Concordance to the Bible.
8. Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance to Shakespeare.
9. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.
10. Crabbe's Synonyms.
11. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.
(12. A good Cyclopedia.) S. H. K.

. . . Your article on "A Light to Work By" is excellent. I mean to write no more letters to authors asking them for their autographs, but only telling them how much I like their books.

S. A.

. . . Professor Whitney's Grammar has been eagerly awaited by not a few. It may be said at once that the book fulfills the expectations entertained of it. It contains less, perhaps, to be objected to, than any manual that has been written. The 260 pages of text (including exercises) are packed with thought, generally presented in very clear style. Few important points are left wholly unnoticed. The most difficult subjects are treated in the last chapter, where, if at all, the pupil is prepared for them. That chapter is particularly to be commended to those who wish to see the opinions, on disputed points of usage and analysis, of an eminent linguist and philologist. Comparing this Grammar with the ordinary tribe of books of the same name, we find in it many valuable features seldom found elsewhere. One is that gender receives no treatment except in connection with classes of nouns — a noun being classed as masculine or feminine, according to the sex of the object named. It is admitted, too, that conjunctions, whatever may have been their original and proper function, now unite words as well as sentences and clauses. The division of adjectives into descriptive and restrictive is of great value; and although, because of its logical character, it is dismissed with a few words, its value should be utilized for more advanced pupils. On many questions in English Grammar there will never perhaps be entire agreement of opinion. The language is so flexionless that its grammar is in basis highly logical. For this reason different but equally correct views may be held as regards certain constructions, definitions, and the like. It is in some such matters that we think Prof. Whitney's Grammar open to criticism.

J. A. T.

LITERARY NEWS.

— We are authorized to say that the story which Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is writing is not, as has been whispered through the papers, on the "woman question," if this term means woman suffrage, or what is generally understood by the vague and comprehensive expression "woman's rights." It does, indeed, relate to women, as all interesting stories do, or, rather, as an interesting story does when told by a person of the marked individuality and sympathetic genius of Miss Phelps.

— Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose statue in the New York Central Park was unveiled with ceremony on Tuesday, the 15th of May, might be called, in some respects, the Barry Cornwall of America. The tone of the two men was different, but there were several points of resemblance in their external history. Halleck was born in 1790 and died in 1867. In early life he was a banker by profession. Most of his poems were written before he was thirty years of age, though they were not published with any completeness until long after. The statue now dedicated is the first ever so erected in America to an American author. It stands on the southwest side of the Mall, near the statues of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. It is in bronze, of heroic size, the posture sitting; and represents the poet as engaged in composition. The exercises of the dedication, which were enjoyed by a large and distinguished company, comprised introductory remarks by Mr. Bryant, an address by William Allen Butler, and a poem by Mr. Whittier; and were further emphasized by the attendance of the President of the United States, who performed the unveiling act, and in behalf of the subscribers

presented the statue to the City. Mr. Whittier's poem is as follows:

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Among their graven shapes to whom
Thy civic wreaths belong,
O, City of his love! make room
For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
He served his race and time
As well as if his clerkly pen
Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

He toiled and sang; and year by year
Men found their homes more sweet,
And through a tenderer atmosphere
Looked down the brick-walled street.

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew,
The Red King walked Broadway;
And Alnwick Castle's roses blew
From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise
His veil with reverent hands;
And mingle with thy own the praise
And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his fiery lyric breathe
Above her hero-urns;
And Scotland, with her holly, wreathe
The flower he culled for Burns.

O, stately stand thy palace walls,
Thy tall ships ride the seas;
To-day thy poet's name recalls
A prouder thought than these.

Not less thy pulse of trade shall beat,
Nor less thy tall fleets swim,
That shaded square and dusty street
Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing,
The echoes of his song;
Too late the tardy meed we bring,
The praise delayed so long.

Too late, alas!—Of all who knew
The living man, to-day
Before his unveiled face, how few
Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb,
Our grateful eyes be dim;
O, brothers of the days to come,
Take tender charge of him!

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'er-creep
The lines of Halleck's name.

—The provision of biographical literature continues abundant, and a number of works are forthcoming which promise to be of great interest. Henry Holt & Co. have nearly ready Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, illustrated in *fac-simile* from some of the artist's own drawings. The first edition of this work was published in 1861; this has been considerably enlarged and improved, and contains much valuable matter that is entirely new. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. will reprint, in two volumes, Page's *Life and Correspondence of Thomas De Quincey;* for the preparation of which the whole of De Quincey's papers were placed by his family in the editor's hands. An appendix by Dr. Eatwell will discuss the medical aspects of De Quincey's case in the matter of opium-eating. Lee & Shepard publish for Mrs. W. S. Robinson her memorial volume upon her late husband, widely known as "Warrington;" which consists largely in extracts from his journalistic correspondence. "Warrington's" letters were an important feature of the political literature of their time, and the best of them are well worth preservation in this form. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. are about to publish Tyerman's *Life of Whitefield*, belonging to his series on the early history of Methodism. Lee & Shepard will publish a translation by Mrs. Horace Mann of Baroness Marenholz-Bülow's reminiscences of *Froebel and His Work*. A series of letters by Charlotte Brontë, originally printed in *Hours at Home* and *Scribner's Monthly*, will form the basis of a new and comprehensive sketch of her character and life, which Mr. T. Wemyss Reid has prepared, and which Scribner, Armstrong & Co. will publish. G. P. Putnam's Sons will reprint Dr. Hanna's collection of *Dr. Thomas Erskine's Correspondence*. Mrs. Cobden has abundant materials for a memoir of her late husband, the distinguished English Commoner; out of which a volume will be sure to come when the events referred to shall have receded a little further into the past. A general history and genealogical record of the Burr family in America is in course of preparation by Charles Burr Todd of Redding, Conn.

—The announcement most important to the theological public is that of Dr. Philip Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, which the Harpers are to publish immediately in three large volumes, at $15. The first volume contains wholly original matter of an historical character; the second and third contain the creeds, both in their native texts and in careful translations, with notes.—A. S. Barnes & Co. announce *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions*, by Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer; Jesse Haney & Co. a manual for the use of the blackboard in Sunday Schools, by Frank Beard; the National Temperance Society a volume of *Moody's Talks on Temperance*, edited by Rev. James B. Dunn; Dodd, Mead & Co. *The Christian Way*, the new book by Rev. Washington Gladden, lately referred to in these columns; and Estes & Lauriat a semi-theological work by Gail Hamilton, *What Think Ye of Christ?*

—A modest pastor who lives at one side in a quiet New England village away from the busy centers, but whose original mind and quaint style give a remarkable charm to all his discourses, as all his friends know, is half ready, we hear, to surrender a selection of them for publication. If he finally concludes to do so we shall have a volume of every-day sermons, the like of which, in freshness and readableness, is not printed every year.

—Despite the hard times, there are a number of new adventures in periodical literature. Besides the *Radical Review*, of which we speak more particularly elsewhere, a new popular monthly is announced in Boston, to be called *Home and Abroad*, which Rev. Elias Nason and W. M. Cornell, M. D., are to edit. Across the water, a new quarterly magazine is to be brought out, on the aristocratic ground of the Isle of Wight, in which it is hinted that Mr. Tennyson will have a hand. London has a new daily, *The Daily Supplement*, made up of morning telegrams, with selected comments thereon from authorities; and the *Journal of Forestry and Estates Management* is a new shilling monthly, devoted to the interests of Arboriculture in its various aspects.

—We have from Mr. William H. Young, publisher, Troy, N. Y., the attractive title-page, in colors, of a volume of *Historical Sketches of Northern New York and the Adirondack Wilderness*, by Mr. Nathaniel Bartlett Sylvester of the Troy bar. Mr. W. L. Stone has just published a work on *The Campaign of Gen. Burgoyne*, which treats that subject in its political as well as historical and military aspects. Mr. James Schouler of Boston is preparing a *History of the United States under the Constitution*, materials for which he has been gathering for many years; and Hon. Elihu Burritt is writing a *History of New Britain*, Conn., where he resides. W. S. Sharp of Trenton, New Jersey, has republished Smith's *History* of that State, long out of print.

—The Eastern War creates a great demand for works on Russia and Turkey and the regions round about. As a companion volume to Wallace's *Russia*, the publishers of that, Henry Holt & Co., have brought out *Turkey*, by Lt. Col. James Baker, a brother of Sir Samuel Baker. The author owns estates in the Sultan's dominions, and has resided upon them for a number of years. J. R. Osgood & Co. have ready *A Brief History of Turkey*, to match that of Russia noticed elsewhere. Dr. E. A. Freeman, who is now traveling in the East, has written a book on the *Ottoman Power*, which will soon be out in England, and is likely to be promptly reprinted in this country. Capt. Burnaby and Mr. Stillman are both on their travels in the disturbed regions east of the Mediterranean, and it is altogether probable that we shall hear from them again shortly. Lastly, H. S. King & Co., of London, have just published *Russian Wars with Turkey*, by Major Russell, which is warmly praised by the English authorities. Eight times, it appears, since the beginning of the 18th century, has the Muscovite been pitted against the Mussulman; five of those times single handed.

—Lockwood, Brooks & Co. announce a "Wayside Series" of original novels and translations, the first issues in which will be new editions of *The Frau Domina* and *Student Life at Harvard;* also *The Story of Creation*, by S. M. Campbell, D. D., of Rochester. N. Y., a volume which will be copiously illustrated. Roberts Brothers have new volumes in preparation for their "No Name Series," respectively by the authors of *Kismet* and *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. James R. Osgood & Co. will commence the publication in the fall of a "Library of Select Autobiography," to be edited by Mr. Howells. The volumes will be "Little Classics" in form and style.

—Dr. Tourjée is to open a Normal Institute at East Greenwich, R. I., July 25th, where students of music will have an opportunity of passing a summer vacation at one of the most delightful summer resorts of New England, and at the same time of studying under some of the best teachers in America.

—Mr. Frederic B. Perkins, of the Boston Public Library, hardly needs to distinguish himself from that other and lesser individual, "Eli Perkins," whose name does not belong among the verities. This true Perkins is a very real sort of man. One who knows books and men as well as he, is certainly able both to instruct and to entertain a "lecture audience." We should like particularly to hear him on that "satisfactory rascal," Voltaire.

—The present month of June is to witness the Caxton Celebration in London, in honor of the fourth centennial anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing into England. There is to

be an exhibition of antiquities and curiosities illustrative of the early stages of the art at the Kensington Museum. The enterprise is under distinguished auspices, and is likely to be a very successful one.

— The Sultan of Turkey has recently done a rather graceful thing. It seems that in the fifteenth century, Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, gave to the University of Buda a noble library, consisting of 50,000 volumes, "each one of which was bound in velvet, and adorned with gold and silver covers and embossed work." He also endowed the library with a sum yielding 33,000 ducats a year, "to defray the current expenses and pay the salaries of some thirty scribes and illuminators." When the Turks took Ofen in the disastrous year 1526, the University was broken up and the library scattered. From that time to this, no trace has been found of the greater part of the collection. It was known that the Turks took thirty-five manuscripts to Stamboul, and these the Hungarians have sought to regain, making the most liberal offers of payment. But in vain, for the Turks have steadily refused to restore them. Recently, however, the Sultan has sent them all to the Emperor of Austria, in token of his friendship at this crisis. The manuscripts are mostly of Latin classical authors, but how valuable, the notice in the *Examiner* from which we draw this paragraph does not say.

— Doña Cecilia Böhl de Faber y Larrea, the Spanish novelist, has recently died. She was born in Cadiz, in 1797. Her father, Johann Nickolas Böhl de Faber, was born in Hamburg, 1770, but after his fifteenth year resided almost uninterruptedly in Spain, where he married into a cultivated Spanish family. He died in 1836, leaving an enviable record of literary ability, having been instrumental, through his discussions on the Spanish dramatists, particularly on Calderon, in awakening anew an interest in their great works; so that his election as member of the real Academia Española seemed but a fit tribute to his merit. It is not surprising that the daughter of such a father gave early proof of intellectual gifts. Under the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero, she wrote "novelas," or tales descriptive of Spanish life and manners. A high moral and religious tone pervades them all. But they are not therefore dull or prosy. In every one of the Andalusian hamlets Fernan Caballero so graphically describes, we find some old man or woman with homely wit and apposite proverb, a worthy descendant of Sancho Panza. She has done for her beloved Andalusia what Auerbach has for the Black Forest. She was married three times, her last husband having been Dr. Antonio Arrom de Ayala, a fact that has given rise to her being known as Doña Cecilia Böhl de Arrom, though as is common in Spain she retained and used her maiden name. She died at Seville after a short illness, on April 7, 1877, at the ripe old age of eighty. In some respects she might be styled the Spanish Harriet Martineau.

— We spoke last month of the Authors' Publishing Company, in connection with one of its recent issues, as "that novel concern." This expression seems not to have been relished, though no offence was intended in it. The Authors' Publishing Company is a corporation under the laws of the State of New York, whose announced design is to secure for authors the fullest possible pecuniary benefits of their works on the coöperative principle. Purchasers of stock at $10 a share become entitled to the privileges of membership, the particulars of which are confidential. Manuscripts, however, are accepted for publication on their "literary merits alone." Who the judges are is not stated in the prospectus before us. The Company has ninety-eight members in twenty different States, and a principal office at 27 Bond Street, New York. It does its own printing. The names of its "Officers," "Directors" and "International Committee" are printed in full, though there are none among them that would be recognized by the public. It has now been in operation, declared to be "successful," for two years. A branch of its business of rather questionable character is the furnishing of manuscript lectures, orations and addresses upon any subject, for any occasion, to order, at moderate charges. The following "testimonial" illustrates:

BOSTON, May 6, 1876.
The manuscript lecture received. I delivered it last evening to a good house. It is precisely what was wanted. Thanks. MRS. ——————.

The issues of the Authors' Publishing Company already number from twenty-five to thirty. For evidence that the Company is a "concern," see any good dictionary; if it is not a "novel" one, the word "novel" has no meaning. But neither of these characteristics stands in the way of its being altogether excellent and useful. We shall be glad to hear of its continued success.

— Dr. Karl Elze, the well-known German critic, discusses the spelling of Shakespeare's name with some thoroughness, and arrives at the following conclusion:

"We have only the choice between Shakspere and Shakespeare. The former is a provincialism, and in all probability the poet's own way of writing his name, whatever may have induced him to adopt it. The latter is the form of the name generally used and recognized by his educated contemporaries, and is the one upon which we can, moreover, depend with incomparably greater certainty than upon the former. The decision, therefore, cannot be difficult." [Essays, 1874. Page 378.]

MAY PUBLICATIONS.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium.	L., large.
S., small.	Ob., oblong.
Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

The thickness of books may be inferred from the number of pages.]

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE EASTERN QUESTION, Historically Considered; with Notes on the Resources of Russia and Turkey, and an Abstract of their Treaties with the United States. With Maps. By James M. Bugbee. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 81. 50c.

THE NORTHERN AND ASIATIC DEFENSES OF TURKEY; with an Account of the Military Forces and the Armament of the Belligerents in the Present Eastern War. With Colored Map of "Turkey in Asia" and of "Turkey in Europe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. L., pp. 52. Paper. 50c.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF RUSSIA, from the Small Beginnings of the Nation to the Present Vast Proportions of the Empire; with Accounts of the Successive Dynasties. By Frances A. Shaw. With Maps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 123. 50c.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TURKEY. Translated from the German of Dr. Johannes Blochwitz. By Mrs. M. Wesselhoeft. With Maps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 176. 50c.

TURKEY. By James Baker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. L., pp. 495. $4.00.

HISTORY.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. (1) EARLY ENGLAND, up to the Norman Conquest. By Frederick York-Powell. With Four Maps. Pp. 198. (2) ENGLAND A CONTINENTAL POWER, from the Conquest to Magna Charta. 1066–1216. By Louise Creighton. With a Map. Pp. 116. Ext. S. Paper. Each 25c.

AMERICA NOT DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS. An Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Norsemen, in the Tenth Century. By Rasmus B. Anderson, A. M. With an Appendix on the Historical, Linguistic, Literary and Scientific Value of the Scandinavian Languages. New and Improved Edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. M., pp. 120. $1.00.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. From 1492 to 1872. By Samuel Eliot. Boston: Brewer & Tileston. M., pp. 507.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT. A Narrative of the Destruction, by a Mob, of the Ursuline School on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, as Remembered by One of the Pupils. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 198. $1.00.

ESSAYS.

HOW THEY STRIKE ME, These Authors. By J. C. Heywood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 280. $1.50.

ATLAS ESSAYS. No. 2. Biographical and Critical. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. L., pp. 270. $1.50.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS. By William Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. M., pp. 384. $2.00.

IDOLS AND IDEALS, with an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 136. $1.50.

BIRDS AND POETS, with Other Papers. By John Burroughs. New York: Hurd & Houghton. S. Sq., pp. 263. $1.50.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. By James Anthony Froude. Third Series. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 400. $2.50.

SUCCESS, GREATNESS, IMMORTALITY. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Vest Pocket Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Ext. S., pp. 96. 50c.

BOOKS, ART, ELOQUENCE. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Vest Pocket Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Ext. S., pp. 104. 50c.

LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, DOMESTIC LIFE. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. [Vest Pocket Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Ext. S., pp. 93. 50c.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE, AND A GOOD WORD FOR WINTER. By James Russell Lowell. [Vest Pocket Series.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Ext. S., pp. 96. 50c.

TABLE TALK. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 178. $1.50.

FICTION.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS; or Camp-Life in the Adirondacks. By William H. H. Murray. With Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 236. $1.50.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS. A Love Story. By Julia Pardoe. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 188. $1.00.

AFTER MANY DAYS. A Novel. By Christian Reid. New York: D. Appleton & Co. L., pp. 212. Paper. $1.00.

THE FLIRT; or the Life of a Young Lady of Fashion. By Mrs. Grey. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 216. $1.00.

EUGENIE. By Beatrice May Butt. [Leisure Hour Series.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 234. $1.25.

BRIEF HONORS; a Romance of the great Dividable. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. M. Sq., pp. 218. $1.00.

ALOYS. By Berthold Auerbach. [Leisure Hour Series.] Translated by Charles T. Brooks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 263. $1.25.

THE AMERICAN. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 473. $2.00.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 130. Paper. 50c.

MY SON'S WIFE. By the Author of "Caste." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 437. $1.00.

BEN BLINKER; or Maggie's Golden Motto, and What it Did for her Brother. By Daniel Wise, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 282. $1.25.

JOANNA'S INHERITANCE; a Story of Young Lives. By Emma Marshall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 348. $1.50.

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SCUDDER'S BRECK'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

SAMUEL Breck died in 1862, after having lived during ninety-one years of the history of our country. He saw two great wars begun, and two successfully ended. Born in Boston, educated in France, and long resident in Philadelphia, his acquaintance with the world was extensive, and his experience of life remarkably varied. He always enjoyed affluence, and mingled with the best and most intelligent society. When such a man keeps a minute record of what he sees and thinks, it cannot fail to possess a great interest, and when such a record is given to the world, it adds to the histories of the past the traits which the grave historian thinks it dignified to ignore, but which are as essential as the "bouquet" of a wine or the flavor of a fruit.

What reader of the diary of Samuel Pepys does not derive from its naïve records a more vivid and complete acquaintance with the times of Charles II? We cannot, indeed, call Mr. Breck *the* Pepys of America, but, comparing him with that inimitable diarist, we venture to call him *an* American Pepys. On his pages we see the heroes of a bygone generation pass before us in the costume that they wore and with the traits they bore before they entered the frames from which they now frown upon us in our galleries, or were petrified in prim correctness on the pages of history. Here they are as they lived and moved and had their being.

How did our fathers travel? we ask; and Mr. Breck shows them to us "posting" through the country in style, and rolling from town to town in the stage-coach. He tells us how they detested the democratic railway cars as they were first introduced, and prophesied a sure return to the comforts of the old modes of travel.

Once in a while such a recorder gives us a story with an apochryphal air, as, when this diarist tells us that Mr. Joseph Marquand, of Newburyport, obtained one of the Rev. George Whitefield's great toes as a relic to send to Lady Huntingdon; or gives an account of a dinner at Cambridge, in honor of French officers, at which frogs served whole in the soup were passed from one to another by the astonished foreigners!

Sometimes, too, Mr. Breck ventures upon dangerous personal ground, as when he relates stories about the penuriousness of Philadelphia ladies; but all such passages add to the piquancy of his record, and will be relished by the reader.

The volume is an elegant one, and is well edited by Mr. Scudder, a native of Boston, who appends notes explaining and supplementing the statements of the diarist. A good example of this editorial work is found on page 120, where Caleb Cushing and Miss Hannah Gould are referred to. The editor has prepared a valuable index as well as a good introduction, which are indispensable in such a work.

* Recollections of Samuel Breck. Edited by H. E. Scudder. Porter & Coates.

THE LEOPOLD SHAKSPERE.*

THIS volume is the result of a praiseworthy attempt to provide English readers with a complete and well-furnished edition of Shakespeare's works. Its leading characteristics may be enumerated as follows:

1. The volume is large, but so skillfully proportioned as neither to be clumsy nor to seem so. It is called a small quarto. It might be equally well described as a square octavo. It is eight inches and three quarters long, nearly seven inches wide, and two inches and a quarter thick. The binding is simple and appropriate; whether it will prove sufficiently substantial for a book so heavy, and likely to be so frequently and freely used, remains to be seen. The leaves lie open, however, with entire submissiveness. The paper is fine and good. The type, nonpareil, is clear, but it is set "solid," that is, without the customary spaces between the lines, or as extracts are printed in the *Literary World*. This secures compactness at the expense of "looks." The lines of each "scene" in the several plays and poems are numbered by tens with a view to facilitate reference. Each page is printed in double columns and enclosed in a neat rule, with a double head-line at the top. There are illustrations. The expression of the volume, as a whole, is clean and fair. We regret to say that the publishers have disfigured the general good effect by inserting eight pages of miscellaneous book advertisements at the end. They should have spared an edition of Shakespeare this indignity. The dedication of the volume is "to H. R. H. Prince Leopold, K. G., D. C. L.;" whence its name. There are 1186 pages, and the price is $4.50. So much for externals.

2. Good illustrations are, to our mind, a positive addition to the apparatus for the enjoyment of Shakespeare. They are, if at all successful, an aid to most readers in the interpretation of the text. In the present instance they are numerous enough, there being some four hundred; but they are of unequal quality. We presume they are the work of different hands, a fact which would probably be to their disadvantage. Those in Romeo and Juliet, for instance, are very good; likewise in the Taming of the Shrew, Richard III and As You Like It; but in Measure for Measure we have them poor, as also in the Merchant of Venice and the second part of Henry VI. As a rule, the larger cuts are the better, the smaller being too often carelessly, and sometimes coarsely, executed. The average excellence of the wood-engraving in Scribner's or Harper's magazines is a good ways ahead of the average here. Still, some of the work is excellent.

3. The text adopted is that of Professor Delius of the University of Bonn; who is an accomplished scholar in English literature, and a Shakespearean specialist of distinction. The contents comprise not only the plays, but the poems of Shakespeare; and of the plays, not only those upon the canonical list, but also "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Edward III;" of which, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, the most that can be said is that *possibly* he may have had a hand in their production.

4. The first striking novelty of the volume appears in the arrangement of its contents, which is designed to be chronological, after a theory founded upon long and careful study of the plays and poems. In presenting them in the order in which it is believed, for good reasons, that they were composed, a special advantage is thought to be afforded to the reader; who may in this manner acquaint himself with Shakespeare's work as a growth. The order adopted is as follows:

Titus Andronicus, King Henry VI (Part I), The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, Venus and Adonis (poem), King Henry VI (Part II), Love's Labour Lost, Romeo and Juliet, the Sonnets, King Henry VI (Part III), Lucrece (poem), The Taming of the Shrew, King Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, King John, King Richard II, King Henry IV (Part I), All's Well that Ends Well, King Henry IV (Part II), The Passionate Pilgrim (poem), Much Ado about Nothing, King Henry V, The Merry Wives of Windsor, The Phœnix and Turtle (poem), Twelfth Night, As You Like It, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, Measure for Measure, Othello, A Lover's Complaint (poem), King Lear, Macbeth, Timon of Athens, Antony and Cleopatra, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida, Coriolanus, The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline, The Tempest, King Henry VIII.

* The Leopold Shakspere. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

It is not presumed to fix the exact date of any one of the plays, but approximately they are ranged from 1591 down to 1613. The Two Noble Kinsmen and Edward III are placed apart by themselves as a suspicious pair. This view of the order of Shakespeare's work prompts the editor to say:

"As we track his work from the lightness and fun of its rise, through the fairy fancy, the youthful passion, the rich imaginings, the ardent patriotism, the brilliant sunshine, of his first and second times, through the tender affection of his Sonnets, the whirlwind of passion in his Tragedies, and then to the lovely sunset of his latest plays, what can we do but bless his name, and be thankful that he came to be a delight, a lift and strength, to us and our children's children to all time — a bond that shall last forever between all English-speaking, English-reading men, the members of that great Teutonic brotherhood which shall yet long lead the world in the fight for freedom and for truth?"

5. It begets at once our confidence in this edition of Shakespeare to know that it has been prepared by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, the distinguished English Shakespearean scholar, and "Director" of the "New Shakspere Society."

6. Perhaps the most valuable feature of the *Leopold Shakspere*, and that an extremely valuable one, is the Introduction furnished by Mr. Furnivall. This Introduction extends through one hundred and twenty-six printed pages, and contains fully 150,000 words, which would be equal to one hundred pages of the *Literary World*; and it is a masterpiece of analytic and critical biography. Rather than lose this essay we would willingly pay four dollars and a half for it alone, and let the rest of the book go. Mr. Furnivall writes of Shakespeare's parentage, birthplace and boyhood; of his school days and early marriage; of his repair to London and of the London that he went to; and then of his plays and poems in general and particular, in groups and singly, historically, descriptively and critically; ending with an account of his family, the particulars of his death and of his will, a study of his characteristics, and a portrait of the man as sketched in his writings. Every page of this Introduction is rich with the results of enthusiastic and laborious research. Mr. Furnivall's manner is a quaint one, quite in keeping with his subject, and agreeable rather than otherwise, though sometimes a trifle suggestive of affectation. "Published" he spells *publisht*, "dragged" *dragged*, "called" *calld*, "convinced" *convinct*, and so on. For his chosen spelling *Shakspere* he gives the reason that so it is in "the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Blackfriars conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures," he adds, "have an *e* after the *k*; four have no *a* after the first *e*; the fifth I read *eere* or *ere*. The *a* and *e* had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxpere,' &c." A good taste of Mr. Furnivall's lively and eccentric style may be had in the following morsel:

"The idea of Lord Bacon's having written Shakspere's plays can be entertaind only by folk who know nothing whatever of either writer, or are crackt, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. Poor Miss Delia Bacon, who started the notion, was no doubt then mad, as she was afterwards proved to be when shut up in an asylum. Lord Palmerston, with his Irish humour, naturally took to the theory, as he would have done to the suggestion that Benjamin Disraeli wrote the Gospel of St. John. If Judge Holmes's book is not meant as a practical joke, like Archbishop Whateley's *Historic Doubts*, or proof that Napoleon never livd, then he must be set down as characteristic-blind, like some men are colour-blind. I doubt whether any so idiotic suggestion as this authorship of Shakspere's works by Bacon had ever been made before, or will ever be made again, with regard to either Bacon or Shakspere. The tom-foolery of it is infinite."

The sum of our impressions of the *Leopold Shakspere* is strongly in its favor. It is not the perfect edition for popular use, but without doubt it is in important respects a positive improvement upon any one-volume edition now before the public. Its form is convenient, its appearance comely, its arrangement novel; the Introduction, as we have intimated, decidedly unique and valuable, and its price very reasonable. If among our readers there should be one who does not yet count Shakespeare's works among his books, we advise him to procure a *Leopold Shakspere* forthwith; if necessary, let him sell his garment and buy one. Boston purchasers can supply themselves through A. Williams & Co.

MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS AND ESSAYS.*

THE world was scarcely expecting just now to be enriched by two volumes from the hand of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and it is almost too much to hope that the world in which Swinburne is prince of poets, and Joaquin Miller a high priest of the tuneful art, will consider itself greatly the gainer by this tardily executed bequest. Nevertheless, there must be quite a number of persons yet living by whom Mrs. Browning, while she was alive, was regarded as true woman and true poet; and who have not yet unlearned their reverence for her womanhood nor their love for her pure and noble verse. To such as these the first of these volumes will be especially welcome, as giving them some better knowledge of a personality always veiled from public view.

Mr. Stoddard's part of the work, though slight, is gracefully done. His sketch of Mr. Horne adds something to our knowledge of one whose history is one of the eccentricities of literature; and his Memoir of Mrs. Browning groups and presents with sympathetic care the few facts that are known about the life of this remarkable woman. Mr. Stoddard's prophecy that we shall surely yet have a life of Mrs. Browning some day, is one that may well be verified. Meanwhile let us be thankful for the glimpses here given us of the inspired invalid girl, diverting herself in her teens by writing a rhymed "Essay on Mind," the notes of which, as Henry Cary said, showed familiarity with books that no University man of his day had ever looked into; devouring the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus as other girls devour the stories of Miss Braddon; solacing herself, in the extreme weakness that followed a hemorrhage, by reading Plato, in a volume bound like a novel to cheat her physician; bearing in this frail physical condition the shock of a terrible bereavement; living, it would seem, by the nutriment of thought and affection more than upon the coarser sustenance to which common mortals owe the continuance of life; and strong as a seraph in her soul even in the hours when her body was the frailest. Think of her writing Lady Geraldine's Courtship in twelve hours — in the very time when she was "a confirmed invalid, just dressed and supported for two or three hours from her bed to her sofa and so back again!" Such vigor of mind is not often matched with such fragility of body.

Something is told us here of the beginning of the acquaintance between Miss Barrett and Mr. Browning that resulted in their marriage; and we get a beautiful picture of their home-life in Italy, drawn by the two poets in a joint letter to Leigh Hunt. In this we have also a short confession of Mrs. Browning's faith, of which her poems do not, however, leave us in doubt:

"I receive more dogmas, perhaps, (my 'perhaps' being in the dark rather,) than you do. I believe in the divinity of Christ in the intensest sense — that he was God absolutely. But for the rest I am very unorthodox about the spirit, the flesh and the devil, and if you wouldn't let me set by you a great many churchmen wouldn't; in fact, churches, all of them, as at present constituted, seem too narrow and low to hold true Christianity in its proximate developments."

The letters written by Miss Barrett to Mr. Horne are the first of hers that have been given to the public, and they are like her — utterly individual. If others are the custodians of letters equally good they have no right to withhold them. So strongly, however, has the delicacy of this woman's nature impressed all who knew her, that they still seem to shrink from showing to the public what she did not intend for the public. Mr. Horne only excuses himself for printing these letters on the ground that the ink with which they were written was fading so fast that they must be printed to preserve them.

Mr. Horne was, after Miss Mitford, Miss

* Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, with a Preface and Memoir by Richard Henry Stoddard. James Miller.

The Book of the Poets. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. James Miller.

Barrett's earliest and most intimate literary friend; the two were associated in several enterprises of authorship, and as a consequence these letters are nearly all occupied with literary matters. We get some vivid pictures, and some subtle judgments of the authors and great personages of the period. There is a delightful portrait of Miss Mitford in her garden (drawn by Mr. Horne): "a venerable little gentlewoman, in a garden bonnet and shawl, with silver hair, very bright hazel eyes and a rose-red, smiling countenance." There is also a caustic touch, by the lady, of "the most popular poet alive, the Reverend Robert Montgomery, who walks into his twenty and somethingth edition 'like nothing.' I mean the author of 'Satan;' 'Woman;' 'Omnipresence of the Deity;' 'The Messiah;' the least of these being in its teens of editions and the greatest not worth a bark of my Flushie's. Mr. Flushie is more of a poet by the shining of his eyes."

Miss Barrett aided Mr. Horne in the preparation of two volumes of literary criticism, entitled *A New Spirit of the Age*, and a large part of the correspondence here printed concerns this work. The acuteness of this poet's judgment of the men and women of her own time; the soundness and catholicity of her opinions upon literary art; and the purity and nobility of her character appear in a strong light throughout these letters. There was also another curious undertaking in which the two were associated — the Modernization of Chaucer, projected by Wordsworth and carried out under the direction of Mr. Horne by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Charles Wells, author of "Joseph and His Brethren," Robert Bell and Miss Barrett. The work done by each of these poets was passed upon by the others, and Mr. Horne gives us some extremely interesting specimens of the marginalia written upon the proofs. One result of this study of Chaucer was to introduce into English verse far more flexibility of versification than had been tolerated since the days of Dryden and Pope; to render legitimate the measuring of rhythm by beats, as well as the counting of it by syllables. By this innovation, or rather this restoration, our modern verse has been greatly the gainer.

Mrs. Browning's own bold experiments in rhyming come up for discussion in this correspondence, and we learn that they were not the result of carelessness, but of a deliberate purpose to abate something of the stringency of the rules of the verse-makers. Her methods in this respect have not, however, commended themselves to the judgment of her contemporaries.

Altogether, this volume is one of great interest and value, not so much on account of the knowledge which it gives us of persons, as of the light which it throws upon the principles of criticism and the laws of poetical expression. To every literary artist it must be a delightful book.

The second of these companion volumes contains two essays, "The Book of the Poets," and "Some Account of the Greek Christian Poets." The first of these essays is a rapid descriptive and critical sketch of the English poets from Chaucer down to Wordsworth — a sketch apparently written in the youth of Miss Barrett, and yet well worth studying, on account of its subtle perceptions and clear judgments. The second is the utilization of part of the stores of her Greek learning, in a sympathetic sketch of some of the later poets of Greece, whose verse few moderns have ever tried to read.

BAKER'S TURKEY.*

NEXT to Wallace's *Russia*, this book is doubtless the most important recent contribution to the literature of the great Eastern question. It does not assume, like the essays of Gladstone, Freeman and others, to discuss at length any particular theory of the origin or settlement of the present complications, but it gives a fresh and full account of the country itself, as seen by an experienced and enterprising traveler.

Col. Baker is a brother of Sir Samuel Baker, the well-known Pasha in the service of the Khedive. He has spent the last three years in Turkey, traveling extensively in Bulgaria and Macedonia. As the owner of estates near Salonica, his practical observations upon the internal life and industry of the country must be accepted as, in the main, trustworthy. No writer with whom we are familiar has given so complete a picture of European Turkey as it actually is to-day. We have been strangely destitute of accurate information upon that subject.

The author evidently wrote the book to give a narrative of his journey. Had he confined himself to that, and omitted some of the historical episodes, he would have made a less bulky and more acceptable volume. Turkish history, to be sure, is not without interest, but other writers have given us that, and Col. Baker only embarrasses himself and overloads his work when he leaves his own valuable material to give us learned chapters from Von Hammer and Creasy. As the book deals exclusively with European Turkey, and with two or three provinces only of that, the title might have been more specific. The style is clear and vigorous, though sometimes rather diffuse. A judicious revision would relieve the book of many pages without reducing its value.

In the narrative parts the personality of the writer is everywhere present, enlivening the picture and setting all the incidents in bold relief. Nothing of interest seems to escape his attention. The features of the country, the habits of the people, the methods of government, the questions of the war, all receive full and fair treatment. If the author appears to advocate the Turkish cause as against the Russian, he certainly makes out a much better case for his client than many would have supposed possible. His general candor must be commended. He has a good word for Turkey, not because he sees nothing bad (for he condemns quite as much as he praises), but because, with a true soldier's gallantry, he likes to see fair play. And we are ready to believe that all the corruption in Eastern affairs does not lie with Turkey, nor all the virtue with Russia.

In the heated discussions that have taken place in England on this subject during the last year, we have often regretted that there were no Lord Strangford living, to shed light upon the vexed problem. His knowledge of the ethnological, political and religious influences at work in European Turkey surpassed that of any writer of our time. He had lived in the various provinces, mastered the different languages, studied the latest phases of the conflict, and written ably upon the subject. When, therefore, we find Col. Baker's conclusions agreeing, in so many instances, with Lord Strangford's, we are the more willing to accept them as well considered and just.

No one can form an intelligent opinion of the difficulties in the way of the Ottoman government who does not understand the intricacies of the Pan-Hellenic and the Pan-Slavonic struggles and intrigues. It is a long story; and few persons at this distance are able to follow it; but our author gives us several fair glimpses of it in the course of his journey. His account of the Bulgarian element is admirable and exceedingly interesting. The schoolmaster has certainly been abroad in that section of the empire, and there is much reason to hope for a people that have done so well. A just compliment is paid in several places to the work accomplished by the missionaries of the American Board, especially in Eski Zaghra and Samakov. The Greek race and the Greek religion are discussed in several chapters with evident fairness, though with some severity. The pitiful tale of the exiled Circassians will be new to many, though Dr. Hamlin (whom the author erroneously calls Hamblin) has frequently given it to the American public. The influence of Robert College at Constantinople is repeatedly referred to and highly praised. Appendix A is devoted to its prospectus and course of studies.

Among the national customs the author describes the different industries, the dance, wedding and funeral ceremonies, feasts and fasts, and the general habits of eating and sleeping, some of which are very amusing, especially his descriptions of the way in

* Turkey. By James Baker, M. A. Henry Holt & Co.

which he often had to get his dinner. We have nowhere seen so good an account of the Balkan mountains and their passes. Being a military man, the author very properly surveys the country with reference to the war, and gives some sensible hints as to the possible movements of opposing armies. In this connection he describes the roads, the fortresses, the army and navy, and shows great care in the collection of his facts.

Turkey possesses prodigious natural wealth in her lands, forests and mines, which are yet not cultivable. An ingenious plan is given by which the country might be developed in the interest partly of the holders of Turkish bonds. The chapters on taxation and agriculture are elaborately prepared, and will doubtless furnish many writers with new and valuable material for discussing the internal affairs of Turkey. The preparation of Col. Baker's volume has evidently been hastened to meet the demands of the public. As a consequence, several errors are observed which ought never to have passed a proof-reader, *e. g.*, on pp. xii, 8, 18, 36, 85, 196. The author's map is a much-needed help, though it is not always correct. *E. g.*, the location of the railway from Adrianople to Yamboli is represented as following the Valley of the Tondja, when really it goes around by Hirmanli and Yeni Zaghra. Much valuable information is added at the close of the volume in a series of Appendices, which should not be overlooked. An excellent glossary of Turkish words will enable the reader to understand the meaning of many expressions which one is obliged to use in describing Turkish affairs; and there is a convenient index. The book is appropriately bound in cloth of Turkey red.

FREEMAN'S GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.*

NOT since the publication of the *Marble Faun* have we caught so bright a glimpse of Italy's purple sky and golden sunlight as comes to us in this little volume. The author is an old acquaintance, and we seem to see the "silver-haired artist," whose pictures are painted poems, opening the door of his studio to welcome us as the "model" departs, or to sit by the fire in the smaller room, occupied by his wife, and chat, while the bright little girl from whom she is modeling Longfellow's "Maiden"

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,"

crouches on the table, wrapped in an old shawl. Mrs. Freeman is a bright little Englishwoman, whom the artist married late in life, and who, taking up art as an employment for her lonely hours, has produced some excellent things, so that, as Gibson's favorite pupil once said to us: "Mrs. Freeman sculps, and Mr. Freeman paints." Of the many picturesque sketches of Italian scenery we quote from that describing the baths of Lucca:

> "Upon the banks of the Lima are some fifty houses and paper-mills, which constitute the pigmy town, crowded almost into the noisy river by a variety of abrupt, steep hills and mountains, clothed with beautiful chestnut trees and vineyards. There are here a very few charming villas, a very elegant, small *casino*, or club-house, two hotels, and the worst post-office in Christendom; there is also a picturesque bridge, which spans the Lima, and permits one street to answer all the wants of communication within and without the village. This one serpentine street, embracing both sides of the river, offers daily an animated picture of the mountain-people, bringing to market on their heads, or on donkeys, vegetables, fruit, fowls and eggs, or any other commodity which enduring toil can produce among these rugged hills. The beggars come down in every state of decrepitude; the pigs and calves for the consumption of the *forestieri* (visitors), mingle with the grotesque procession, while gay equipages, fashionable toilets and swell personages of all degrees make a part of the scene which diurnally presents itself in the pent-up, one-streeted, curious little Bagia di Lucca."

Replete as the volume is with lively sketches and livelier anecdotes, these do not constitute its greatest charm. Casual glimpses of the ins and outs of art-life at Rome, but most of all the vivid, brilliant and sometimes sad reminiscences of men and women in varied walks of life, whom the author has personally known, give us fresh pleasure in every chapter. What a host of illustrious people gleam in these three hundred small pages, introduced in the most delightful manner as the author's own friends. Here we meet Thorwaldsen, Gibson and Chantrey; Cornelius, Overbeck and Horace Vernet; our own Crawford, Story and Rogers; Miss Hosmer, Rhinehart, Chapman, Bartholomew and Paul Akers, and a score or two of others renowned in art, while Thackeray has a chapter to himself; and Wordsworth, Cooper, Longfellow and Hans Christian Andersen present themselves as youthful travelers.

Those familiar with the Rome of twenty or thirty years ago will find memory's pictures reproduced with delightful freshness; those who know the Rome of to-day — fast putting on the tinsel trappings that follow in wake of the iron horse — will enjoy a host of pleasant memories crystallized in this little volume; while those who know not Rome at all, will rise from its perusal with a heart full of gratitude to one who could thus, by the magic of his pen, take them into the midst of scenes for which they have so often sighed.

As a book for "summer reading" it can have few rivals. Romance, history, anecdote and art-hints are all most happily combined, and of the first-named there is enough for the groundwork of half a dozen novels. Then each chapter has such completeness in itself that, as the author remarks in his preface, you may open where you will; while the volume is small enough to be carried in the satchel or even pocket, and tasteful enough in its exterior to place anywhere.

* Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio. By James E. Freeman. D. Appleton & Co.

MAHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

THIS work, we are inclined to think, will be considered the most extraordinary production upon the subject of our late rebellion which has yet been given to the world; though in what its extraordinary character consists is a subject upon which there is likely to be quite a diversity of judgment. Certainly one remarkable thing about it is that it is a strictly military critique written by a Christian minister, and one who is known as a specialist on the subject of holiness and the interior life. The author, Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., was formerly, for a number of years, President of Oberlin College, O.; and later of the Methodist College in Adrian, Mich. He is author also of an able work on logic, which is strong enough and clear enough to show that he had the natural power to write such a work as this, if he saw fit so to use it.

The aim and scope of the book are accurately stated in the title. In the spirit of a geometer it discusses and judges the strategy and grand tactics of the war on both sides, from the beginning to the end; though it is chiefly, and very properly, occupied with the strategical movements which were and which might have been made. It is a book without mercy and without bias in its consideration of the military problems before it. We have room for but few and brief quotations. The first states the author's purpose:

> "I have from the beginning maintained, and will now proceed to render undeniably evident to every candid reader of these pages, the following propositions: that this war ought not to have been of a single year's continuance after our armies were organized; that it ought not to have cost this nation a hundred thousand lives, or a thousand millions of dollars; that within any eight months of the continuance of the war, after the middle of October, 1861, any Commander-in-Chief of ordinary ability and well instructed in military science, would have brought that conflict to a final termination; that had General Grant been such a commander, he would have brought the conflict to a practical termination during the interval which occurred after he received his commission as Commander-in-Chief and the opening of his spring campaigns."

Of McClellan our author says:

> "If I should suggest my honest judgment of General McClellan and his successor, General Halleck, as leaders of great armies, I should say that they never evinced any capacity in planning campaigns but to blunder, and that they never blundered upon a plan that ought to have been adopted."

Concerning McClellan's early administration of the Army of the Potomac, the fact comes out that he had under his command

* A Critical History of the Late American War. By A. Mahan. A. S. Barnes & Co.

in December, 1861, 200,000 men, while to cover the same front the rebels had less than 50,000. Such were the opposing forces when it was "all quiet on the Potomac;" and hereby may McClellan's military capacity be rightly judged.

Of the Peninsula campaign Dr. Mahan writes:

"The best that can be said of the plan under consideration is, that a worse one is inconceivable, and that this wears but one aspect — a deliberate purpose to put this grand army into the hands of its enemies. . . . . Judged by his own estimates, General McClellan can, by no possibility, be defended against the charge of the most senseless and absurd blundering known in war, or of a deliberate intent to put the national capital into the hands of the Confederates."

Besides McClellan and Halleck, Buell and Hunter are condemned as of like character. The "anaconda plan" is called "a tape-worm plan." Fremont, Pope, Rosecrans, Thomas and McDowell are all approved, the first two strongly. Grant's military ability is argued to have consisted in driving straight on at whatever was before him, hit or miss; and for his title of "butcher Grant" warrant is found in the fact that in the first month of his campaign of 1864 he lost more than half as many men as all those which Lee had; while after that came Cold Harbor and the massacres that followed; so that by the time he reached Petersburg he had lost in battle nearly or quite as many men as the whole army which Lee started with. While Sherman's flanking movements are praised, the whole plan of the campaign on his part and Grant's is condemned as narrow and petty in contrast with what it should have been, and the "Grand March to the Sea" is held up as a sheer military blunder.

The most extraordinary portion of this book is that which tells of what the author himself had to do with the conduct of the war. He says that from youth he had studied military affairs, and especially strategy; that early in the war he began to write criticisms and suggest plans, and send them to leading persons in Washington, especially to Senator Sumner; that in January, 1863, he visited that city, and with Sumner and others called upon the President and laid before him a plan of a campaign which he promised to carry out; that a day or two afterward Halleck and Stanton persuaded the President that the plan could not be carried out because of the "mud," Halleck being reported to have added: "It will never do to have a civilian plan our campaigns;" that the President being thus set against the plan, they to whom he had made the promise released him (which they should never have done); that in January, 1865, our author, foreseeing the probable defeat of Sherman's army by that of Johnson at Goldsboro', wrote to Senator Sumner such a letter that the War Department sent back at once a request to know what he would advise to have done; that he advised the transfer of a large part of Thomas's army around by water to reinforce Sherman; that this was done at once, General Schofield's corps being sent and joined with General Terry's at Wilmington, and that both reached General Sherman just on the eve of a great battle, in consequence of which reinforcements Johnson withdrew and surrendered; that by these means the war was closed a year sooner than it would otherwise have been and than General Grant or any of the Union Generals expected it would be. In short, our author claims that he and he alone pointed out and brought about the movement which saved Sherman, secured the surrender of Johnson without a battle, and shortened the war a year; and also that, had the like plans which he proposed two years before been adopted, the war would have been closed in June, 1863, instead of in April, 1865, and there would have been no Chancellorsville nor Gettysburg, nor all that came after.

Such is an outline of this extraordinary piece of military criticism. It has some minor literary blemishes, especially a tendency to extreme forms of expression; but it is strong, intelligent and racy. If a West Pointer can heed the views of a Hamiltonian, or a military man of any grade listen to a civilian, then here is a book for his attention.

MATHEWS ON MEN AND BOOKS.*

THIS volume, whose author first became known to us by that excellent book, *Getting on in the World*, is a collection of twenty-one essays upon topics as trite as "Thomas de Quincey" and "Charles H. Spurgeon," as fresh as "Professorships of Books and Reading," and as diverse as "The Illusions of History" and "The Morality of Good Living." Passages in each essay, too, are as diverse in their merit, as trite and as fresh in their thought, as the subjects of which the essays treat. In general, however, the book abounds in fruitful suggestions, teems with quotations gathered from every field of knowledge, and is, from beginning to end, pervaded with a genial spirit and with excellent moral and intellectual purposes. Though didactic, it seldom advances views that the reader wishes to oppose. Gliding over the surface of subjects, it collects the most obvious and leading thoughts regarding them, and seldom attempts a critical or exhaustive treatment. Though the result of a range of reading of rare breadth, it abounds in tentative theories, and is profuse of advice to those most needing it — young writers and college students.

The essay on De Quincey, with which the volume opens, is both biographical and critical, and has many words of praise for the opium-eater's twenty-four volumes. Its conclusion is:

"If they [readers] would make the acquaintance of one of the greatest scholars and thinkers of our century,— of a piercing and imperial intellect, which, in all the great faculties of analysis, combination and reception, has had few superiors in modern times,— of one of the subtlest yet most sympathetic critics our literature can boast, whether of art, nature, literature or life,— of a writer who, in an age of scoffing and skepticism, has never sown the seeds of doubt in any human heart,— of a writer who, by the magnetism of his genius, the affluence of his knowledge, his logical acumen, his imaginative wealth, his marvellous word-painting, gives a charm to every theme he touches; — above all, if they would know the might and majesty, the pomp, the delicacy and the beauty of our noble English tongue when its winged words are commanded by a master,— we would conjure them to study the writings of De Quincey."

That essay which, in our judgment, contains the most original and best thinking in the volume, is a plea for the establishing of "Professorships of Books and Reading" in our colleges. No such chair to our knowledge exists, but for it our author strongly argues:

"For all these reasons we cannot but think that our colleges, while they provide the student with libraries, should also provide him with a professor of books and reading. It is not enough to introduce him to these quarries of knowledge; he should also be taught where to sink his shafts and how to work them. Mr. Emerson, speaking of such a professorship in one of his later essays, says: 'I think no chair is so much wanted.' Even the ripest scholar is puzzled to decide what books he shall read among the myriads that clamor for his attention. What, then, must be the perplexity of one who has just entered the fields of literature! If in Bacon's time some books were 'to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,' how much greater must seem the necessity of discrimination at this day, when the amount of literary pabulum has quadrupled and even quintupled! Is there not an absolute necessity that the student who would economize his time and make the best use of his opportunities, should be guided in his reading by a competent adviser?"

We are especially glad to see a protest come from the West against that fondness for speaking in public which characterizes young men in a new and a democratic country. We wish every student in a western college could read the essay on "Too Much Speaking," and would ponder with care the principle involved in this sentence:

"When the Creator was to choose a man for the greatest work ever done in this world, it was Moses, the man 'slow of speech,' and not Aaron, the man who could 'speak well,' that he commissioned."

If this principle were obeyed, the college debating society might suffer, but the growth of accurate thinking would be promoted.

Of the other excellent essays space forbids our writing. But in the one on "Literary Triflers" occurs an error and a lack of full statement in regard to a matter of fact which should not be overlooked. It was not, as is stated, Charles II who cut off William

* Hours with Men and Books. By William Mathews, LL.D. S. C. Griggs & Co.

Prynne's ears, but his father, Charles I; and Prynne suffered not only the loss of his ears but was also condemned to be branded in the forehead, to pay a fine of £5,000, and to be imprisoned for life. But this error does not take away the suggestiveness of the thought and the graces of the style of a book which we are glad to commend.

GUILD'S ABROAD AGAIN.*

AS the title tells us, this is a sequel to that widely popular book of travel, *Over the Ocean.* Both volumes relate only to the most familiar parts of Europe, and cannot comprise much that is absolutely novel, yet they are decidedly interesting, fresh and instructive. The present book takes the reader over different ground from its predecessor, namely, England, Italy, Germany and Holland. One fascinating chapter is that upon home life in England among the better class, giving an account of English hospitality, meals, table manners and domestic ways:

"I have gone through, somewhat in detail, this account of a three-days' visit to the home of an English gentleman, in answer to numerous inquiries as to how the English gentlemen live at home, and the assertion that few, except the novel-writer, attempt any description, and that such description must necessarily be like the novel, not to be depended on as a truthful account. It will be seen that, with some trifling differences, the life at an English gentleman's country-seat is very similar to that of our own men of wealth. To be sure, the American gentleman, as a general thing, would not permit his guests to fee his servants, and indeed, many English gentlemen will not permit it. Whether my host was one of the latter class, I never ascertained; but, it being a first experience, I determined that his servants should not have occasion to give Americans a bad name, and hence took the safe side."

One-fourth part of the volume is devoted to Rome, some principal features of which are very thoroughly described. The account of the treasures of art and of history in that city is otherwise so minute that one is struck by some remarkable omissions. Mr. Guild does not mention, and appears not to have seen, the statue of Pompey, in the Spada Palace, at whose base Cæsar was slain; nor the house and chapel of Clement, the companion of Paul, with the two churches built over it, one above the other. It is probably the printer's fault that the Mamertine prison appears twice as the Marmetine. A long chapter is given to the art treasures in the Vatican, of which most visitors see but few, and the descriptions will be found valuable both to the reader and the tourist:

"It is the grandest museum in the world; it has had old Rome's imperial ruins, buried sculptures, marbles and statues to draw from for centuries, and successive popes have rivalled each other in building splendid additions for rich, rare and priceless collections which each added to it, decorating them by the pencils of great artists, till walls and even ceilings became artistic wonders, and the halls and galleries caskets worthy of the gems they contain. He who attempts to write of the Vatican is at a loss where to begin or what to describe, the collection is so vast, the beauty is so inimitable.

"Previous preparation adds so much to the enjoyment of a visit to this wonderful museum, that too much cannot be said in its favor. . . . A thoroughly ignorant man visiting such a collection as that of the Vatican in Rome, is like a deaf person at a concert of music."

The least satisfactory part of the book is the portion devoted to Venice, which city our author says that he saw thoroughly, but to whose wonders of art and architecture he scarcely alludes. Most of the forty pages allotted to Venice are taken up with a sensational story of a traveler accidentally shut into one of its ancient dungeons, and a recital of what he felt and thought. The galleries of Dresden and Berlin are well described, though with a certain want of enthusiasm inevitable after long sight-seeing. Indeed, we may remark in passing that the whole book lacks somewhat the sparkle that characterizes our author's first experiences "Over the Ocean."

The Berlin Museum abounds in historical mementoes:

"Among a curious collection of relics of Frederick William I, was a lot of tobacco-pipes used in the celebrated Tobacco Parliament, where all smoked; the King's and his wife's betrothal rings, his walking-sticks and sword. Among the relics of Frederick the Great were two crayon pictures made by him, his flute and sheet-music that he had to use by stealth when Crown Prince, under the tyrannical oppression of his half insane father, some of the music sheets half consumed by fire, into which they had been thrust by his parent."

A little divergence from the beaten track takes our traveler to Scheveningen, the chief watering-place in Holland, two and a half miles from the Hague:

"Scheveningen itself is but a fishing-village, located behind the dunes, or sand-hills, of the coast of the North Sea; literally behind them, for as you pass through the village on the route to the fashionable resort itself, the beach is hidden, as is the sea, from view by the gradual rise of the ground, or sand-dunes. Arriving at the crest of these, you come at once upon great modern watering-place hotels, saloons, restaurants, booths and all those modern structures and adjuncts which one finds at fashionable seaside watering-places. . . . The great, broad beach — a magnificent one for bathing — had a long line of bathing-machines ranged along, like a halt of the baggage-wagons of an army, only they were wagons with all their shafts pointed shorewards, were roofed over, had a window in their wooden sides, and their rear end adorned with a great hood or screen towards the sea. These, as many are aware, are a sort of private bath-room on wheels, which is fitted up with pegs, mirrors, towels, soaps, etc., and are drawn into the water to a certain depth, so that the occupants may descend easily from them, take their sea-bath, and return to the vehicle and dress entirely free from observation, and avoid that long, dripping walk from the waves to the bath-house, so dreaded in America by ladies who when in full toilette may excite admiration, but after a sea-dip are anything but attractive."

Persons intending to go abroad will find Mr. Guild's books very helpful for their practical information and judicious advice; while those who do all their traveling by proxy, will pronounce him successful in his attempt "to picture correctly in imagination the sights and scenes he has undertaken to describe."

*Abroad Again; or a Fresh Foray in Foreign Lands. Curtis Guild. Lee & Shepard.

REID'S CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*

MR. Reid half apologizes for undertaking this monograph, modestly suggesting as good reasons his own reverence for its subject, the new insight gained into the character, and the liberty to use material which was not at the command of Mrs. Gaskell. He has given us a very readable book, but added little of essential importance to what the public already knew. We are indebted to him, however, for the means of forming a more just estimate of the character of the father, whose real name was Prunty, changed by himself to that which his daughter made famous; and the life-long devotion of Charlotte to this irascible and exacting parent appears in stronger light than has hitherto been shown. Mr. Reid is very anxious to prove that she was not morbid; and that her life was by no means one of such suffering as has been represented. On the first point there is no occasion for special pleading, since no reader of her books who has skill to analyze them, and to discern the spirit of the author, could bring such charge against her; and as for the other, the added evidence from her hitherto unpublished letters to her most intimate friend — the "E" of Mrs. Gaskell's biography — only confirms us in our belief that if her lot, which was an exceptionably hard and dreary one, was not at times almost insupportable, it was only because of her exceeding fortitude, and her strong religious faith, which made her able to bear the ills sent upon her. We certainly gain a higher respect for her from these new glimpses into her life. To freely write about herself, as many women pour their hearts out, was altogether foreign to Charlotte Brontë's nature. Reticent she was beyond most, both from constitution and force of circumstances; but when she does speak, her words carry conviction. What a hint of a monotonous life she gives when she says, "It is painful to be dependent on the small stimulus letters give;" and what an insight into the brave, patient, sensitive heart we get in such fragmentary sentences as these:

"Try not to stagnate . . . and when your heart is constricted and oppressed, remember what life is and must be to all; some moments of sunshine alternating with many of overclouded and often tempestuous darkness. Humanity cannot escape its fate, which is to drink a mixed cup. Let us believe that the gall and vinegar are salutary. . . . Heaven grant us both some quiet wisdom and strength, not merely to bear the trial of pain, but to resist the lure of pleasure when it comes in such a shape as our better judgment disapproves. . . . Something at my heart aches and gnaws dreari-

*Charlotte Brontë. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ly. But I must cultivate fortitude. . . . A wish that you were with me did cross my mind; but I repelled it as a most selfish wish. Indeed, it was only short-lived; my natural tendency in moments of this sort is to get through the struggle alone; to think that one is burdening others makes all worse."

Her letters are characterized by common-sense views on every subject they touch; and the habit she had all through her life of setting aside her own inclination, that the wishes or comfort of others might be gratified, reaches its consummation when to please her "dear Arthur," who was "a very practical as well as a very punctual, methodical man," she herself became "more practical," and because he had no sympathy with her literary work "repressed that gift which had been her solace in sorrows deep and many" — to the world's loss.

The volume, which is made in tasteful style, has a fac-simile letter of Miss Brontë, and several illustrations, showing the "Field Head" and "Briarfield" church of Shirley, the Haworth church, the Parsonage and many-mounded grave-yard, and a portrait of the father.

APPLETON'S SYRIAN SUNSHINE.*

ONE of the "Town and Country Series." The title and frontispiece are captivating, and the little volume is well adapted for light summer reading. The author takes us over a very familiar route, from Port Said and Jaffa up through Palestine to Damascus, Beirût, Constantinople and Athens, the whole journey occupying six weeks. The author's impressions are given in a fresh, crisp style, and he succeeds in avoiding what is hackneyed and trite. He has an artist's eye for the picturesque, and draws agreeable pen-pictures of landscapes which pleased him. Even the uninteresting road from Jaffa to Ramleh is thus invested with a charm:

"It was early spring, not at all hot or windy, faultless weather, and we enjoyed every moment. Upon a sky of paler blue than Egypt's, soft clouds poised like winged things, and an indescribable serenity and peace filled the landscape. There were no fences; and the road wandered with easy grace, as if desiring not to hurry the traveler. It was a slope of gentle ascent all the way to Ramleh. A certain spiritual beauty, which we could not define, brooded over everything. On either side waved the tender wheat, with faint belts of varying color, as the plant was younger or older; and on either side everywhere were flowers, whose subtle delicacy and charm proved they sprang from no common soil."

Two blemishes disfigure the sunny and graphic little book. A minor one is the use of some slang expressions, such as "put up," with various meanings which the reader is left to guess. Our author remarks: "We determined not to slop over. But when we came to our place of lunch, we did, for all that."

* Syrian Sunshine. By T. G. Appleton. Roberts Brothers.

A more serious fault is the introduction of metaphysics and polemics throughout the volume, often when it would be least expected. Under the title "Jerusalem" we are startled to be assured concerning innocence, that

"it was in the impassive, patient earth, in the purity of an azure which he could not penetrate, and in the multiform and manifold crowd of animals, each living on its instinct, submissive to the divine command, and all looking up to man as their acknowledged lord and master. But the fatal superiority of man's intelligence above theirs brought with it a will which dared to leave the path appointed for it, and venture a dangerous independence."

This moralizing occupies page after page, which our author was competent to have filled with descriptive matter. While reading his chapter upon "The Mount of Olives," we are incongruously inquired of:

"Can the Deity, not the Jehovah bounded by the Jewish sky, but He in whose veins the world of planets swim as corpuscles in the blood of man, have left his countless spheres, to crowd his omnipotence into the narrow limits of a human form? The childish faith which once loved to say so, and thus aggrandize that which needed no help from us, pales before the better knowledge which reads this planet and all others with something of the accuracy of truth."

If this were an autobiography, it would be highly proper for the author to affirm his belief in the phenomena known as spiritualism, and argue for what he claims as "modern miracles," and also to tell us his conviction that "there is a fatal birth-mark impressed upon each human soul, undiscerned by each of us in turn, but deciding the water-shed of the mind unconsciously, whether to faith or skepticism." But in a breezy and gossiping book of travels, the absence of all these little sermons would vastly improve the reader's enjoyment of the remainder.

BURROUGHS'S BIRDS AND POETS.*

THE author of *Wake Robin* and *Winter Sunshine* gives us in the present volume six papers on out-of-door topics, and four of "a more purely literary character." In "Birds and Poets," "Touches of Nature," "A Bird Medley," "April," "Spring Poems" and "Our Rural Divinity," he gossips in a charming way on his favorite themes, showing his usual keenness of insight and nicety of discrimination; and sketches a bird or an animal or a bit of landscape with a few bold sweeps of his trained hand. What, for instance, could be better than this:

"The cow belongs more especially to the northern peoples, to the region of the good green grass. She is the true *grazing* animal. That broad, smooth, always dewy nose of hers is just the suggestion of green sward. She caresses the grass; she sweeps off the ends of the leaves; she reaps it with the soft sickle of her tongue. She crops close, but she does not bruise or devour the turf like the horse."

Or this:

"The humid season, with its tender melting blue sky, its fresh, earthly smells, its new furrow, its few simple signs of awakenings here and there, and its strange feeling of unrest. . . . In spring everything has such a margin; there are such spaces of silence. The influences are at work underground. Our delight is in a few things. The drying road is enough; a single wild-flower, the note of the first bird, the partridge drumming in the April woods, the restless herds, the sheep steering for the uplands, the cow lowing in the highway or hiding her calf in the bushes, the first fires, the smoke going up through the shining atmosphere, from the burning of rubbish in gardens and old fields, etc., each of these simple things fills the breast with yearning and delight, for they are tokens of the spring."

The remaining essays, which Mr. Burroughs says he hesitated about coupling with the others, are headed "Before Genius," "Before Beauty," "Emerson" and "The Flight of the Eagle;" and in a very subtle as well as practical sense, they supplement those on "out-door nature." He says some caustic things about modern literature, rebuking what he calls the "fashion of the day" in attributing "all splendid results to genius and culture."

"With two or three exceptions, there is little as yet in American literature that shows much advance beyond the merely conventional and scholastic — little, I mean, in which one gets a whiff of the strong, unbreathed air of mountain or prairie, or a taste of rude, new power that is like the tonic of the sea. . . . It is very likely true that our most native and original characters do not yet take to literature. It is, perhaps, too early in the day."

In the course of his exaltation of Walt Whitman — to whom he devotes the last fifty pages — Mr. Burroughs thus characterizes our literature and people:

"The soda-fountain with its syrups has got into literature, and furnishes the popular standard of poetry. The old heroic stamina of our ancestors, that craved the bitter but nourishing home-brewed, has died out, and in its place there is a sickly cadaverousness that must be pampered and cosseted. Among educated people here there is a mania for the bleached, the double-refined; white houses, white china, white marble and white skins. We take the bone and sinew out of our flour in order to have white bread, and are bolting our literature as fast as possible."

Whitman's "Memoranda during the War," and "Drum-taps," our author pronounces "the only literature of the war, thus far, entirely characteristic and worthy of mention."

The essay on "The Flight of the Eagle" is nothing if not enthusiastic; that on Emerson is of a different quality — crisp and pungent; and the characterization of the Concord philosopher is not very wide of the mark:

"From first to last he strikes one as something extremely pure and compact, like a nut or an egg. . . . He writes short but pregnant chapters on great themes, as in his 'English Traits,' a book like rich preserves put up pound for pound, a pound of Emerson to every pound of John Bull. . . . In fact, Emerson is an essence, a condensation. . . . He is like those strong, artificial fertilizers. A pinch of him is equal to a page or two of Johnson."

Birds and Poets is printed in tasteful style.

* Birds and Poets, with Other Papers. By John Burroughs. Hurd & Houghton.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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For terms of subscription and advertising rates see the publishers' card upon the last page of reading matter.

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MR. ALCOTT IN THE CHAIR.

FOR some men, when they speak upon our themes, we who are at the other end of life, and on lower levels, may well give way. One such is Mr. Alcott. We have the honor and the pleasure of surrendering to him our place for a repetition of the discourse with which he salutes and edifies the readers of his new volume, noticed elsewhere.

BOOKS.

"One cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise. As with friends, one finds new beauties at every interview, and would stay long in the presence of those choice companions. As with friends, he may dispense with a wide acquaintance. Few and choice. The richest minds need not large libraries. That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.

"Lord Shaftesbury, writing of the literature of his time, thus happily portrays the qualities of a good book. 'No work of wit,' he says, 'can be esteemed perfect without that strength and boldness of hand which give it body and proportion. A good piece, the painters say, must have good muscling, as well as coloring and drapery. And surely no writing or discourse of any great moment can seem other than enervated, when neither strong reason, nor antiquity, nor the record of things, nor the natural history of man, nor anything which can be called knowledge, dares accompany it, except in some ridiculous habit which may give it an air of play and dalliance.'

"Of books in our time the variety is so voluminous, and they follow so fast from the press, that one must be a swift reader to acquaint himself even with their titles, and wise to discern what are worth the reading. It is a wise book that is good from title-page to the end.

"'Were I to be judge and no other to be gratified,' says Howell, 'I think I should silence whole libraries of authors and reduce the world of books into a parcel; whereas, were another to sit censor, it may be all those I had spared would be condemned to darkness and obtain no exemption from those ruins; and were all to be suppressed which some think unworthy of the light, no more would be left than were before Moses and Trismegistus.'

"I confess to being drawn rather to the antiques, and turn with a livelier expectancy the dingy leaves, finding often inside the worn covers more for my reading than on the snowy pages of most opened by frequenters at the bookstores. I fancy that I am guided by a selecting instinct to lay my hand upon the very volume that had long been seeking my acquaintance. There are patterns of bindings, moreover, that ensure wise contents, wisdom being not less an ancient than contemporary, and retains the physiognomy of its times. One may remember that time gathers and preserves the best along with the worthless, and the selection is thus the wider. And time must determine those of modern date which may attain immortality. The fewest of any period will hardly be remembered beyond their authors' lifetime; and how large the number that never gain general perusal.

"An author who sets his reader on sounding the depths of his own thoughts serves him best, and at the same time teaches the modesty of authorship.

"The more life embodied in the book, the more companionable. Like a friend, the volume salutes one pleasantly at every opening of its leaves, and entertains; we close it with charmed memories, and come again and again to the entertainment. The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.

"I value books for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain, works that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at moments, containing sentences that quicken my thoughts and prompt to following these into their relations with life and things. I am stimulated and exalted by the perusal of books of this kind, and should esteem myself fortunate if I might add another to the few which the world shall take to its affections."

PONKAPOG.

THE village, or, more properly speaking, the hamlet, of Ponkapog, where Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich lives, forms a part of the Massachusetts town of Canton, and is located about a mile to the south of Blue Hill. It takes its name from a tribe of Indians, the Ponkapogs, or Punkypoags — the name is spelled in a great variety of ways — a remnant of which existed until quite recently. Down to within a dozen years, Polly Crowd of this tribe figures in the annual Blue Book as a ward of the State, receiving a small annuity. A pond, covering an area of some three hundred acres, and also bearing the name of the tribe, lies at the foot of Blue Hill on the southeast. On the margin of this pond the Indians had their encampment, and the plowshare occasionally turns up at this day curious stone implements, used by them in warfare and the chase. And here, within a dozen miles of State Street, an aged rattlesnake, having wandered down the mountain side, a few days since, to take a sip from the Lake, found himself more stared at and less welcome than Rip Van Winkle. The beautiful scenery of this locality and the purity of the atmosphere attracted settlers at an early day; and at the time of the Revolution there were more houses in the village than there are at this time. It was never a place noted for its enterprise; and the location of a railroad some two or three miles distant has left it very much in the condition of Bailey's Four-Corners, described by Mr. Aldrich in the story of *Miss Mehetable's Son.* A little one-story building is now sufficient to accommodate the inhabitants with groceries, provisions, dry-goods, confectionery and postal facilities; while the only industrial enterprise visible is represented by a quaint old saw-mill at the roadside, which starts into a humming activity during the early spring, or after a smart midsummer shower, when an ancient and obscure brook in the vicinity suddenly renews its youth. The fever of speculation in real estate has not extended to this neighborhood. Land is still bought and sold by the acre.

Mr. Aldrich's house is located on the main road to the village of Canton — some two and a half miles distant. It is an old-fashioned, two-story house, built at the beginning of the present century; and is partially screened from the road by cherry trees and by a hedge of arbor-vitæ, presided over by two ancient and shiftless-looking button-woods. On the opposite side of the road there stood, prior to the Revolution, an Episcopal church, which brought forth, as tradition has it, a fine brood of Tories, and which subsequently fell into contempt from its unpatriotic attitude, and was either burned up or in some other way so effectually destroyed that no vestige of its foundation, even, exists. Back of the house the grounds fall away gently to a stream and an old mill-pond, on which stands a deserted and decaying mill, which was utilized during the late war for the weaving of cardigan jackets for the soldiers. Henceforth it is likely to be used only for the weaving of legends. Along the margin of the stream which, after wandering all around the grounds, finds its way out on the Neponset meadows, and so to the ocean, great quantities of water-cresses, ferns and curious wild flowers grow, the early cowslip and the pitcher plant among them.

Inside of the house to which we have thus come we find what the great square chimnies projecting above the roof suggest, namely, large open fire-places in every room; low-studded rooms, adorned with a taste and skill which show the touch of a cultivated woman; and a library admirably selected and adapted for the work of a literary man. Further than this we may not say what we find.

Out of such rural environment as this ought not the author of *Flower and Thorn*, and just now of *The Queen of Sheba*, to bring forth new treasures of his choice art?

THE absurd story has been started in connection with some of the obituaries of the late Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, that he received from Napoleon III a large sum of money in consideration of his Life of the Emperor and of the Emperor's uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Abbott was presented by the Emperor of the French with a gold medal of some slight pecuniary value, but that, we believe, was the extent of the "handsome testimonial."

THE heading "Table-Talk" was selected for our department of general correspondence before we knew of its adoption by Mr. Alcott as the title of his volume. We look upon the coincidence as a happy omen for the *Literary World*, and exhort our "talkers" to catch, if they can, the spirit of the conversationist of Concord.

SUPPOSE it should prove that neither Saxe Holm, nor H. H., nor Mrs. Spofford, nor Mr. Scudder, nor Julian Hawthorne, nor anybody else had written the "No Name" books, but only Mr. Thomas Niles of Roberts Brothers himself? Wouldn't that be a story worth telling!

ATTENTION is requested to the advertisement in another column for certain back numbers of the *Literary World*.

AFTER READING "THE NEW DAY."

How subtly bound these little brilliants are!
Towards one center seems their strange light thrown;
Around the white neck of some queen unknown,
We see them flashing, while we stand afar.

The world must not come near enough to see
The links that keep them in their royal place;
That would betray the mystic wearer's face: —
Ah! she can *feel* the clasp of unity!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

Cambridge, Mass.

FLETCHER HARPER AND HIS BROTHERS.

SINCE the issue of the last number of the *Literary World* the papers have announced the death of Fletcher Harper, the last survivor of the four brothers who constituted the original firm of Harper & Brothers, of world-wide renown. There were certain principles which governed the operations of this celebrated establishment that were obvious to an outside observer, and which evidently contributed much to its success. Some of these principles were as follows:

1. Minute and thorough attention to every detail of the manufacturing processes involved in the establishment, with a view to the highest attainable perfection in every department, connected with extreme caution in respect to the introduction of new and doubtful improvements.

2. The securing of thoroughly competent and trustworthy men as the foremen of each department, and committing to each one, when found, a high degree of power and responsibility, in respect to the subordinates and to all the operations under his charge.

3. The steadiness and permanence of these employments when once entered upon. There were very few changes. A position once secured in the establishment became, as it were in many cases, practically a tenure for life.

4. The remarkable and imperturbable calmness and good humor of the several partners in their intercourse and dealings with all who had business relations with them of any kind, including, as this list did, a very large number of those proverbially sensitive and often somewhat unreasonable classes, artists and authors.

It is, however, probably true, after all, that the great success of this remarkable organization is mainly due to certain native and constitutional diversities in the characters of the four brothers, adapting each to his special function in the work. These special characteristics, though marked in their diversity and permanence, were all in perfect harmony with each other, and were regulated and controlled by the action of a calm but powerful religious principle, and by the strongest possible sentiment of fraternal love. Each of the partners was thus admirably fitted to his own special place in the work to be performed, while his individual tendencies were trained to act in perfect coöperation and harmony with those of the others.

The writer of this article was connected with the house, in a literary capacity, for a period of thirty years; from 1847 to the death of the last survivor of the original firm in this present year, 1877; and during that time he had abundant opportunity to witness all those aspects of the operations and modes of management of the house which were open to the observation of outsiders. His connection with the firm involved, during all this period, a semi-annual settlement of an account, in some respects complicated, and he had a tolerably good opportunity to judge of the general principles which governed the house in its intercourse with others, and to observe the fairness and impartiality of its general dealings. Not a single question arose, or difference of opinion requiring discussion, was manifested during all this period. And in all his visits to the establishment, occurring, as they sometimes did, almost daily, and extending to nearly all the departments, no diversity of opinion or conflict of action was ever manifested to his view among the hundreds that were employed in the various processes going on. Such cases must of course sometimes have occurred, but they must have been very few, never to have disturbed, to the mind of a casual observer, the general expression which reigned throughout the vast establishment, and marked it as a scene of unbroken peace, tranquility and contentment.

J. A.

Farmington, Maine.

RECENT FICTION.

— *The American** is a very modern novel; with no flavor of the past and no prophecy of the future, but on the exact level of the present. Mr. James's forte consists in placing Americans in a European setting — always a difficult task, as the writer is apt to fail either in the environment or the character. Mr. James fails in neither; he knows his own countrymen, and he knows Europe. His delineation of French character here is as thorough and accurate as that of the American. The story is exceedingly simple and devoid of incident. The "American" — a highly successful man and a thoroughly "good fellow" — is suddenly seized with a disgust for business, the hidden and better qualities of his nature having asserted themselves. He goes to Europe to see and enjoy the world, not in a low, nor yet in a high, but in an extremely natural way. He has no vulgar tastes nor bad habits; does not even smoke; still is no purist, and is not shocked by the rather too vivid glimpses of Parisian wickedness disclosed in the course of the story, as some of its readers will be. He is thoroughly a man of the world, with an excellent opinion of himself and corresponding good sense; sound-hearted, intelligent but not cultivated; and as to manners, hovering about the point that separates the vulgar from the well-bred; in reality belonging to the latter, but by association carrying the marks of the former. The story turns upon this blending of manners — a clever hit on the part of the author; and consists of the history of a courtship in an impoverished family of the Bourbon aristocracy, the American's money being the ground of favor with the family, and his manners and antecedents the offsets; the attachment between the parties themselves being strong and genuine. Its varying fortunes, with a duel in which our hero did not share, an ugly family secret, sundry glimpses of characters and conduct that might better have been kept in the background, a semi-tragic ending on the part of the heroine, and a general clearing up in the mind and heart of the hero, constitute the main features of the story. The story in itself is too slight to interest, the *denouément* being evident at the outset; half the characters are utterly detestable, and the other half without attraction. No gentle reader will shed a tear or heave a sigh over the most tragic of its pages. The characters are not presented for sympathy but for inspection, and in truth they stand out very clearly, but we do not care to prolong the acquaintance. What then is the charm of the book? One less dull was never written, and it has enough weight to hold the attention of the most exacting reader. Its power consists in the brilliancy of its literary execution, and in the accurate delineation of character. It is a clear-cut book. The characters are more than photographed; they walk through the pages. There is none of the mistiness that enveloped our recent friend, Mr. Deronda. Every person and scene are thoroughly eliminated from their surroundings, and brought before us clear and precise. We can say nothing better of its literary quality than

* The American. By Henry James, Jr. J. R. Osgood & Co.

that it affects us like good painting. That one art should carry the effect of another is skill indeed. We trust Mr. James will not take it amiss if we suggest that his book has too much of these fine qualities to accompany its tone; they are not in the "concatenation accordingly," as Tony Lumpkin says in the play. It is not agreeable to witness Pegasus ploughing. Nearly the finest thing in the book is the keen sarcasm of the morbid moral sensitiveness of the young Unitarian clergyman, but we incline to think that as between the author and the preacher, the latter has the best of it, and that the former could not do a better thing than to place himself under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Babcock before beginning his next book. Or, if that be impossible, let him ponder the maxim "art for art" till he thoroughly feels its hollowness. Seriously, we think Mr. James's admirable talent demands a better field and atmosphere than he here allows himself, and a nobler set of characters to be used for the illustration of some higher purpose. The author evidently has a dread of the serious; it is his weakness. We must object also to the company into which he introduces us. This bright American book comes perilously near being a French novel, from which may the good Lord long deliver us!

—Something in the style, sentiment and plot of *Garth* * irresistibly reminds us that genius may be inherited. Lovers of *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter* will here be fascinated by a similar pure and graceful diction and subtle analysis of character and motive. There is the same fondness, too, for nature and for common things, leading to those minute detailed descriptions which reveal patient and affectionate observation. The story begins and ends amidst a flock of chimney-swallows, which flutter amongst the smoky towers of the hero's house, and after the catastrophe twitter over its ruins. Who cannot perceive the flavor of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the supernatural agency that is hinted at, though not asserted, as tending to bring about what comes to pass, and also in these opening sentences?

"Every clear morning for more than two hundred years past, the rising sun had thrown across the broad hip-roof of Urmhurst the shadow of its eastern chimney. The earliest beams, though fresh and pure from their ocean-bath, yet scrupled not to embrace the weather-worn old shaft, or to kiss warmly its smoke-blackened mouth. The chimney, for its part, seldom suffered these kind greetings to pass without due recognition. In the winter months its reply was a jolly puff of blue smoke, odorous of the pungent spirit of the great pine log which had been kindled on the hearth below. But its summer response was livelier and perhaps more poetical. First would be heard a mysterious soft rumbling and twittering, as though the venerable structure were clearing its sooty throat to say good-morning; and anon, like cheerful thoughts born of an aged heart, forth would flutter from their abode in the cavernous interior, a rejoicing flock of chimney swallows."

It was the one fault of the elder Hawthorne that he loved to deal more or less with the morbid and horrible. He has skeletons in his closets, which rattle though we do not see them, and some of his characters are rather fiends than men. We observe the same feature in *Garth*, whose "Madge" is not wanting in feminine traits, but yet appears to be rather a beautiful devil than a real young woman. "Uncle Golightley" belongs to the same species. There is no lack of power, or of promise, in this book; yet the moral tone of it is not altogether what could be desired. Perhaps we expect too much of the author because he is the son of his father; but we must remember that he is not yet thirty years old, and where he has already done well, there is plenty of time for him to do better. There is wisdom in what Garth is told by his admiring chum, Selwyn, at college:

"Genius, my man, is a sort of magic tail, which, before you get the hang of it, trips you up, and weighs you down, and makes you disagreeable to everybody you meet. But once you learn how to wag it, and not all the kangaroos, beavers and peacocks in creation can come near you."

—We hesitate to say what we have to say of *Afterglow* * lest we should be accused of exaggeration. We consider it by far the ablest member of the "No Name Series" which has yet appeared, and in certain qualities, some of which are fundamental, one of the three or four most meritorious of recent novels. The subject is found in the relations and experiences of a set of Americans resident in Dresden, among whom mingle a Saxon and a Prussian officer, an Englishman, and one or two other people. As a love-story it is thoroughly pure and wholesome, but in its analysis and delineation of conflicting passions it goes far deeper than ordinary works of its class. The tone is eminently masculine, though the book may have been written by a woman. The plot is original and fresh, the development of action clever, the dialogue brilliant, and the characterization powerful; while the turns of the story appeal now to one's sense of humor, and then to the finer and tenderest sentiments of the heart. The shadowy figure of Ellen Lorother, the agreeable and deserving Capt. Ritthold, Byrne and Gurwood—the buffos of the piece, the cap-setting Mrs. Daggett, the well-named Lily, and the several other parties to the little drama, move before us with the fullness and vigor of real life. Artistic as the story is, the spiritual purpose which acts through it raises it to a lofty plane, and deodorizes the little that is unpleasant in its materials. We have not lately read a story with greater enjoyment, and if it be the work of a new writer, then a star of considerable magnitude has entered on its rise. There are marked resemblances in style between it and Mr. Horace E. Scudder's *The Dwellers in Five Sisters Court;* and a guess—guesses are of course in order with the advent of every "No Name" book—that *Afterglow* is from his accomplished pen would find some support in the surprising promptness with which it was noticed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. But whoever wrote it, it is a book of power and of very distinct literary merit, and those who do not read it will miss a good deal.

—Gail Hamilton brings to her new *metier* of novelist all the characteristic qualities which have marked her in other fields. There is the same trenchant sharpness, the same vigor and point, the same shrewish pungency of phrase, the same lack of the finer fineness, the same not occasional inelegance of thought. The essential quality of a story, however, is to be entertaining, and here she does not fail us. Her *First Love is Best* * is entertaining from beginning to end, and carries us on from laugh to laugh with a bright facility which cannot be too much commended. Kate Haviland, its heroine, is a graphic sketch, and whether as light-hearted slangy school girl, full of life and ambition, and forced to vary her round of dull prosperity by the composition of lamentable poems; or as woman and wife, mutinous, sweet, piquant, half unreasonable, all charming, she strikes us as being delightfully like the school girls and the women of real life. Of an interval in her career we cannot speak with the same praise. In the period which follows her broken engagement with Walter Lasalle, Miss "Hamilton," it strikes us, ceases to paint from nature, and dips her brush in the pigment of the every day emotional story writer. A girl capable of dismissing a lover with such unqualified commonsense, drawing up a synopsis of the situation and balancing rights and wrongs and respective influences with all the cool cleverness of an unbiased party, could not, we think, fall into such after bathos of trite wretchedness.

"It is only that my life is over. I wonder how long one can live ofter one is dead? Oh, I wonder if in the stars one can ever—ever forget!"

This is the heroine of stock fiction, bemoaning her fate: not the fresh, natural Kate Haviland. The droll equivoque of the title we will not do the author the injustice to explain, but leave it to reward such readers as are persevering enough to turn the last page, a class among which is pretty sure to be numbered all those who turn the first.

—*All Wrong* † is a story of the immediate present. Its predominant feature is action,

* Garth. By Julian Hawthorne. D. Appleton & Co.

* Afterglow. Roberts Brothers.

* First Love is Best. By Gail Hamilton. Estes & Lauriat.

† All Wrong. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

not place. Its scenes shift between New York and the mining districts of Pennsylvania. Its tone is pure so far as unmentionable immoralities are concerned, but not always refined. It introduces us to some very disagreeable people, low-bred and the like; while none of its better personages make a very clear and strong impression upon our mind. It is well written, and there are touches throughout which betray a practiced hand. The lines are sharply drawn and the shadows boldly thrown in, the work being without that softness and warmth which belong to greater distances in space and time.

— *A Family Feud** is a thoroughly pure story, without a line that one would blush to read aloud. The scene and materials are German. The action lies between a baron, his second wife and child—a daughter, on the one side, and a young kinsman on the other, whose earlier prospects of inheritance are destroyed by the second marriage of the baron and the birth of the daughter. Otto, the disinherited, is unjustly accused of a plot against the life of his little rival, and grows up under this cloud into a somewhat gloomy character. Reconciliation, however, comes at last, and the girl comes to be Mrs. Otto. We recommend the book as interesting and wholesome.

MINOR NOTICES.

Worthy Women of Our First Century. Edited by Mrs. O. J. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

It was the purpose of the Women's Department of the Centennial Commission to secure a brief biography of some eminent individual of their own sex, from each of the old thirteen States, to be prepared, if possible, by a woman of the State represented. But for reasons indicated in the apologetic preface, the plan was not carried out, only the six sketches having been obtained which are gathered in the present volume, though we are given assurance that a second will be printed if "suitable ones be sent" from the remaining States. The subjects are Mrs. Thomas Mann Randolph, of Virginia, by Miss S. N. Randolph; Mrs. Philip Schuyler, of New York, by Miss S. F. Cooper; Mrs. Samuel Ripley, of Massachusetts, by Miss Elizabeth Hoar; Women of New Hampshire, by Mrs. Francis W. Fiske; Mrs. Rebecca Motte, of South Carolina, by a Lady of South Carolina; Deborah Logan, of Pennsylvania, by Mrs. Owen J. Wister. Of the New Hampshire women the author writes in general terms; not claiming that any were "conspicuous," but that "all were faithful," carrying on the farms and cutting and hauling the wood while the men of the family were away, throughout the Revolution. The paper on Mrs. Schuyler not only gives an outline of her own history but that of her brave husband, carefully condensed; with pleasant gossip about the social life of the times among the old Dutch families of New York. In the three contemporary biographies of our countrywomen farther South we have a graphic portraiture of the social customs of that section, and interesting anecdotes of the men who played such an important part in our history. Mrs. Randolph, who was the daughter of Jefferson, suggests a way somewhat old-fashioned for making children hardy, when, in writing to her father about her little boy who had been declining rapidly from some disorder which had "baffled every attention and change of diet," she says:

"But Mr. Sneed opening school, and Jeffy being hurried out of bed every morning at sunrise, and obliged, after a breakfast of bread and milk, to walk two miles to school, his spirits returned, his complexion cleared up, and I am in hopes that his disorder has left him entirely."

The memorial of Mrs. Ripley, who, however, hardly belonged with the others of the series, she having been born so late as 1793, is highly interesting. A lineal descendant of Gov. Bradford, she was a woman of intellectual endowments worthy of her name. The closing years of her life were spent in the "Old Manse," which Hawthorne vacated that the Ripley family might return to it; and thence were written many of the delightful letters which make so large a part of the present sketch. Of this famous parsonage there has hardly been a more remarkable occupant than the woman who read, with such zest for languages, German, Italian, French and Spanish, besides Latin and Greek; who was a life-long student of botany, and a metaphysician as well; and who, with all her scholarship and culture, was exceptionally simple and modest, of sweetest temper, the most genial of companions and faithful of friends. The book is in good taste as to externals, while the contents are of such interest that it is to be hoped materials will be forthcoming for another volume, and the seven other States not be left without a representative.

Table Talk. By A. Bronson Alcott. [Roberts Brothers.]

In reading Mr. Alcott's volume, which we have done with much pleasure, and we trust not without some profit of both the intellectual and the religious sort, we have come upon this paragraph:

"Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams. A chaste generation would restore Paradise. But not an age whose youth, like the old sinners, are eager to pluck the forbidden fruits from the stem, the brazen following fast childhood's golden period, and leaping wildly into the iron, the beautiful bashfulness, nature's ornament and foil, the girdle of chastity, all torn and trodden under foot."

We make use of this extract to illustrate the obscureness of style which sometimes darkens the author's thought; a quality all the more marked by reason of contrast with prevailing clearness. The difficulty which ordinary minds may meet with at such points as this will constitute the sole hindrance to the general enjoyment of the volume. In it Mr. Alcott presents his ripened thoughts upon a variety of topics — literary, practical, religious and metaphysical. The choice conversation for which his lips have long been noted is here turned into print, which robs it only of the charm of personal utterance. To the sense of thoughtful readers a subtle element will unite and vivify what, to a careless glance, might seem only *disjecta membra*. One's meditations for spiritual ends might be helped by recourse to this deeply spiritual and always quickening volume, which takes one mostly out of the world of things seen and temporal, into that of things not seen and eternal.

The Gospel Invitation. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

This volume contains eighteen discourses, related more or less directly to the recent "revival" in this city, and mostly by pastors of different sects resident therein. With one exception the sermons were given without thought of their publication in a volume. They are the work, without exception, of earnest men, but it goes without saying that they are of very different degrees of value. The standard that must be applied by a reader to published sermons is fitness to be published — value when read. The weakness of much pulpit effort will be often excused by the generous hearer. But for inflicting commonplace upon one who may read slowly and carefully, there is no excuse. Rhetoric which does not illustrate, and argument which does not comply with logical rules, may pass for more than they are worth with a Sunday audience; but to reproduce them between the covers of a book is, in these days of many good books, inexcusable. Several of the discourses in this volume — we will not particularize — are of very ordinary merit, and quite without real profit. Some are wholly unworthy the reputation of their preachers. One which ingenuously attempts a philosophical demolition of modern "rationalism" is, in truth, a ridiculous parade of incoherent pedantry. Another conspicuously exemplifies the faults of more than one of these preachers, such as the substitution of rhetoric for reasoning, confidence in what may well be called a camp-meeting scholarship, and affectation of an impartiality which is not possessed. "The adjective is the greatest enemy of the substantive" in two-thirds of the discourses, and deadly war breaks out between them in some pages. The most valuable part of the volume is furnished by Rev. W. W. Newton, Prof. Caldwell,

* A Family Feud. After the German of Ludwig Harder. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Rev. Rufus Ellis, Rev. A. McKenzie, Rev. Dr. Peabody and Rev. S. E. Herrick. Their sermons, respectively entitled "Nothing to do with Christ," "God Dismissed," "The Two Harvests," "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By," "Coming to One's Self," and the "Decay of Will," are distinguished by a reasonable moderation, a solidity of argument, and a practical point, which the other clergymen here represented cannot too much study, admire and imitate. Mr. Herrick's discourse is in all three respects easily first.

Was Bronson Alcott's School a Type of God's Moral Government? By Washington Gladden. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

This awkwardly-named pamphlet is a thorough examination of Rev. Joseph Cook's theory of the atonement. The qualities we have commended in the sermons above, Mr. Gladden possesses in an eminent degree. He passes in detailed review over the twenty-seven propositions of one of the Monday Lectures, exposing Mr. Cook's peculiar use of the terms "self-evident" and "environment" (conscience, says Mr. Cook, is a part of our environment); shows how the argument brought forward in support of the fourteenth proposition completely *dis*proves it; points out the fallacy of "satisfying a law;" corrects, by quotation from Rev. Dr. Hodge, the Tremont Temple lecturer's denunciations of Boston "Liberals" for misrepresenting Orthodoxy; and then passes on to consider the remarkable proof of the theory of the atonement, drawn by Mr. Cook from Bronson Alcott's school. Mr. Alcott is not a man to be easily astonished; but he might be excused for any amount of amazement in his declining years when the long-abandoned notion is gravely brought forward as a valid illustration of what is proclaimed as the only Orthodox theory of the atonement. Says Mr. Gladden:

"In Bronson Alcott's school the penalty of the law was rigorously inflicted upon the transgressor. In God's government, as Mr. Cook tells us, the penalty of the law is removed from the transgressor, and the voluntary sacrificial chastisement of the ruler is substituted for it. The two cases, instead of being parallel, are, as everybody can see, exactly at right angles."

Mr. Gladden's own idea of the work of Christ is given at the close of his pamphlet, in direct and unaffected words, which in their tone and in their matter are especially to be commended.

A Short History of Rhode Island. By George Washington Greene, LL.D. [Providence, R. I.: J. R. & R. A. Reid.]

It is not often that so thorough an expert both in the knowledge of history and the methods of historical composition as Prof. George W. Greene, LL. D., is willing to epitomize, and will condescend to take the trouble of writing, after the fashion of *A Short History of Rhode Island.* For family libraries, and for the uses of the many who have neither taste nor time for voluminous detail and comprehensive and exhaustive research, it might be well if all, at least of our older States, could find a like story-teller. The view is, in the main, accurate and full, while so focused as to produce a suggestive miniature rather than a life-size historical picture. The closest criticism would, we think, object to the accuracy of two or three minor statements in regard to Roger Williams; yet this author is not a blind hero worshiper, even of that remarkable man whose fame is inseparably connected with the early years and forming principles of the Rhode Island colony. The Dorr war is duly remembered, and the narrative is indeed brought so close to our time as to conclude with some mention of the notable contribution made by this little but busy State to the industrial exhibition of our centennial year. An appendix of sixty close pages adds a most valuable collection of various documents, including the Dorr constitution, the census, etc., etc.

The Washington-Crawford Letters. [Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.]

The greater part of these letters are written to Washington, and but a few are from Washington himself. But they are all nevertheless interesting and historically important, as throwing light on Washington's early history and on the history of the time, particularly as showing the craving which existed among the prominent men of Virginia and Pennsylvania at that period to become large landed proprietors. Washington showed this feeling to a great extent. Crawford was public surveyor, having learned his profession by surveying under Washington himself, and at one time was employed for the old Ohio Company. He early settled west of the Alleghanies, on the Youghiogheny River, in the State of Pennsylvania, and surveyed in that State and in Virginia. Washington made him his agent for the purchase of lands for him, as Crawford had a good opportunity to make the best selection. The letters throw some light incidentally on points of history beyond the subject on which they were specially written. They cover a period of about fifteen years, including that of "Dunmore's War," in which scenes of bloody conflict between the native tribes and the white settlers along what was then known as the Western settlements were frequent and alarming. A letter of May 8, 1774, from Crawford, gives the exact date of the massacre of Logan's family in 1774, near the mouth of the Yellow Stone River, by a party of whites, led by one Daniel Greathouse, which is the burden of Logan's famous speech, first published by Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia." Logan, in that speech, charges Michael Cresap with the massacre, and Jefferson's publication of it led subsequently to an earnest controversy. This event occurred on the 30th of April, 1774. The notes by the editor add to the value of this book, which is worthy a place in all historical libraries.

The Children of Light. By Rev. Wm. W. Faris. [Roberts Brothers.]

This is an essay on the methods, difficulties and purposes of the Christian life. It received the Fletcher prize of Dartmouth College (of five hundred dollars) the present year. The purpose of establishing this prize was to obtain for publication essays "setting forth truths and reasoning calculated to counteract . . . worldly influences, and impressing on the minds of all Christians a solemn sense of their duty to exhibit, in their godly lives and conversation, the beneficent effects of the religion they profess, and thus increase the efficiency of Christianity in Christian countries, and recommend its acceptance to the heathen nations of the world." A noble purpose surely, but one which we fear the volume before us will aid little in accomplishing. For it is commonplace in thought, turgid in style, verbose and vague, abounding in trite metaphors, decorated with childish stories and quotations from weak poetry, manifesting a needless hostility to science, and, in our judgment, unfitted to lead either the regenerate or the unregenerate into a noble Christian life. The purpose of the author is evidently excellent, and his spirituality seems strong and earnest, but the literary faults of his book are remarkable for their number and variety. The volume is an illustration of the very common fact that a prize of a public nature usually draws into competition for it only second-rate productions. We write thus with the highest respect for that holy subject with which the book deals, but because obscurity and vagueness should no longer be tolerated, as they have been tolerated for centuries, in books treating of the Christian life.

A Brief History of Turkey. Translated from the German of Dr. Blochwitz, by Mrs. M. Wesselhoeft. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

The Principalities of the Danube. By Geo. M. Towle. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

These are companion volumes to the *Brief History of Russia* noticed in our last number [p. 12.] These publishers are in fact giving us a choice little library on the Eastern Question. There is less unity and consecutiveness to the history of Turkey than to that of Russia; and the difference in narratives of the two can hardly lie in favor of the former. It does not, at least in the case before us. Mrs. Wesselhoeft's translation is doubtless good; but the original, though thorough, and in the main accurate, is too crowded with names and dates, and pays too little attention to the flesh and complexion of the subject, to be in the greatest degree interesting. Of the two maps, that of Turkey in Europe is more sat-

isfactory than anything the heliotype process has yet given us in this present series of books.

Mr. Towle's booklet is an enlargement of an article published by him in *Harper's Magazine* a year or so ago, adapted, however, to present wants, and provided with a map and with portraits of the princes of Servia and Roumania and their respective princesses. The portraits are hardly an artistic addition, but the map is well fitted for following the campaign now progressing on the Danube. The reading-matter is instructive and interesting, as Mr. Towle's always is.

The Scripture Club of Valley Rest. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

The Scripture Club of Valley Rest is in a different vein from anything we have yet had from Mr. Habberton, though it is obviously the product of the same talents which gave us *The Barton Experiment* and *The Jericho Road.* A number of representative people in a representative town associate themselves in a Bible class, and the book consists of a report of their discussions. There is a Lawyer Scott, "who had in marked degree the youthful appetite for the strongest mental food, and the youthful assumption that whatever can be swallowed is bound to be digested;" a Captain Maile, a man of "that peculiar mind, not unknown in theology and in politics, which loves a doubt far more dearly than it does a demonstration;" a Brother Radley, "whose golden text always was, 'It is good for brethren to dwell together in unity;'" a Dr. Humbletop, ex-minister; a Mr. Alleman, Principal of the Valley Rest Academy, and "suspected of certain fashionable heresies;" a Squire Woodhouse, "one of the old settlers who had joined himself to the Second Church, to avoid being tormented about what some of the members of the First Church termed his rationalism;" and so on. The staple of conversation is theological, and the old warfare is carried forward between the letter and the spirit, between character and cant, between bigotry and liberalness, between Christianity in forms and Christianity in substance. The lines and tints are those of caricature, but the purpose is everywhere honest, manly and excellent. The reverence of the book for the essentials of the Christian idea is undisguised, but its drift toward liberal interpretations quite as unmistakable. Thus, Squire Woodhouse *loq.:*

"God Almighty's kingdom isn't any four-acre lot with a high stone wall and a whole string of warnings to trespassers; his Kingdom takes in all out-doors; every man alive is his child, and got a right to come and go in his Father's house, even if he don't sit on the same style of chair or creep under the same kind of bed-clothes that his brothers do. If he don't like the meat, or bread, or dessert that somebody else is eating, the table's so full of other good things that he *can't* go hungry unless he insists upon it. There isn't one of you but's got more religion and brains than any of the twelve apostles ever had; but none of *them* were ever turned out of *the* Bible class, though one of them, who was a thief, was man enough to stay away of his own accord, and voluntarily go to judgment."

The subordinate title of the book, "Sketches of Everybody's Neighbors," is very apt. We all know Dr. Humbletop, Mr. Buffle, Deacon Bates and Mr. Hopper; and these photographs of them in familiar attitudes will be quickly recognized. Mr. Habberton writes here out of a deeper experience than he has made use of heretofore, and his pages contain not a little of both counsel and comfort for a weary and heavy laden humanity. As this book is so certain of being widely read, we are glad that its tone is so wholesome.

Brief Honors. [Jansen, McClurg & Co.]

The object of this book, which has been attributed erroneously to Mr. Habberton, is to illustrate and condemn the extravagant and dishonest practices of not a few Life Insurance Companies. But, like many another well-meant effort to expose evil, it is itself so extravagant and untrue to fact as to fail largely of effect. While as an argument against life insurance, it is comparatively ineffective, and as a love-story, crude and inartistic, it is nevertheless vivacious in style and healthy in tone. We note several inaccuracies in the proof-reading, and enter a protest, in behalf of some of our readers, against the substitution of the gray-tinted paper for the clear white, which furnishes a better background for type.

The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity. Bampton Lectures for 1876. By Wm. Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

The saying that only a poet can interpret a poet is finely illustrated in this volume. As we read its glowing pages, unfolding the poetry hidden under the remote allusions and imperfect translation of these old Hebrew Psalms, we feel the truth of the lines:

"Never praise of love or wine
Panted forth a flood
Of rapture so divine,"

and in the seemingly tautological parallelism we hear what Ewald finely calls "the alternate beat of wings," and agree with Herder who speaks of the repetitious verses as "that language of the heart which has never said all, but ever has something more to say." The book is a fine example of the modern style of Biblical commentary, made familiar by Dean Stanley in his *History of the Jewish Church.* Like that author, Bishop Alexander has a vivid realization of the sacred writings as literature. With the fullest faith in their inspired character, he sees in them the spirit and temper of the writer, while his own literary skill and sympathy is a most helpful guide to a full understanding of them. There is a final requisite of the commentator just getting recognition, and that is *the literary sense* or *feeling.* Were this quality insisted upon in expounders of the Bible as something necessary in addition to reverence and learning, it would greatly help towards disencumbering it of the many hard, unnatural and harsh interpretations now resting upon it. Bishop Alexander has this quality in a high degree, as indicated by his rich and abundant quotations, and the exquisite finish and delicacy of his style. Our readers may not find in the Psalms all that our author finds, but they cannot read his pages without finding new meaning and beauty in a part of the Bible that doubtless some have considered rather dull, whether read or "said or sung." For professional students the book has a value that cannot easily be overstated.

The Burning of the Convent. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

A true and tragical story is related in this little volume; belonging to that class of truth which is stranger than any fiction. First printed privately, it is now formally published in compliance with the general wish of those who read it in its first form. The author is Mrs. Louisa Goddard Whitney, a lady of Cambridge. The Convent in question was one that stood on the slopes of Mount Benedict, in a part of Charlestown, Mass., now Somerville. The time was the summer of 1834. Mrs. Whitney, then a child, was a pupil of the Convent. Of the fearful scenes attendant on its destruction by a mob of Protestant fanatics she was an eye-witness, and her narrative is as vivid and circumstantial as if the event had occurred only yesterday. Strange things have happened in the history of religious ideas in New England, and the burning of this Convent was one. We believe it to be without a parallel in this country. It is well for the sake of history that the fact has been rescued in this authentic manner from the oblivion which was fast gathering about it.

Our National Bane. By George L. Prentiss. [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.]

This luxuriously printed pamphlet, by the Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, is an important contribution to the current literature of civil service reform. It contains a sketch of the history and evils of the "spoils system," and some sensible suggestions concerning the true principles upon which any attempted reform of it must rest. The reader will be interested in the account of the opposition with which the doctrine "To the victor belongs the spoils" met at the hand of the best men of both parties at the time of its first adoption by Jackson; and those who find rotation in office and the machinery of custom house rings a political necessity, will do well to take to heart the severe denunciations of Webster and Calhoun, with whom no words were too strong to condemn the new doctrine and its future results. In contrast

with the author's description of the wretched system which generally prevails is his account of the real reform in it which, within the last ten years, has taken place in the New York Post Office, under the direction of Postmaster James; a reform worth more than a hundred arguments as a demonstration of the practicability of what the advocates of a radical change in the civil service have constantly urged. Dr. Prentiss's essay is open to criticism on some minor points. We do not agree with him that either the decision of the Senate in 1789, by which the power of removal was decided to be constitutionally vested in the President, or the four years' law of 1820, can be reckoned as stages in the progress of the spoils system, or as anything more than the casual leaving open of so many doors, through which the base intruder entered at a later day. We also object to the *ad captandum* assertion that "the party in power would in the end gain" by a reform in the present policy, since, as the author says: "Patronage dispensed on mercenary principles is a source of weakness rather than of strength." This is not so, except in the form of the truism that every evil in time works its own cure. If it were, it would cut from under foot one of the grounds upon which the proposed reform rests. A great objection to the present system is that through its power to perpetuate the *status quo* by working on the self-interests of office holders, the easy dissolution and re-formation of parties, by which alone live issues can be brought to the front, become impossible.

A Manual of Sorrento and Inlaid Work, for Amateurs, with Original Designs. By Arthur Hope. [Chicago: John Wilkinson.]

This book, we presume, has its field quite to itself, even as the pretty recreation of which it treats stands quite alone among pleasant pastimes for dexterous fingers. Woods, tools and processes are described with careful detail, and designs are presented in abundance. A copy of this book, with an outfit, would make a nice present to a boy of mechanical and artistic tastes.

Illustrated Guide Book for Mount Desert Island. By Mrs. Clara Barnes Martin. [Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.]

Illustrated Guide Book to Rangeley Lakes, etc. By Charles A. J. Farrar. [Lee & Shepard.]

Two unlike, but each in its way charming, regions of Maine are described in these books, both of which we commend to all summer travelers. The picturesque scenery of Mount Desert has had, so far, louder proclamation than that of Rangeley, but the latter locality is rapidly coming into notice, and is destined to be a very popular resort. The Rangeley Lakes deserve a better guide-book than Mr. Farrar's, which is good enough in plan, but clumsy and slipshod in execution, and, we are sorry to say, not always trustworthy. It will have to do, however, for the present, as there is no other to be had. Of Mount Desert Mrs. Martin writes in very much the vein that Mrs. Thaxter has chosen for her book on the Isles of Shoals; and the volume is published in a really elegant style. The photographic illustrations which accompany it are gems of art, and the map is positively one of the finest pieces of typographical drawing and engraving which we remember ever to have seen.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

— The noticeable article in *Scribner's* is a long and strikingly illustrated story by Tourguéneff, whose title, "The Nobleman of the Steppe," will at once catch general attention, alert as that is to seize everything germane to the present crisis in the East. There is nothing better than such light material as this with which to build upon the solid foundation of historical fact and figure, made so abundant of late. "Bow Shooting," for a novelty, "The Battle of Bunkerloo," for a burlesque, and "The Nether Side of Life Insurance," for a lesson, all in the same number, are especially to be commended to the reader.

— In the *Atlantic*, Mr. Aldrich leads off with the first chapters of his new story, "The Queen of Sheba," which begins, as so much of his work has begun, at Portsmouth, N. H., and works off "up-country" in the form of a horseback journey by its apparent hero, Mr. Edward Lynde. The tale progresses far enough to make it evident that Mr. Aldrich's hand has not lost its cunning. Mr. Howells's contribution is a characteristic story, complete, in a German setting, "At the Sign of the Golden Savage;" a paper by Mr. W. J. Stillman on Moosehead Lake in Maine, a brief poem by Mr. Lowell, and a "A Century of Congress," by Hon. J. A. Garfield, being the other leading features.

— *Lippincott's* is richer than common, which is saying much, in pictures of foreign scenery and life. Under this head come Lady Blanche Murphy's third paper on the Rhine; "A Day's March through Finland," by David Ker; "Primary and Secondary Education in France," by C. H. Harding; and "An English Easter," by Henry James, Jr.—This last-named article is well supplemented, or rather accompanied, in the *Galaxy*, by Richard Grant White's "The Heart of England," a pleasant account of his journey from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon. In the *Galaxy* also we have found valuable matter in Mr. T. M. Coan's Essay on Matthew Arnold's "Gospel of Culture," in Miss A. B. Harris's brief paper on Charlotte Brontë, and in the sketch of George Sand by the above mentioned Mr. James.—The leading article in *Appleton's Journal* is a *resumé* of the Prince of Wales's tour in India.

— As to *Harper's*, we are moved to take this opportunity to remark upon the singular and seemingly arbitrary plan pursued by its publishers of withholding from its pages the names of contributors thereto, but supplying them indirectly to the public by means of a table of contents accompanying a sheet of extracts scattered abroad among the editors. Since contributors' names are to be given, why not give them in the most direct way, namely, in connection with the articles to which they belong, as is the habit of the other magazines? How much it would add to the interest of readers of this number, for instance, to be able to see for themselves that the pretty poem "On a Naughty Boy Sleeping" is by Bret Harte, and that entitled "Stronger than Death" by Miss Phelps; instead of being left to learn these and kindred facts of authorship by roundabout and uncertain ways. We wish *Harper's Magazine* would change its rule, and give the public the names of its writers on the same pages with their work.

TABLE TALK.

. . . My experience as a teacher has taught me that nothing is harder than to make the average school-boy and school-girl *talk* about Shakespeare's characters; and that nothing perhaps, serves better to *start* them than the presentation of rival criticisms. They *will* take sides with one or the other, and then you can get them to give *reasons* for doing so; and thus a lively discussion may sometimes be got up. W. J. R.

Cambridge, Mass.

. . . WASHINGTON Gladden puts all pastors and other Christian workers under fresh obligation by his "Christian Way," which admirably supplements "Being a Christian." The last-named book I count the most useful manual since "Still Hour." C. H. W.

New Haven, Conn.

. . . IN your notice of the Fitz-Greene Halleck statue in Central Park, appears a trifling error, viz: instead of being situated on the southwest side of the mall, it is on the southeast.

F. R. H.

New York.

. . . I WANT to say as a soldier, who shared a little in the hardships of the war, that Dr. Mahan's criticisms [on the war] are just. Ever since I marched in the mud and slept on the wet leaves, all because of the incompetence of our generals, I have wished that the day might come when some one would so thresh them out that all America would know that our war was a war of great military mediocrities, and that their conduct was so incompetent that hereafter we should cover them with silence and for very shame be dumb, except when we spoke of the bravery of the common soldiery and the unprecedented work of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. Of these we may well be proud. J. H. J.

North Abington, Mass.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Answer to Query 9. I have ascertained that "Master Eckart's Sermon," by R. H. Stoddard, first appeared in the *Christian Union*. The legend is given in *Hours with the Mystics*, by R. A. Vaughan, Vol. I, p. 152. London ed. 1860. The poem is a gem in its way, and I think your readers will thank you for preserving it.

H. P. C.

By favor of our correspondent we have the poem, which we are obliged to reserve until another time.

(12.) I wonder if I shall be giving you "useful information" if I tell you that the spelling "pro-

gram" is based on the analogy of *epigram*, *monogram* and sundry other *grams?* And *does* Francis's translation of Horace "still stand in the first rank" (except in the opinion of sophomoric riders of *ponies*), and is Bulwer's as good as Theodore Martin's, of which there is a reprint in Osgood's blue-and-gold series? And did your querist [9] mean a good translation of *Horace*, or of that one phrase? Fowler hits the nail on the head in saying that "most perfect" is *rhetorically* correct, though not *logically* so; as *you* do on *correct* and *accurate*. R.

(13.) Please tell me the correct pronunciation of Black's "Princess of Thule:" is Thule pronounced with two syllables or one? E. L.

There has been a controversy on this point, but we believe the correct pronunciation to be as if the word were spelled *Thuly*. In this connection our correspondent may be interested in the following bit of verse which was published some time since in the *Evening Post:*

"Having got suggestions newly,
I say now 'Princess of Thule;'
Yet my friend persists in cooly
Styling her 'Princess of Thule.'
Still another (although you'll
Wonder) says 'Princess of Thule.'
My bookseller has a fool
For clerk, who says 'Princess of Thule.'"

(14.) Will you be kind enough to favor us with some information as to what class of books is best adapted to children under ten years of age? H. L. P.

Muncie, Ind.

We will not undertake to answer this question exhaustively, but on the spur of the moment suggest Jacob Abbott's *Rollo Books*, *Little Learner Series*, and *John and Mary Gay Series;* Sophie May's *Dottie Dimple* and *Little Prudy Series;* Mrs. Prentiss's *Little Susy Library;* and Whittier's *Child Life*. We should be glad, with the aid of our correspondents, to make up a longer and more serviceable list.

(15.) Is the author of that very pleasant work, issued by Loring, *Dot and Dime*, known? If so, can you kindly give the name? F. H. C.

Newcastle, Me.

The name is known, but we are not at liberty to reveal it. The author is a young unmarried lady, born in Glasgow, and now living in Texas, where she became personally familiar with the characters described in her book, which we believe is her first one. She is quite young, and, judging from her photograph which is before us, a very bright and captivating little body.

(16.) Have the kindness to inform me what are the attainable works touching Metempsychosis, or the Transmigration of Souls. Two works I already have; viz., Figuier's *To-morrow of Death*, and Alger's *History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*. I am specially desirous of getting, if possible, English translations of Bonnet's *Palingénésie*, Reynaud's *Terre et Ciel*, and Fourier's works on Cosmogony. If translations be lacking, can I get these works in the original tongue from any American bookseller? Finally, is it possible to get any of the works of Thos. Lake Harris: for instance, his *Arcana of Christianity*, *Epic of the Starry Heavens*, etc.? C. E. M.

Greenwood, Cal.

Of the French works our correspondent names none have been translated into English that we can find; nor can they be had in French of any American bookseller. Bonnet's *Palingénésie* is in his works, 10 vols., 4to, and Fourier's ideas on cosmogony are in his *Œuvres Complètes;* but there is no chance for finding either separate, and not much of Bonnet anyway. Christern, 77 University Place, New York, would import them if to be found. Reynaud's *Terre et Ciel* (Paris: 1866) could no doubt be found. Let our correspondent read (if he has not done so) Plato's *Phædo* in Jowett's translation, and the article "Transmigration" in *Chambers' Cyclopædia*, and he will get some useful suggestions and references. For Buddhist and Brahminist doctrines see Johnson's *Oriental Religions*, Vol. I, and the authorities on Buddhism, such as Hardy's *Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*, and his *Manual of Buddhism;* Eitel's *Buddhism*, Three Lectures, etc. Harris's poems were published in New York in 1856, 1858, 1860, and are not now in stock, but might be picked up of Colby & Rich, Boston, or some of the second hand dealers. Some information of later date than that referred to in Prof. Abbot's bibliography in Mr. Alger's *Doctrine of a Future Life* could be gathered by searching the indexes of religious and philosophical periodicals. The words Metempsychosis and Transmigration are, however, neither of them in Poole's Index.

P. S. There was also an edition of Bonnet's works in 8vo, along with the 4to one, viz., at Neufchâtel, 1779. The volumes of this seem to be arranged as if for sale separately, and in it the *Palingénésie* occupied two volumes.

LITERARY NEWS.

—The list of deaths since our last issue has grown to be long and somewhat weighty. It includes the names of John Lothrop Motley, the eminent historical scholar and author; Fletcher Harper, the last remaining of the original members of the celebrated publishing house in New York; Mrs. Elizabeth Fries Ellett, best known by her *Women of the Revolution*, but the author of a number of other works of merit; Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield, author of *The Household of Bouverie* and other popular novels; Mrs. Caroline Norton Maxwell, an English writer, whose marriage only a short time since at an advanced age to Sir William Maxwell, when she was almost helpless from paralysis, excited so much comment; Miss Mary Carpenter, also of England, the author of a number of works designed to influence public opinion in behalf of educational and other reform; Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, one of the most productive and widely read of American authors; Mr. Charles F. Briggs, a veteran and useful New York journalist, once associated with Edgar A. Poe on the *Broadway Journal*, afterwards an editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, and for the three last years of his life upon the staff of the *Independent;* and Robert Dale Owen.

—The lectures on the early history of Congregationalism which Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D., has just been delivering in course at Andover Theological Seminary, are going directly, though slowly, into print, and will be published probably next year, simultaneously with their repetition for the second time at Andover — there being three deliveries in all. They are the fruits of an exceedingly minute and painstaking search of original sources of information in the great libraries of England and the Continent, and are rooted in a life-long and enthusiastic study of the subject, upon which Dr. Dexter has come to be justly considered the first living authority. The abstracts of these lectures, which the *Independent*, with habitual enterprise, has been publishing, have given a general idea, though only a faint one, of their popular elements; while in their final form they will probably constitute the most valuable addition yet made to our thorough and authentic knowledge of the originating and preserving forces of New England character and life.

—The first book printed in England by Caxton was *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, the imprint of which bore date 1477. Original copies of this exist in the British Museum and in the private collection of Mr. Samuel Christie-Miller at Britwell House, Bucks, the latter being the finest known. It is a small folio in perfect preservation, beautifully printed in black letter on an ash-grey paper, with red initial letters, and is one of the best examples of Caxton's press. The reproduction of this work in *fac-simile* is to be one of the features of the celebration of this four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England, and the greatest pains will be taken to ensure an accurate mechanical likeness. Mr. J. W. Bouton of New York will have the disposition of the one hundred copies to be sent to America, the price of which to subscribers is fixed at $10 each.

—Mr. Ffyfe is to write for the Messrs. Cassell a popular history of this nineteenth century, which is to appear, one volume at a time, as fast as it is ready. Sir Charles Dilke, it is understood, has a similar work in hand, though as yet he has got but little further than the collection of materials.

—The Eastern question is still receiving attention from English authors and publishers. A new edition is just ready in London of *The Slavonic Provinces of Turkey-in-Europe*, by G. M. Mackenzie and K. B. Irby, a book made famous by Mr. Gladstone in his Hawarden speech; and Macmillan & Co. announce *Turks and Greeks*, an account by Hon. Dudley Campbell of a recent journey through Greece and the Turkish provinces in Europe. The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge also has in press a *History of Asia Minor*, by Mr. W. S. W. Vaux.

—J. R. Osgood & Co. have in preparation a choice work on American Colleges, which will take the world to which it relates, we fancy, somewhat by surprise. There are to be illustrations in heliotype of twenty-four such colleges, in some instances more than one of each, with historical and descriptive letter-press furnished by persons connected with the several institutions. The work is being prepared under the editorship of Mr. C. F. Richardson of the *Independent*, whose experience, judgment and taste give assurance of a fine and valuable volume.

—S. C. Griggs & Co. of Chicago, announce *Tangled*, a story by "Rachel Carew," the scene of which is laid at a fashionable resort in Switzerland.

—A most important adjunct to *Appleton's Cyclopædia* will be the analytical and topical index thereto, which Rev. Dr. T. J. Conant has been engaged a long time in preparing. The publishers had hoped to bring it out before this, but the immense amount of labor involved has made delay unavoidable. The manuscript is now, however, about ready for the printers, and the appearance of the work may be expected before many months.

—Rev. Joseph Cook, who has been looking over the advance sheets of the forthcoming Life of Charles Sumner, tells us that in his opinion

Mr. Pierce, the biographer, has distanced Mr. Trevelyan in his life of Macaulay. He pronounces the work "German in its thoroughness," and a masterpiece of its kind.

— The late Rev. J. S. C. Abbott led an eventful life, which brought him into many associations of great interest. The scenes of his college days at Bowdoin he was especially fond of recalling, where Longfellow, Cheever, Hawthorne, Stowe, Pierce and others widely known in later years were his classmates or companions. From a private and unpublished letter of Mr Abbott's, recalling some of his impressions of that period, we quote this passage.

"Cheever was famous for his extensive reading. The college library, a very valuable one, he thoroughly explored. Frank Pierce, as he was always called, was the most popular man, or rather boy, for he was very young in college. He was always a gentleman of good mind, good scholarship, and high-toned morals. In trying our skill in jumping, Frank could generally jump farthest. Prof. Stowe, though one of the religious students (and there were but few such in college then), was the wag of Bowdoin. Whenever he spoke the college laughed. . . . The boy Longfellow was pattern of the man Longfellow. He was then a poet of no mean note — very handsome, always well dressed, with no taste for any but refined pleasure. His effusions in the papers were eagerly sought for by all the young ladies. Hawthorne was a recluse; pensive, thoughtful, a constant reader. He never uttered a loud word or laugh while in college. Though not unpopular he lived alone, communing with his own thoughts; Pierce was his most intimate friend. Jonathan Cilley, shot by Graves, was a young man of exceeding ambition and great power over others. He was not a young man of high moral instincts. His class did not thus regard him. But he led the class. If he wished to win any one to his side, he would take his arm, and the work was done."

— Mrs. James Geddes Day is diligently progressing with her anecdote biography of her grandfather, Daniel Webster. Portions of the manuscript which we have been permitted to examine give promise of an entertaining volume.

JUNE PUBLICATIONS.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium.	L., large.
S., small.	Ob., oblong.
Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

The thickness of books may be inferred from the number of pages.]

FICTION.

THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS. By William Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 219. Paper. 25c.

MY SUMMER IN PORKOPOLIS and other Papers. By Esel Dorf. Cleveland: Coöperative Printing Co. M., pp. 145.

UNCLAIMED. A Story of English Life. By an English Woman. Boston: A. K. Loring. S., pp. 261. Paper. 50c.

IN CHANGE UNCHANGED. By Linda Villari. [Leisure Hour Series.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 308. $1.25.

GARTH. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. L., pp. 291. Paper. $1.00.

A WOMAN-HATER. A Novel. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 251. $1.25.

Do. Do. L., pp. 178. Paper. 75c.

LA GAVIOTA — the Sea-Gull; or the Lost Beauty. Translated from the Spanish of Fernand Caballero. (Cecilia Böhl de Faber.) Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 291. $1.50.

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THE AMERICAN SENATOR. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 190. Paper. 50c.

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THE WASHINGTON-CRAWFORD LETTERS: Being the Correspondence between George Washington and William Crawford, from 1767 to 1781, Concerning Western Lands. With an Appendix, Containing Later Letters of Washington on the Same Subject; and Letters from Valentine Crawford to Washington, Written in 1774 and 1775. Chronologically Arranged and Carefully Annotated. By C. W. Butterfield. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. L., pp. 107. $1.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RHODE ISLAND. By George Washington Greene, LL. D. Providence: J. A. & R. A. Reid. M., pp. 356.

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BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE. A Monograph. By T. Wemyss Reid. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 236. $1.50.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY; His Life and Writings. With Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. In two volumes, M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Vol. I, pp. 398. Vol. II, pp. 362. $4.00.

LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST, the American Tragedian. By William Rounseville Alger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Ext. L. Vol. I, pp. 432. Vol. II, pp. 432. Sold Only by Subscription. Samuel Walker & Co., Boston, Special Agents. $10.00.

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CONWAY'S IDOLS AND IDEALS.*

THE title of Mr. Conway's book indicates his weakness and his strength. As an iconoclast he sometimes attacks realities which are not idols, and his blows are often inaccurately aimed. As an idealist he is refreshingly positive, constructive and fervent. In the Essay on Christianity he takes much the same view of its future as does Mr. Francis E. Abbot. The successive sections treat of Its Morning Star (Christ himself), Dawn, Day, Decline and Afterglow and The Morrow. This Christianity, the day of whose decline has already set in, is not the doctrine of Jesus, nor His moral teaching, but the dogmatic system, commonly known as Calvinism. Mr. Conway relieves Jesus of the burden of its characteristic doctrines, and draws a picture of Him which does not depart widely from the current Unitarian portrait. But he declares Unitarianism, with every other form of Liberal Christianity, to be but the afterglow of Christianity's expiring day. The two systems which he at first contrasts, Calvinism and the Christianity of Jesus, he identifies in the end. The prophets of the extinction of Christianity are generally thus inconsistent, and they leave us in too great darkness as to our religious future. Too much of Mr. Conway's criticism of the Gospels is indefensible. His rejection of the name "Jesus" and of the residence of Christ in Nazareth, for instance, is quite arbitrary, for if we are not "certain" of historic reality in the name "Jesus of Nazareth," we are certain of little or nothing in the Evangelists. While the author's accuracy in criticism is not such as to inspire confidence, his tone in speaking of Jesus is never carping. A genuine admiration of the character and life of Christ inspires him:

"In estimating a great man we should surely look to that wherein he was unique, individual, exceeded his age and added to it. I see plainly that there are some words and actions ascribed to Christ which are inferior to others, while they are in some cases equally authentic. But, believing that Christ was a man, I believe that he grew, and it is our duty to estimate him at his highest, and not at his lowest."

Mr. Conway himself is at his highest in the first portions of his work. Now and then very hard and unsympathetic, as in his treatment of Prayer, he is often admirable in the last seven essays. In the "Pre-Darwinite and Post-Darwinite World" he makes a good point that the "survival of the fittest" is not necessarily the "survival of the strongest." In the "Real and Ideal," "Flower and Thorn," "The Angel of Death," and "The Dream of Socrates," Mr. Conway is at his very best, preaching a noble and exalted idealism. Observers of the "signs of the times" in the religious world may well spend thought and attention upon a faith delivered with so much thought and feeling. Its theology may not be truly catholic, but its ethics are worthy of all praise. We quote only this:

"Those moral excellencies and intellectual powers which are here to be obtained only by patience, self-denial, fidelity, study, we may be sure will not be obtained elsewhere at a less cost. Socrates saw that any higher world must be only a widening out of this world; and if science coming after him shows the most distant planet similar to our own in substance and revolving by the same force that turns this, we may be equally sure that we shall never get beyond the stern laws of thought and virtue any more than we shall get beyond the law of gravitation."

* Idols and Ideals, with an Essay on Christianity. By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. Henry Holt & Co.

A NEW LIFE OF POE.*

ONE might infer from the wording of this title that no other life of Poe had ever been written; or that, whatever others have been written, this is *the* life, *par excellence*. The latter we presume to be the assumption of the author, even if it should not prove to be the verdict of the public. Other sketches of Poe there have been, not less than eight, in fact, short or long; one of which, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold's, is virtually the occasion of this. For it is not enough to say that poor Poe is dead and buried; he has been damned so far as the hitherto recorded judgments of this world are concerned; and Griswold's memoir has had, probably, as much to do as anything with forming these judgments.

Mr. Gill is clearly a partisan of Poe's, and writes as such rather than as a truly historic biographer. All that was good in the poet's character and all that was agreeable in his life our author, in the fullness of a reverent affection for his memory, would be likely to discover and disclose; and no opportunity would be lost to expose and upbraid Dr. Griswold and other alleged defamers. We are inclined, therefore, to accept Mr. Gill's presentation of the subject as being the most favorable which the facts will justify. And we must say that at important points he seems to us to essentially modify the generally accepted portrait. In that portrait the repulsive has predominated. Mr. Gill erases some of the more repulsive lines and gives distinctness and strength to others which are attractive. Poe is still left a strange, weak, wayward being; victim of a crazing appetite for drink; unstable, reckless, improvident and quarrelsome; full of traits which offend one's moral sense; in all a great nature sadly marred; but his constitution and environment are here so brought out into the light as to make him an object to be compassionated and forgiven rather than sentenced and cast out; while certain dark traditions with which his name has been associated are made wholly or nearly to disappear.

The main facts which Mr. Gill establishes in contravention of statements passed into currency by other biographers are that Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809; that he was not expelled from the University of Virginia, but completed his intended course there, and, though irregular in his ways, and addicted to gambling, was in good repute as a scholar, and enjoyed in no small degree the confidence and respect of the officers; that his expulsion from the Military Academy at West Point was purposely obtained, because of his failure to get the needed consent of his foster-father to his voluntary withdrawal; that he did not enlist as a private in the regular army, or go abroad as far as St. Petersburg with the idea of joining the Greeks in their struggle for liberty; that his engagement of marriage with Mrs. S. H. Whitman, subsequent to the death of his wife, Virginia Clemm, was not broken off because of a drunken outrage committed at her house, but for other reasons, which seem in no way to have disturbed his place in her respect; and that, in the general, he was not dissolute in the ordinary sense of that term.

We cannot better give our readers an idea of the redeeming mission of Mr. Gill's volume, than by extracting one or two of the many passages bearing upon the above points. Mr. Wertenbaker, Secretary of the University of Virginia at the time of Poe's attendance, bears testimony as follows:

"On one occasion Prof. Batterman requested his Italian class to render into English verse a portion of the lesson in Tasso, assigned for the next lecture. Mr. Poe was the *only one* who complied with the request. He was highly complimented by the professor for his performance. Although I had a passing acquaintance with Mr. Poe from an early period of the session, it was not till near its close that I had any social intercourse with him.

"After spending an evening together at a private house, he invited me to his room. It was a cold night in December, and his fire having gone nearly out, by the aid of some candle ends and the wreck of a table he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour

* The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. W. F. Gill & Co.

with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the amount of money he had wasted, and the debts he had contracted.

"In a biographical sketch of Mr. Poe, I have seen it stated that he was at one time expelled from the university, but that he afterwards returned and graduated with the highest honors. This is entirely a mistake. He spent but one session at the university, and at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty. He was not at that time addicted to drinking, but had an ungovernable passion for card-playing."

In 1832 the proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, a Baltimore paper, offered two prizes for the best prose story and the best short poem. The judges appointed to examine the manuscripts were John P. Kennedy, Dr. James H. Miller and J. H. B. Latrobe. Poe was one of the competitors, and won the prize in the first instance with his "MS. Found in a Bottle." At the time he was not personally known to either of the committee, but he subsequently called upon Mr. Latrobe, who furnishes this sketch of his appearance:

"He was, if anything, below the middle size, and yet could not be described as a small man. His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself erect and well, as one who had been trained to it. He was dressed in black, and his frock coat was buttoned to his throat, where it met the black stock, then almost universally worn. Not a particle of white was visible. Coat, hat, boots and gloves had very evidently seen their best days, but so far as mending and brushing go, everything had been done, apparently, to make them presentable. On most men his clothes would have looked shabby and seedy; but there was something about this man that prevented one from criticising his garments, and the details I have mentioned were only recalled afterwards. The impression made, however, was that the award made in Mr. Poe's favor was not inopportune. *Gentleman* was written all over him. His manner was easy and quiet, and although he came to return thanks for what he regarded as deserving them, there was nothing obsequious in what he said or did. His features I am unable to describe in detail. His forehead was high, and remarkable for the great development of the temple. This was the characteristic of his head which you noticed at once, and which I have never forgotten. The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable. His voice, I remember, was very pleasing in its tone, and well modulated, almost rhythmical, and his words were well chosen and unhesitating."

After Poe's marriage to Virginia Clemm he resided at one time with his delicate child-wife in a house on what was then the Bloomingdale Road, in the upper part of Manhattan Island, near what is now the corner of 84th Street and the St. Nicholas Boulevard; "a plain, old-fashioned, double-framed dwelling, two stories high, with eight windows on each side and one at either gable." Here, some time late in 1844 or early in 1845, his famous poem, "The Raven," was written. His landlady, a Mrs. Brennan, "recalls the poet as a shy, solitary, taciturn person, fond of rambling alone through the woods or of sitting on a favorite stump of a tree down near the banks of the Hudson River. There she has often observed him gesticulating wildly, and loudly and excitedly soliloquizing. She speaks of him as eccentric, and yet as very quiet and gentlemanly in his manners. He wore, at this time, a small moustache, which he had a habit of nervously twirling."

As a piece of literary work we regret to say that we cannot give Mr. Gill's volume unmixed praise. He has displayed greater enthusiasm in collecting his materials than skill in their arrangement or nicety of touch in their presentation. Not a little editorial carelessness and typographical blundering disfigure pages which should have had the most scrupulous attention. Where shall we look for a neat and exact style and perfect external workmanship if not in the memoir of a literary personage? We do not like Mr. Gill's spirit or language towards Dr. Griswold; who, whatever his offenses as a biographer, does not deserve to be spoken of in the terms here employed. Poe was no saint, and while we may well use charity in judgment of him, they are not to be denied a share in that charity who have felt that his deformities call for severe reprobation. Mr. Gill would have strengthened his argument if he had kept his temper. The volume is enriched with a portrait of Poe, and a number of other illustrations, all on wood, among which are several fac-similes. In this respect a good appreciation is shown of what such a work should be.

MORGAN'S ANCIENT SOCIETY.*

HISTORY is now not only sought out but created; and even a higher credit is claimed for the history that is the brain-work of to-day than for that enbalmed in ancient traditions and chronicles. It is with the past of humanity as with the primitive geological ages. The tilting of portions of the earth's crust brings to the surface strata that otherwise could be studied only by excavations impracticably deep, and lodges on the hill-tops fossils that belong many fathoms under ground. In like manner there survive in Australia and in Central America, north and south, tribes that belong to a palæozoic epoch, with words, idioms and customs that are manifestly relics of a still earlier age. The constructive method in history hardly dates farther back than Niebuhr; but it is this alone that converts history from mere antiquarian detail and gossip into a science, and because a science, a prescience. The method is strictly philosophical. It is deduction founded on previous induction. By the careful collation of facts, scattered, fragmentary, miscellaneous, conclusions are drawn as to the mental and moral culture or non-culture of the race of which those facts are the fossil remains; and from the type of mind and culture thus determined are deduced the institutions, habits and social condition to which these isolated facts belong, and in which their respective places can be ascertained. Thus, as Cuvier or Agassiz would reconstruct a lost fish or mammal from a few broken bones, so can their compeers in the science of humanity restore a buried nation or a prehistoric age, if there remain of it any vestiges not wholly obliterated.

It is to this class of inquiries that Mr. Morgan has devoted himself with a keenness, perseverance and energy in which he has certainly no superior, few if any equals. To the unpractised, yet appreciative, reader, his reasonings seem to have almost the validity of mathematical demonstrations; but that they fall short of this is evinced by the divergent conclusions drawn from the self-same premises by other authors of kindred ability and acumen. Such differences by no means impair the authenticity of the large proportion of results equally attained by independent routes of research; by routes, too, so recently opened and as yet so imperfectly surveyed, as to leave abundant reason to hope for further and determining light on the very points now at issue. Here we have, again, the analogy of geological controversies, which have been resolved, not by reasoning on the discoveries in which they had their origin, but by profounder investigations which interpreted those discoveries.

Mr. Morgan divides the ages of human development into three ethnical periods, Savagery, Barbarism and Civilization; the invention of pottery marking the boundary between the first two, the use of a phonetic alphabet that between the latter two. Savagery and Barbarism are subdivided, each into three periods, Lower, Middle and Upper. In the lower period of savagery man merely lives, subsisting on the spontaneous products of the earth, and capable of no efficient resistance to the lower animals, still less of deriving any revenue from them. The use of fire and the acquisition of fish as food constituted a second era of greater physical comfort, yet still of hardly diminished peril. The invention of the bow and arrow, of equal and inestimable importance for safety and for subsistence, marks an immense stride of progress, and converts man's hold upon the world around him from a precarious tenancy to a mastery and lordship. Barbarism has also two salient epochs in its advance toward civilization; the first consisting in the domestication of animals, systematic agriculture, and the construction of dwellings, either of which indicates the termination of a merely nomadic life; the second, in the use of iron, without which civilization would have been impossible.

The Lower status of Savagery has left no record of itself; nor within historical epochs has there been known to exist any tribe or fragment of a tribe which had not advanced

* Ancient Society, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery, through Barbarism, to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D. Henry Holt & Co.

beyond it. As for the Middle and the Upper status of Savagery, it can hardly be said that they have had, unmodified, any prolonged observable existence; for the contact of civilization uniformly introduces enough of its implements, weapons and simpler arts to convert the savage into a barbarian, even when it stimulates and intensifies the passions and vices of savagery. But changes of this sort are superficial, and do not extend to beliefs, habits of thought, domestic and social relations, and, least of all, to language; which, in all nations and at every moment, is condensed history, and bears more intimate relations to the past than to the present. There is, therefore, no barbarous race or tribe which does not embody in its actual condition, habits and speech, much that can be accounted for only by a condition of things appertaining to a remoter antiquity than it can remember. For instance, there is no now known nation which has not marriage as an established institution, and which does not practically recognize the orders of kindred growing out of the marriage-relation. Yet there are extant numerous tokens of an earlier condition of society, when there was no permanent union between the sexes, and when separate families had not begun to be. We have them even in the Jewish Scriptures, in which, in repeated instances, brothers and sisters on the father's side, but by different mothers, are regarded as not debarred from intermarriage. We have them most abundantly in the relationships, as reckoned, in not a few tribes still extant, in which consanguinity is accounted to exist only in the female line of descent, in some cases with a confusion of degrees in that line which can have resulted only from the dwelling together, without distinction of family, of all the posterity of a common ancestress. Nor can we account in any other way for the undoubted priority of inheritance by the tribe to inheritance by children, and for the numerous instances, in which such rank, office or honor as could be transmitted passed by the female line. The *patria potestas* is comparatively modern, and was preceded by ages, during which the family was slowly detaching itself from the *gens*, or group, and assuming under maternal sway its interior order and its place as the type and norm of the civilized community or nation. Indeed, there are not wanting vestiges of the formal transfer of parental supremacy from the mother to the father, and in a tribe in the interior of Hindoostan there still survives, in connection with the advent of the new-born child, a grotesque ritual which has this, and can by no possibility have any other meaning.

So far as this, we do not find that our creators of primeval history differ essentially from one another. But when they undertake to define the relations that preceded marriage, they fall into opposite camps. Mr. McLellan, in his book on *Primitive Marriage*, has given an elaborate sketch of the pre-marital and pre-domestic relations and groupings of humanity, not to say society, which Mr. Morgan repudiates, offering as the result of his own researches a parallel sketch filled in with some widely unlike features. "Non nostrum . . . tantas componere lites." We have read both authors on the points in dispute, and each in his turn has seemed to us to reason soundly on sufficient premises. May not both be in the right? In the chaotic condition of mankind which either supposition assumes, anterior to the birth of law, custom or acknowledged precedent, we can conceive that a wide diversity of individual caprice may have given rise to an equally wide diversity of usage in the same age and region, and thus to the seemingly conflicting testimony derived from the memorials of the earliest times.

It follows from the condition of primitive man that the patriarchal form of government could not have had the precedence assigned to it by writers of the old school. It is shown that the earliest associations must have been such fraternities as were determined in one form or another by female parentage or ancestry, sometimes the descendants of a common ancestress; sometimes the children and grandchildren of a cluster of women living in irregular or promiscuous relations with several brothers or collateral kinsmen. From the confederacy of such brotherhoods for mutual aid, relief and defense, grew larger unions, which still were, for the most part, defined and limited by a real, supposed or imputed community of female descent, though in more remote degrees. Larger and larger confederacies were formed by successive combinations of smaller, till the earliest nations were aggregated into being — the nation before the country; for there were great and mighty nations even in the nomad period. Men did not become one people because they dwelt together; but because they had been one people, when wandering among other peoples, dispersed among them, mingling with them, when they came to crave a fixed abode, they sought it on the same soil, and made that soil their country.

Mr. Morgan finds vestiges of primitive man, not only among savage and barbarous tribes, but equally among the most highly civilized nations of antiquity,— in the *gentes*, phratries and tribes of Greece; in the Roman *gentes* and tribes, and equally in the Scottish clan and the Irish sept which can hardly be said to be yet extinct, though obsolescent.

Researches like Mr. Morgan's seem to establish the very great antiquity of mankind, far beyond the period which the records of the Old Testament postulate. Yet there is no just cause for disturbance on the part of those who revere and love the Bible. The day has gone by when intelligent men looked to the Divine inspiration for their chronology and history. The Bible attests the Divine element in it by its theology and its ethics; and such views of humanity in the remote past as ethnical science is now bringing to light, only add irresistible confirmation to the assurance — adequately strong before — that the sublime monotheism of the Pentateuch and the pure morality of the Decalogue could by no possibility have been the spontaneous product of the human brain.

One word more. While we have no objection to any proved theory of the antiquity of man, or of pre-Adamite man, still the time-element is that with reference to which there can be the least certainty. As in geology, so in ethnology, a small variation in the conditions may have made an immense difference in the rapidity of development. As a century may have witnessed greater changes in a given coast-line than had taken place in a thousand years before, so advances which some tribes, three or four millenniums old, have not effected, may have been achieved by others, under slightly divergent influences, in a few generations. Let ethnologists only beware of dogmatizing too confidently on the length of their years; their well ascertained results will be cordially received by an intelligent public.

SUMNER'S LECTURES ON PROTECTION.*

PROTECTION and Free Trade have so long been discussed on theoretical grounds, that a work is to be welcomed which applies to the subject a historical method of treatment. Political Economy, perhaps more than any other science, stands in need of having its theories corrected by careful observation of their working in practice, and it is quite possible that the historical treatment of the protective system as applied in America may bring us to conclusions entirely new. If it can be shown by a great marshaling of facts that, however justifiable protection may be upon principle in a new country, its real results are yet a crippling of our prosperity by diverting industry into wrong channels, and a corruption of our politics by the introduction of selfish and personal ends into our legislation, then we may be sure that the system was a mistake in the first place, or that in our century of tariffs we have outgrown it. Prof. Sumner has done much in this little book to show the unsuccessful side of our protective system, and he draws a historical picture of our experience, in which all tariff legislation appears as little else than "a grand grab strug-

* Lectures on the History of Protection in the United States. By W. G. Sumner. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

gle between interests and sections." If good has resulted from this endless series of compromises between New England rum and Kentucky hemp, Pennsylvania iron and Southern molasses, it would seem to have been by accident rather than design.

The book is only a sketchy outline of the historical phase of the subject, and leaves more suggested than wrought out. It is, however, a good beginning on a somewhat new basis of study, and we hope that it will be followed by something more extended, in which the pure theory of the English economists and their followers in this country will be replaced by historical and statistical discussion of the facts in our distinctively American political economy. Protectionists themselves admit that their system is but temporary, its object being to give a fair start to industries for which our people are adapted, but which need some encouragement in their beginning. A wide field is open for somebody to show just how near we are, in years or decades, to the period when we can throw off all restrictions; or, if this is to be done gradually, then what manufactures will be first ready to stand alone. Then again, if our people are to be forever wedded to the protective theory, as they at present seem to be, a plan not unlike the patent system is to be devised, by which new industries, springing up for the first time, may receive for a limited period the fostering care of government. The Free Trade period of 1846–60, to which Prof. Sumner devotes but a brief space, also needs an exhaustive treatment by a comparison with the years of tariff. This, we believe, is all unworked ground, and may be expected to yield something new.

Some of Prof. Sumner's incidental attacks on the general theory of protection are successful, others not. Of Hamilton's celebrated Report he leaves but a few shreds hanging; and his refutation of the "political" argument, according to which protection to home industries is necessary for our defense in war, is unsurpassed.

We observe that our author occasionally drops a word which seems to indicate that he has some radical misconception of the object and effect of the protective system. He speaks of the "advantage" expected to accrue to a protected industry, as though protection raised the rate of profit. He also says that the system "has created privileged classes, who were saved from the risks and dangers of business to which the rest of us are liable." This cannot be. Protection may keep an industry alive which might otherwise die, being inadapted to the country; but the universal play of competition will not allow its profits to go beyond those of an industry not protected. Besides, it is idle to talk thus of "privileged classes," where the movement of capital and labor from trade to trade is as easy and unrestricted as it is here. Protected industries are exposed to commercial crises equally with others, as to-day's facts show. Nearly all manufactures are at a standstill, but the unprotected Illinois farmer is still giving ten *per cent.* for Eastern capital.

PAGE'S MEMOIR OF DE QUINCEY.*

THE form in which the publishers have issued this book indicates their confidence in the interest with which De Quincey is regarded in this country. The type, paper and binding more than justify the price, and reflect great credit upon the firm that gives us these sumptuous volumes. Nothing seems lacking to prevent this from being regarded as a complete biography. Its faults are those of excess. No aspect of its subject is overlooked, and its details probably are as full and minute as is possible. Except one widely distinguishing fact De Quincey's life was uneventful; by far its greater part was spent in seclusion; he was a solitary; he wrote but few letters. A half dozen pages would amply tell the story of his external life. Still we feel that these stout volumes are none too long to convey a full conception of this marvelous man; they are the history of a mind rather than of a life. But if his life were uneventful, his associations were such as command the deepest interest. Not the least valuable parts of this biography are the side glances of Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Wilson — men of whom we can never hear too much.

De Quincey's long life of seventy-five years was spent successively in Manchester, Oxford, London, Grasmere and Edinburgh or vicinity. The latter residence covered a period of more than thirty years, during which time the greater, though not the most abiding, part of his literary work was done. He will always be associated with his enormous use of opium, but the effect of this biography is to make us feel more and more that it was an *incident* of his life, and that so far from adding to his literary power, it probably was a detracting force, and that while his fame rests mainly on his *Confessions* and *Suspiria* — works inspired by opium — still the habit acted as a constant depriment upon powers that otherwise might have yielded far more brilliant results.

What De Quincey would have done without opium it is as hard as it is idle to conjecture. His physicians, however, assert that he would not have survived to middle life without it. He had four periods of complete submission to its use, each extending over a period of two or three years; his life was mainly spent in a struggle against it that grew more successful as he advanced in years; but this was attended by a subsidence of disease. In justice to him it should always be remembered that his habit had at least a partial justification in bodily pain.

As to his literary habits, he was of the Bohemian type; he had not a habit of composition that was not bad. He wrote upon any scrap of paper he could find, and henceforth he had done with it. At Lasswade he occupied a room that held a bath tub, into which was tossed the freshly written page, to be sorted out while the press at Edinburgh was waiting for copy. While in the City he often wrote till he had "snowed himself in" with MS., and he actually several times moved his quarters to be rid of the accumulation, as a western farmer moves his barns away from straw. He would send copy to the press written upon the margin of leaves torn from books, and alas! sometimes from borrowed books that even then were not returned. He wrote under the pressure of poverty alone — ambition playing but a small part in his strange drama. When he wanted a guinea he wrote an article. He had no specialty except the general one of criticism. He took up the most diverse themes and treated them with apparently equal interest and ability.

Here, however, the Bohemian element ceases. Whatever the carelessness of habit or method, there was no carelessness of style or thought. The compensation had no relation to his treatment of the subject. Here his conscientiousness was supreme, and the elaboration of style and thought was carried to the highest point. It is not easy to speak too strongly of his style, or to commend it too earnestly to the study of young writers who can be persuaded that there may be better models than Carlyle and Mark Twain. No writer of English shades his thought with language so well, or measures the potentiality of his every word so accurately. In the twenty-four volumes of his collected works, there is not a phrase or sentence of doubtful meaning; yet few writers have so involved a style; but the involution is parallel with the thought, and runs along with it in a natural way. His lucidity chiefly springs from his thorough conception of his subject, and then from a rare artistic sense that demands a corresponding form. But beyond this clearness, what delicacy, what Homeric nobleness, what rhythmic grandeur! His sentences march before the enkindled imagination as battalions of soldiers sweep in review before a king — swift, orderly and majestic.

It will always be an occasion of just pride that De Quincey was first thoroughly appreciated in this country, and there is a debt of gratitude to Mr. James T. Fields for making the first collection of his widely scat-

* Thomas de Quincey; His Life and Writings, with Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

tered writings. But for this work it is not improbable that he might have been wholly forgotten by his countrymen, as was fast coming to be the case. Certainly his present English reputation is but the echo of the American. This renders the question of his place in literature more interesting, as it involves the question whether we were mistaken in our estimate of him. Is his place a lasting one? He was mainly a critic, and criticism does not easily become classic. Many of his articles were upon themes that demand constantly fresh treatment, and already have little value save their style, and as furnishing material for letter writers. We think, however, that there is a niche in our literary Pantheon as yet unfilled, unless it is accorded to De Quincey — a place corresponding somewhat to that of Richter and Novalis — the place of a dreamer or visionist, whose gift springs spontaneously from the imagination, and is in no wise connected with the will, and so only by chance is found in one who has the artistic capacity to utter his vision. This rare idiosyncrasy of mind, united with such rare power of expression, and joined also with a habit which was not so much a cause as an aid of the dreams, has resulted in a body of literature unique in character, and marked by the loftiest qualities of literary art. Our opinion is that it will take a permanent place in English literature, even though M. Taine seems never to have heard of it. The fact that there is a revival of interest in De Quincey — perhaps it may better be called a dawning — indicates permanence of reputation. A late recognition is more significant than an immediate one, as indicating that the author was independent of the sympathies of his age, and so wrote out of his own inherent strength and greatness.

We remarked that the faults of Mr. Page's biography are those of excess. We cannot be too thankful to him for giving so full details of De Quincey's life, and for showing us how gentle and charitable he was, how tender to little children and servants, how reverent, and how earnestly he strove in the battle of life for which he had hardly a quality that fitted him — an etherial, morbidly sensitive, weak-willed eudæmonist, as he called himself; but the editor unnecessarily burdens his pages with defense of the literary character of his subject. If that does not fix itself, nothing that Mr. Page can say will alter it. He is over anxious, or too zealous, and raises questions where otherwise there would be no doubt. He has also overloaded his pages with quotations from De Quincey's writings in proof of his genius — a work of total supererogation. Indeed, the biography is largely a plea for his hero, as well as a statement of facts concerning him; whereas the latter is all we need. Otherwise the work is only to be commended. Its most interesting feature is the long chapter of reminiscences by Mr. James Hogg, if we except a letter of Carlyle's, which we regard as one of the most charming epistles that ever fell under our eye. We have now read it again, and double the emphasis of this statement.

ALGER'S LIFE OF FORREST.*

THIS life of the eminent American actor fills two handsome royal octavo volumes of more than four hundred pages each; or, rather, the strictly biographical portion makes up perhaps half of the work, while the rest is occupied with disquisitions on the dramatic art, criticism, divorce, friendship and sundry other subjects. In his preface, the author says:

> "The plan of the ensuing biography is that of a philosophical history, which adds to the simple narrative of events a discussion of the causes and teachings of the events. The writer has interspersed the mere recital of personal facts and incidents with studies of the principal topics of a more general nature intimately associated with these, and has sought to enforce the lessons they yield. His aim in this has been to add to the descriptive interest of the work more important moral values. The thoughtful reader, who seeks improvement and is interested in the fortunes of his kind, will, it is believed, find these episodes attractive; and the frivolous reader, who seeks amusement alone, need not complain of disquisitions which he can easily skip."

It is hardly fair, however, for Mr. Alger to intimate that only "the frivolous reader" may complain of his digressive disquisitions. The title of the book is "Life of Edwin Forrest," and the thoughtful reader who is attracted to it by his interest in the man may be not unrighteously angry at being compelled to sift out the biography which he wants from the philosophy which he does not want. The latter may be good in its way, and welcome enough to the same reader at another time, but he may reasonably object to having it thrust upon him when he is not seeking it, and behind a title-page that gives no hint of it. The author says that the interpolated disquisitions can be easily skipped; but there are some readers who from principle are averse to skipping, and others who do not know how to do it judiciously; and we may add that there are some who cannot help being vexed to find, after buying a book on the faith of its title, that only half of it fulfills the promise of that title. The name of a book should tell precisely what it is, and if it be not merely the life of an actor but a series of essays on the history, philosophy and uses of the drama, and other topics less directly suggested by its nominal subject, that fact ought to be distinctly set forth on the title-page.

The author's plan, as stated by himself, appears to have been conscientiously carried out. It was Forrest's desire that Mr. Alger should be his biographer, and in their first conversation on the subject, Forrest said: "Tell the truth frankly. Let there be no whitewashing. Show me just as I have been and am. If the whole truth be told," he added, "I am perfectly willing to bear all the censure, all the condemnation that justly belongs to me. Therefore use no disguising varnish, but let the facts stand forth."

These instructions the author has faithfully obeyed. He evidently has had no fear that his hero would suffer from a frank admission of his faults and defects, and in illustrating these he has given many details which at first thought one would say were better omitted. On looking at them more carefully, however, we see that their introduction shows a refined tact, if it be not merely a lucky accident, inasmuch as they help us to understand the peculiar character of Forrest. He was "an elemental man," or, as Mr. Alger afterwards expresses it more clearly: "he was insuperably democratic in his very bones," with a rooted repugnance for the forms and conventionalities of the polite world, "free and downright in honest speech and demeanor, making his outer manifestations correspond exactly with his inner states." Such a man is very liable to be misunderstood, and the many little anecdotes that are given to illustrate the better side of his nature, not always put outward in his behavior to the world, are really illustrative, and enable us to form a fairer estimate of him than would otherwise be possible.

The story of Forrest's early life is well told, if indeed it be not the best part of the biographical half of the work. When he was thirteen his father died, and he had to leave school and help support the family. He had already shown a taste for the stage, and had been a member of a juvenile Thespian club, playing in a woodshed to a "house" of schoolboys. A year later he made his first appearance on a real stage, taking the part of a girl, but owing to some unlucky incongruities in his make-up, the *début* was a ridiculous failure. Not discouraged, he made another attempt in the character of Harlequin, and won the applause of the audience. At fifteen he made another "hit" as Norval, and from that time his success was assured, though for several years he barely earned a living by his art. In 1824, at the age of eighteen, he got an engagement in New Orleans, and here his fame and prosperity may be said to have fairly begun. At twenty, he was playing in New York at $40 a week, and the manager was glad to secure him for the next season at $200 a night, for eighty nights. From this time his career was a succession of histrionic triumphs.

In 1834 Forrest went to Europe, to spend two years in travel and study. Mr. Alger

* Life of Edwin Forrest, the American Tragedian. By William Rounseville Alger. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

gives the following interesting incident of his stay in Paris:

"He had formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the manager of one of the theaters. This manager had a *protégé* of whose nascent talent as an actor he cherished a high estimate. The youth was to make his *début*, and the manager asked the American tragedian to attend the performance and give his opinion of the promise it indicated. At the close of the play, asked to state his candid impression without reserve, Forrest said to the manager: 'He will never rise beyond a respectable mediocrity. It is a perfectly hopeless case. There are no deeps of latent passion in him, no lava-reservoirs. His sensibility is quick, but all superficial. But that Jewish-looking girl, that little bag of bones, with the marble face and the flaming eyes,—there is demoniacal power in her. If she lives, and does not burn out too soon, she will become something wonderful.' That little bag of bones was the then unknown Rachel!"

On his return to England, Forrest visited Stratford-on-Avon:

"With the eagerness and devotion arising from the lifelong enthusiasm of all his professional studies and experience, reinforced by the feeling of the accumulated homage paid at that shrine by mankind at large, he wandered and mused in the places once so familiar with the personal presence of the poet, and still seeming to be suffused with his invisible presence. In the day he made a careful exploration of the church where the unapproachable dramatist lies sepulchred. Late in the evening, when the moon was riding half-way up the heaven, he clambered over the fence, and, while the gentle current of Avon was lapping the sedges on its shore almost at his feet, gazed in at the window and saw the moonbeams silvering the bust of the dead master on the wall, and the carved letters of the quaint and dread inscription on his tomb."

There must, we think, be something of imagination as well as romance in this paragraph. The only window in the Stratford church through which the bust of Shakespeare could be seen is the great east window (not then filled with stained glass); and to get a view of it through that would be impossible, unless one should climb up to the window, which is so high above the ground that even the stalwart actor could hardly have reached it without a ladder.

The story of Forrest's domestic unhappiness, and his separation from his wife, is briefly told, as it should have been; and the disquisition on divorce that follows might well have been omitted.

The account of the trouble with Macready, and of the bloody riot in New York to which it led, is very full and complete. The beginning of the difficulty is traced back to Forrest's professional visit to England in 1845, and the affair is a curious illustration of the state of feeling that then existed between the two countries. One can hardly believe, as he reads the narrative, that these things happened only some thirty years ago.

Mr. Alger's style, as those who have read his earlier books are aware, is often overwrought and inflated. The following specimen is perhaps worse than the average, though it is taken quite at random:

"In this long tour and deliberate tarry abroad, wisely chosen in his early manhood, before his nature had hardened in routine, with plenty of money, leisure, health, freedom and aspiration, he had drunk his fill of joy. His brain and spine and ganglia saturated with an amorous drench of elemental force, drunk with every kind of potency, he swayed on his centres in revelling fullness of life. He had been in these two exempted years like Hercules in Olympus, with abundance of ambrosia and nectar, and Hebe on his knee."

Which, being interpreted in the vernacular, means nothing more than that he had had a thoroughly good time. The first sentence expresses that strongly enough; the second, which is little removed from nonsense, and the third, with its not very tasteful classical allusion, might well have been spared.

We have alluded to the elegant dress given to these volumes by the publishers, who have made them quite perfect in all points of external form. The illustrations, which include three portraits of Forrest at different ages, besides representations of him in nine of his leading *rôles*, with a portrait of his mother, etc., are steel engravings of more than average excellence.

POEMS OF PLACES.*

OF five lately issued volumes in this green-and-gilt "Little Classic" series, three relate to Italy, the land of song, and two to Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Holland. The plan pursued is to arrange such choice poems as are in any way localized, whether descriptive or narrative, in the alphabetical order of the places to which they refer. We find at the outset twenty-seven selections upon Italy as a whole, about half being from native authors. Then follow "Alban Hills," "Amalfi," "Apennines," etc., with more or less matter germane to each. The city most celebrated in verse is of course Rome, whose hundred poems are classified as suggested by her "hills, ruins, streets, churches and palaces, Protestant cemetery and campagna." Italian authors are well represented — Horace, Dante, Tasso, and many others less known; while Virgil appears sixteen times. The translations are by various hands, and are scrupulously credited. It is to be regretted that there is no index of the authors, who represent all periods, from Homer to W. D. Howells. Their eminence bears no relation to the amount they furnish in this book, as would be the case in a general selection of poetry. No hymn-book could be compiled without leave of Watts and Wesley; but it would be possible to make a collection of hymns of a certain class to which these prolific poets would contribute but little. So in these pages Shakespeare appears but five times, and Tennyson but once (in "The Daisy"), simply because they chanced to write but little about Italy or Spain. Lord Byron leads the list with forty-four selections, and of Mr. Longfellow's own poems we have eighteen, not including a few translations.

The editor appears impartial in his use of material, doing full justice to his fellow-countrymen; indeed, Edgar A. Poe's malicious review article ("Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists,") has not prevented the insertion of Poe's noble juvenile verses on "The Coliseum," beginning:

"Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!"

The principles upon which selections are made may be indicated by the three extracts from Milton. Under "Piedmont," is that thrilling sonnet:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
. . . . . .
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks."

Under "Rome" is the elaborate description of the grandeur and glory of the imperial city shown by Satan from the mountain in "Paradise Regained:"

"He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea; and on the the north,
. . . . . an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate,
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes," etc. etc.

And when, following the alphabet, we reach "Vallombrosa," we find merely three well-known lines from the great epic:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, embower."

The second Spanish volume contains twice as much of Portugal as of Spain, a hundred pages of Belgium—largely Bruges, Ghent and Waterloo, and unpoetical Holland closes the volume with forty rather mild-flavored pages, one of the best things being Holmes's "Robinson at Leyden:"

"He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer
His wandering flock had gone before,
But he, the shepherd, might not share
Their sorrows on the wintry shore."

It is inevitable that a work of this kind should exhibit a certain sameness and artificiality; but nobody could more satisfactorily have carried out Mr. Longfellow's idea than he himself has done. In poetry, as in painting, the public taste loves to be guided by a master, and many will peruse with pleasure the pieces which a great poet has thought worthy to be set before them. Convenient in size, tasteful in appearance, clear in print, these volumes will find a welcome on many tables, and especially in the pockets of many a continental tourist.

* Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. J. R. Osgood & Co.

MR. HOFFMAN'S ADVENTURES.*

THIS very interesting little volume comprises two quite distinct groups of experiences, unconnected except by the personality of the author. Its first third

* Camp, Court and Siege. By Wickman Hoffman. Harper & Brothers.

relates events on our own soil during the rebellion, when the author was a staff-officer in the Union army; the latter portion describes court life in Paris, the war with Germany, the siege and famine, and the reign of the Commune, as seen when he was in the diplomatic service. Mr. Hoffman was an intelligent observer, and is a modest writer. He enjoyed exceptional opportunities, and tells what he knows in a very pleasing and graphic manner. His book abounds in curious and valuable information not easily obtainable from other sources. He admires Gen. Butler as a military administrator, and depreciates Gen. Banks, while conceding the latter's ability shown in his civil career. He quotes at length Butler's remarkable eulogy of Brig. Gen. Williams, killed at the battle of Baton Rouge, and adds:

"Williams was an original thinker. He had some rather striking ideas about the male portion of the human race. He held that all men were by nature cruel, barbarous and coarse, and were only kept in order by the influence of women — their wives, mothers and sisters. 'Look at those men,' he would say. 'At home they are respectable, law-abiding citizens. It's the women who make them so. Here they rob hen-roosts and do things they would be ashamed to do at home. There is but one thing that will take the place of their women's influence, and that is discipline; and I'll give them enough of it.' I used to think his views greatly exaggerated, but I came to be very much of his opinion before the war was over."

During the siege of Port Hudson there was a curious friendly understanding established between the soldiers on the opposing sides:

"When they were tired of trying to pick one another off through the loop-holes, one of them would tie a white handkerchief to his bayonet and wave it above the parapet. Pretty soon a handkerchief, or its equivalent — for the rebels did not indulge in useless luxuries — would be seen waving on the other side. This meant truce. In a moment the men would swarm out on both sides, sitting with their legs dangling over the parapet, chaffing each other, and sometimes with pretty rough wit. They were as safe as if a regular flag were out. No man dared to violate this tacit truce. If he had done so, his own comrades would have dealt roughly with him. After a while, on one side or the other, some one would cry out, 'Get under cover now, Johnnie,' or 'Look out, Yank, we are going to fire,' and the fire would recommence."

While in the American embassy at Paris, Mr. Hoffman officially met many distinguished persons, including the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the kings of Prussia and Belgium, and he gives us his impressions of them. Especially he tells much of interest about the Emperor and Empress of France, and shows in what manner Napoleon was forced into war by the Church party. During the siege of Paris the writer remained in the city with Minister Washburne, and he here communicates many facts about the famine, and the prices of various kinds of food. Although horses, mules, sewer-rats and the wild animals in the public gardens were devoured, and the distress was terrible among the common people, "there was no time in Paris when money would not buy good food, though it would not buy fuel, for that had been seized by the Government."

The success with which Paris communicated with the outside world by means of balloons appears very remarkable; for our author says that "of ninety-seven balloons that left Paris during the siege, ninety-four arrived safely — about equal to railway trains in these latter days. Two fell into the hands of the enemy, and one was never heard of." This latter is supposed to have drifted out to sea and been lost, for some letters which it carried were washed ashore at Cornwall, among them one from the writer, which he still preserves "as a souvenir of the siege and the sea." Seldom do we find a more entertaining book, and in its way it is quite a contribution to literature.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.*

MR. Stephens has been an intelligent student of the Koran and of Moslem history, and in his lectures on *Christianity and Islam* supplies what is specially needed by those who desire to know in what kind of religion "the unspeakable Turk" has been educated. Though the Koran has been reprinted in "The Chandos Series," and may be had for a song, it is not the Bible of Christendom, and needs precisely such a book as the one here named to enable one to contrast its teachings with those of the Scriptures, and bring them out in that bold relief which provokes further inquiry.

Mr. Stephens has made books before; and while the present work contains nothing new, it meets the very need which at present exists. It contains a statement of the origin of Christianity and of Mohammedanism, a sketch of the life and character of Mahomet, the Bible and the Koran as contrasted in their theological and moral teachings, and a comparison of the practical results of Christianity and Islam. The lectures are plainly and readably written, and should precede or accompany the study of the Koran, being in fact the best Christian introduction to it with which we are acquainted. They contain what everyone wants to know without going through with a large and extensive treatise. Taken with Osgood's hand-books of the people and of the countries included within the range of the Eastern war, they supply all which is necessary for the intelligent reading of the newspapers, and remove the vagueness which most people have in their impressions of the war and the nations engaged in it.

Mr. Stephens brings out forcibly the distinction which Dr. Arnold was wise enough to make, that while other religions show us "man seeking after God," Christianity shows us "God seeking after man;" and applies it to the difference in kind between the Koran and the Bible. At every point the book presents us with well-digested information, compactly and concisely stated, and since the Eastern Question has its roots largely in the religious differences between the Turks and the Christians, the line of instruction here followed is one which has great practical interest and which indicates to some extent how these difficulties may be surmounted.

Mr. Towle's two little books * continue the useful series he has undertaken to furnish under the impulse of the present Russo-Turkish war, and are of the same general character with the others we have already noticed. They are hardly more than sketches of a journalistic grade, but their form and the maps accompanying make them suitable for preservation and reference.

MINOR NOTICES.

Our Theological Century. By John F. Hurst, D. D. [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.]

In our theological history the author of this little work finds much to praise and little or nothing to censure. The growth of our theology has been characterized by sound philosophy, noble scholarship and fervent spirituality. Into its service American theology has attracted the best of American thought, and it has taken hold of the affections of the people with a strength unexampled in history. The most valuable part of the book is comprised in the last eight pages, in which the present needs of our theology are pointed out. These needs are "ecclesiastical historiography," "scriptural interpretation in the light of recent geographical discovery," and "comparative theology." The book is misnamed: it is as much concerned with our theological history previous to 1776, as with that of the last hundred years.

Harry. By the Author of Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. [Macmillan & Co.]

Do. Do. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

To print rival editions of this rather commonplace poem is much like making two bites at a cherry. We do not think the loss would have been great to the lovers of good poetry in this country if it had not been reprinted at all. It is a novelette in verse; and neither is the novelette particularly interesting nor the verse particularly good. There is to the work a certain tenderness and purity of sentiment, and an approach to ease and grace of diction, which make an opportunity for success; but the opportunity is not improved. What merit it possesses lies in the delineation of a woman's wifely love to a man not worthy of her.

* Christianity and Islam: The Bible and the Koran. Four Lectures by the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* Modern Greece. By George M. Towle. J. R. Osgood & Co.

A Brief History of Montenegro. Do., Do.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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COMPENSATIONS OF INTELLECTUAL TOIL.

THERE is just now a revival of sympathetic comment upon the inadequate pay received for their work by professional men, particularly those whose profession is literature. The current belief that the chief cook of our most famous Boston hotel receives higher wages than the salary of the president of our most famous American college is placed to the sore discredit of the popular appreciation of learning and service. And a pitiful tale is repeated of the returns in money which the productions of our most successful authors have brought them.

Mr. Longfellow, we are told, has earned only about $60,000 in his life-time of writing; Mr. Bryant, by all of his labor outside of journalism, perhaps $25,000; Mr. Emerson not more than $20,000; and so on; the moral of all this experience, and more like it, being, we suppose, that the intellectual professions "do not pay."

No, they do not "pay" in the currency of this very material world. Under ordinary circumstances the teacher, the minister, the editor, the author, work as no other men work, and earn far less pecuniarily than they might perhaps in other ways.

It *is* rather humiliating, at first thought, for the average intellectual workman to learn that he might double his income the first year as a salesman in a metropolitan furniture shop.

But deeper and wiser reflections come to enhearten one, in face of such demoralizing facts as these. And chief among them is this, that the true pay for intellectual labor is not made in dollars and cents, and is not to be measured by earthly standards. There is a world of things not seen and eternal. It is the rare privilege and high distinction of the intellectual workman that he lives and labors in that world, and that his work, so far as it be good and true, is indestructible and must abide. In this fact lies his great reward. Between the capitalist, the manufacturer, the banker, the mechanic — all mere money-makers, living-getters, on the one hand, and those who by any method work on spiritual materials for enduring ends, there is thus a great gulf fixed. And to be on the right side thereof is great gain!

We venture then to guess that the president of our most famous American college would not change places with the chief cook of our most famous Boston hotel, for the sake of securing the latter's larger salary in place of his own; and that neither Mr. Longfellow nor Mr. Bryant nor Mr. Emerson lament the kindly providence that lifted them out of the noise and heat and vulgar struggle of the marts of men into the statelier, purer, happier positions they occupy and adorn.

Intellectual workmen have meat to eat that the world knows not of. And we do not believe that they ask compassion of those who happen to be fed more abundantly on a less substantial and satisfying food.

INDEXING AS A DISCIPLINE.

THE value of a good index is so evident that most readers, not to speak of those who have occasion to refer to books frequently on special subjects, are ready to sympathize with the eminent statesman who proposed to hang immediately any author who published a book without an index. The work which the originator of this journal did for the readers of Bancroft's *History of the United States*, and of other books beyond mention, ought always to be had in grateful remembrance. He suffered the pains of indexing to a sad degree; but there is on the other side a pleasure in indexing, however the assertion may provoke a smile among those who will be equally incredulous as to suggestions of the benefits of such dry and monotonous work.

To a man of a restless temperament and unmethodical habits there can be no better discipline than the indexing of any large volume he may be reading. Let him take any biography, history, or book of travels, read it, and index it analytically as he goes along, and at the conclusion he will find every fact of importance indelibly impressed on his mind. So treating Boswell's *Johnson* or Macaulay's *Life*, and the reader at the end will find himself possessed of a fund of anecdote, simile and epigram, which will prove of the greatest service.

The reader who is disposed to undertake this new game is recommended to supply himself with a few thousand slips of paper about four inches long and one inch wide. One title only should be written on each slip, and the entire lot arranged alphabetically when the book is finished or as the work progresses. Then the bundle of slips may be secured by an elastic band, and put safely aside for future aid in reference to a book thus made to be vastly more interesting than any one could possibly be after casual reading.

One might profitably file away his daily or weekly journal, indexing it as it is read, and binding it up at the end of the year with a sufficient number of fly leaves to admit of writing out or pasting in the slips. The result would be the acquisition of a valuable cyclopedia of current events, besides the intellectual discipline inseparable from the work itself.

IT is notable that our leading papers are attempting a higher range of critical work than they formerly aimed at. The *Boston Advertiser* and the *New York Times*, *Tribune* and *World* now publish several times a week critical articles on current literature which are prepared by some of the best writers in the country, and which are exerting an influence upon general culture that cannot be too highly valued. The daily journals could not do a better work in the general education of the community than by thus encouraging literary studies. And we cannot too much help on good critical work. Every volume of carefully prepared criticism should be hailed with joy because it is a direct stimulant both to authors and to readers; and it is in works of this character that our own literature is most deficient.

SEVERAL expressions of regret have lately reached us that we do not allow more space to Table Talk, Notes and Queries, and Literary News. Now, stale news (pardon the contradiction) we do not like to print; and fresh news (pardon the tautology) it is hard for a monthly to provide. A manufacturer of news we do not profess to be. Our Table Talk, which is genuine and not counterfeit, we shall be glad to have our correspondents make as full and lively as they can. As for Notes and Queries, we cannot half the time supply the former, let alone propounding the latter. Still, in these respects and in all others we shall gratify every reasonable demand of our readers to the utmost of our power. We trust the present number may be accepted as an earnest of our intent.

WE think it is worthy of note in the interest of American scholarship that the director of the "New Shakspere Society" (London) says of the Rev. Henry N. Hudson's work entitled *Shakespeare: His Art, Life and Character:* it "is the best original commentary of its kind in English that I know." This Society is doing a good work in stimulating inquiry and in settling the probable chronological order of Shakespeare's works. It has a large number of members in the United States.

THE *Independent* of July 19 has, as it seems to us, a very just and sensible article on "Literary Pay," viewed more especially in its material aspects. The ground taken is that journalists and litterateurs, generally speaking, receive as good compensation in money for their work on the average as men of other professions. We do not know but this is true. All things consid-

ered, intellectual workmen have little occasion for grumbling, and, indeed, there is little grumbling among them.

After all, the promising thing about Mr. John Habberton is the modesty of the man. The successes of his books do not seem to have turned his head a particle. It is said, indeed, that he looks upon all the work he has done so far as simply experimental; a feeling of his way to the field wherein he can best put his pen to permanent service.

Our thanks are due to many of our readers for names of such of their friends as are likely to be interested in the *Literary World*. We are sending out large numbers of specimen copies, and are happy to say that our subscription list is steadily increasing.

Among the late arrivals from Europe at the port of Boston was "Mr. S. C. Holm." He would seem to be about as near "Saxe-Holm" as any of us have guessed yet.

KEATS.

THE recovery and publication (in the New York *World*) of a batch of old letters written by John Keats to a brother George, who came to this country in 1818, has aroused new interest in the memory and work of one of the most gifted of English poets. Keats's career was brief and melancholy. He died in Italy in 1821, at an early age, before winning the recognition which his genius deserved. For half a century now his fame has been steadily rising, and those who look back upon the course of English poetry during that period, trace his influence in many directions. His few years were embittered by disease, but more by the jealousies of his contemporaries. The letters in question throw much fresh light upon his character and life. We quote a few passages:

"I have finished a tragedy, which, if it succeeds, will enable me to sell what I may have in manuscript to a good advantage. I have passed my time in reading, writing and fretting — the last I intend to give up and stick to the other two. They are the only chances of benefit to us. . . .

"My name with the literary fashionables is vulgar; I am a weaver-boy to them. A tragedy would lift me out of this mess. And mess it is, as far as regards our pockets. But be not cast down any more than I am. I feel I can bear real ills better than imaginary ones. . . .

"You speak of Lord Byron and me. There is this great difference between us. He describes what he sees. I describe what I imagine. Mine is the hardest task. You see the immense difference. The *Edinburgh Review* are afraid to touch upon my poem. They do not know what to make of it. They do not like to condemn it, and they will not praise it for fear. They are as shy of it as I should be of wearing a Quaker's hat. The fact is, they have no real taste. They dare not compromise their judgments on so puzzling a question. If on my next publication they should praise me, and so tug in Endymion, I will address in a manner they will not at all relish. The cowardliness of the *Edinburgh* is more than the abuse of the *Quarterly*." . . .

Almost simultaneously with the publication of these letters has appeared in the August *Harper's* a pleasant article upon Keats, written by one who enjoyed acquaintance with his nieces, residents of Louisville, Ky. One of these nieces, Mrs. Philip Speed, is a sister-in-law of Hon. James Speed, Attorney General under President Lincoln. The two sketches of Keats by his friend, the artist Severn, now in Mrs. Speed's possession, are thus described:

"The water-color sketch of Keats, although unfinished, is very good. It represents him leaning upon his elbow, with his hand at his cheek, looking dreamily into distance. Although it is the farthest remove from glad or merry, it is not at all despairing or hopeless, expressing rather the spirit of young poetic reverie, pensive yet ardent, tender yet flushed with the rapt longings of a warm and glowing imagination. The forehead is broad and open, the waving brown-auburn hair parted and brushed away from the brow. The eyes have great clear depths of hazel-brown; the nose is finely cut; the lips and chin have a sensuous fullness combined with the most sensitive delicacy in a union of rare beauty. . . . The hue of the skin is that of health, the red mantles naturally in the cheeks, the eyes look out from under their brows unvexed with suffering, and the whole face glows with the appearance of full, if not robust healthfulness. Keats had consumption, probably, when the portrait was sketched, but its ravages had not begun to appear. Joseph Severn did the little water-color of Keats not long before the two in company left England for Italy.

"There is another sketch in pencil which the same artist made of his friend . . . when the young poet lay upon his death-bed. Severn sat by him in his agony, attempting to divert him from bodily pain and painful thoughts by making a rough drawing of his features. It is a sad and piteous picture. Thin and wasted, with heavy lids whose dark lashes fall upon hollow cheeks, with hair dishevelled and tremulous lips, the poor boy-poet seems to have been tossing and beating out his life. His head droops to one side upon his pillow, and in this moment of exhaustion and quiet, the faithful friend, who loved him and stayed by him to the last, presents the closing scene in the short, mournful drama of his life."

Among all the tributes to Keats which the present occasion has called out, none has touched us as being more tender and true than one in *Appleton's Journal* for August, from which we make this extract:

"There is no doubt that the poetry of Tennyson, trimly as it compares with the lavish, untrained luxuriance of Keats, is largely indebted for inspiration to the author of 'Lamia' and 'Hyperion.' Passages constantly occur throughout Tennyson's writings in which this influence shows itself in a very marked way, and that it should exist is a fact none the less easily accountable than pleasantly true. Keats left to English literature a kind of vast poetic domain, ill-managed in various portions, here and there choked with rank overgrowths, sometimes requiring patient drainage, often demanding vigorous efforts of proper cultivation, but always, from its inherent resources of opulence, susceptible of the most valuable and superb improvements. Tennyson may be said to have thrown into terraces and parterres what Keats found in blooming wildness. . . .

"When we reflect upon the enduring attributes of this man's fame — how, like the ivy of his native land, it has steadily entwined its thrifty life about the stonework of English intellectuality; how the peculiar and delicious fragrance of his thought has become inseparable from all highest literary culture; and how his relation toward both preceding and subsequent poetry resembles one of those portions of some noble river which seems a lake, but is, in reality, only a broader interval amid the river itself — when these notable points are considered with due justice to their importance, we cannot but feel that Keats, in dying at so early an age, lost far less than is generally believed."

RECENT FICTION.

— *Nimport*, * which is the initial volume of a new — "Wayside" — series, is understood to be the work of a Boston lawyer, who withholds his name for professional considerations. It is a story — as its accommodated title might imply — of no-matter-where; but the scene and color are easily of New England. It is written with really a good deal of ability. The characters are well drawn, and stand forth with more than ordinary individuality. Many of them as there are, their outlines are not in any wise dimmed in the course of the story, which is quite long, though so skillfully printed as to make a book of very moderate size. There is Paul, a dreaming artist, elder brother and head of the Fonde family; a sister Peg, who goes as a governess to the Blighs; practical, brave-hearted Dosia, another sister, who stays at home "by the stuff;" a disagreeable old Aunt Bangs, who comes to play a maternal part to Paul and Dosia; and the young men whom the sisters marry. There is no particular motive to the story. Its force lies in the contrast of characters, in a sprightly action, and a play of pleasantry through a dialogue which is very cleverly sustained. The legal environment of the author is betrayed by some technical terms, and by a curious flaw in a will on which an important incident is made to turn. The style is clear and well-finished, with a tendency perhaps to over-elaboration, and a consequent trifling stiffness. But there is no taint to the book of any sort, and we have found it thoroughly interesting.

— *Hetty's Strange History* † is nearly if not quite the most extraordinary of the "No Name" books yet; in saying which, however, we do not mean that it is the best. The author would have us believe that her tale is founded on fact, but she must give us a more explicit declaration to that effect than is supplied by her specious but indefinite words at the close. That such a woman as Hetty Gunn should marry such a man as Dr. Williams, and then take the step she did in order to enable him to marry another woman, who she supposed could make him happier than herself, is, to speak mildly, incredible — unless, indeed, she were insane; but in that case the portraiture would be defective, for there is no suggestion of madness in her conduct as related. That conduct was monstrous, and the extreme improbability of the case is a decided artistic blemish — supposing, of course, as we do, that it is a pure fiction. If the history were a true one we should still yield a reluctant assent to the telling of it. The earlier passages of the

* Nimport. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

† Hetty's Strange History. By the Author of Mercy Philbrick's Choice. Roberts Brothers.

book are interesting, and there are good touches all along through, but as a whole it does not, in our judgment, begin to compare with *Afterglow* or *Kismet*, and it has left upon our mind the unpleasant impression always created by a life-history distorted and ruined by one terrible mistake. In a subordinate department the social sin comes in, though good use is made of this feature to teach lessons of repentance, expiation and Christian charity.

— The reader of *Coronation* * will find before he has gone over a dozen pages that he has in hand a book of singular freshness, power and originality. As a story, it will disappoint, failing as it does to fulfill the promise held out in the second title. It is in fact open to criticism on structural grounds; there is no central point of interest to which all events bear relation; there is a lack of artistic management in connecting the several parts; and the transitions are too abrupt and too frequent from the New England coast to the far West, and back. It is evidently the work of one inexperienced in constructing a plot; but none the less attractive therefor. The form of the slight narrative is autobiographical, and the two friends whose histories are told are original characters portrayed with such fidelity that the book, in spite of its lack of the dramatic element, and some of the qualities which go to make up the most attractive works of fiction, has a fascination peculiar to itself which holds the reader from first to last; and there is hardly a dull or common-place page in it. There is a singular charm in the conversations; in the quaint moralizing, and odd, incisive, strong way of putting things; in the freshness and vigor of thought; and in the devotional spirit, which, without being obtrusive or in any way suggestive of cant, pervades it throughout. It is a quickening and helpful book. And, beyond anything since Thoreau, it is an out-of-door book. The writer has lived and studied in the open air, and being keenly observant, and intensely loving the aspects of nature, he has reproduced innumerable phases of sea and shore with a skillful hand. It is the next thing to being there, to read the descriptions of the Manchester coast. One seems to breathe the salt air and hear the sound of the surf, till one is homesick for the sea.

— The author of *La Gaviota*† was that lately deceased "Fernan Caballero," the Spanish novelist, on whom we published a note in our June number. The plot of this novel is extremely simple. A German surgeon, Fritzen Stein, failing of success in practising his profession in the Spanish army, falls sick at a castle in Andalusia. Recovering, he practises medicine among the simple folk of the neighborhood, and marries Gaviota, (Sea-Gull) — a name which the Andalusians apply to "harsh-tongued, flighty women of unsympathetic mien and manners." Gaviota possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness and power. In the hope of gaining wealth and renown, he by his lancet and she by her voice, they depart for Seville and Madrid. Gaviota's singing converts Spanish nobles into ardent admirers. Escaping from an intrigue with the duke who first urged her to abandon Andalusia, she throws herself into the power of Pepe Vera, a professional bull-fighter. Her husband at once abandons her, and sails for Havana, where he soon dies. She, with health destroyed and friends lost, returns to her early home, where the story's close leaves her. The impression which the story makes on the reader is not commensurate with the author's reputation, or with her materials for her work. It contains no psychological analyses either keen or profound. Its men and women are not creations of great power, and, though placed in circumstances fitted for the display of the noblest or the meanest qualities, they fail to reveal the workmanship of a master. Like Jane Austen, Fernan Caballero is a truthful painter of manners, but, unlike the author of *Mansfield Park*, she sketches only exterior qualities and conditions. The action or movement of the story is rapid, particularly in its last half, but in spite of this excellence it fails, as a whole, to hold the reader's attention. Its moral influence is hardly to be commended, but it is, nevertheless, in many respects a truthful picture of life in the Spanish provinces and at the Spanish capital during the second quarter of this century.

— The remaining novels upon our list must be dismissed with a very few words. In *Mar's White Witch* * we have a Captain Mar marrying a young lady who declares that she does not love him, and finally awakening in her the tender passion.— In *Juliet's Guardian* † the Juliet loves the guardian, who is a Col. Fleming; and convinced that he is attached to her but restrained by poverty from avowing it, herself proposes to him, in ambiguous terms, "to share her fortune." He understands her to offer him money, and declines. She marries another, and being left a widow, writes to Col. Fleming renewing her proposal, and the two are happily reunited after many sad years apart.— *Miss Nancy's Pilgrimage* ‡ is well entitled "a story of travel," for it is a mixture of romance and sight-seeing, beginning on a steamer and closing in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, near "the pyramid, time-stained and indestructible, on which St. Paul's mortal gaze once rested, and which now guarded the last sleep of an American woman in a foreign land."— In *Nora's Love Test* * the heroine's grandfather, a perverse old miser, leaves her a fortune, though the fact is disclosed only by accident and long afterwards. In spite of her presumed poverty, and of her unworthy father, she is beloved and made happy.— Gilbert Beck of *The Golden Butterfly* † is an American speculator, who obtains an amulet from a California squaw. It is the work of nature, taken from a quartz vein; two thin wings of gold, chased like those of a butterfly, set in a bit of quaintly marked rock, which forms the body. So long as he keeps this charm unbroken he prospers; but it is shattered, and he fails. The story is full of incident, and presents American life much after the manner of *Martin Chuzzlewit*.— The theme of *After Many Days* ‡ is the satisfaction of love long deferred. Amy Reynolds at sixteen has a boy lover, Hugh Dinsmore. She has beauty, marries a wealthy man, leads a fashionable career, and is the object of much admiration. Left a widow, tired of vain conquests and empty pleasures, she returns to her early love and marries Hugh.— *Love in Idleness* § is concerned with a Maurice Layton, who, from mercenary and ambitious motives, forms an engagement with Rosamond Clifford, whom he does not love. His brother Frank loves Felise Clairmont; and Maurice, meeting her, learns too late for his own peace what feelings a woman is capable of inspiring. He declares his passion, but Felise is loyal to Frank, and Maurice finally marries his Rosamond.. There is nothing very remarkable about any of these last-named novels. They may find admirers among the young-lady readers for whom they are probably prepared.

MINOR NOTICES.

How They Strike Me, These Authors. By J. C. Heywood. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

The sixteen essays which make up this volume were originally contributed to the New York *Sun*, and there attracted much attention by their freshness and individuality. They discuss the merits of many of our leading novelists, and are bright and spicy without being complete or profound. In fact, the serious reading of these criticisms in a

* Coronation. By E. P. Tenney. Noyes, Snow & Co.

† La Gaviota. From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

* Mar's White Witch. By G. Douglass. Harper & Brothers.

† Juliet's Guardian. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. Harper & Brothers.

‡ Miss Nancy's Pilgrimage. By Virginia W. Johnson. Harper & Brothers.

* Nora's Love Test. By Mary Cecil Hay. Harper & Brothers.

† The Golden Butterfly. By the author of Ready Money Mortiboy. Harper & Brothers.

‡ After Many Days. By Christian Reid. D. Appleton & Co.

§ Love in Idleness. By Ellen W. Olney. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

book is almost too severe a test of their quality. They are rather smart than genial, and more attentive to the peculiarities than to the analytic study of an author's character. This will be at once apparent on comparing the author's criticism of George Eliot with the masterly dissection of her genius by Edwin P. Whipple, in the *North American Review* for last January. As a light, airy critic, who can seize the strong points of an author and hold them up to the light, Mr. Heywood makes a good impression, and what he says is well worth reading. The only fault we have to find (unless we censure him for depreciating Tennyson) is that he does not go beneath the surface. His criticism of the novelists is his best work. Trollope and Hawthorne receive apparently most justice at his hands. His estimate of Miss Thackeray and of William Black is fair, and in general it may be said that Mr. Heywood has attempted to give his honest impressions of the authors whom he criticises. We like much of what he has to say of Henry James, Jr., and there is force and point in his estimate of Rhoda Broughton as a crude novelist. We cordially welcome this book, not more for its real merit in the department of light criticism, than for its attempt to give a distinctive character to our critical study of popular authors. It is first class newspaper criticism, though not in itself all that we desire in the best criticism.

Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1876. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. [Harper & Brothers.]

Harper's *Annual Record of Science and Industry* is too well known to need any special notice. The volume for 1876 does not yield in value to any of its predecessors. It is one of the books which we take great pains to read through from title page to colophon; and we consider our time as well employed in the process. We say this because the book is so amply provided with the labor-saving apparatus of copious Table of Contents and Alphabetical Index, that there is a temptation to rely upon these to read up on any special subject in which one is interested. There is great interest and great instruction for laymen in science to go over in rapid survey the whole field of modern scientific research. Of course, readers may miss some things they expect to find in the volume. There is nothing in relation to the Centennial Exhibition, which came to a close probably about the time the MS. of this volume was sent to press. There is nothing about the Telephone. There is here and there noticeable a lack of order in the distribution of the materials. The editor, instead of massing together the paragraphs relating to one subject, has scattered them over several pages, with foreign subjects intervening. Thus, there are paragraphs all to the same purport on the Temperature of the Earth, on page 74, and again on page 98, and again on page 119. Faye's Theory of Storms is mentioned on page 84 and again a few pages later. Sorby's Limits of Vision is treated of on page 265 and again on page 273.

Atlas Essays, No. 2. [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

The twelve essays composing this volume originally appeared in the *International Review*. Why they are here called "Atlas Essays" we cannot say. Their subjects are respectively Macaulay, Ticknor, Curtius, Hamerton, Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Charles (Tennyson) Turner, Freeman, Sumner, Mill, and Mill as a Religious Philosopher. The treatment is generally critical as well as biographical. Since the publishers were of the opinion that the essays deserved reprinting in a volume of their own, we wish they had felt able to have the work done in better style. The paper is coarse, the binding unseemly, and the general appearance of the book cheap and poor.

History of the United States from 1492 to 1872. By Samuel Eliot. Revised edition. [Brewer & Tileston.]

This compend divides United States history into four parts, the Occupation, English Dominion, Independence and Union. Mr. Eliot has re-written the latter and most interesting part of his original history. The earlier periods are somewhat compressed, but the corrections and additions indicate careful observation of the valuable facts concerning the numerous expeditions to the New World which occasionally come to light from original sources. Events have been treated according to their importance, while details have been usually slighted. Thus the greater passages in our history have been duly honored. Outlines, rather than discussions of causes, are presented; yet the reader easily discerns the author's theory on the important questions stated or the popular movements described. His clear and vigorous style does not fail to give us comprehensive views of the party strifes and sectional animosities of the last seventy-five years of the Union. The rapidly developing dissensions arising from slavery are faithfully portrayed. The rise and fall of the slave-holding power, and the difficulties of reconstruction, are well outlined. It is in this last period that this history fails to meet the popular demand for a text-book in our common schools, to which, in respect of dates and marginal heads, it is well adapted. However true to facts and causes, it is written from the Northern and radical standpoint. The conservative elements of the present generation are too intimately related to this recent history to allow their children to be taught at public expense to condemn the errors of their fathers which they had maintained with mistaken sympathies for the South. This history will do good service as a text-book in seminaries and private institutions, and as a comprehensive and suggestive work to place in school and village libraries, where the true character of these exciting scenes will be appreciated and confirmed by special treatises of their periods. We commend the clearness of type and correctness of proof-reading, in which no faults are noticeable.

Les Belles Lettres. Echo de Paris, Magasin Mensuel. Illustré. Littérature, Science, Art, et Politique. Boston: Narcisse Cyr, Rédacteur. Mars, Avril, Mai, Juin.

Ce petit magasin doit être accueilli avec beaucoup de plaisir par tous ceux qui veulent bien connaître la langue française. Le prix d' abonnement (deux dollars par année) est si bas que tout le monde peut en jouir. Les trente-deux pages de chaque numéro sont pleins de variété et d' instruction. Dans l'introduction le rédacteur propose "d' extraire des principales publications de Paris tout ce qu' il y a de plus intéressant." Il propose de plus de "donner des notes pour expliquer des idiomes contenus dans les pages, et de signaler par de courtes notices les meilleures productions intellectuelles de la France." L' introduction, une histoire qui peint d' une manière charmante les mœurs des paysans de l'Argonne, un poëme par Emile Guiard, un article intitulé "Perspectives Politiques en France" par le Prof. Cyr, "Gallicismes" par Vinet, des notes par le rédacteur, et des extraits de la *Revue des Deux Mondes*, composaient le premier numéro. Ceux pour les autres mois sont aussi intéressants que le premier. Le papier est bon, l'impression est nette, et le tout ensemble est tout à fait attrayant. Nous lui prédisons un bon succès.*

A Text-Book of Harmony: for the Use of Schools and Students. By Charles Edward Horsley. [Harper & Brothers.]

The author of this little work, who died in New York last year, at the age of fifty-four, was the youngest son of the eminent English musician, William Horsley, whose talents he inherited. He was long a resident of Germany, where he studied under Spohr, Mendelssohn and Hauptman; and came to be

* *Les Belles Lettres.* Echo of Paris, Monthly Magazine. Illustrated. Literature, Science, Art and Politics. Boston: Narcisse Cyr, Editor. March, April, May, June.

This little magazine must be welcomed with much pleasure by all who wish to become well acquainted with the French language. The subscription price (two dollars a year) is so low that everybody can enjoy it. The thirty-two pages of each number are full of variety and of instruction. In the introduction the editor proposes to "extract from the principal publications of Paris all that is most interesting." He proposes moreover to give notes to explain the idioms contained in the pages, and to point out by short notices the best intellectual productions of France. The introduction, a story which describes in a charming way the manners of the peasants of Argonne, a poem by Emile Guiard, an article entitled "Political Prospects in France," by Prof. Cyr, "Gallicisms," by Vinet, notes by the editor, and extracts from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, composed the first number. Those for the other months are as interesting as the first. The paper is good, the impression is clear and the *tout ensemble* is altogether attractive. We predict for it a goo success.

himself a composer of merit. His course of instruction in the treatise before us is confined exclusively to harmony proper; acoustics, which he considered as belonging to the "mathematics of music," being passed by on the other side. The aim is to present "a practicable, easy and pleasing form of analyzing the works of great musicians, and of enabling students to write down their ideas in a musically grammatical shape."

Dancing as an Amusement, etc. By Bostwick Hawley, D.D. [N. Tibbals & Sons.]

When a Doctor of Divinity writes a book on dancing we may be pretty sure what its purpose is without reading it. But this book we have read in order to see precisely what line of argument it adopts. In the first place Dr. Hawley searches the Scriptures, and thinks he shows that dancing is alluded to therein in no sense of justification. In that we think his exegesis fails. In the second place he examines the testimony of "Christian Experience," and in the third consults the dictates of "Good Taste;" and so finally arrives at the conclusion that dancing as an amusement ought to be abandoned. From the standpoint of good taste we are more than half inclined to agree with him.

Harper's Half-Hour Series. [Harper & Brothers.]

The bits of books which the Harpers are publishing under the above title are so far of a substantial and valuable sort, chiefly in exposition of historical topics. The following have come to our table: *Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament*, by James Rowley; *The Tudors and the Reformation*, by M. Creighton; *The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy*, by Bertha Meriton Cordery; *Early England*, up to the Norman Conquest, by Frederick York-Powell; and *England a Continental Power from the Conquest to Magna Charta*, by Louise Creighton. These five are grouped together under the sub-title of "Epochs of English History." Other two are *The Life, Times and Character of Oliver Cromwell*, by Rt. Hon. E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen; and *University Life in Ancient Athens*, by W. W. Capes. The latter we have found an extremely interesting tract, both by reason of subject and treatment. Fiction is represented by Charles Reade's *The Jilt* and Miss Macquoid's Breton story of *The Mill of St. Herbot*.

Vest Pocket Series. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

Very choice are the morsels which are being served up in these dainty dishes. The latest issues comprise Mr. Emerson's well-known essays on *Books, Art and Eloquence, Success, Greatness and Immortality*, and *Love, Friendship and Domestic Life*, in three volumes; Mr. Lowell's *My Garden Acquaintance* and *A Good Word for Winter* in a fourth; Gray's immortal *Elegy* and other of his poems in a fifth; Wm. Edmondstoune Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* in a sixth; and Hawthorne's *Legends of New England*, of the *White Hills*, and of the old *Province House*, Boston, for a seventh, eighth and ninth. Mr. Aldrich's *Rivermouth Romance* and *Miss Mehetabel* make a tenth and eleventh; and Carlyle's address *On the Choice of Books*, delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh, in 1866, a twelfth. Following these we have Carlyle's historic essay on *Oliver Cromwell*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, Thomson's poem of *Spring*, and Dr. John Brown's charming sketch of *Thackeray* and his literary work. Six more volumes give us *Favorite Poems* respectively by Hood, Robert Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Holmes and Whittier. The "favorite poems" *of* these poets who would not like to see? This unique and dainty set of books is thus fast growing into a library by itself.

A Brief History of the Art of Stenography, etc. By William P. Upham. [Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.]

The "History of Stenography," which occupies the first six chapters of this book, shows considerable research on the part of its author, and is sufficiently extended to satisfy any practical interest which his readers may be supposed to have in the subject. It traces the use of this manner of writing back to the earliest ages of Greek and Roman civilization, from crude beginnings of systems down to the now comparatively perfected art, and shows very clearly the necessity recognized by all educated nations for some method which should give to a writer sufficient facility in the use of his pen to allow of his transcribing sentences as uttered by a speaker. The table of alphabets of short-hand systems, published between the years of 1602 and 1837, will be of interest, as showing the different attempts which have been made in this direction, and may be of practical use to any who have occasion to decipher short-hand manuscripts of that period. The remaining four chapters of the book are devoted to a study, or rather an analysis, of the phonetic principles which, as in other modern systems of stenography, have formed the basis of the author's "New System," and to a brief showing of the characters he has chosen for his alphabet, of the word-phrases, contractions, etc., used in his method, and of the leading principles of it. The practical working of any system of science or art is the best test of its value; and so no proper judgment can be formed as to the comparative merits of this system without some experience in writing according to it. We should say, however, that no one of the systems yet published can claim for itself perfection, and that any one, well memorized and practiced, would do good service in promoting the ease and rapidity with which spoken words may be committed to paper. This work of Mr. Upham's forms, in many respects, a valuable contribution to an art of which there are as yet few students, and the library of which numbers few volumes.

A Sanskrit Handbook for the Fireside. By Elihu Burritt. [Hartford, Conn.: Brown & Gross. 1876.]

We presume that every teacher of Sanskrit, as well as every student desirous of learning the language without the aid of an instructor, has lamented the want of a really good introductory book, such as is provided for beginners in Greek or Latin. The Sanskrit grammars, thus far written, are so weighted with the unfamiliar nomenclature, and the, to some extent, arbitrary classifications of the Hindu Pundits; and the chrestomathies so fail to lead the student by gradual approaches to a mastery of the literature that he is apt to become discouraged at the outset. This want Mr. Burritt attempts to meet in his little hand-book of 96 pages, about equally divided between a grammar and a reader. The author believes that graduates of high schools and academies, or any persons who have a smattering of Greek, Latin or German, can judiciously and successfully take up the study of Sanskrit; and he claims to furnish enough of the facts of the language to enable such young students "to read any classical work in Sanskrit with only the help of a dictionary." In regard to the first point we are decidedly of the opinion that immature persons, who confessedly know little of the classic and modern languages and literatures, and presumably have as little scientific insight into the structure of their mother-tongue, might better spend some years in studies nearer home. As to the usefulness of the book for beginners, Mr. Burritt seems to have secured simplicity more by the omission of essential facts than by a clear statement and orderly arrangement of them. For example, the treatment of nouns is reduced to two and a half pages, but the learner is not told how to decline some of the commonest words in the language, such as *agni, mati, nadî; bhânu, dhenu; purusha, bharyâ, gâna*, though the forms of the last three words may be *guessed* when he comes to *adjectives*. The presentation of verb-inflection is faulty in the sacrifice of completeness to brevity, in the retention of the current unscientific classifications, and in the omission of all mention of such important anist forms as *adâm* and *agamam*. We have noted other points for criticism, but will pass on to the Reading Exercises. Here we are surprised to find, instead of *bona fide* specimens of Sanskrit literature, *translations from the New Testament*. The author does not give his reasons for such a procedure; nor can we think of any sufficient; for any one familiar with the profuse writings of the Hindus could not fail to find passages varying in style and difficulty enough for his purpose. The notes which accompany these exercises are quite full, and ex-

plain some points passed over in the grammar. On the whole we think that the "young" student will hardly get on with this book without a larger grammar or a teacher constantly at his elbow. We intended to speak of the author's reproduction of Sir William Jones's exaggerated estimate of the perfection of the Sanskrit, as compared with the Greek and Latin, but space forbids. In conclusion, it seems to us that such "easy methods" to really difficult subjects may contribute more to superficial scholarship than to that sound learning that does not shrink from difficulties. There is, at least, a danger in this direction.

Willis's Historical Reader. By William Francis Collier, LL. D. [A. S. Barnes & Co.]

Dividing all history into nine periods, the author describes in a very indefinite style the principal nations, governments and wars which have arisen since the supposed creation of man to the present time. He omits, however, for some unexplained reason, all direct reference to English history. The historical perspective and the relation of important events to each other are, therefore, often distorted. By means, however, of the index and the "geographical appendix," the book may be of service as a work of reference in the schoolroom. Indeed, its chief faults are those which are necessarily inherent in all such compendiums.

The Blessed Hope. By Willis Lord, D. D. [W. G. Holmes.]

Five chapters, explaining and defending the millenarian view of the next coming of Christ, make up this volume. The first two involve no controversy, being occupied with the facts that He has had one advent here, and will have another. Chapters third and fourth discuss the question, "When will He come again?" Here is reached the point of radical divergence. Dr. Lord's method, which is wholly popular, is not favorable to a close and judicial treatment of the subject; but he shows a fair acquaintance with its requirements, and much skill in presenting its biblical points. His pages teem with quotations from both the Testaments, and prove how deftly the unfulfilled prophesies of each, as well as the gospel parables, can be fitted to this eschatological last. Yet the feeling, if not the positive conviction, runs along the whole reading of it, that these Scripture representations of things not thus far reached are quite as fitting, and sometimes much more so, to the commonly received doctrine of the last times. So the concluding chapter, on the "Power and Use of this Hope," seems not to apply to this peculiar phase of the topic more than to the other. We are the more persuaded by this labored advocacy of the technical Second Adventism that it is not a matter for Christian people to divide over into contending parties; but that each side should hold its faith in charity, and avoid dogmatizing about what must, in the nature of things, be uncertain, until the event shall determine the fact.

The Mythology of Greece and Rome. By O. Seemann. Edited by G. H. Bianchi, B. A. [Harper & Brothers.]

We are glad to commend an English translation of this work, whose worth in the German has been generally recognized by classical scholars. Its conciseness, definiteness and clearness are admirable. The remarks, inserted in the text, upon the representation in art of mythologic scenes and characters are models of precision and condensation; and, if properly used, they are of great service to the student. The value of the work is increased by numerous cuts of the principal pieces of ancient art.

We have received several packages of sheet music for the voice, from John Church & Co. and F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati; and S. T. Gordon & Son, New York; but we find nothing in either lot to commend to our readers as really good, except one piece from the latter house, namely, a *Spring Song*, the words by M. B. F., the music by M. A. B. There are but two pages of it, and the composition is a very simple one; but the harmony is excellent, and the melody is very pleasing. For a light soprano or tenor voice this song is well suited, and is certain to be liked. (20 cents.)

PERIODICALS.

—A word is due from us to the enterprise of the Messrs. Belford Brothers of Toronto, Canada, who have undertaken the reprint for America of the English *Fortnightly Review*. The reprint is to be made from advance sheets with all possible promptness, and the price is to be but fifty cents a copy. *The Fortnightly*, it should be borne in mind, is a "monthly." The contributors to the June number are Matthew Arnold, Sir David Wedderburn, Sir George Campbell, M. P., Professor Colvin, H. W. Crosskey, J. H. Bridges, the late Nassau W. Senior, J. F. McLennan and Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer's part is "A Short Rejoinder" to Mr. McLennan, whose subject is "Exogamy and Endogamy." Between the two we have an interesting discussion of some recondite historic aspects of the marriage relation. Mr. Arnold's paper is a brilliant one; an admiring tribute to the memory of George Sand, designed to fit into the first anniversary of her death, on the 9th of June, and growing out of a visit which Mr. Arnold paid her at Nohant more than thirty years ago. The reception there accorded him seems to have quite won his heart. For one striking passage from this panegyric we must make room:

"George Sand is one of the few French writers who keep us closely, truly, intimate with rural nature. She gives us the wild-flowers by their actual names — snow-drop, primrose, columbine, iris, scabious. Nowhere has she touched her native Berry, and its little-known landscape, its *campagnes ignorées*, with a lovelier charm than in *Valentine*. The winding and deep lanes running out of the high road on either side, the fresh and calm spots they take us to, 'meadows of a tender green, plaintive brooks, clumps of alder and mountain ash, a whole world of suave and pastoral nature,'—how delicious it all is! The grave and silent peasant whose very dog will hardly deign to bark at you, the great white ox, 'the inevitable dean of these pastures,' staring solemnly at you from the thicket; the farmhouse 'with its avenue of maples, and the Indre, here hardly more than a bright rivulet, stealing along through rushes and yellow iris in the field below' — who, I say, can forget them? And that one lane in especial, the lane where Athénaïs puts her arm out of the side window of the rustic carriage and gathers May from the over-arching hedge — that lane with its startled blackbirds, and humming insects, and limpid water, and swaying water-plants, and shelving gravel, and yellow wagtails hopping half-pert, half-frightened, on the sand — that lane with rushes, cresses and mint below, honeysuckle and traveller's-joy above — how gladly might one give all that strangely English picture in English, if the charm of Madame Sand's language did not here defy translation!"

—The *North American* has made a mistake in printing, in its July-August number, a second article from the Japanese traveler. "Sionara's" "Political Reflexions" were very sensible and suggestive, and even if the publication involved a literary trick, as we suspect may have been the case, the end justified the means. The article on "Moral Reflexions" which now follows is rather a failure, and will hardly pay for the reading. One to much better purpose is that by Bayard Taylor on Fitz-Greene Halleck, apropos to the dedication of the statue of the latter in the Central Park, New York. Mr. Taylor relates a pleasant incident connected with the painting of Halleck's portrait by Hicks, in 1855 or thereabouts, when, at the artist's request, he called at the studio several times to aid in that enlivening conversation so desirable while such work is in progress. One day the conversation turned upon poetry and modern poets, a topic to which Halleck at once surrendered himself with no little enthusiasm, as evinced in Mr. Taylor's narrative:

"'They are still trying to define poetry,' he said. 'It can be explained in a word: it's simply the opposite of reason! Reason is based on fact, and fact is not poetry. A poet has nothing to do with the facts of things, for he must continually deny them!' 'Will you give me an illustration?' I asked. 'Certainly,' said he; and then quoted, not from Campbell, or Byron, or Moore, as I was expecting, but these lines from Wordsworth's 'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle':—

> 'Armor, rusting on his walls
> On the blood of Clifford calls.
> "Quell the Scot!" exclaims the lance:
> "Bear me to the heart of France!"
> Is the longing of the shield:
> Tell thy name, thou trembling field,
> Field of death, where'er thou be,
> Groan thou with our victory!'

"'There!' Halleck exclaimed: 'was ever anything more irrational than the lance exclaiming, and the shield longing! — but what poetry it is!' Taking his definition in that sense, of course I agreed with him; but when the conversation incidentally touched upon later authors, I preferred to disagree in silence, for the sake of hearing many curious and unfamiliar opinions. I found that he was no admirer of Tennyson, although he admitted that the latter possessed genius in a distorted form. I quoted several passages without much effect, until I happened to remember the little fragment called 'The Eagle,' which Halleck had never heard:

> 'He clasps the crag with hookéd hands:
> Close to the sun, in lonely lands,
> Ringed with the azure world he stands!'

"A sudden light flashed into the poet's eye. '"Ringed with the azure world,"' he repeated; 'yes, that's poetry.' Presently he continued: 'Browning seems to be becoming very popular. I had read very little of him, and that little I did not like; but I thought I must try him again. So the other day I took up his last volume, and the very first line of the first poem was this. "Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles!" How can an end smile? Evening may do so,—but "the quiet-colored end"! The next line was: "Miles and miles"—so that the *end* was not merely smiling, but it smiled miles and miles! It was impossible for me to read any more. I see that people nowadays admire these things, and are not offended by the violations of good grammar and rhetoric, but I can't understand it!'"

We are inclined to believe that there are more people of Halleck's mind with respect to Browning than his remark would allow for, and we should be happy indeed if their number could be increased.

—"Barry Cornwall and Some of His Contemporaries" are sketched by Mr. E. P. Whipple's skillful hand in the July-August number of the *International Review*. The article is little more than a gifted reviewer's summary of the recently published "Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes," and of Mr. James T. Fields's tender little tribute to his friend's memory. The little more consists in a thoughtful portrayal of Procter's intellectual and spiritual environment; a feature which gives much weight and other value to the paper. Mr. Whipple assigns Procter "a prominent place among poets of the second class, in a generation signalized by the appearance of such imaginative minds of the first class, as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Shelley and Keats." Procter's time, Mr. Whipple further says, was one of "fertility in original genius," accompanied by "anarchy in the decisions of critical jurisprudence."

"He was an imitator of none of his contemporaries; but what powers of thought, fancy, imagination and passion he possessed were naturally influenced by the poetic medium in which his mind moved. . . . His ambition evidently was to be an observer of human life and character, and, as a poet, to be able to pass out of himself at will into a world of imagined beings, in which impartial justice should be done to types of character and moods of mind that widely differed from his own."

Mr. Whipple credits Procter with "a solid addition to the poetical literature of the century," and speaking of his miscellaneous poems, finely says:

"In reading them, one is impressed anew with the exceeding wealth of England in poetry, by the mere thought that she can afford to forget so much in Procter's verse which would enrich a more barren poetical literature than her own."

—*Appletons' Journal* for August has a unique and entertaining article by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin "About Inns," from which we take this passage:

"Steele, when commencing the *Tatler*, gave out in the first number, that all accounts of gallantry, pleasure and entertainment shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate House;' poetry under that of 'Will's Coffee House;' learning under the title of 'Grecian;' foreign and domestic news you will have from 'St. James's Coffee House!' 'Those who wished to find a gentleman, asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or in Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Smoking there was constant and intense. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There Dryden, 'the field-marshal of literature,' from his arm chair by the chimney corner in winter, or the balcony in summer, gave audience to the wits, the poets, the students, and the beaux, who thronged around him to receive his opinions *ex cathedra*. In 1712 Addison established another resort at Button's, representing a rival literary and political faction. Goldsmith and his friends made their headquarters at the St. James Coffee-House."

"Of the usual round of Addison's life, Pope says in 'Spence's Anecdotes,' 'Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night.' Dryden, according to the same witness, was more moderate: 'He employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's, only he came home earlier o' nights.' Washington Irving, among Americans, was infected with the old-fashioned love for inns, and in his writings has added much to the bibliography of the subject. At the Red Horse, Stratford-on-Avon, a little parlor, the one he occupied, is still called the Irving Room."

—To this last-named point Mr. Richard Grant White also alludes in an article in the August *Galaxy*, descriptive of a visit to Shakespeare's birth-place. The Red Horse "is a cosy little hostelry," he says, "and it was pleasant to see evidences in it of the honor paid to the memory of 'Geoffrey Crayon.'" Of his visit to Stratford as a whole Mr. White writes in a tone of almost bitter disappointment. He drove over from Warwick, he tells us, in a one-horse phaëton. At Charlecote, on the way, he pauses in his narrative to dwell upon Sir Thomas Lucy, the justice of Shakespeare's time, who with his wife is buried in the church there; at whom, he says, "there can be no mistaking the hit" in Justice Shallow "with the luces in his coat of arms." Stratford Mr. White found to be "more like a new one-horse American city than any place that I [he] had seen in England." He had looked for "a country road, and lanes dignified with the names of streets, for old timber-and-plaster houses with peaked gables, for cottages and trees and a village inn;" he found instead "wide streets, paved, with kerb stones, . . . a town hall of startling newness," and other "modern improvements." The gas with which the Shakespeare Arms is lighted was a rank offense. Mr. White visited the church where the poet was baptized and buried, but confesses himself no more impressed than if he were "looking at the monument of some departed Knickerbocker in the church of St. Mark's in the Bowery." A visit to the site of "New Place" gave him no pleasure. The house in Henley street where Shakespeare passed his boyhood has been recently "restored," and is described by our tourist as looking "like a small railway station which some architect, equally ambitious and ignorant, has chosen to design in the old style." The portrait in the museum there he "examined carefully," and concludes it to be "a work of the last century painted from the bust and the Droeshout engraving in the title-page of the folio of 1623." The whole article is about as ample a bucket of about as cool water as we have ever known to be emptied on an inoffensive hero-worshiping public. But neither Mr. White's right to quench, nor the justness of this occasion of his doing it, are we prepared to dispute.

—The *Atlantic Monthly* for August has two articles of importance for the literary world, namely: "German Influence in English Literature," by Mr. T. S. Perry, and "The Shadow on Dickens's Life," by Mr. E. P. Whipple. Mr. Perry's essay is learned, elaborate and long, but is well worthy careful reading by students. Mr. Whipple lets in some sunshine to dissipate the "shadow;" at least he shows that there is no foundation for the not unnatural rumors of immorality which were circulated as to the occasion of the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Having copied in full Mr. Dickens's widely-talked-of letter to Arthur Smith, Esq., in which this marital difficulty was expounded from the husband's point of view, Mr. Whipple goes on to say:

"The essential wrong committed in this letter consisted not so much in its publication as in its composition. . . . In defending himself he assails his wife. He gives the reasons why he can no longer live with *her!* One naturally asks for the reasons why she cannot live with *him*. There was no guilt on either side; but Mrs. Dickens, had she chosen to reply, might doubtless have shown that, as a family man, he developed qualities of temper and disposition which, from her point of view, were as repugnant to domestic happiness and harmony as any which, from his point of view, appeared to make her an unsympathetic, unsatisfactory, repellent wife."

—We have examined with interest the first number of *The American Mail and Export Journal*, a new monthly, of magazine proportions and appearance. It is a large and handsomely printed quarto, containing thirty-eight pages of reading matter, and twenty-four of advertisements, all devoted to the exposition of American products and manufactures with reference to the export trade. A great deal of useful and interesting information is given incidentally on these and related topics, so that its purely advertising function is supplemented by some real service of instruction. The subscription price is $2.50 a year, and the office of publication 74 Duane Street. Howard Lockwood is the publisher.

TABLE TALK.

. . . THE average American life tends to weakness from a loss of nerve power, which, if held in check, would be a reserve force of almost incalculable value. It is said, and with truth, that an American in foreign countries shows this characteristic plainly on his face. In no way is it so noticeable as in private social life in this country. How rare a good *listener* is. As a rule books are read [and some written?], business is performed, subjects are thought upon, journeys are made, recreation is taken—as it were by steam. The result makes one long for the good old-fashioned stage coach times, at least in literary matters. Another *rara avis* hereabouts is a *good* talker. The latter's gift more than the former's may come by inheritance. It is easier to learn to *listen* well, than to *talk* well, but both must be the aim of true cultivation. H. P. C.

Shadyside, Boston.

. . . MR. Tenney's very original, often forcible, but on the whole rather monotonous *Coronation*, sometimes slips a little amusingly, as thus: on p. 368, we find him picturesquely every evening for a fortnight lighting up the forest, and making "the dark, rough waters under the bank sparkle,"

by burning poor Cephas's "trash in the way of pencil notes." But, on p. 364 he had just told us that there was in all only a peck and a half of these, and he should save a half peck of them for editorial uses. Now, how strong an illumination of sea and shore could one really get up by burning one peck of paper scraps, in equal or unequal parts, through even a small fraction of fourteen successive nights? J. T. T.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

. . . THE accompanying "libel" is at your service if worth a corner in your excellent journal. Do not credit *me* with the sentiments it expresses, for, at least, so far as you and associate critics are concerned, I do not entertain them at all.

CRITICS,— A LIBEL.

ONCE Jove and Vulcan, for a jest,
To try whose skill would prove the best,
A wager made. Each should create
A man to rank among men great;
Fashion and feature, heart and mind,
Fairest and best of all the kind.

Imperial Jove, with godlike thought,
And godlike soul, a Poet wrought;
Of fashion fair, and spirit face,
Beauty and strength in wedded grace;
And in his hand he placed Fame's quill,
And bade him write his rule at will.

The mighty smith, in forge array,
Laughed loud, and bold, to fright dismay,
Viewing the work his rival wrought;
Yet hints from Jove he slyly caught,
Till — wondrous strange! — his master-creature
Was twin to Jove's in form and feature.

In form and feature, yet no more!
For in his mind, alack! he bore,
Midst overheat and sickly flame,
A Critic's only worth and fame,
The stithy's soot and windy roar,
A Vulcan's envy sadly sore!

The days of Jove and Vulcan lie
Buried in immortality;
Their works survive. The Poet's fire
Still brightly burns and mounts the higher,
And still the Critic's envious roar
Is hapless man's untrammeled bore!

ESPY.

New Orleans.

. . . IN Rose Terry Cooke's story in the July *Atlantic*, "Freedom Wheeler's Controversy with Providence," I think that the old-fashioned Yankee dialect is exceedingly well carried out. So many dialect-writers fall into grave mistakes that this, so well done, is noticeable. "Hosea Biglow" and Mrs. Stowe are true delineators of this style, while I could mention dozens who fail in the attempt. In this story Mrs. Cooke puts "a-ben" into "Aunt Hanner's" mouth, as is the common Yankee pronunciation — common even now with certain rural classes. To be sure, they have Whittier for company — nevertheless is it proper? But many, attempting Yankee style, write "bin" for been — just contrary to what the characters say. Again: "Freedom's dreadful sick, reely he's dangerous"— for "in danger" is perfect in its way, as are other peculiarities of style. The story is a good one, too. W.

St. Albans, Vt.

. . . I HEARTILY concur in your dislike of the anonymous character in which the contributions to *Harper's Magazine* are given to its readers. In my own case it detracts largely from the pleasure otherwise afforded in reading the papers in this magazine to be debarred from a knowledge of their source, unless the journals of the day, furnished with the authors' names, choose to enlighten us. The conduct and character of the magazine in its conception were evidently modeled after the Median laws, for it is noticeable that in form and plan *Harper's* has changed only in one slight particular since the issue of the first number. The "Editor's Table" was dropped several years ago; otherwise the magazine is unchanged so far as we remember, and the current "Harper's" is an exact type of the infant number; it is even still *Harper's* "*New*" *Monthly*. The original rule was undoubtedly to withhold the contributors' names, and the course is still pursued. Give us the names. M. T.

Lansingburgh, N. Y.

. . . I DON'T like that an *educational* journal like yours — for such I regard it — should set bad examples in orthography. "Chimnies" we expect to see in the newspapers, but not in the *Literary World*. It might not be a bad idea, while confessing your own sin in this line, to remind your readers of the simplicity of the rule laid down for such plurals. If a *consonant* precedes the final *y* (as in *lady*) the plural changes *y* to *ies* (*ladies*); but if a *vowel* precedes the *y*, the plural is found in the ordinary way, by the simple addition of *s*; as *boy*, *boys* (*not* "boies," which is no worse than "chimnies"), *valley*, *valleys*, etc. In a few cases, like *whiskey* or *whisky*, there is authority for a double spelling in the singular, and consequently in the plural also; but I find no dictionary authority for *chimny*.— I don't quite like your speaking of "a *nice* book." That may be pardoned as a colloquialism, possibly, at least among school-girls, but it does not look well in a literary journal.— Do you note how common it is for English writers (in England, I mean,) to apply *who* to irrational animals, contrary to Lindley Murray and the whole race of grammarians? You will find instances in almost any English book or magazine; and they are not uncommon in this country. Even Grant White has "a dog who" in one of his *Galaxy* papers; Rev. Mr. McKenzie applies *who* to the rooster on his church spire in the *Atlantic* (a year or more ago); and the title of an article in the last number of Mr. Shorey's admirable little *Monthly Reader* is "The Cat Who Kept Shop." Please "speak to 'em" about it. W. J. R.

Cambridge, Mass.

. . . IN Wiclif's version of the Bible, which was made at about 1380, Genesis iii: 7, is given thus:

"And the eigen of both ben openyd; and whanne thei knewen hem [them] silf to be nakid thei seweden to gidre leeves of a fige tree, and maden hem brechis."

As Wiclif's was the first complete version of the Bible, I think we must consider it the original "Breeches Bible." A. G.

Cambridge, Mass.

. . . WHY don't you utter a word to put a stop to this deluge of "baby" literature? "Helen" is like to be the death of us, not to say anything of the abuse of good English, and the destruction of all veneration and decency in the minds of children. F. S.

Urbana, O.

. . . A PARAGRAPH says the English want the French word *littérateur*. We want the word *on* much more. We supply it by *we*, *they*, *folks*, etc. A. D. S.

Chillicothe, O.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(17.) Where can I find a poem, "Curfew cannot ring tonight," and by whom was it written? M. M. M.

Allegheny, Pa.

(18.) Many years ago I saw in a scrap book a short poem, say ten or twelve verses, entitled, "The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain;" the first line (about) thus:

"The patriarch stood on the brow of bosky Hebron."

Can you tell me where it can be found in full, and the name of the author? E. E. B.

Indianapolis, Ind.

(19.) I notice with pleasure the new department of musical criticism in your invaluable journal. This new feature encourages me to speak of the song to which Mr. Stedman in his *Victorian Poets* thus alludes: "The most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife is the little song [Barry Cornwall's] known through Neukomm's melody in so many homes:

"How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?"

This piece cannot be obtained through the principal publishers of music; nor is it to be found in any of the catalogues of music published. Did Mr. Stedman make the common mistake of supposing that what was familiar to him was therefore likely to be "known in many homes?" W. B. H.

Macon, Ga.

We do not find any intelligence of this song on inquiry at the Boston music stores. It is probably either an English or a German publication.

LITERARY NEWS.

— Letters of Charles Lamb's, written at various times between 1809 and 1827, contain allusions to two volumes of *Poetry for Children*, composed by himself and his sister. The work got out of print within a very few years of its publication, and became "rare," even in the author's lifetime; while for half a century no copy of it has been publicly known to be in existence. One has at last been discovered in Australia, and, having found its way, through an English channel, into the hands of a contributor to the *Independent*, is described by him in detail therein, under date of July 19. The volumes are diminutive, being only five and a half inches by three and three-eighths. They contain a few over one hundred pages each, and are printed on very thin paper. The poems number eighty-four, twenty-nine of which have been reprinted by Lamb himself, or by compilers, and are accordingly accessible in other forms. The titles of the remaining fifty-five are as follows:

The Reaper's Child, The Butterfly, Choosing a Name, Crumbs to the Birds, Discontent and Quarreling, Repentance and Reconciliation, Neatness in Apparel, The New-born Infant, Motes in the Sunbeams, The First of April, The Lame Brother, The Text, The End of May, The Duty of a Brother, Wasps in a Garden, What is Fancy? Anger, Blindness, The Mimic Harlequin, The Reproof, The Two Bees, The Journey from School and to School, The Orange, The Young Letter-Writer, Suffer Little Children, and forbid them not to come unto Me, The Men and Women and the Monkeys: a Fable; Love, Death and Reputation: a Fable; The Sparrow and the Hen.

Which is the Favorite? Choosing a Profession, Weeding, Parental Recollections, The Offer, Nurse Green, Good Temper, Moderation in Diet, Incorrect Speaking, Charity, My Birthday, The Confidant, Thoughtless Cruelty, Eyes, Penny-pieces, The Force of Habit, Clock Striking, Why not do it, Sir, To-day? Home Delights, The Dessert, To a Young Lady on being too Fond of Music, The Fairy, Conquest of Prejudice, The Great Grandfather, The Spartan Boy, On a Picture of the Finding of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter, David.

Mr. Shepherd, the writer from whom we quote, finds it not difficult to distinguish between the respective poems of the brother and sister, though no names are appended. The brother's, on his own statement elsewhere, are about "one-third of the whole." Mr. Shepherd copies a number of the poems, with comments. Thus:

"The following piece I should unhesitatingly attribute to Charles Lamb, from its similarity to a later acknowledged copy of verses by him on Christian names:

"'CHOOSING A NAME.

"'I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To Papa, his infant daughter,
How Papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen:
And Papa has made the offer
I shall have the naming of her.
Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if t'was Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline?
How I'm puzzled and perplext
What to choose or think of next.
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her.
I will leave Papa to name her.'

"That the following, entitled 'Clock Striking,' is also by Charles Lamb, a curious parallel rhyme in his acknowledged poem of 'Hester' seems to leave little doubt:

"'Did I hear the church-clock a few minutes ago,
I was asked, and I answered, I hardly did know,
But I thought that I heard it strike three.
Said my friend then, "The blessings we always possess
We know not the want of, and prize them the less,
The church-clock was no new sound to thee."
A young woman, afflicted with deafness a year,
By that sound you scarce heard first perceived she could hear;
I was near her, and saw the girl start
With such exquisite wonder, such feelings of pride,
A happiness almost to terror allied,
She shewed the the sound went to her heart.'

"Its quaint humor also induces us to claim for Charles Lamb another piece, entitled 'The Sparrow and the Hen,' in which the former complains of having to seek its own food, while the latter is so carefully provided for. The old Hen's answer to the Sparrow's argument is very characteristic:

"'Have you e'er learned to read?' said the Hen to the Sparrow.
'No, Madam,' he answered, 'I can't say I have.'
'Then that is the reason your sight is so narrow,'
The old Hen replied, with a look very grave.

"'Mrs. Glasse in a Treatise — I wish you could read —
Our importance has shown, and has proved to us why
Man shields us and feeds us. Of us he has need,
Ev'n before we are born, even after we die.'"

One other long-lost work of Charles Lamb's remains to be found:

"In the list of 'New Books for Children, published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street,' already quoted, the following publication is advertised on p. 12:

"'Prince Dorus; or, Flattery put out of Countenance,' a poem. With nine elegant engravings. 2*s.* 6*d.* colored, or 1*s.* 6*d.* plain.'

"The late Mr. Crabb Robinson records in his 'Diary,' under date May 15th, 1811: 'A very pleasant call on Charles and Mary Lamb. Read his version of "Prince Dorus, the Long-nosed King."'

"And he adds in a note: 'This is not in his collected works, and, as well as two volumes of "Poems for Children," is likely to be lost.' We have found the 'Poetry for Children'; who will find 'Prince Dorus?'"

— Mr. E. C. Stedman's recital of an original poem on Hawthorne, before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard College, in connection with the recent Commencement, belongs properly to the record of June, but occurred so late in that month (the 28th) as to make it impossible for us to quote from it in our July number. It is now so late that we must limit our quotation to these four stanzas:

Sweet harp of Eastern song,
That even in slumber tremblest with the touch
Of poets who like the four winds from thee waken
All harmonies that to thy strings belong —
Say, wilt thou blame the alien hands too much
Which from thy laureled resting-place have taken
Thee, crowned one, in their hold? There is a name
Should quicken thee! No carol Hawthorne sang,
Yet his articulate spirit, like thine own,
Made answer quick as flame,
To each breath of the shore from which he sprang,
And prose like his was poesy's high tone.

Gray on thy mountain hight,
More fair than wonderland beside thy streams,
Thou with the splendors twain of youth and age,
This was the son who read thy heart aright,
Of whom thou wast beholden in his dreams —
The one New Englander! Upon whose page
Thine offspring still are animate, and move
Adown thy paths, a quaint and stately throng;
Grave men of God, who made the olden law,
Fair maidens, meet for love —
All living types that to the coast belong
Since Carver from the prow thy headlands saw.

Was it not well that one —
One, if no more — should meditate aloof,
Though not for naught the time's heroic quarrel,
For what men rush to do and what is done!
He little knew to join the web and woof
Whereof slow Progress weaves her rich apparel,
But toward the Past half-longing turned his head.
His deft hand dallied with its common share
Of human toil, nor sought new loads to lift,
But held itself, instead,
All consecrate to uses that make fair
By right divine of his mysterious gift.

How should the world discern
The artist's self, save through the fine creation
Of his rare moment? How, but from his song,
The unfettered spirit of the minstrel learn?
Yet on this one the stars had set the station
Which to the chief romancer should belong:
Child of the Beautiful! whose regnant brow
She made her canopy, and from his eyes
Looked outward with a steadfast purple gleam.
Who saw him, marveled how
The soul of that imprisoned ray could lie
So calm beyond — unspoken all its dream.

— Schoebel, a recent French writer, in a little work entitled *Le Mythe de la Femme et du Serpent*, has revealed, amongst other discoveries of a sufficiently wonderful nature, what he supposes the American estimate of Boston. He discusses the well-known habit among unenlightened nations of each fancying itself placed in the geographical center of the world, cites several instances, traces them all back to a primeval tradition of a central Garden of Eden, and suddenly crowns his climax with Boston, as if he supposed it a metropolis of bragging Indian chiefs. He refers to an article on Boston by one Ratzel, in the *Kölnische Zeitung* of July, 1874, for his authority, and solemnly goes on thus:

"This idea [viz., of Eden], though in a degenerated form, is also to be traced as the basis of the claim of the Americans that their country is the center of the world; and of their custom, in accordance with this claim, of calling Boston, which is their principal city [*leur cité par excellence*] '*the Hub*,' that is the middle (viz., of the Universe)."

Not to deny this complimentary estimate of the standing of Boston, as the only American city at all known to Europeans, we still doubt whether M. Schoebel has fully comprehended the fine spirit of the legend of our ingenious townsman, Dr. Holmes, nor do we think there is quite so full a *consensus* among all Americans (say, for example, of New York City, Duluth, etc.), as he supposes, as to the Bostonian hegemony.

— We have found in the *Gazette Des Tribunaux*, a journal of jurisprudence (Paris, June 13), an interesting decision of the "Cour D'Appel De Paris" in the case of the contested will of Jules Michelet. The judgment was based upon the nature of the revenues accruing from literary property. It seems that Madame Michelet, from the time of her marriage, had given her husband no inconsiderable help in his literary work. He himself wrote:

"All my fortune has been acquired during my second marriage. To this my wife has contributed, not only by her economy, but very largely by constant assistance. It has been her custom to review my proofs, and prepare my books of natural history by reading, making extracts, etc., and she has even written considerable portions of these books."

It was this fact that formed the ground for the litigation. It is the French law that all the revenues from the property of the wife belong to the husband, but he is bound to restore to her the property which she possessed on the day of marriage or that has fallen to her since. Madame Michelet, having been married under the rule of exclusion of community of property, claimed on the plea of coadjutorship one half the income of four books as her own personal capital. The court, admitting the coadjutorship, showed that the solution of that question did not include the one of awarding to her the profits of that coadjutorship. Literary property must not be confounded with the advantages and emoluments it procures. In the case of authors it consists in the exclusive right to sell, or cause to be sold, their works, independently of all profitable exercise of this right. It is the right only which can be regarded in the nature of capital. The pecuniary benefits resulting from its use should be classed as revenues. Consequently the widow Michelet had no claim on the revenues which had accrued during her husband's life-time. One book, however, *La Montagne*, had been leased to a certain publisher for 25,000 francs, for twenty years, not yet expired. This price could belong exclusively to her husband only for the portion of time corresponding to their connection in marriage. The wife held the right to claim her half from the time of her husband's death until the expiration of the contract.

— Mr. Justin Winsor, probably the most accomplished librarian in the United States, leaves the superintendency of the Boston Public Library, which has grown under his administration to be the largest and most successful institution of its class in the country, for the library of Harvard College at Cambridge, in the charge of which he will succeed the venerable Mr. John L. Sibley. In his new position Mr. Winsor will have a surer tenure, a larger salary, a virtually new building,

generous facilities, highly congenial associations, and a most appreciative community to serve. At Harvard he will come near to being that "Professor of Books and Reading" whom Dr. Mathews of Chicago has lately called for, and he might indeed with truth be so entitled. Mr. Winsor is a graduate of Harvard, where he was, we believe, a classmate of President Eliot. The new addition to the library building is about completed. It will at once be occupied by the removal thither of the library from its present position in the old building; which will then be regenerated so as to be not unworthy of its now better half.

— The Caxton Celebration in England has proved a fine success. Not less than 160 copies of 80 distinct works printed by Caxton have been brought together in the exhibition at South Kensington; and of 19 known works of Caxton's press 16 are represented in *fac simile*. Of 18 of the works but one copy each is known to exist. The largest number contributed by any one exhibitor is 55 by Lord Spencer. Copies of the *fac simile* reprint of Caxton's earliest known book, *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, have reached the United States, and are pronounced to be excellent workmanship.

— A new book by Mr. James T. Fields will be a treat indeed. *Underbrush* is the title of the volume, which will bear this motto indicative of its subject-matter:

> "Plucked out of hedges
> . . . pitched in the ground confusedly."
>
> *Shakespeare*, HENRY VI: Part I. [Act I, Sc. 1.]

The contents are as follows:

My Friend's Library, A Peculiar Case, Familiar Letter to Housebreakers, Our Village Dogmatist, A Watch that "Wanted Cleaning," Bothersome People, The Pettibone Lineage, Getting Home Again, How to Rough it, Pleasant Ghosts, An Old-Time Scholar, Diamonds and Pearls, The Author of "Paul and Virginia," If I Were a Boy Again.

These captions give promise of a series of delightful essays, as indeed we know that all must be from the flavor of several which have been already published in the *Atlantic* or elsewhere.

— Prof. W. T. Harris of St. Louis is supervising the preparation of a series of reading-books for schools which will be published by the Appletons. Apropos to this fact the Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* says: "He should go on from that and edit a manual of philosophy, and also a volume of his own essays and addresses, which have now accumulated so as to make a large book, if he would collect them."

— Hon. Elihu Burritt has completed his *Colonial History of the Farmington Family of Towns, Collated with the Annals of Connecticut.* It contains sketches of Farmington, New Britain, Worthington, Kensington, Southington, Bristol, Avon and Burlington, up to the time of the Revolution; the period since then not being entered upon.

— It proves as we expected, that Captain Burnaby had an eye to a new book in continuing his "ride" through the interior of Asia. *On Horseback through Asia Minor; Five Months with Turks, Circassians, Christians, and Devil Worshipers*, is the title of the forthcoming volume.

— Rev. L. W. Bacon, who has been for several years a resident of Geneva, Switzerland, is writing a book on the education of American youth abroad, which is likely to prove extremely useful. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish it.

— Prof. E. L. Youmans is at work on an *American Household Cyclopedia*, a dictionary of all things pertaining to domestic life, which the Appletons will publish when it is ready.

— E. P. Dutton & Co. have in preparation some beautiful "Juveniles" for the coming holidays, in novel styles of binding.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. ANDREWS ON THE BAY,
July 13.

Where is that? does the reader ask? I will venture to send him to his atlas for an answer. Open to the map of Maine. Follow the coast line eastward. Turn up into Passamaquoddy Bay. There, at the mouth of the St. Croix River, is St. Andrews—a town lying on a tongue of land formed by the River and the Bay. But on no map can be found the picturesqueness of its situation or the charm of its quiet life or the beauty of its surroundings.

I stumbled on St. Andrews without seeking for it. Slipping away between papers for a fortnight's relaxation, I came from Boston to Eastport by the comfortable sea-going steamer *New York*. Here, changing boats as the land traveler changes cars, the *New York* went on her way to St. John, while the swift and trim *Belle Brown* bore me past Campobello and Deer Islands towards Calais and St. Stephen, a dozen miles up the St. Croix. At St. Andrews I stepped ashore out of curiosity for a day, and ended by staying with delight for a week.

St. Andrews was founded about a century ago. The site was happily selected, and the town rose rapidly in importance, until in fifty years it had become a leading commercial point in the province. Then the currents of trade, like those of the river and bay, began to shift. St. John sprung up on the one side and St. Stephen on the other. Between the two St. Andrews began to fail. Not even the magnetic touch of a railway (the New Brunswick and Canada, running ninety miles north to Houlton and Woodstock) has had its usual effect. The town has become the emblem of repose. Its wide and regular streets are deserted. Its wharves are neglected. Its warehouses are unoccupied. Its old mansions are in a state of incipient decay. But the ancient look of many of the buildings, the quaint bits of masonry and framework which one espies here and there, the air of a former prosperity, wealth and culture which prevails, and the generally un-American aspect of the whole, lends to the scene a subtle and strong attraction for one whose tastes turn away unsatisfied from what is new and gairish and noisy.

Moreover, the town lies open to the southward and the sun in cool weather, and exposed to the bay and its breezes in warm. It is enriched by a noble horizon of hills twined with an almost unbroken belt of waters, salt or fresh. It rises away toward the north into charming woodlands through which inviting roads lie in every direction. And adjacent is a "mountain" of very respectable hight, from which is obtained a commanding and instructive view of the entire region.

To saunter about these sleepy streets, to peer into the curious little shops, to sit and dream on the mossy wharves and watch the idle tide as it ebbs and flows, has proved a perpetual pleasure. "There is nobody here." And the lover of an out-of-the-way life so takes a secret and mildly malicious satisfaction in looking at the huge modern hotel, French roof and all, away on the point, which somebody began to build and was not able to finish; at present unfurnished with guests, and not likely soon to be ready for any.

There is a comfortable village inn here, and a spacious and refined-looking English church, and a governor's summer residence, and a county building or two; but the only point of literary interest I have been able as yet to discover is the book-store of Mr. "J. Lockary," as the weather-beaten sign reads over the low door of a dingy dwelling on the main street. Mr. Lockary, it should be said, is a dealer in second-hand books. His stock is small, and is more likely to be third-hand, or fifth, or twentieth, than second. But I have been entertained in looking it over, and in prowling about behind the old counters and among the dusty shelves, and in chatting with Mr. Lockary himself; whose days of bookselling are probably about over, and who in his picturesque den might well have sat for his portrait even to Dickens. As regularly, I am told, does he take down his shutters and put them up, morning and night, as if his warehouse had "millions in it;" and patiently does he wait day by day for the customers who I cannot think ever come. A heartless visitor would cry "rubbish" as he looked in through the door for an instant and then went his way, but I can certify that Mr. Lockary and his books are edifying company for half an hour.

What else is there of interest in St. Andrews? To this I will only reply in words once addressed to him whose name the village bears: "Come and see." E. A.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Cross and the Crescent. By Dr. L. P. Brockett. A partly descriptive and partly historical account of the countries and peoples involved in the present war in the East. [Hubbard Brothers, Springfield, Mass.]

Discourses at Even-Tide. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. A volume of Dr. Adams's later sermons preached in Boston and in Charleston, S. C., since his trip around the world. [D. Lothrop & Co. Early.]

The Four Chatauqua Girls at Home. By the author of Four Girls at Chatauqua. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

Over the Sea. By Blanche Willis Howard. A volume of letters written to the *Boston Transcript.* Miss Howard is the author of that very popular book, *One Summer.* [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

The Odes of Horace in English Verse. Book I, by Prof. Caskie Harrison. *Elements of Geometry*, by George A. Wentworth. *Chaucer's Parlament of Foules*, edited by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury. *Spherical Trigonometry*, by Prof. J. M. Peirce. *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, by Prof. E. A. Dolbear. [Ginn & Heath.]

The Convention and Choir. A Collection of Sacred and Secular Music for Choirs, Conventions, Singing Schools, Musical Institutes, etc. By S. W. Straub. [Jansen, McClurg & Co.]

Manna: a Manual of Worship, Consisting of Brief Scripture Lessons and Prayers for Individual and Family Use for Every Day in the Year. [Jansen, McClurg & Co.]

That Husband of Mine. A novel. [Lee & Shepard.]

The New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago. A memoir, by the Rev. Sereno D. Clark, of Rev. Dr. John Woodbridge. [Lee & Shepard.]

The Telephone; An Account of the Phenomena of Electricity, Magnetism and Sound, as Involved in its Action; with Directions for making a Speaking Telephone. [Lee & Shepard.]

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically and Scientifically Considered. By Wm. B. Carpenter. [D. Appleton & Co.]

Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography. By Prof. Archibald Geikie. [Macmillan & Co.]

The Wise Men of Greece. By Prof. Blackie. A poem in ten Cantos. [Macmillan & Co.]

Arizona as It Is; or the Coming Country. By Col. H. C. Hodge. [Hurd & Houghton.]

The Bodleys Telling Stories. By Horace E. Scudder. [Hurd & Houghton.]

JULY PUBLICATIONS.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium.	L., large.
S., small.	Ob., oblong.
Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

The thickness of books may be inferred from the number of pages.]

GUIDE BOOKS.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Peaks, Passes and Ravines of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and to the Adjacent Railroads, Highways and Villages; with the Lakes and Mountains of Western Maine; also Lake Winnepesaukee, and the Upper Connecticut Valley. With six Maps and six Panoramas. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 436.

THE MIDDLE STATES: a Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Cities and Popular Resorts of the Middle States, and to their Scenery and Historic Attractions; with the Northern Frontier from Niagara Falls to Montreal; also Baltimore, Washington and Northern Virginia. With seven Maps and fifteen Plans. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 469.

NEW ENGLAND: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Chief Cities and Popular Resorts of New England, and to its Scenery and Historic Attractions; with the Western and Northern Borders from New York to Quebec. With six Maps and eleven Plans. New Edition, Revised and Augmented. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 430.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES: A Handbook for Travelers. A Guide to the Chief Cities, Coasts and Islands of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and to their Scenery and Historic Attractions; with the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence to Quebec and Montreal; also Newfoundland and the Labrador Coast. With four Maps and four Plans. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA RESORTS: A Handbook for Tourists and Travelers. Describing the Routes from New York and Boston to the White Mountains, Lake Winnipiseogee, Green Mountains, Lake Memphremagog, Montreal and Quebec; with Full Descriptions of the Villages and Resorts Along the Routes. Illustrated with Maps and Woodcuts. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co. S., pp. 126. Paper. 25c.

AMERICAN SEASIDE RESORTS: A Handbook for Health and Pleasure Seekers. Describing the Atlantic Coast from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico. Illustrated with Maps and Woodcuts. New York: Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co. S., pp. 121. Paper. 25c.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MONTENEGRO, to which is added a Short Account of Bulgaria. Compiled from Mackenzie and Baker. By George M. Towle. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 94. 50c.

MODERN GREECE. By George M. Towle. With Map. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 87. 50c.

BIOGRAPHY.

"WARRINGTON" PEN PORTRAITS: A Collection of Personal and Political Reminiscences from 1848 to 1876. From the Writings of William S. Robinson. With Memoir and Extracts from Diary and Letters never before published. Boston: Edited and Published by Mrs. W. S. Robinson, 41-45 Franklin St. L., pp. 587. $2.50.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE CABOT. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. L., pp. 615. $3.50.

ESSAYS AND DISCOURSES.

LORD BYRON. By Lord Macaulay. Pp. 89. JOHN MILTON. By Lord Macaulay. Pp. 104. [Vest Pocket Series.] Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Each Ext. S. 50c.

DOMESTIC EXPLOSIVES and Other Sixth Column Fancies. (From the New York *Times.*) By W. L. Alden. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co. M., pp. 334.

THE IDEAL LIFE. By Ella F. Mosley. Cincinnati, O.: Published for the Author. M., pp. 245.

SATAN AS A MORAL PHILOSOPHER. With Other Essays and Sketches. By C. S. Henry, D. D. New York: T. Whittaker. M., pp. 296. $1.50.

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STRENGTH OF MEN AND STABILITY OF NATIONS. Baccalaureate Discourses 1873-7. By P. A. Chadbourne, D. D., LL. D., President of Williams College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 113. 75c.

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HILLSIDE AND SEASIDE in Poetry. A Companion to Roadside Poems. Edited by Lucy Larcom. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 303. $1.00.

IDEALS MADE REAL. A Romance. George L. Raymond. New York: Hurd & Houghton. S., pp. 147.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. New York: T. Y. Crowell. M., pp. 480. $1.00.

FICTION.

HARRY LORREQUER, with his Confessions. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 401. Paper. 75c.

GRETCHEN'S JOYS AND SORROWS. Translated from the German of Clementine Helen. First American from the eighth German Edition. By Helen M. Dunbar Slack. Boston: A. Williams & Co. L., pp. 112. Paper. 50c.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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LAW FOR THE CLERGY: A Compilation of the Statutes of the States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin. Relating to the Duties of Clergymen in the Solemnization of Marriage, the Organization of Churches and Religious Societies, and the Protection of Religious Meetings and Assemblies, with Notes and Practical Forms, Embracing a Collation of the Common Law of Marriage. By Sanford A. Hudson, Counsellor-at-Law. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. M., pp. 192. $1.00.

THE CENSUS OF MASSACHUSETTS: 1875. Prepared under the Direction of Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Vol II, Manufactures and Occupations. First Edition. Boston: Albert J. Wright. L., pp. 935.

IN HEALTH. By Dr. A. J. Ingersoll. Corning, N. Y.: Published and sold by the Author. M., pp. 190. $1.25.

PAMPHLETS.

CATALOGUE OF NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, etc., etc. Cincinnati, O.: Peter G. Thompson. Pp. 24.

ACCOUNT OF AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL IN BOSTON, for the Season 1876-77. L. Sq., pp. 8. With Plates. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 30c.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE of Works on the Fine Arts. Part I, General. Part II, Practical. Cincinnati. Pp. 45.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CITY OF RALEIGH. Centennial Address, Fourth of July, 1876. By Hon. Kemp P. Battle. Raleigh, [N. C.]. Pp. 71.

A TALK ABOUT SWEDENBORG. By Rev. Frank Sewall. New York: New Church Board of Publication. Pp. 36.

A STATEMENT OF THE COMMITTEE appointed by the Appalachian Mountain Club to Collect and Collate the Evidence Concerning the True Name of the Northern Kearsage. Republished from Appalachia, Vol. I, No. 3. Boston: A. Williams & Co. Pp. 16. 15c.

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THE LITERARY WORLD.

VOL. VIII. BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1877. No. 4.

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THE MEMOIR OF "WARRINGTON."*

FOR nearly a generation "Warrington" was the Socratic gadfly of Massachusetts politics. Like the cross-questioning of the Athenian, his pen stung, aroused, reproached. For more than ten years an anti-slavery editor, his fearlessness in the utterance of his convictions was as marvelous as the better known courage of Garrison and of Whittier. For a score of years the Boston correspondent of a leading newspaper and a constant contributor to other journals, his opposition to every political and social sham was as strong and earnest as it was rare; and against any pretentious demagogue who attempted by wily arts to lead the people into the adoption of unworthy schemes, his pen was a Saladin's lance. He was the "Junius" of our later anti-slavery and political struggles.

"Warrington" was primarily a political newspaper writer. His pamphlets and addresses were few, and these few deal with the state and its functions. The dozen years of his service as clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives were of chief value, aside from their much-needed pecuniary reward to him, as being an excellent look-out point with respect to political affairs, and as furnishing materials for his letters to *The Springfield Republican* and other papers.

The genuine newspaper character of his writing is indicated both in its method of composition and in its style. That method allowed of none of that elaboration and criticism to which the masters of English prose have usually given their days and nights. Mrs. Robinson says:

"He almost always wrote his letters during the evening, in the common sitting-room, in the presence of his family, with the children playing about, or getting their lessons for the morrow. The letter, when done, was read aloud, commented upon, and criticised. When a particularly good thing was written, it was read at once, and the humorous and satirical parts laughed over before the letter was finished. I have seen him writing as fast as possible, shaking with laughter at the same time. He seldom erased a line, or a word; for he had the power to assimilate, and keep packed in regular order, all the material he required; and, when he wanted it for use, he had only to 'draw the cock,' as he expressed it."

In their directness, positiveness, satire, humor, and in their acquaintance with recent political history, "Warrington's" letters are examples of the best characteristics of the newspaper writing of the day. They were not enriched and adorned with classical allusion and illustration. Their style was not formed on the model of the best English essayists. They were usually devoid of examples drawn from European history, and their style was the result of early and constant practice with pen in hand. But their directness, clearness and force atoned, in the eyes of their readers, for every deficiency. Like Macaulay's essays, they paint the leading features of a portrait and of a scene, in a most striking way; if they omit delicate shadings and vanishing points, it is because the beholder would not notice such niceties. They abound in cutting satire and racy humor; and the writer's knowledge of the political history of Massachusetts of the present generation furnished him with an armory whence he drew most effective weapons. These were the qualities which made "Warrington" the gadfly of Massachusetts politics, and, impressed with which, a distinguished friend made the remark, on passing his house of an evening in the summer of 1871: "There in that little house burns the only light in this State that Ben Butler is afraid of."

"Warrington's" life, like that of most writers who, without college training, and by their own efforts, achieve success in journalism, was spent with pen in hand, and, with the exception of the last years, in comparative poverty. The compensation received for his letters was, till near the close of his life, meager enough:

"*The Tribune* letters were five dollars apiece in 1861; the price being afterwards raised to ten dollars a column. The price paid for *The Springfield Republican* letters was two dollars apiece in 1856, and in 1861 four dollars a weekly letter, long or short. In 1865 seven dollars, and in 1867 (after *The Tribune* raised its price) ten dollars a letter was paid. Finally (after 1870) twelve dollars was reached, which was the highest price the 'Warrington' letters ever commanded."

One-third of the book before us is occupied with the memoir, and the remainder with extracts from "Warrington's" writings, extending from 1848 to the year of his death. The memoir is characterized by uncolored truthfulness regarding its subject, and is painstaking in every respect. The extracts mirror the political feelings and conditions of the times in which they were written, and to him who may write the political history of Massachusetts since 1848 they are invaluable.

* "Warrington" Pen-Portraits. Edited and published by Mrs. W. S. Robinson, Boston.

FROUDE'S SHORT STUDIES.*

THE literary qualifications of Mr. Froude are well known through his *History of England*. He is a vigorous, pictorial, objective writer, and makes a vivid impression; but his writing lacks strength in thought, and the more familiar you become with his work the less inclined you are to praise it. On strictly literary subjects it will do no harm to accept his opinions, though even here there is a certain rawness which is apparent to the scholar; but on religious and political subjects he is too much of a cynic to be wholly trusted. The essay on the "Revival of Romanism," in the present volume, is a good illustration of our criticism. It is so true in parts that you cannot refuse admiration, and so crude in other parts and so warped by prejudice and cynicism, that you are disgusted with it. Mr. Froude began life as a clergyman of the Church of England. He lost his religious belief in the attempt to reconstruct it, and his *Nemesis of Faith* was written to show the validity of his present position of negative faith. He evidently looks with profound distrust on all religious systems, and is too little of a philosopher to reason himself out of his prejudices. The essay on "Romanism" has all the marks of his strength and weakness of mind, and shows better than any of his new papers what a singular literary man he is. He belongs to the school of Carlyle, who has asked him to write his biography, and will probably appear better in that kind of work than in sober history or in the discussions of politics and philosophy. But it is a lamentable thing that such men as Mr. Froude attempt to be teachers at all. It would be better if Mr. Froude were either a "come-outer," or a man of faith. He is neither decidedly and both weakly, and this unsteady, uncertain position vitiates, to our mind, his whole work. When you read some of his graphic descriptions, you instinctively say: "Give me this man forever;" and when you read other parts of his writing you cannot avoid the thought, "How contemptible it is."

Among the papers here brought together, the "Annals of an English Abbey" is in his best vein, and the essay on "Romanism" is in his worst. "Sea Studies" gives a sketch of his impressions of Euripides while renewing his acquaintance with that author on his recent voyage to South Africa. The papers on "Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic," "Lucian" and "Divus Cæsar," contain nothing remarkable; are good but not better than have been done by many others. The essay "On the Uses of a

* Short Studies on Great Subjects. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Third Series. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Landed Gentry" is a fair and honest inquiry into a great subject, and one of the best articles in the book. That on "Party Politics" is sadly marred by narrowness of range and by the distrust of modern progress. The "Leaves from a South African Journal" gives fresh and delightful impressions of a new country, and presents the surface views of things, in which art Mr. Froude excels. The volume as a whole will not increase the author's reputation, and bears many traces of careless writing and more than careless thinking. If he had not done infinitely better work in his history, he would never have taken rank as one of the popular authors of the present day.

ART EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY.*

"THE object of this book is to show the present need of art education in the United States; to relate something of its history in Europe; to explain what is meant by its application to industry; and to propose a method of instruction best adapted to our people and institutions." —*Introduction.*

These objects the author has kept well in hand in a book of great external attractiveness and considerable real interest; and one which exhibits, from a literary point of view, neither glaring faults nor remarkable excellences. The real purpose of its appearing will be accomplished if it awakens in the intelligent public a sense of the necessity of doing something immediate and radical for American industrial art. Nothing less than an extended system of art education, inaugurated in our public schools and continued in higher institutions formed for the purpose, can do for this country what is to-day being done for the principal nations of Europe. Given to agriculture and the rude manufactures belonging to husbandry and housekeeping which a young people first needs, we have produced nothing with a value depending, in whole or in part, upon our æsthetic taste. For their prettiest dry goods prints and carpet designs, their bronzes and jewelry, their best manufactures of stone china and earthern ware, and the thousand and one fancy articles that grace mantel and sideboard, our people look to Europe. We import these to the extent of millions, and export nothing. It is a fact that the artistic element in manufactures gives them a money value increasing as civilization and wealth progress; and if the day is ever coming when agriculture shall cease to be our chief industry, when we can throw off the swaddling clothes of a highly artificial protective system, and challenge the world with manufactures which shall maintain a successful competition even in the markets of Europe, we must add to our native ingenuity that art skill which is every day becoming a large fraction in the value of manufactured products.

To this end we are now doing almost nothing. One of the circulars of the Bureau of Education counts up a scant half dozen schools for training in the application of art to industry, and adds the remark: "The contrast is sufficiently marked between the four hundred schools of this kind in the little kingdom of Würtemberg, with its population of two millions, and the few scattered schools we have enumerated, which are the only provision for industrial and technical art-education made in this great country for its forty millions of people."

"The American mechanic," says our author, "has hitherto been more ingenious than artistic. His inventive faculty exceeds that of any other people, but he has not had the advantages of an artistic training. He has filled the world with useful labor-saving machines, without adding much to the sum of grace and beauty." There are, however, some centers of promise. One is Massachusetts, with her newly organized system of instruction in drawing in the public schools: Cincinnati is another, where there is a flourishing School of Design. But better, there is there the inspiration of a local artist of real genius, of whom Mr. Nichols gives an interesting sketch. This man is William Frye; and to him, with others, is due the rise in Cincinnati, where a vast amount of furniture is made, of "a school of wood carving whose work compares with the best results of the Renaissance, and has few superiors in Europe to-day."

"His artistic power exhibits itself not so much in the drawing of the human figure as in the adaptation of natural forms to ornamentation. And here the skilled fingers obey with precision, grace and symmetry the poetic impulse of his fertile mind. With marvelous rapidity, from under the touch of his chisel grow drooping ferns, pendent wreaths of leaves and flowers, full plumaged birds, climbing vines of jessamine and ivy, feathery grasses, graceful and elaborate arabesques. His representations of natural objects are not the language of mere imitation, but charming translations. His sculptures from the tough and twisted grain of oak, ebony, walnut and cherry are full of motion."

The basis of such an advance in industrial art as will put us abreast of Europe is a system of drawing universal in our common schools. This will give to the hand and eye of the young mechanic and artisan the initiative in that technical training which is to be one of the most fruitful causes of our material prosperity. The experience of Great Britain and the leading countries of the continent coincides with the opinion of the French commission that of all the branches of instruction which can contribute to the technical education of either sex, drawing is the one which it is most important to make common. In this view drawing is not a mere "accomplishment." With Great Britain it is the first rung of the ladder upon which, since the London Exhibition of 1851, when her difficulty was first seen, she has climbed to the first place in the manufacture and export of the products of industrial art.

In discussing a method of instruction our author is strongly of the opinion that copying from prints and all flat surfaces should be suppressed; that geometrical drawing and drawing at sight from nature should be the two chief points in elementary art education. He gives an elaborate plan of instruction in industrial art in accordance with these ideas; adding that "the art education of a city whose manufactures are silks and other textile fabrics will be diverted into a different channel from that of a city which manufactures wood, pottery, iron and other metals."

Not the least interesting feature of the book is an account of what is being done for industrial art in the countries of Europe. In general, the work is in the hands of the central government; in Austria it is attended to by the provincial authorities. Mr. Nichols has a chapter upon the introduction of art education into the United States, but does not discuss with any fullness the organization of a system. To place the matter in the hands of the general government would, of course, be out of the question; the State is the extreme unit of organization possible. Each State must make its own laws on the subject and maintain its normal art school. There will be this advantage over the centralized systems of Europe; that a diversity of units of organization ought to provoke smart competition; and a comparison of results at State and national exhibitions would make a test of the theories adopted by the different States at once more frequent, more specific and more effective than the international expositions of Europe can do. There is one element in the general plan of art instruction as pursued in England which could not easily be supplied. There would exist a necessity for a great central museum, the want of which could not be filled by thirty or forty smaller ones distributed through the States. The crown of the English system, the practical training school of her teachers and the Mecca of her industrial artists, is the grand museum of South Kensington, upon which the government annually expends £80,000. An institution of similar extent and importance is impossible in any one of our States, but might be sustained by the voluntary association of such of them which have given to art education a legal recognition.

One of the most effective means by which France is increasing the art value of her manufactures is the *Union Centrale*, an association of manufacturers who hold exhibitions and award prizes. Mr. Nichols commends this plan to our citizens, but, we fear, in vain. Whatever the advantages of our tariff system it is one of its certain drawbacks that it weak-

* Art Education as Applied to Industry. By Geo. Ward Nichols. Harper & Brothers.

ens the self-reliance of our manufacturers. The *Union Centrale* was formed when France was losing her prestige in manufactures, consequent on the rapid progress of England in art education after the Universal Exhibition of 1851. Our manufacturers, having never had a foreign trade, never feel the effect of such influences, and, so long as the tariff excludes foreign competition, they never will.

We should do injustice to this work did we fail to notice the superb character of the illustrations, which, though scattered through the pages without much regard to the letter-press, serve the excellent purpose of increasing the reader's interest in the general subject by presenting him with over a hundred copies of what is really beautiful in the application of art to industry, from classic and mediæval times down to our own age.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CHALLENGER."*

THIS volume is a popular sketch, not a scientific report, of that remarkable expedition headed by Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson, which was absent from England the three years and a half from December, 1872, to May, 1876; during which time it sailed 44,000 miles, crossed the equator six times, and circumnavigated the globe. The expedition was conducted under the auspices of the Royal Society and at the charges of the government. Its objects were purely scientific, being chiefly the exploration of the ocean's bed by means of dredging and similar processes. The "Challenger," a spar-decked corvette of 2,000 tons' displacement and 400 horse-power, was elaborately fitted up with every possible convenience of cabin, laboratory and studio, and every possible appliance of aquarium, sounding machine, dredge, trawl, etc. Capt. G. S. Nares commanded the vessel, and subordinate to him was a large and select staff of engineers, surveyors and naturalists. In all respects the expedition seems to have been the most thoroughly equipped one of its class that ever sailed; and its results were in good degree commensurate with its preparations.

The course of the "Challenger" was from Plymouth, England, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by way of the Madeiras, the West Indies and the Bermudas; thence, completing a great ellipse, *via* the Azores and the Cape de Verde Islands to the coast of Brazil and across the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope; thence in a south-easterly direction to the border of the Antarctic seas, as far as the ice would permit; thence, returning by a sharp angle, to Australia, and by tortuous passage through the reefs and islands of Oceanica to China and Japan; thence out upon the broad Pacific, touching at the Sandwich Islands and the Tahiti group, to the Western coast of South America, and around Cape Horn; and home by way of Ascension Island and the Cape de Verdes again. During this long cruise some two hundred soundings were taken, the extreme depth found being 4,475 fathoms in lat. 11° 24′ north, and long. 143° 16′ east, which is the vicinity of the Caroline Islands. The enormous pressure at that depth, some five tons to the square inch, was more than most of the deep sea thermometers could stand. One, however, was equal to the test, and recorded a temperature of 33.9°, the surface temperature being 80°. As many as two hundred successful dredgings were effected, mostly at great depths, and a vast amount of information obtained, illustrated by abundant collections, concerning the bed, currents, temperature, etc., of the great seas traversed.

Mr. Spry, who appears to have been a junior officer of the expedition, enters sufficiently into scientific detail to give the non-professional reader a clear general idea of the results attained and the processes employed in reaching them, but concerns himself more with the aspects of the expedition as an adventure, and with a description of the strange scenes to which it introduced. His volume is thus in reality a simple account of a long and novel voyage, taken under circumstances of peculiar favor for tasting life in many lands. He is not a master of literary art, and there are occasional blemishes and blindnesses in his style which a more practiced hand would have avoided: but these defects are offset by an eager interest in whatever is new and picturesque, good powers of description, and a wholly modest and suitable manner.

The dredging and sounding operations, in which the life of the expedition centered, are thus described:

"It has been found that in all deep soundings it is absolutely necessary to use steam power. No trustworthy results can be obtained from a ship under sail, as even in the calmest weather the heave of the sea, or the surface current, is sufficient to drift the ship in a very short time a considerable distance from the place where the lead was to go. . . . The first thing, therefore, is to shorten and furl sail, and bring the ship head to wind, regulating the speed in such a manner as to avoid forcing her through the water. . . On commencing the operations of sounding, the weighted sounding rod, the water bottle [an implement for obtaining a sample of deep-sea water] and the thermometers are suspended to the line, and lowered from the sounding bridge by reversing the engine [a portable engine on deck used in sounding and dredging operations] for 500 fathoms; the line is then let go and allowed to run out freely. . . .

"The operation of dredging, or trawling, like that of sounding, is carried on from the mainyard, the dredge rope being rove through an iron block which is attached to the accumulator [a device in rubber for accommodating any strain upon the rope] in the same manner as described for sounding. . . . The dredge or trawl being ready to go over, is triced up clear of the platform and hauled out by the tackle until well clear of the vessel's side; the rope is then let go and allowed to run out freely, the ship steaming slowly ahead; from 2¼ to 3 hours are usually required to sink the dredge in this manner, when the depth is about 2,500 fathoms. When it is once down, which is easily found by experience, the vessel is allowed to drift, or steams slowly on for some hours, the accumulator illustrating by the expansion or contraction how the dredge is being dragged over the inequalities of the bottom. Should it foul anything, the strain of the vessel immediately stretches the accumulators to their utmost, the line is at once eased out to prevent it carrying away, and various plans are tried to release it. If all turns out favorable, when it has been on the bottom a sufficient time, the rope is brought to the deck engine and hove up. When it appears above the surface, there is usually great excitement among the "Philos," who are ever on the alert with forceps, bottles and jars, to secure the unwary creatures who may by chance have found their way into the net."

On one of the Tristan Islands, in the South Atlantic Ocean, the "Challenger" found two Germans who had been living a Robinson Crusoe life there for a couple of years. Their story as related to the officers of the ship is printed in full, and is one of curious interest. Mr. Spry's descriptions of the scenery in the Antarctic regions are full of artistic effects, and the pictures he draws of Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, are enough to make one wish to remove to those distant cities by the next steamer. The same may be said of his account of Japan, while some of the islands of the Pacific are set forth to the imagination in paradisaical colors. Numerous illustrations increase the natural attractiveness of this volume.

* The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Challenger." By W. J. J. Spry, R. N. Harper & Brothers.

CASTLE ST. ANGELO.*

UNDER this title our talented countryman, William W. Story, sends us a most interesting volume. It is composed of two articles forming, according to the title-page, "additional chapters to *Roba di Roma*." Both have already been published; the first, which gives to the book a name, in *Blackwood's;* the second, the Evil Eye, in the earlier editions of the *Roba*. The accuracy, clearness and vigor of style with which the author recounts the varying fortunes of "Il Castello," as the Italians term the fortress, together with the patient research, erudite learning and archæological taste evidenced in the second article, assure us that history has lost that plastic art might gain, and that he who so nobly modeled "Medea" and "Cleopatra" would quite as well have portrayed the lands and times to which they respectively belonged.

Originally built by Hadrian for his Mausoleum, this structure remained an imperial sepulcher until A. D. 211, when it received the remains of the last emperor buried here, Septimius Severus. The castle is thus described:

"The basement was a square of about 340 feet each way, and about 75 feet high. Above this

* Castle St. Angelo and the Evil Eye. By W. W. Story. London: Chapman & Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

rose a circular tower of some 235 feet in diameter and 140 feet in height, divided into two or three storeys, and ornamented with columns. Between these columns were statues executed by the ablest artists of the period; and as Hadrian was devoted to the arts, and especially to that of sculpture, there can be little doubt that the statues and *bassi relievi* which adorned this splendid structure were among the noblest works in Rome. Above the circular tower was a dome, or at least a curvilinear roof, which must have risen to the height of some 300 feet. This was probably crowned by a colossal group representing Hadrian in a chariot drawn by four horses. . . . The walls were of immense thickness; not filled up in the centre with rubbish, but throughout of the most solid workmanship. In the centre were two chambers in the shape of a Greek cross, one above the other, each cased in rich Parnazetto marble. . . . There the ashes of the emperors were deposited. . . . The magnificent Elian bridge, resting on massive arches and adorned with statues, formed the splendid stone avenue by which the Mausoleum was approached."

Of the conversion of this structure into a fortress we have no definite account. "Procopius," says the author, "in the sixth century first breaks silence, and describes it as rising like a tower out of the walls of the city." The same writer informs us that, in defending the citadel from the Goths, "the noble statues were wrenched from their places, and toppled down upon the heads of the foes who were crowded beneath and swarming up the walls."

Upon the election of Gregory the Great in 590, as supreme Pontiff, this fortress became the stronghold of papacy, and henceforth its history is a continuous tale of strife and struggle, war and bloodshed, oppression and treachery, interlinked with every crime known under heaven. In this reign it also received the name of "St. Angelo," inasmuch as Gregory is said to have seen the figure of St. Michael, which then crowned the summit, "pause and sheathe his flaming sword, while three angels were heard to chant the antiphony 'Regina Cœli.'" Leo IV made it a part of the fortifications of the new city which he created on the Vatican hill, and by means of it held old, decayed, imperial Rome firmly in his grasp. In later days, during the struggles between the Colonna and Orsini, it was sometimes held by one party, sometimes by another; while for the successive popes it was at times the stronghold whence by edicts, threats and force they controlled the turbulent Romans and factious nobles, and again the citadel where they found "a refuge from the fury of all parties."

Our author's account ends for the most part with the departure of the French after the fall of Napoleon, when, as he says, "on the 10th of May, 1814, the Pontifical standard again floated over it." To the events of 1848 and the French occupation only a couple of pages are given; then follows an account of the excavations within the castle, begun in 1825; of the salvos fired from its ramparts; the treasures kept here; the view from the battlements; and the apartments it contains. Says the author: "What horrors were perpetrated here, Heaven only knows." And yet it has its romantic episodes, as grand and terrible as the edifice itself. In the ninth century it was held by Theodora, "a woman of illustrious birth," to whom nobles and popes were alike subservient, and who "held many fortified castles, turned the massive tombs and arches of the ancient Romans into fortresses, garrisoned them with her soldiers, while in the Castle St. Angelo she lived and held her court." In the tenth century Stephania murdered the third of the Othos, to revenge the death of her husband, Crescentius, who was decapitated and his body hung from the battlements, after re-establishing the Roman republic and ruling as "Consul" most acceptably for more than twenty years. In the thirteenth, when "within the city whole districts were lying wasted and in ruin," and "vegetable gardens and vineyards were planted even round the Pantheon, the Minerva, and the Porta del Popolo," arose Brancaleone, who caused the Senate and the Pope to tremble before him. In the fourteenth, flourished the "Last of the Tribunes." In the fifteenth, the gates of the castle were opened to receive the train of St. Ursula and her bridegroom, "the noble couple receiving the benediction of the Pope, his robes held up behind by his acolytes, and accompanied by cardinals, bishops and priests." In the sixteenth, Benvenuto Cellini endured the horrors of imprisonment here, and in this same century also was enacted the great domestic tragedy of the house of Cenci, of which the author gives us a full account, and we may presume a most trustworthy one, his long residence in Rome furnishing him opportunity for studying every phase of the tale.

"The Evil Eye," the second portion of the volume, is an account of "one of the most ancient and most universal superstitions that have come down to us from the past." "In Italy," says the author, "it still survives with a singular vitality and freshness, under the name of 'Jettatura,' derived from *joctare*, to cast or throw." In his preface Mr. Story further tells us that the library of Siena is "rich in rare old works, in which this subject is treated," and he proceeds to quote, both in the text and in copious notes, from many authors scarce known to the ordinary reader, even by name. After discussing fascination by touch, and informing us that Fulginus, Agrippa, Paracelsus and Pomponatus believed the power of thus curing diseases no uncommon thing, he treats of fascination by the voice, and here quotes Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Lucan and Ovid, in proof of the power of incantation professed by the Romans. Plato speaks of the Thessalian women as possessed of the "power of removing the moon from the sky;" Pliny tells us that a whole olive orchard was drawn across the public way so as to take its place on the opposite side; while Suidas, Spartianas, Ammianus Marcellus and other writers, though ridiculing the various phenomena recorded, seem, in some passages, by no means certain of their non-occurrence. Fascination by look receives by far the most attention, and here the author relates many quaint and curious tales. He also describes the appearance of persons possessed of the power; tells us how it is to be averted, quoting from both ancient and modern writers; informs us that Pio Nino himself is believed to be a jettatore; and discusses amulets, together with ancient and modern superstitions, of which, he says, the air in Italy is full.

In the frontispiece we have a view of the Castle of St. Angelo, taken from above the bridge, and looking toward the Vatican; the vignette of the title-page presents a supposed restoration of the Mausoleum; and, besides these, there are several other illustrative plates.

THE OTTOMAN POWER IN EUROPE.*

MR. Freeman's volume is an overgrown pamphlet. The former treatise made by him on this topic and here expanded into the dimensions of a respectable book, was intended primarily for political effect; and the purpose is never forgotten in the elaboration of this more careful history.

Mr. Freeman is a strenuous foe of the Turks and of the Turkish party in English politics. With Gladstone and Carlyle he finds nothing good in the Ottoman power; and no good hater, of whatever nation, can read these philippics of the English historian without feeling a warmth about the cockles of his heart. For when there is any hating to be done doubtless it ought to be done cordially, and it is sometimes good to see a man let himself loose upon his pet aversion, especially if, as in this case, he seems to have good ground in reason and in righteousness for his antipathies.

Mr. Freeman's preface is not the dullest part of his book. The ringing sentences in which he upbraids and denounces the policy of the British Government in dealing with the Eastern Question are lively reading for this hot weather. In one point his conclusion would seem to have been the product of a somewhat heated fancy. The Turkophilism of the present administration he accounts for, in considerable part at least, by the natural sympathies of Lord Beaconsfield. The Jews, he avers, have always been the friends of the Turk; and the Premier is governed by the prejudices of his race in shaping his Eastern policy. It may be doubted whether this fact has any material effect upon the position of the government. It is not the Jews alone in England who have

* The Ottoman Power in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co.

taken the Turkish side; plenty of Gentiles have been far more pronounced in their sympathies for the Porte than the Prime Minister has been; and they have reasons enough for their preference, too, though their reasons may not be of the best. The Turk is their business partner; they have loaned him immense sums of money; and they do not like to see him disabled by war so that he cannot pay it. On the other hand the approach of Russia to the Mediterranean threatens the commercial supremacy of England in the East. Material considerations of this sort would, of course, incline England to take the Turkish side. Those who take the other side, as Mr. Freeman does, are influenced by ideal rather than material considerations. It is greatly to the credit of those who stand with him that they have spoken so promptly and so strongly of the duty of England to govern herself by higher motives than those of commercial policy, and it is greatly to the credit of the English nation that it has given these men so fair a hearing.

The first chapters of this book, in which a contrast is drawn between the Turks and the European peoples, over whom they rule, is written with great clearness and vigor. The close relation of all the other nations; their common origin; the similarity of their languages, their habits and their religion; and the utter impossibility of any fusion ever taking place between them and their Turkish masters, is made plain. Much emphasis is laid upon the fact that Turkey is not a nation in any such sense as England or France is a nation; the government is neither of the people nor *for* the people; it is simply *over* the people; a brutal foreign domination. The relation between the Turks and the great majority of the people who inhabit the lands over which they tyrannize is that of the burglar to the house into which he has broken and in which he is terrorizing and robbing the household.

Mr. Freeman does justice to the elements of value contained in the Mohammedan faith; but in a very instructive parallel he shows how Christianity has purified itself of polygamy and slavery, because they were excrescences upon it, rather than organic parts of it; while these very evils are of the substance of Mohammedanism, and cannot be reformed away without overthrowing the religion itself. Thus the system must tend to brutalize and corrupt the people, and to render it impossible that the Turkish power should ever be otherwise than treacherous and cruel.

There is only one remedy, and that is to take away the Turkish sovereignty; to place the Turk under the guardianship of united Europe, and finally, either annihilate him, politically, or drive him over the Bosphorus. The Turk, in Mr. Freeman's judgment, realizes Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt. He is "matter in the wrong place." And he would be glad to see not only Russia but all Europe washing its hands of him. It looks just now as if this dirt were going to prove itself of a very adhesive character; and as if the stain which the Turk has made upon the history of Europe would take on a deeper crimson before it disappears.

JOHNSON'S CYCLOPEDIA.*

UPON the question whether a cyclopedia should consist of four large quartos or of sixteen octavos, there is room for precisely two opinions. Either alternative is formidable enough to make the student often sigh for the days when Lord Bacon attempted to survey the whole range of human knowledge in a duodecimo. But those who think with Horace Greeley that every additional volume, in a work of reference, is an added evil, will incline naturally to the cyclopedia that he projected; and will be grateful that the latest fashions in furniture give us tables which will not break down under Mr. Johnson's massive tomes.

Appearing side by side with the new edition of *Appleton's*, the work of Johnson challenges further comparisons. Between President Barnard and Mr. George Ripley, as editors-in-chief, probably little difference of merit can be assigned. *Appleton's* covers rather more ground, has a more even execution, and a more equitable division of space; while in elaborate essays by specialists *Johnson's* may claim the palm. The fact that in the latter work the main articles are signed would of itself indicate this difference; as this throws the writer on his own responsibility, and secures for him more freedom than where the editor is assumed to be responsible for the whole. There is often, moreover, a decided advantage in having different aspects of a question freely handled. In a cyclopedia on *Johnson's* plan Mr. O'Conor can freely vindicate the Democratic party, and Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., the Republican; and the so-called "Religious Amendment to the Constitution" may be advocated by one of its clerical supporters and then dissected by an acute lawyer. This gives, to be sure, something of a journalistic effect; still it has advantages that cannot be attained under the uniformity of *Appleton's* plan.

To say that, in the work now under consideration, the scientific articles are largely by President Barnard; those on international law and kindred questions by ex-President Woolsey; and those on metaphysical subjects by Mr. W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, is to say that the book is, so far, as good as this nation can make it. Among the special contributions of equally high grade may be viewed the article on Indian languages, by Dr. J. H. Trumbull; that on the Romany (Gipsy) language, by Charles G. Leland; that on Naval Architecture, by Capt. S. B. Luce, U. S. N.; that on Journalism, by the late Frederick Hudson; that on the Gyroscope, by Col. J. G. Barnard; that on the Life of Benjamin Lundy, by his disciple, Wm. Lloyd Garrison; and the brief biographies of artists by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The plan of the book renders it also possible to employ foreign writers to some extent. Thus Mr. Thomas Hughes writes on Fagging, which he defends as heartily as he once defended pugilism.

Thus much for the merits of the system of special treatises and individual signatures. But this system brings the drawback of a rather arbitrary assignment of values. Entrust the description of each town to its local editor, and every Little Pedlington becomes important: let each sect furnish memoirs of its own clergymen, and it is astonishing to see how many "gigantic intellects" have blushed unseen. John P. Hale, one of the most notable names in our anti-slavery political history, survives but in eight lines of this cyclopedia, while ex-Governor Grimes of Iowa has half a page. Lucretia Mott has less space than is assigned to any one of a hundred English obscurities. Richard Frothingham, one of our few really eminent historians, has six lines, less than the space allotted to Miss Ellen Frothingham, the translator, and far less than is given to James Frothingham, a forgotten painter. Nathaniel Hawthorne has assigned to him only half the space allotted, on the same page, to General Hawley, and less than that given, a few pages earlier, to Seth Green, the fish-breeder. But it is fair to say that this sort of inequality is a standing grievance in cyclopedias, and will never be quite cured until every man makes his own.

Kindred to this defect is that of occasional omissions, such as are incident to all works of this class. The artist-biographies are so well handled that we are amazed to find no mention of La Farge or Dowse. Among earlier historic figures in America we miss the Dutch Governor Kieft and Martin Pring the explorer; among recent writers, we miss Ralph Keeler and Clarence King (except the latter as a contributor); among English public men, Gathorne Hardy, Mundella and Plimsoll; among German notabilities, Hasselmann and Lassalle.

In respect to typographical errors these volumes are remarkably exempt, nor have we noted many errors of oversight. Catherine Macauley appears three times as "Macaulay," being thus thrown out of her proper alphabetical position. Ribaut's Fort Charles, or Charlesfort, was not a block-house, but a concrete fort, whose ruins may still be seen

* Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia. Vols. II, III and IV. A. J. Johnson & Son.

at Port Royal. We cannot find that Knight's *Worship of Priapus* was reprinted in New York in 1874, but his *Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology* appeared there in 1876. In view of the decided way in which Mormon polygamy is condemned, it seems an excess of charity to say of the Oneida Community that its sexual relations are "far from being amenable to the reproach of immorality, in any ordinary sense of the word." We regret to see, on page 513, the misleading phrase "academical education" applied to those trained in rural "academies" only; it should be left to Poore's Congressional Directory, where it was introduced to save the feelings of Congressmen. But these few suggestions are merely to vindicate the honesty of our criticism, and these errors are trifles in so large a work. As a whole, *Johnson's Cyclopedia* is a credit to our literature, and in important respects can be warmly praised with a safe conscience.

GAIL HAMILTON'S THEOLOGY.*

OF course, Gail Hamilton has a theology. Some of our readers will wish that all theological treatises were as simple and clear, and, we may add, as brief, as hers. Its one hundred and seven spare pages can easily be mastered in half an hour. The defense of her views, as well as the combating of them, we leave to the disputants in the ecclesiastical arena; we on a serener plane may be content with a survey.

The Bible Gail Hamilton is ready to take at its own estimate. This she denies to be what the "orthodox" theologians have always understood it to be. In her understanding the four Gospels, which are "the very center of the Bible, the very keystone of the whole arch," lay no claim whatever to Divine inspiration.

"They assume no other authority than any man assumes who undertakes to write the life of the friend and teacher with whom he has been in daily intimate association, and whom he has held in immeasurable honor and love."

Peter's declaration that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" she easily reconciles with this view by the fact that the words "as they were" are *an interpolation of the translators;* without which the text certainly carries more nearly the meaning to which she would confine it. Paul also says: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" but, argues our author, according to James "*every* good gift and *every* perfect gift is from above." That is to say:

"The inspiration claimed by the Sacred Writers is altogether natural. . . . The question is not at all what will become of our faith if the Bible be not written by God, but is the Bible written by God? . . . It is as impossible to define the work of God in the Bible as it is to define it in the world. The Bible is His work just the same as the world is His work. He did not turn author and write a treatise any more than He turned mechanic and carved a tree. . . . All Scripture that is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, is given by inspiration of God. Holy men of old spake [as they were] moved by the Holy Ghost, and holy men of to-day speak moved by the Holy Ghost. . . . But while the proof of the rigid plenary, mechanical, miraculous inspiration of the Scriptures is nowhere found in the Bible, or out of it, the proof of their real inspiration, of the fact that they come from above and not from below, is found in their very existence, entirely apart from anything they say. . . . I do not care how many errors, discrepancies, mistakes, misstatements the Bible may have. . . . I only wonder there is so little of grotesque, inexplicable, contradictory. . . . Here is the world, such as it is, and here is the Bible, just what it always was, stronger than it ever was, as ineradicable as the earth, as irrepressible as the atmosphere."

This we believe to be an impregnable ground, though it is not every religious reasoner who has the courage to forsake all other fortresses and ascend to it. Whatever other arguments for the divinity in the Scriptures may fail, this can never fail; and here we firmly believe Christianity will take its final stand. "The Christian is the world's Bible," said Prof. Christlieb. And the Bible is the world's book, he might have added.

From this statement of her views of inspiration the author passes to the doctrine of the person of Jesus as she finds it in the Scriptures. The Bible alone, she concedes, and chiefly the four Gospels, contain that doctrine. What therein does Jesus say about himself? What did his disciples think of him? How did the people look upon him? Following the line of inquiry here suggested, she reported to us that the first three Gospels furnish no intimation that Christ was God, but on the contrary many intimations that he was not God; that these three Gospels, while not teaching the *Deity* of Christ, do teach his *Divinity;* that John indeed does go more deeply into the mysteries of his person; but that even John, like the other evangelists, is far less concerned to show that Jesus is God than that he is sent from God. "They say very little about His nature, His Godhood, but they say a great deal about His divine mission."

"The fishermen of Galilee left their nets and preached the same God that the scientists preach looking up from their fastnesses among the rocks and knocking everywhere at the gates of life; the Absolute, the Unconditioned, the Unknown and the Unknowable. . . . Tyndall says: 'When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation.' . . . The Apostles do not call this Power the Unconditioned. They call it the Invisible God, whom no man hath seen nor can see: dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto. But translated out of popular scriptural into scientific language, it is the Unconditioned, the Unknowable, the Power. . . . 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' asks the Bible defiantly. . . . After a thousand years of generous seeking, science can only answer sadly, 'Unknown and Unknowable.' . . . The world cannot find Him out. . . . If He is to be known at all, He must be known by some act of His own, for we are helpless. . . . The Apostles and the Prophets advance a step beyond the scientists and tell us that He has performed that act and made Himself known. . . . No longer vague, vast, and far, unseen, inscrutable — for once and forever God was made manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world unto Himself."

And once more:

"Why should there be any difference of opinion among those who accept the statements of the Apostles regarding Jesus — I do not say as inspired, but as worthy of credence? . . . Trinitarian and Unitarian agree that God was manifest in the flesh, that Jesus was the Son of God and that he came to save his people from their sins. Jesus in his relation to us we perfectly understand. . . . But Jesus in his relation to God we do not understand, neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian. . . . So far as Unitarians believe that Jesus was but a man, we are forced to disagree with them; but so far as following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ and his disciples, they simply decline to define the Godhead, we must all be Unitarians. . . . For the most part we can go no further than Paul. Great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh."

The aim and plan of Gail Hamilton's book will be recognized at once from this outline by any intelligent reader. It is not a new, but it is a fresh, statement of what might be called a Christian rationalism. At some points the author's syntax is open to improvement; and at others we have an impression that the professors of Andover or Princeton would make quick work of her logic; but in the main her testimony is straightforward and sensible, and is important as marking the course and strength of currents which are more and more making themselves apparent in the religious thought of our time.

* What Think Ye of Christ? By Gail Hamilton. Estes & Lauriat.

JOHNSON'S CHINA.*

THE author of this work is an example of a class rare anywhere, peculiarly rare in America, and proverbially formidable; the men, namely, who concentrate their lives upon a single intellectual labor. He is a man of one book, *homo unius libri.* It is now thirty-four years since he graduated at Harvard College with the second honors of his class. Judged by the early expectations of his friends and the eager American appetite for notoriety, his life has seemed to many to be a failure. Now that his great work is being published, and the labor of his life revealed, he puts to shame all this ignorant criticism, and vindicates, at one stroke, the promise of his youth. In a community of scattered and fragmentary scholarship he at least has set the example of concentration. Like Buckle with his *History of Civilization,* he has achieved reputation by a single work.

Even a hasty glance at the foot-notes will show a wealth of citation and reference such as no American book, except Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific Coast,* has equaled; while the quality of the reading here implied

* Oriental Religions and Their Relation to Universal Religion. By Samuel Johnson. Vol. II. China. J. R. Osgood & Co.

is far profounder than that required of Bancroft. One of its especial characteristics, moreover, is that it implies a research extending beyond the main and permanent authorities, however numerous; for it covers the innumerable treasures contained in the periodical literature of France and Germany. Its thousand pages treat of all that concerns the Chinese race, past and present. Its four great sub-divisions are thus classified: I, Elements; II, Structures; III, Sages; IV, Beliefs. This classification is not wholly satisfactory; since it gives us, for instance, Confucius and Mencius under the third head, and postpones Buddha and Lao-tse to the fourth. Yet it is thoroughly conceived in the author's mind, and though it may be called "transcendental," it is not in the least vague or whimsical.

The value of the learning in these volumes is not to be underrated on the ground that it is from second-hand sources, and that the author claims to know neither Sanskrit nor Chinese. The difficulty of acquiring these languages is still so great that those who have mastered them serve mainly as lexicons for thinkers, and other men must supply the thought. When we see our foremost Sanskrit scholar translating, and the Oriental Society publishing, year by year, what is, after all, but an absolutely unreadable grammatical treatise, it is impossible not to feel grateful to authors like Mr. Johnson, who digest for us, out of the works of a thousand English, French and German observers, the essence of Oriental thought and life. A student of Greek and Latin mythology has no business to do his work at second hand; a scholar is supposed to know those languages, and he will soon be expected to know Sanskrit. But this is not yet absolutely required; and that a man may write a work of great learning on China, and yet not know Chinese, is proved, were proof needful, by these very volumes.

Not even Mr. Johnson's zeal and skill can give to the system of Confucius the charm and picturesqueness which everywhere attaches to Buddhism and its founder. The "superior man" of the Chinese sage becomes, after all, a little of a pedagogue or a pedant compared with the dreamland of Buddha. The conquering career of that extraordinary faith, too, makes its Chinese development especially interesting, and we confess that we should turn oftener to this part of Mr. Johnson's book than to any other. It is hardly needful to say that a mind so spiritual as that of this writer must inevitably reject the narrow materialistic interpretation of *Nirvana*. Here, as in the other volume, Mr. Johnson multiplies evidence and argument to show that this mystic word does not stand for annihilation, but for the highest form of heavenly peace.

Finer even than the chapters on Chinese Buddhism are those upon the teaching of the "old philosopher," Lao-tse. We know nowhere else so clear a picture as is here given. Mr. Johnson says truly that the *Tao-te-King* is a book of "wonderful ethical and spiritual simplicity," and that "its religion resembles that of Fénélon or Thomas à Kempis, combined with a perceptive rationalism of which they were not masters." These claims are certainly justified by the long extracts he gives, which are entitled to rank among the best memorials of the ethnic religions. How noble and beautiful is this, for instance:

> "As for me, three treasures do I prize. The first is compassion; the second, frugality; the third, humility. When Heaven would save, it surrounds with compassion. . . . The good should be treated with goodness, also the evil; the upright, uprightly, also the insincere. To the saint, all are his children."

Where such are the teachings of a philosopher, we can hear with satisfaction that his image stands in the public places. It appears that in the great temple at Peking the figures of Confucius, Buddha and Lao-tse stand side by side, the central place being courteously assigned to Buddha, as to a stranger. And Mr. Johnson cites from ancient monuments of Buddhism the motto "good for evil" written as clearly as this, if less gracefully: thus, "the more evil done me by another, the more good shall go from me to him." And again, elsewhere, it is defined as one element in the perfect patience of a good man that when "treated violently, he returns love and good will."

In this volume, as in its predecessor, the author sometimes turns aside to compare Oriental with American institutions; he finds in the narrow literalness of the Chinese literary class a resemblance to the worst features of our public school systems; and he dwells largely on the lessons to our Civil Service Reform from the example of China. He points with as much plainness to the defects of the Chinese as to their merits; and sums up their temperament in three predominant traits: (1) plodding persistence; (2) dead-level uniformity; (3) minute fidelity in details. These he considers to constitute the "muscular type or work-temperament" —the latter phrase being more felicitous, to our thinking, than the former. He elsewhere says of the Chinese that "the ideal element in their nature is not absent, but absorbed in positive and physical work-impulses."

The book is a study, not merely of the religions of the Chinese, but of their government, literature and history. It is, in fact, an encyclopedia of China, containing within its lids the essence of all other books upon the subject; and needing nothing but an index, for which the "topical analysis," though careful and elaborate, is an insufficient substitute.

COIN OF THE REALM.

— The several churches in the Christian world are distinguished by their doctrines; and the members of those churches have therefore taken the names of Roman Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, or the Reformed and Evangelical Protestants; with many others. This distinction of names arises solely from doctrines, and would never have had place if the members of the church had made love to the Lord and charity toward their neighbor the principal point of faith. Doctrines would then have been only varieties of opinion concerning the mysteries of faith, which they who are true Christians would leave to everyone to receive according to his conscience; while the language of their hearts would be that he is a true Christian who lives as a Christian, that is, as the Lord teaches. *Swedenborg's "Freedom, Rationality and Catholicity."*

— Love's beginnings are varied, and his final crises of avowal take individual shape in each individual instance; but his processes and symptoms of growth are alike in all cases; the indefinable delight,—the dreamy, wondering joy,—the half avoidance which really means seeking,—the seeking which shelters itself under endless pleas,—the ceaseless questioning of faces,—the mute caresses of looks,—and the eloquent caresses of tones,—are they not written in the books of the chronicles of all lovers? *"Hetty's Strange History."*

— We are the children of nature, and self-respect, if not filial piety, should warn us not to disparage our descent; but our parent, with reverence be it said, is of hybrid birth, and true piety should make us faithful to the finest strain in our ancestry, and it is on this ground that we venture to claim as truly natural in ourselves all that is most in harmony with what we call best in the works of the great genetrix. *Edith Simcox's "Natural Law."*

— Why is a blacksmith always a half-heroic and even almost poetic person, and a cobbler always more or less absurd? Is it viler to shoe men than horses? You may make a shoeing-smith a very Odyssus or Hector in your poem, and no one will laugh at you or your picture; but your human shoemaker is always beneath contempt: it is very unjust. *Ouida's "Ariadne."*

— The *botherers* in life escape unpunished, and go to their graves unbranded with infamy. Their tombstones are often, nay, commonly, placed in the most respectable corners of the graveyard; and I have found, not infrequently, the word *virtue* engraven on their marbles. *James T. Fields's "Underbrush."*

— A woman's love is all strong, full-statured in an hour. It does not need to be nourished and strengthened by constant presence and association. It can go into the wilderness, and live alone, and grow and flourish, biding its time. *Gail Hamilton's "First Love is Best."*

— How often self-examination is followed by self-reproach, and how often self-reproach by self-absolution and the neglect or forgetfulness of reform! *John Quincy Adams's "Memoirs."*

— Great prizes of study and genius offered to the able few have always a salutary and wonderful operation on the many who never gain them. *Charles Reade's "A Woman Hater."*

— No matter whether or not the men of the future happen to know your name; if they are unconsciously modified by your life it is enough. *E. P. Tenney's "Coronation."*

— Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk. *Geo. Macdonald's "Marquis of Lossie."*

— We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. *Dr. Holmes's "The Story of Iris."*

— Genuine love is the ripest, the most perfect fruit of Life. *Mrs. Hamilton's "My Bonnie Lass."*

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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PUBLIC LIBRARIES TO BE.

UNLESS we are very much mistaken there is growing up in this country an instrument of popular education which is destined to wield an influence quite as distinct as, and fully commensurate with, that of the public school and the college. We refer to the public library, whose functions and methods are fast settling into a highly organized system. The sources of the system may be various, sometimes individual munificence, sometimes municipal appropriation, oftener, probably, they are likely to be both — the one stimulated by the other. Before many years we may expect to see a public library system as extensive as our school system. Towns and cities will tax themselves for free libraries as they now do for water works, fire departments and other public conveniences; and the library will stand side by side with the school, the press and the church as one of the four great intellectual and moral forces which are molding the community.

It requires no remarkable foresight to make this prediction. By what has been already done in one American city is it easy to see what is to be done in all. While we are witnessing with astonishment the achievements of the telephone, ingenious minds and unwearied hands have been building up in Boston an institution which is as much of a marvel in one way as the telephone is in another. If our forefathers who fought at Bennington had been told that the exercises at the centennial celebration of their victory would be reported in full in the leading papers of the country within twenty-four hours of their occurrence, they would have shaken their heads at what seemed an impossibility. But what would the members of the Library Company of Philadelphia, who voted Congress the free use of their few books, have said had they been told that a hundred years from their time, Boston, grown out of a town into a city, would be equipped with a library of 300,000 volumes, free to the people, and administered as purely and heartily in their interest as if they were the visible owners and managers?

Just this is the sober fact. Of old a symbol of the public library would have been the town pump, which (if it were not dry) yielded water to those who took the trouble to come to it and had patience to work the handle long enough. To-day, in such a public library as that of Boston — and this must inevitably be the model after which all kindred institutions shall be patterned — we have a vast and intricate enginery for the storage of the choice literature of the world and for its rapid, thorough and accommodating distribution throughout its community. The Boston Public Library, with its branches at the South End, East Boston, South Boston, Roxbury, Charlestown, Brighton, Dorchester and Jamaica Plain, with its deliveries by boxes at city reformatories, fire-engine houses, and the like, and with its admirable methods for answering the needs and awakening and stimulating the tastes of readers, is passing around a million and a quarter of books annually among less than half a million of people. Who can measure the beneficent results to the body corporate of such a circulation of the blood as this? And when we look forward ten, twenty, fifty years, and find five thousand public libraries, large and small, doing each its own work in its own place, who will venture to estimate the effect in the aggregate upon the population, minds, morals and manners of the people at large?

MR. EMERSON AT HOME.

JUST outside the village of Concord, Mass., at the intersection of the old road to Boston with that to Lexington, is the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It stands a little back from the road, and tall pines and firs before it give an air of retirement well fitting the home of a philosopher.

The original house was built fifty years ago, and as it now stands is a large, square building, painted white, and furnished with a generous supply of windows and chimneys. A few years since it was badly damaged by fire, but while the owner was in Europe it was carefully restored by his friends, and a few improvements added, the only irreparable loss being some boxes of old sermons stowed away in the garret, which, having done good service in the hands of Puritan divines, now perished from an excess of the element they lacked before. A roomy barn stands near the house, and behind lies a little farm of nearly a dozen acres. The whole external appearance of the place suggests old-fashioned comfort and hospitality.

Within the house the flavor of antiquity is still more noticeable. Old pictures look down from the walls; quaint blue and white china holds the simple dinner; old furniture brings to mind the generations of the past. Just at the right as you enter is Mr. Emerson's library, a large square room, plainly furnished, but made pleasant by pictures and sunshine. The homely shelves which line the walls are well filled with books. There is a lack of showy covers or rich bindings, and each volume seems to have soberly grown old in constant service. Mr. Emerson's study is a quiet room upstairs, and there each day he is steadily at work, despite advancing years.

Although one hardly realizes it, Mr. Emerson is getting to be an old man. Born in 1803, and a graduate of Harvard in 1821, he has seen the fatal asterisk set to the names of one after another of his classmates, until now few are left besides himself. He speaks of himself as a man whose work is nearly ended, but the only sign of failing power noticeable in conversation with him is a slight hesitation and apparent effort in recalling a needed word, especially a proper name.

His wife, a sister of Dr. Jackson, the discoverer of anæsthetics and a rival claimant with Morse of the electro-magnetic telegraph, is a stately lady with beautiful snowy hair, and a dignified but gracious bearing. She is proud, and justly so, of her husband's genius and fame. One daughter lives at home, and devotes herself to care for the comfort of the family.

In college Mr. Emerson did not distinguish himself as a scholar. He indulged his fondness for literature at the expense of lessons. As a classmate remarks: "He was one of the few who made the discovery that Shakespeare was very entertaining reading." The Waverley Novels were then coming out, and Scott's magic enchanted him as it did everybody. Each new volume was quickly purchased, and he, with a group of college friends, all eager to enjoy it, would sit up far into the night, taking turns at reading aloud, so that all might hear at once.

Oddly enough, philosophy was a study which he disliked and never excelled in. Mathematics, too, were a great stumbling block. The story is told by the best of authorities that only a few years ago he unwittingly cheated a poor Irishman, when paying him for some work, by calculating that seven times seven were twenty-seven, and the error was not detected until Pat, who had his doubts about the matter, consulted a neighbor and came back for a re-settlement.

There were fifty-nine in Mr. Emerson's class, and commencement parts were given to twenty-seven of them. Emerson stood high enough to have a share in a conference — a part usually given to the duller men — and accordingly he and two others conferred "On the character of John Knox, William Penn and John Wesley." After graduation he taught school with an older brother in

Boston for some time before he entered the ministry.

We are wont to say that at such or such a time Mr. Emerson left the ministry. But is he not in the ministry still?

AMERICAN DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

ALL who are looking for the elevation of the stage in this country, by the purifying of its atmosphere, must take heart, we think, at the growing interest in dramatic composition which some of our best and most thoroughly respected writers are showing. True, Mr. Bret Harte's *Two Men of Sandy Bar* did not meet with great success as a production on the New York boards, nor as a book was it highly approved by the critics; but the same author's *Ah Sin*, written, we believe, in conjunction with Mr. S. L. Clemens, has been much more favorably received, and is represented as largely, if not wholly, free from the coarseness and vulgarity which marred its predecessor. Mr. Joaquin Miller's new play, *The Danites*, which has just been brought out in New York, probably belongs to the lower grade again.

Mr. Howells, as we all know, has been trying his hand of late upon dramatic forms, and with the happiest effect. No sooner is the wish expressed that his delightful comedy, *A Counterfeit Presentment*, might be placed upon the stage, than the public is informed that it is to be; indeed, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, announces that he is the man who is going to do it, having purchased the work for that purpose, and having at this moment the leading part in preparation.

Still further we observe that Mrs. Burnett's powerfully dramatic story, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, is to be formally dramatized and soon produced; though a different version, we should hope, from the *Liz* which has already appeared in London, and which, from that title, must give undue prominence to an unpleasant episode of the story. We happen to know also that Hon. A. G. Riddle of Washington, who has written two or three excellent novels of American life, has completed a comedy in five acts, based upon society at the capital.

Perhaps the most novel item of news under the present head is that Mr. D. R. Locke and Mr. Charles F. Richardson, the latter the literary editor of the *Independent*, have jointly written a comedy, which, we learn, is not unlikely to be brought out in Boston the present autumn. A play which "Petroleum V. Nasby" and an editor of one of our leading "religious weeklies" have united to compose will certainly be a novelty in the history of American dramatic literature, and ought, we should say, to be a success! The manuscript of this work is now completed, and we hear that Mr. Sothern and other good judges have expressed themselves as much pleased with it. There is no Chinaman in the piece. It is a thoroughly American comedy, laying an emphasis on both of those last words.

There is one publication of the present year which we are surprised has not fallen into the hands of some playwright before this. That is Erckmann-Chatrian's *Friend Fritz*, than which no story, as it seems to us, could be richer in the materials for a clean and crisp light comedy. And as this branch of literature seems to be attracting a new class of writers, we commend *Friend Fritz* to the attention of some who might profitably experiment upon it; Mr. Horace E. Scudder, for instance, or Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, or Mr. John Habberton. The latter, we believe, is the literary editor of the *Christian Union*, and a little friendly rivalry with his neighbor of the *Independent* might be stimulating. Of course, when our religious editors take to writing the plays we may all go to the theater!

THE *bona fide* circulation of the *Literary World* now extends to forty-four of the United States and Territories, including the District of Columbia; to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Canadas; to England, Ireland, France and Germany; and to South America and India. This circulation is so distributed that it is just and true to say that the paper is by no means a Boston paper, nor a Massachusetts paper, nor even a New England paper. Such influence as it exerts is national and not local, and its growth of late has been strongly in this direction. The advantages which such a paper presents to advertisers are obvious; particularly to those who desire to reach the attention of the reading and thinking classes; and we are glad to have reason to feel that they are recognized by the public. A new department of educational advertisements, which appears this month, illustrates one of the many good uses which may be made of the *Literary World*. We commend the point to all whom it may concern.

IT would appear from the last number of the *Congregational Quarterly*, an influential organ of the Trinitarian Congregational Churches, edited by Rev. Christopher Cushing, D. D., that Rev. Washington Gladden's pamphlet in review of Rev. Joseph Cook's lectures on the Atonement, noticed in our issue for July last, is likely to excite a discussion of some sharpness among the leaders of that denomination. If sectarian zeal should get the better of a catholic temper, we fear the discussion will descend from the pages of literature to the floor of councils. The *Literary World* is not a theological journal, but it ventures to raise the question whether the true test of the soundness of a given theological doctrine, that of the Atonement for instance, be not its power to sweeten the disposition and to chasten the tongue? And it makes bold to say to Messrs. Cook and Gladden and Cushing, and to all who may join in any impending fray of pens, that it will watch their words closely to see whose spirit is the likest His!

IN illustration of the point attempted to be made in an editorial in our last issue on "Compensations of Intellectual Toil" might be mentioned the current newspaper statement that the late Kensett, the artist, earned only a comfortable living with his brush, but that Kensett, the oyster-packer, who has just died, left a fortune of two millions of dollars. The two men were brothers. Which would you rather have been?

MR. Tom Hughes, whose admiration and affection for the author of the "Biglow Papers" are said to know no bounds, was out of town with his family when Mr. Lowell passed through London on his way to Madrid; but he sent him the keys of his house. Could a generous hospitality give a heartier sign? One used to hang the latch string out for his brother; now he may send him his keys.

IN reply to the inquiries of his many friends we would say that Mr. Crocker remains at the Asylum in South Boston, where he has been since early in the year. His condition is as comfortable as, under the circumstances, could be expected.

JAMES E. FREEMAN.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

MOST delightful among the books that come to us are those written by Americans who have been so long resident in foreign lands that thoughts, feelings and expressions are redolent of an atmosphere strange, but all the more fascinating. Such were the *Marble Faun* and the *Our Old Home* of Hawthorne; such the *Roba di Roma* of Story; and such is the *Gatherings of an Artist's Portfolio* by Freeman. But Mr. Freeman has been so long a dweller in sunny Italy that his name is almost forgotten, except by such of our countrymen as have been gifted with a *cultus* appreciative of better work and loftier aims than American art has hitherto reached.

Mr. Freeman was born in Nova Scotia early in the present century, and settled in Otsego, New York, among a farming population that could little understand either his aims or his capabilities. His parents thought him hardly better than mad; and so, almost unaided, he made his way to New York, there entered the National Academy, became a member, and, finally, in 1835, as he tells us, sailed for Italy, where he has ever since resided. He is now the Nestor of our art-colony in Rome, and no English artist, I believe, resident there at that time is still living.

But Art had at this time received a new impulse. Awakened to a new birth, Cornelius, Overbeck and Schadow had established themselves in the cloister of St. Isadore, and begun their crusade against the naturalistic, voluptuous and intensely sensational spirit which then ruled alike in sculpture and painting. Freeman did not, like these pioneers, attempt to lead art back to the purity of Giotto and Angelico; neither did he, like them, attempt such subjects as had employed the pencils of Raphael and Angelo; but he was influenced by their teachings, and studied as they did the great masters, that he might the better accomplish his work. Nor did he thus study in vain. "Expression," says Ruskin, "is the soul of art," and Freeman's great talent lies in the power of expression, in making his figures and faces interpret

the soul within. Subjects drawn from Italian life, from the people about him, are those with which he mostly deals, and in all of these we feel that he looks beneath the surface and knows the hearts alike of beggars and nobles. Yet many of his works, among them his "Study of an Angel," owned by C. C. Perkins, Esq., make us feel that he might have succeeded had he attempted "grand" subjects. "The Three Marys at the Sepulcher" is his only important religious composition, and this has received unqualified praise.

Freeman's paintings are executed with great care, showing that he has mastered the technicalities of his art; and all invite to careful study, continually unfolding new beauties. Vigor rather than delicacy characterizes the treatment, and while some of his canvases, as his "Tuscan Peasants Gathering Grapes," almost startle us by their brilliancy of color, others, like his "Crusader's Return," are cold almost to paleness. Yet, as we hinted before, our artist has never been popular in America, and but few of his pictures are owned here. While thousands have been lavished upon Frenchmen of second-rate ability, this man of genius and thorough art-education has been left by his own countrymen, if not to poverty, then to a straitened competency gained by foreign patronage.

Late in life Mr. Freeman married Miss Latilla, a lady of English and Italian parentage. Her brother was a painter, and at one time had a studio in New York. She has given herself to plastic art, and accomplished some excellent things; among them "The Culprit Fay" from Drake's poem, and a vase in *alto relievi* surrounded by genii overcome by wine. Mrs. Freeman's works, like those of her husband, belong for the most part to English collections.

We do hope that this veteran in art may be spared to give us other "Gatherings" from his "Portfolio," and until his countrymen have learned to appreciate the power of his pencil.

C. W. HORTON.

Salem, Mass.

RECENT FICTION.

— The title and the binding of the conspicuous book called *That Husband of Mine*[1] have doubtless much to do with its remarkable sale, which reached 30,000 copies, it is said, within ten days of publication. The title alone is a stroke of genius, and the book itself is the product of a practiced hand, though bearing nobody's name. We opened it with the expectation of finding for a hero one of "Helen's Babies" grown up; and a record of mature "larks" to correspond, out of which had come consternation and dismay to some wifely heart. The book does contain "that sort of thing," in part, but makes more of a love match between two "other people" which "that husband" and his adoring spouse have much to do in bringing about. For a trifle it is very good, and will furnish an hour's entertainment to anybody. There is no scandal in the story, notwithstanding Mrs. Nettleton's attempt to get up one.

[1] That Husband of Mine. Lee & Shepard.

— Of *Jack*[2] we have not one opinion, but several opinions. We find it hard to express them, while to reconcile them is impossible. It is a bad book in its materials and atmosphere, and it is a good book in its purpose and method. In its literary execution it is exceedingly fine. Perhaps the way of escape from our dilemma lies in saying that it should receive one judgment in France, where it was written, and another in the United States, where it has been reprinted. It is a realistic and powerful delineation of the misery which is entailed by the one historic immorality of French social life. To a society like that of France, such a tale, it seems to us, must be a moving appeal for reconstruction on a better basis. And measuring M. Daudet by his original constituency and by his unquestionable motives, we deem it just to call him, as he is called, "a stern moralist." But we do not need such forms of instruction in this country. The characters here set before us are, for the most part, a loose set. Jack, poor child, and the lovely Cécile, alone stand in the light, yet there are deep shadows, alas! upon them. In the Moronval Academy we have a palpable reproduction, in Parisian dress, of Dickens's "Dotheboys' Hall." The style throughout is highly artistic, the posturings are dramatic and absorbing, and the entire work that of a master; but the end is sad, painfully so, and we close the book with renewed thankfulness for that institution which the English-speaking world calls home, with all the holy and tender relations and influences of which it is the center.

— The strength of *My Bonnie Lass*[3] lies in its plot, which is ingenious and cleverly developed, with a forefront of mystery and a succession of surprises which lie behind one another like the headlands of a long-stretched-out shore. The book shows considerable descriptive power, and there is a tenderness to its tones which at points becomes almost touching. The dialogue is the weak element, being too often artificial and stilted. The scene opens in San Domingo, but is quickly transferred in part to England and Scotland, and in part to one of the English provinces, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia probably, though no name is given. An unique personality in the book is that of Robert Kidd, a parrot, who is an amusing character indeed, and whose death is very well done. Captain Fox, too, is a well-drawn character. But neither the dollishly divine Bell nor the impulsive and egoistic Gerald do we like scarcely better than Helen McAlpine, the actress and adventuress, or Dunraven, the low-bred lieutenant. Gregory stands alone the hero. The obtrusive theme of illicit love has its place in the evolution of the story, and one feels a wrench of the proprieties in such a pure being as Bell Campbell falling a prize to Gerald. The story purports to be Gregory's own recital, but is Mrs. Hamilton's in spirit and her hero's only in form. No man could sit down in the afterglow of life and write with such a gush. If Mrs. Hamilton will thin her ink a little, and write on a little less highly scented paper, she will do better both by herself and her readers.

[2] Jack. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. [Translated] by Mary Neal Sherwood. Estes & Lauriat.

[3] My Bonnie Lass. By Mrs. C. V. Hamilton. Estes & Lauriat.

— We do not suppose that Mr. Hale's last story[4] cost him any great amount of labor, nor does it require much of the reader, but it is a skillful bit of work nevertheless, and one that will give more enjoyment than many novels far more pretentious. Its train of events is a "lightning express," and the tone of recital is intensely matter-of-fact. There is no "repose" in it; there are no "gems of thought;" no abstract truths; no general reflections; nothing, for instance, which we can quote as "Coin of the Realm," though we have gone twice through it for that purpose with great desire. But there is a rapid succession of incident, a good deal of information, and plenty of good nature. G. T. T. means "gone to Texas." They who had gone were two young women, Hester Sutphen and Effie Abgar. How they embellished their Pullman car with their imaginations; how they chanced into acquaintance with two respectable young gentlemen by the way; how a visit at Cincinnati, a sail down the Mississippi and a stop at a plantation on the banks of that river, diversified their journey; and how there was a general falling in love all round, and a double marriage at the end; for these and other particulars "inquire within."

— *In Change Unchanged*[5] is a graceful story, the writer of which is understood to be English by birth, Italian by marriage and adoption. She uses her great advantage of this double nationality with a taste and skill which remind us of *Quits* and *The Initials*, whose author, the Baroness Tautpheus, occupied a similar position. The heroine of *In Change Unchanged* is a lonely young English widow named Edith Henderson, who, going abroad for a Roman winter, and drifting toward Florence in the spring, as tourists do, finds at *Bellosguardo*, first an art, next an aunt, and lastly a lover. We leave her made happy in these three discoveries. We are treated to a bright run into the Dolomite region, and there are telling bits of description here and there, but these are subordinated, as description should be, to the human interests to be subserved, and the best and most picturesque part of the book, to our

[4] G. T. T.; or the Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman. By Edward E. Hale. Roberts Brothers.

[5] In Change Unchanged. By Linda Villari. Henry Holt & Co.

thinking, lies in the tenderly sketched little home at *Bellosguardo*, and its sweet, helpful inmate; a picture which more than one old Florence *habitué* will recognize with a sigh and smile as being from real life. We commend this pleasant story as full of interest, and its English and its breeding are both unexceptionable, a thing to be thankful for in these days of rapid writing and slangy "society" novels.

— The Russian novelist, Turgenieff, whose name appears in a great variety of forms — one, indeed, on the cover and another on the title-page of his last novel,[6] a third in the *American Cyclopædia* and a fourth in an interesting biographical sketch in the June *Scribner's* — is becoming very popular in this country, as he has long been in Europe. An original and powerful writer, he has the advantage of delineating life in a country comparatively unfamiliar. *Virgin Soil*, for example, affords many inside glimpses of Russia, to which country all its scenes and characters belong. It is a semi-political story, founded upon the workings of that socialistic element which is known to be fermenting in the empire. The translation from the French reads smoothly enough, but to the average reader the story will be a little obscure, and the ending is abrupt and unsatisfactory.

— George Macdonald's powerful romance, *The Marquis of Lossie*,[7] first appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* as a serial, a sequel to *Malcolm*. It exhibits those characteristic excellences which give Macdonald's writings such wide currency and favor. Malcolm, the hero, is favorite groom of a great Scotch noble, and also his legitimate son and heir, though ignorant of his relationship till informed by his father on his death-bed. His half-sister, Florimel, daughter by a second wife, succeeds to the title and estates of the Marquis. Malcolm is possessed of evidence that his mother, though believed to be dead, was still living when Florimel was born, so that he is Marquis of Lossie, and his sister has neither title nor name. But through affection for her he suppresses the facts, and serves as groom to the Marchioness of Lossie, not revealing the true state of the case till the very close of the story, and then only in order to prevent his sister's marriage with a dissolute Earl. While acting as her groom in London he wins the heart of a lady of high rank, and finally her hand, which is given while he is believed to be but a stable-boy. The principal characters are strongly drawn, and there is no lack of incident and romance. As in all his stories the author takes opportunity to preach many little sermons, which are not the least valuable parts of the book. No one can read such a story without receiving good impulses. In both the plot and the minor incidents there is, however, a high degree of improbability; and the delighted reader cannot forget that conversations like these between countesses and grooms never occur in real life, least of all in English life. Still, as a nine-years-old at our elbow remarks: "Papa, why do people make such a talk about a story being 'true to nature?' If it is *good* and *interesting*, what more can we ask for?"

— To the multitude of novel-readers who turn from some popular writers of the day with disgust, repulsion and weariness by turns, the advent of Mrs. Trollope's last work[8] is an event of importance. *Black Spirits and White* is a good novel, both in plot and in treatment, in its conception of character, and in its delineation of the mental and moral changes brought about by the working of circumstances. This last is Mrs. Trollope's peculiar province. Her earlier novels gave proof of her possession of this rare faculty, but in none is it shown so strongly as in this. The gradual debasement of Sir Cosmo and Lady Lowry; the softening and refining effect upon Dr. Flagge of his hopeless affection, as far as Œnone is concerned, while all the rest of his offensive personality is left as detestable as before; the moody and fitful unhappiness of the poor little *artiste*, as the conviction of her fate opens slowly before her; all these are wrought out with delicate and strong handling. But the chief attraction of the book lies in its vivid and lovely portraiture of Mary Lowry, in whom the authoress has drawn an ideal of womanly sweetness and strength, while at the same time she has made her deeply interesting; a *tour de force* for which the reading public owe her hearty thanks in these days when "fast" and slangy heroines infest the highways and byways of literature. Mrs. Trollope is young. If her future works show equal progress with the last, she will take high rank among the novelists of her time.

MINOR NOTICES.

The Renaissance. By Walter Pater. Second Edition, Revised. [Macmillan & Co.]

The elegant volume of Mr. Pater is formed of nine essays, one of which is called a preface. The effort to give a well defined view of a form of intellectual activity (Mr. Pater calls it a "movement") so far-reaching and so essentially vague as the renaissance, demands for its achievement a mind of comprehensive grasp and a faculty for exact statement. This volume fails to accomplish what it ought, not only because it is fragmentary and incomplete, but also on account of the defective literary style of the author and his inability to excite the reader's interest in the subject. Mr. Pater uses the term "renaissance" as meaning that "outbreak of the human spirit" which showed itself in the "general excitement and enlightening of the human mind," which was apparent in the middle age, long before Raphael had given his example in favor of the return to the chaste and elegant taste of the ancients. The first chapter treats of "Two French Stories," which date two centuries earlier than the renaissance, and the last is devoted to Winckelmann, who lived three centuries after it. The latter essay occupies, in fact, more than a quarter of the entire volume. It seems to us that the author, having written the series of articles, conceived the idea of putting them together in a volume with a general title. We are sorry to see any addition to the list of books manufactured in this style. The six essays comprising the body of the book,— a little more than one-half of it — are upon Pico della Mirandola, the philosopher, Sandro Botticelli, the painter, Luca della Robbia, the sculptor, Michelangelo, the poet, Leonardo da Vinci, the painter, and Joachim du Bellay, called the French Ovid, all of whom lived between 1437 and 1560. We look in vain for some reference to Raphael. Probably most readers will turn first to the chapter that treats of Michelangelo as a poet, and for several reasons. The poetry of this great master of the plastic art has been almost unknown until within a score of years. Mr. Pater does little more, however, than direct attention to the subject without giving much satisfactory information. The chapter on Leonardo da Vinci, too, though more adequate than the one just mentioned, is still incomplete, but it will be found interesting. The volume is a very sumptuous one, but, on the whole, we do not think it one in which the general reader will find the studies in the renaissance that will prove satisfactory. He will be enticed on and on by the hope of gaining information and entertainment which, when he closes the book, he will be conscious that he has not obtained. He will then turn to the title-page and enjoy the delicate etching with which it is illuminated, and afterwards will study the renaissance elsewhere.

Reconciliation of Science and Religion. By Alexander Winchell, LL. D. [Harper & Brothers.]

Among the numerous works upon the relations of science and religion, this book deserves, for its impartiality, for the keenness of its logic and for the knowledge of philosophy and theology which it exhibits, a high place. It opens with a discussion of the antagonism existing between the religious nature and the cognitive faculties of man — an antagonism which the author holds to be

[6] Virgin Soil. By Ivan Turgenieff. Henry Holt & Co.

[7] The Marquis of Lossie. A Romance. By George Macdonald. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[8] Black Spirits and White. A Novel. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. D. Appleton & Co.

not "an abnormal condition, but a grand example of the universal economy of God, who has ordained antagonism as the condition of progress in the natural and the moral worlds." From this necessary antagonism results a series of oscillations, of actions and reactions, in the dominance of the religious and intellectual powers of a people. These oscillations the author traces in Oriental, Grecian and Christian history. Entering after this preliminary discussion the heart of his subject, he considers the relation of science and of philosophy to religion, and examines with considerable minuteness the doctrine of causality, and points out the false logic of certain methods of recent science. This doctrine as well as the principle of design manifested in nature leads, he holds, to a belief in the existence of a God. At this point in his book the author, with too little regard for the logical consecutiveness of his treatise, inserts two lectures upon the "Causes of Skepticism" and the "Conflict of Faith," which are lamentably general in subject-matter and somewhat vague in language. If they had followed, instead of preceding, the chapter in which the author discusses causality with reference to certain phases of recent science, the arrangement would have been far more forcible and precise. The closing portion of the work is devoted to an examination of the *à posteriori* evidence for the existence of a God, and to the reconciliation of the first chapters of Genesis with the teachings of geology. The correspondence which Dr. Winchell discovers to exist between seven periods which geology recognizes and the seven days of the Bible is exceedingly ingenious, and deserves the study of new-school scientists and of old-school theologians. The style is usually clear and forcible, but occasionally bombastic. We would suggest to the author that it requires more study to understand his diagrams (pp. 44, 45,) than to understand the subject which they are intended to make easy to be understood.

Osgood's American Hand-Books for Travelers. New England. The White Mountains. The Middle States. The Maritime Provinces. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

These four guide-books form a series which cover their respective grounds as no previous works have attempted to do, and as no succeeding books will need to do. In them the comprehensiveness, method, clearness, trustworthiness and profusion of literary embellishment which have given the European Baedekers their international fame, are expended upon American subjects to equally good account. We say this not in the exercise of any ordinary editorial infallibility, but on the authority of an actual experience of their merits. We have not only read these books with delight and studied them with profit in the seclusion of the library, but we have traveled with them and by them on sea and land. And in the course of following some of the obscurer routes they describe to out-of-the-way places which a guide-book maker might be tempted to treat from hearsay, we have had occasion to see the honest thoroughness of Mr. Sweetser's work, and both to praise it and thank him. It is the peculiar value and charm of these volumes that they are not mere itineraries; but are libraries of information — historical, biographical and geographical treasuries of sentiment and romance. At every point they meet you with just the facts you wish to know; they repeat to you the old legend associated with this locality, they tell you the story of the battle fought there, they hum to you the song or murmur the lines in which some poet has enshrined events by which a spot has become memorable. A condensed literature of great variety and richness is stored up within their pages. This feature makes these books as readable as they are serviceable; and as agreeable companions when at home in the winter as when away in the summer. Indeed, with a little aid from the imagination, one may by their means travel quite effectively and satisfactorily without ever leaving his easy chair. We have only to hint to the publishers that these volumes are too valuable to be allowed to get in the slightest degree stale. There are some points here and there which will need a little touching up before another season. But, taken as they are, they are simply indispensable to tourists in the regions named; and those who have sallied forth without them have omitted the really most important part of their equipment. We trust it will not be long before the series is enlarged by the addition of a volume on the Great West and the Pacific Coast.

Domestic Explosives, and Other Sixth Column Fancies. By W. L. Alden. [Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.]

The brief sketches composing this volume, more than one hundred in number, originally appeared in the editorial columns of the New York *Times*, where they attracted much attention and earned for their author a considerable reputation among the newspaper humorists of the day. The titles are such as these: The Early American Giant, The Decay of Burglary, Male Girls, Thanksgiving Pie, Postal Cats, The Subtile Tack-Hammer, Butter-Culture, The Spread of Respectability. The subjects are such as would suggest themselves to a journalist's eye; the treatment is always grotesque, sometimes comical, and often absurd. We find some things to laugh at, others which are silly, now and then a coarseness, and at least one attempt at fun-making which is nothing less than brutal. You may open anywhere to passages like these:

"An eminent statistician has made the assertion that there were 64,000 book-agents in this country in 1876, of whom 1,000 committed suicide.

"The recent flight of several eminently respectable gentlemen who had misappropriated the funds of other people, ought to attract attention to the rapid increase in numbers and power of the so-called respectable classes.

"The conduct of the prehistoric races of this continent, in omitting to leave any record which could establish their origin and customs, was extremely thoughtless."

We have the feeling that reading of this sort is better when scattered along for a year in the pages of one's daily paper, than when massed within the covers of a book.

Asia Minor and the Caucasus. By Sir Randal Roberts. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

This, the latest, is by no means the least interesting of these publishers' little series of hand-books on the Eastern Question. It is founded on personal observation, and is thoroughly entertaining as a traveler's summary of the results of his own experience.

Other People's Children. By the author of "Helen's Babies." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The "Other People's Children," are simply the old "Helen's Babies" Budge and Toddie, transferred as visitors to the house of their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Burton. The present volume continues the narrative of their pranks, speeches and performances in general; and was evidently written to satisfy the very remarkable demand of the public for "more."

Hillside and Seaside in Poetry. Edited by Lucy Larcom. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

Lucy Larcom, whose *Roadside Poems* was so favorably received last year, offers to the public this season in the above an entirely new, and, in many respects, still more attractive, collection of out-door poems. As its title implies, it is a book for the mountains and the shore; and among the hundred and eighty extracts given will be found not only many fragments of great poems, but numerous choice lyrics that are but little known to the general reader. Much skill and taste are shown in the arrangement, and the whole volume is so dainty in its "make-up," both within and without, that it cannot fail to prove a most welcome summer companion.

PERIODICALS.

— *Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club* A Quarterly Journal of Ornithology. Cambridge Mass. Published by the Club. This publication has had especial interest for us as a symbol of the existence and growth of an organization whose aims and methods are most warmly to be commended. The Nuttall Ornithological Club originated in the enthusiasm of two young ornithologists of Cambridge, who in 1871 began to meet weekly "to read Audubon" and to compare results of studies and views in their favorite branch of natural history. In 1873 a formal organization was effected, the name selected for it being due to "the fact that the 'local habitation' of the

Club was amid the scenes made classic by Nuttall, whose home for many years was here, and whose 'Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and of Canada' abounds in allusions to localities within the precincts of Cambridge." The membership soon came to include all the younger ornithologists of the vicinity, "professionals" having been only recently invited to coöperate. That the reader may not think less highly of these "amateurs" than he ought to think, we may say that the collections of mounted birds and skins belonging to some of them are among the largest and finest private collections in the country; as, for instance, Mr. William Brewster's, which numbers, perhaps, 5,000 specimens, the largest probably of its class in New England, and Mr. Ruthven Deane's of 1200 specimens, both of Cambridge; also Mr. H. A. Purdie's of Newton, Mr. A. Frazar's of Watertown, Mr. H. B. Bailey's of New York, and Mr. H. W. Henshaw's of Washington. The publication of the *Bulletin* was one of the earliest projects of the Club, but its first number did not appear until May, 1876. "While intended," says its prospectus, "to serve primarily as a medium of communication between working ornithologists, it also contains matter of a sufficiently popular character to interest all who take an interest in the general subject of which it treats." Although devoted mainly to the ornithology of North America, it is intended to be so far general in its character as to give notices of all the more important works or memoirs relating to Exotic Ornithology. Mr. J. A. Allen, Prof. S. F. Baird and Dr. Elliott Coues have editorial supervision. The number for July, being the third of the second volume, contains a "Description of a New Species of Humming-Bird from California," by H. W. Henshaw; an essay on "The Birds of Guadalupe Island, Discussed with Reference to the Present Genesis of Species," by Robert Ridgway; an account of "An Undescribed Hybrid Between Two North American Grouse," by William Brewster; a review of Recent Literature; and several pages of "General Notes." The *Bulletin* is published quarterly, at $1.00 a year in advance, which includes postage; and subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Ruthven Deane, Cambridge, Mass. We should be glad to say anything which might promote the circulation of this excellent magazine among those pursuing the study which it serves; and to deepen interest in the study itself among the young men of leisure and means in our country. The *Bulletin*, we may add, is the only journal in the United States devoted especially to ornithology.

— One who should wish to send to a friend, in Europe, for instance, a sample copy of an illuserated American magazine, could hardly do better than select the September *Scribner's*, which, in the affluence and richness of its engravings, surpasses any work of its class we remember ever to have seen. There are not less than half a dozen articles thus embellished. The first, on "The Immigrant's Progress," affords an excellent opportunity for comparing work on the same subject by different hands. There is a curious contrast of style in the several pictures respectively signed C. S. R., (C. S. Reinhart, probably) Kelly, and C. A. V. Kelly's have certain marked French characteristics, and look as if they might have been done originally in sepia. Their shadow effects are very fine. For truly marvelous work with the pencil and graver look at the Arabian Fan, p. 593, Papal Fan, p. 595, Section of Coral Rock, p. 692 and Madreporaceæ, p. 693.

— Several of the September magazines contain articles which ought to have been printed in the *Literary World*. In *Harper's* Mr. Benson J. Lossing describes Tom Moore's visit to the United States in 1804; Mr. Park Benjamin, Jr., furnishes a collection of "Waifs from Motley's Pen," consisting of a number of poems, chiefly translations, contributed by him to the *New World* and the *New Yorker* in 1841, '42 and '43; and Mr. Curtis, in his "Easy Chair," discourses on "Mr. Lowell as a Satirist," and on "Freedom of the Press and its Abuses." The *Atlantic* brings an historical sketch, "Fictitious Lives of Chaucer," by T. R. Lounsbury; "A Study of De Stendhall," by Eugene Benson; and an essay on "Dickens's Great Expectations," by Edwin P. Whipple. In *Lippincott's* we find an interesting account of the play-wright Carlo Gozzi, "A Venetian of the Eighteenth Century," by H. M. Benson; and in "Our Monthly Gossip" a letter from Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper on Zola, Daudet, Theuriet, Claretie and other "Modern French Novelists." In the *Galaxy* Mr. Richard Grant White writes of "Americanisms." The second number of *The Radical Review*, under date of August, has a well-written article, warmly complimentary, upon Walt Whitman and his poetry, by Joseph B. Marvin.

TABLE TALK.

. . . I want to say something about Grant White's *Galaxy* article on Stratford-on-Avon. The man may be in earnest, but it really seems as if he were trying to write something new about the much-be-written place, whether it were exactly true or not. If he saw some things as he says he saw them, he must have looked at them through colored glasses. The wonder is that so many things connected with Shakespeare have come down to us with so little change. The "restoration" of the house in which he was born was made under the direction of some of the best Shakespearean scholars in England, who simply aimed to make the outside just as it was in the olden time. They had old pictures of the house to guide them, and followed these closely. Repairs were necessary to preserve the house, but everything that was really old was saved so far as possible. The church is one of the noblest parish churches in England, and has undergone very slight change since the poet's time. The exterior is almost entirely unchanged, and one who has seen it finds it hard to believe that it could strike anybody as new looking. The interior suffers from the lack of colored glass in the windows, and the galleries are a modern and most unfortunate feature; but the parish is a populous one, and perhaps it was better to put in the galleries than to keep out the poorer class of worshipers. At New Place the grounds have been restored as nearly as possible to what we may suppose to have been their condition when the poet resided there. They are admirably kept, and are in all respects one of the most attractive places in Stratford. The remains of the foundation of the house it was well to preserve, if only to show the size of the mansion in comparison with the house in which Shakespeare was born. The cottage at Shotley remains quite as it must have been when Shakespeare went a-wooing thither by the same path across the fields which one takes now-a-days in going from Stratford. Not all of "Shakespeare's scholars" take so gloomy a view of the poet's marriage as Mr. White does. He may be right, but it is pleasanter to look on the brighter side of the story, since the little that we know about it justifies us in doing so. The old Guild Chapel is another monument of the old days that has come down to us in good condition, at least externally; and the same may be said of the Grammar School hard by, where he doubtless got his "small Latin and less Greek." In the same neighborhood are quite a number of old houses that date back to the same period. In fact, Stratford probably has, in proportion to its size, as many old houses as Chester, though they are not generally so picturesque. In Chester many of the most striking of the old houses have been extensively "restored," and some of them entirely rebuilt, though in the same style as of old. Portions of the Shakespeare Hotel (not the *Shakespeare Arms*, as Mr. White calls it) are of the time of Shakespeare. The landlady, who *is* one of the "Merry Wives," told me that when they were remodeling a part of the house a few years ago, they found it almost impossible to cut through the original timbers. Neither saw nor chisel would make any impression on them, and red-hot iron had to be used in penetrating their time-hardened texture. I will only add that I am glad that most of "Shakespeare's scholars" find more satisfaction in a pilgrimage to Stratford than our friend White appears to have done. To me it has always been one of the most enjoyable of the "pilgrim shrines" of the Old Country, and three visits to the place have not dulled the interest it has for me. A tour to Europe would seem incomplete without a day at Stratford-on-Avon.

. . . The triumphant appeal of W. J. R. to "Lindley Murray and the whole race of grammarians," in condemnation of the use of the pronoun *who* after the names of irrational animals, brought at once to my mind a line of Dryden concerning the stork, which runs:

> "When the white bird returns *whom* serpents fear."

A cursory search has supplied me with similar examples in writers of authority. Thus Milton compares Satan prowling in Eden to

> "a tiger who by chance hath spy'd
> In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play."

Defoe, whose English is pure, makes Crusoe say: "My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand;" and he also applies the pronoun to some "fowls who" threatened to destroy a corn crop. In the next century, Cowper speaks of the Jackdaw as

> "a bird, who, by his coat
> And by the hoarseness of his note
> Might be supposed a crow."

Scott uses the pronoun with reference to his dog, and in one of the letters in Lockhart tells of "a hare who seemed made on purpose to entertain these moderate sportsmen." And Irving, describing his visit to Sir Walter, speaks of being "joined in front of the house by a superannuated grey-

hound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail." Are not these enough to support Grant White and Rev. Mr. McKenzie in their supposed transgression of the rules? The fact is, the quickened sympathies of refined life are softening our relations with the brute creation. This is seen as well in our more familiar way of speaking of them as in our humaner treatment. Why should they be lumped with inanimate things and denied the use of the pronoun who? Nobody now believes with Descartes that beasts are machines; Darwinism has strengthened the bonds that bind us and them; and even Agassiz has declared his belief in their immortality. From the linguistic standpoint, too, it may be said that *which* is uncouth in sound and the tendency is to replace it by some word gentler to the ear. "Our Father which art in heaven" is bad English to-day, although Prof. Lowell would still have us say "the gods which." When "whose" was first introduced as the equivalent of "of which," the grammarians shook their heads, and the rhetorician Campbell felt called upon to defend it as "an improvement suggested by good taste." The progress of language must expect the opposition of the Lindley Murrays, whose office is simply to record the present use, not to declare a better. A word more: In his criticism of "The Cat Who Kept Shop," W. J. R. forgets that all the grammarians agree that who is applicable to *personified animals*. C. H. B.

Springfield, Mass.

. . . A SCOTCH pastor was checked whenever he exaggerated, by the hemming and hawing of an elder. Having said that Samson's foxes had tails "seventeen fut lang," he consented to modify it to "twal or fifteen fut," upon the elder's protest. That the "Hem" should continue at "twal fut" was more than the pastor could bear, and he answered: "Yes, brethren, twal or fifteen fut lang." And then, looking sharply at the elder, "What! wad ye have the faxes have na tails at all?" Now, if my friend J. T. T., in the August *Literary World*, had entered a modest protest against the size of the fire mentioned on p. 368 of *Coronation*, I would have "acknowledged the corn" and said nothing; but when I am reduced to a peck of paper, my soul rises within me, and I will state that the peck on p. 364 related to one topic — Education — and the fires on p. 363 were built from material found in the remainder of Cephas's pigeon-holes. This is clear from the text. If my friend is not satisfied with this, I may make further statements. I have in the book nowhere limited the number of Cephas's pigeon-holes! or their size! Who knows that I did not live in one of them, and that I did not burn two cords of notes every night for two weeks? Will it be needful for me to state that on the first night the bells rang for fire in Gloucester three miles away, and that a Nova Scotia schooner far at sea mistook my bonfire for a new lighthouse? I forbear to write the whole truth about these fires which raged for a fortnight. E. P. T.

Manchester, Mass.

. . . THE usefulness of alphabetical indexing sometimes shows itself in strange places, and perhaps no more interesting illustration has been afforded outside of books, than by the New York *Tribune*, some months since, in publishing the list of the two hundred and seventy-eight victims of the Brooklyn Theater fire. The large majority of those lost were young persons, almost wholly unknown outside of their own immediate neighborhoods, most of them servants and working-boys in whom the general public had little interest, other than that excited by the horrible fate they had met. It was early recognized that it would be a difficult matter to get the general public to read a two column list of ordinary names of those persons; editorial experience shows that nothing is more difficult than to induce readers to more than scan such lists. But by a skillful arrangement of the names in alphabetical order and in large type, each name being followed by a brief account of the person lost (including in some cases pathetic incidents and even comical anecdotes which their surviving friends related of them), a list filling four columns of the paper was compiled, and few who began to read it failed to finish it. One of the oldest journalists in New York, whose tastes and habits of thought for years were calculated to disincline him to the perusal of such matter, told the compiler that he had read the whole list, though he had never known or heard of a single one of the poor wretches, "and," he added, alluding to one or two pathetic incidents which had been narrated, "I found myself crying when I got through." It may be added also, as illustrating the advantage of the alphabetical method in such a list, that by thus arranging the names of the lost in this fire, the duplication of many names was discovered. In fact, it was found that in the first day's reports one boy's name had been printed in eight different forms, so that eight persons appeared to have been lost from a small cottage house, where only one was really mourned as missing. In this same way the greatly exaggerated first list of 150 killed by the Westfield explosion in 1871 was reduced to 98, the actual number lost. It was found that names beginning with C were also spelled with a K; Mac's appeared as Mc's; and even more ridiculous repetitions were the consequences of inability of French and German survivors and friends to pronounce names to the comprehension of English speaking police-sergeants to whom all reports of the kind are first made under the New York police regulations. There is no more labor in preparing an alphabetical list, even for a morning paper at a late hour, than in making the ordinary unsystematic list which most papers are content to publish after every great disaster. L. J.

New York City.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(20.) Can you explain why Mr. Longfellow includes Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" in his *Poems of Places*, and under the head of "The River Thames?" I cannot find that the poem was founded on any actual occurrence, or belonged to any locality. Is it not a plea for fallen humanity everywhere? A. T.

Concord, Mass.

No one who has seen the Thames at night, the quivering of the lamps in the water, the many lights "from window and casement," and, above all,

"the dark arch,
Or the black-flowing river,"

and remembers the frequency of such tragedies as Hood describes, can doubt for a moment that the Thames is the locality of "The Bridge of Sighs." When to this is added the fact that Hood lived in London, and generally wrote upon familiar themes, the probability becomes a certainty; as much as in "The Song of the Shirt," though the word London does not appear in that poem.

(21.) Dr. O. W. Holmes in his memorial speech on Motley quotes the historian's saying, "Give me the luxuries of life and I can do without the necessaries," as one of "three witty things said in Boston." Be good enough to give a benighted reader the other two. S. E. B.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The three "wittiest Boston sayings," which Dr. Holmes referred to, were, as we learn, these:

1. Mr. Motley's, above nearly quoted: "Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with its necessaries." Voltaire has said somewhere that the luxuries of life *are* its necessaries; a philosophical remark which may possibly have suggested the witty paradox of Mr. Motley.

2. Mr. Appleton's: "Good Bostonians when they die go to Paris."

3. ——'s: "After all, the feeling that she is well dressed brings a peace of mind to a woman which religion cannot give."

We shall be very glad if any of our readers can supply the name of the author of the last remark.

(22.) Can you or your readers give me any information concerning the elision of the following beautiful lines from Owen Meredith's *Lucille?* In Osgood's edition of 1877 I find them, but not in any subsequent edition, although I have sought diligently for them. In the edition of which I speak they occur in the garden scene, the morning after the ball, when the Duke comes in and presses his suit, finishing in these words:

"'T is the heart that cries out to the heart,
'T is the soul that appeals to the soul,
'T is the man you yourself have created in part
That kneels at your feet with this prayer."
ETC., ETC.

Possibly I have not quoted this just right, but it is as near as I can recollect it, as it is some time since I have seen it. I want to get a copy, but not without these lines. I. C. D.

New York City.

(23.) Some of the best biographical authorities give the date of Lady Hester Stanhope's birth as 1766. The same authorities state that she was the daughter of Charles, Earl Stanhope, and the date of his birth is given as 1753. Can this seemingly precocious paternity be explained? H. P. C.

Boston.

From authorities before us we are led to believe that the 1766 is a misprint for 1776, which latter date would remove the difficulty.

(24.) Who was the author of "Sheridan's Ride?" And in what work was it published? G.

Philadelphia.

T. Buchanan Read, and the poem can be found in any collection of his writings.

ANSWER TO NO. 17.

We are in receipt of information respecting the poem "Curfew Must not Ring To-night," from F. F., Bangor, Me.; F. R. H., New York City; E. S. G., Harrisburg, Pa.; J. M., Troy, Ohio.; G. J. S., Vicksburg, Miss.; and J. T. S., Grosse Ile, Mich; and, meantime, the New York *Evening Post* has reprinted the poem, the effect of which has been to attract a note or two on the subject to its columns. From these various sources we make up the following statement: Something about the poem may be found in the *Literary World* for March and April, 1874; the

poem itself has been often reprinted, and may be found in the *Youth's Companion* for March 26, 1874, in the *World of Fashion* for April, 1876, in some number of *Harper's Bazar* previous to this last date, and in the *Parlor Table Companion* for March, 1876; the authorship of the poem is not definitely known, but it has been attributed to Miss Rose (or Rosa) A. Hardwick (or Hartwick), of Litchfield, Michigan. It was printed under that name in the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* five or six years ago.— Since the foregoing was in type we are informed by J. D. M., Cross River, N. Y, that he has an autograph copy of the poem in his possession, and that the author is Miss Rosa H. Thorpe, formerly of Illinois, and now of Michigan. He adds: "As to the merits of the poem, H. A. Homes, of the New York State Library, said to me very truthfully when we were looking up the authorship: 'A truly dramatic piece to speak, of very ordinary versification.'"

NEWS AND NOTES.

— We are informed by the publishers of the *Atlas Essays*, A. S. Barnes & Co., that this series of reprints from the *International Review* receives its name from the fact that it is "contributed to by eminent writers in both Hemispheres."

— The newly published Keats letters, described in our last issue, have awakened some discussion in England, chiefly on the point of their genuineness; which, however, seems to be generally admitted. Lord Houghton holds "that any theory of forgery or imposture is quite untenable."

— The venerable Dr. Palfrey has nearly completed the fifth volume of his History of New England.— Mr. John L. Sibley, freed from the care of the Harvard College library, will give himself with new energy to the preparation of his second volume of his *Lives of the Graduates*.

— *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, Dickens's parlor farce, just published by J. R. Osgood & Co., has never been in print before; nor, indeed, has it ever been played except in private. The same firm will soon issue, as a companion to it, *Is She His Wife?* which, however, has had a long and successful run at one of the London theaters.

— The American Tract Society, Boston, of which Mr. Arthur Gilman is the Secretary and Treasurer, has transferred to Noyes, Snow & Co. the business connection of late sustained with Lockwood, Brooks & Co., and removed its depository to the store of the former, 13½ Bromfield Street.

—"Who reads an American book?" The Dutch do if the English do not; and the "Koninklijk Institut van Ingenieurs" of the Netherlands have just elected Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., to honorary membership therein, because, in part, of their appreciation of his *A Farmer's Vacation in Europe*.

— Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of the University of Michigan, has been using his vacation for an exploration of dusty archives in Boston, in the interests of his forthcoming history of American Literature, which is nearly complete, and is likely to see print within a year or eighteen months. The work promises to be a very thorough and exhaustive one, and we shall be disappointed if it does not prove wholly equal to its opportunity.

— The late Peter Harvey of Boston, who, for many years, was on most intimate terms with Daniel Webster, had nearly completed, at the time of his death, a few weeks since, a volume of recollections of the great statesman. The manuscript had, indeed, been placed before that event in the hands of Mr. George M. Towle, to be prepared for the press. In his editorial charge it now remains, and under his supervision it will be published at an early day by Little, Brown & Co. A work of considerable size and great interest may be expected.

— The progress of the Caxton Celebration in England has been marked by two interesting incidents. One was the printing at the Oxford Press, and the folding and binding, all within twelve consecutive hours, of an edition of one hundred copies of the Bible. The type had been already set up, but every other process of manufacture was performed within the time named. Was this, however, much more of a typographical feat than is accomplished by the London *Times*, the New York *Herald*, or the Boston *Herald*, daily? For the other incident we have the claim, by Mr. Henry Stevens of London, of his having discovered satisfactory evidence that the Coverdale Bible, whose origin has always been enveloped in much obscurity, was produced in Antwerp, in 1534 and 1535, by Coverdale while working in conjunction with Jacob van Meteren, a learned linguist of that city, who employed him to see the work through the press.

— Again we are called upon to note in conjunction the deaths of two men alike eminent, one as author, the other as publisher; both in England. Mr. Samuel Warren, who died on the 31st of July, at the age of seventy, was made famous by his novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*, which was first published as a serial in *Blackwood's* in 1839. He was, however, the author of a number of other works, mostly of fiction. He was more successful in his profession of the law than in letters. Mr. William Longman, who died in London about the middle of August — the exact date has escaped us — was the well-known publisher. For fifty years he had been connected with the house which bears his name. He was one of a direct line of Longmans, publishers, whose business runs back to 1699. He and a brother Thomas succeeded their father in 1842, and the present style of the house is Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer. Among the clients of the firm in the present century have been Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Sydney Smith, Southey, Macaulay, Froude and Disraeli.

— Two works of great interest to the college world are promised to appear the present autumn. To one of these, *The College Book*, we have already referred. This is to consist of historical and descriptive sketches of twenty-four institutions, as follows: Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Brown, Dartmouth, Rutgers, Williams, Union, Bowdoin, West Point, Hamilton, Amherst, Trinity, University of Virginia, Lafayette, Wesleyan, Oberlin, University of Michigan, Annapolis Naval Academy, Vassar Woman's College and Cornell University. The articles are by different contributors, but will be molded by the editors, Mr. Charles F. Richardson and Mr. Henry A. Clark, into a symmetrical volume. There will be sixty heliotypes. The price will be $10. The publishers are James R. Osgood & Co. The second work in question is *The Yale Book*, intended to be for Yale what the famous *Harvard Book*, published by Harvard's class of 1874, was for that institution. *The Yale Book* will be published by Henry Holt & Co., in two imperial quarto volumes of nearly nine hundred pages each, illustrated by more than one hundred views, portraits, maps, etc., mostly heliotypes. Mr. W. L. Kingsley is the editor. Among the contributors are Dr. Leonard Bacon, Prof. H. N. Day, Prof. Elias Loomis, Prof. W. D. Whitney, Rev. Dr. I. N. Tarbox, Rev. Daniel Butler, Prof. J. D. Dana and President Porter.

FOREIGN.

— Mr. Swinburne has in press a study of Charlotte and Emily Brontë and their writings; but the publication of his *Poems and Ballads* has been deferred.— Mr. Fraser Rae has written a new work called *Columbia and Canada: Notes on the Republic and the Dominion*, which will appear in the fall as a supplement to his *Westward by Rail*.—Mr. Jasper More, who accompanied Lady Strangford on her philanthropic mission to Eastern Europe, will publish an account of his experiences in Bulgaria.— The next work on African exploration will be Mr. E. N. Young's journal of adventures on Lake Nyassa.— Mr. J. Bass Mullinger has been invited by the Syndics of the University Press, Cambridge, to continue his History of the University, the next volume of which it is proposed shall include the period 1533–1700.— Mr. Conway is making good progress with his work on Demonology.— Mr. James Gairdner is engaged on a history of Richard the Third.— The current report that Sir W. Vernon Harcourt was to write a life of the late Mr. Motley is denied.— Dr. Duff is at work upon a life of the late Dr. Wilson of Bombay, the former being, as the latter was, among the oldest Scotch missionaries who have labored in India. Mr. Andrew Wilson, author of *The Abode of Snow*, will contribute to the work.— The Marquis of Lorne has just ready at Macmillan's a literal translation of the Psalms into English verse.— The Countess A. de Gasparin is translating into French, for publication at Paris, Rev. David Macrae's *The Americans at Home*.— Prof. Everett, of Queen's College, Belfast, has devised a new system of short-hand, which is soon to be published by Marcus Ward & Co.

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Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. New York: T. Y. Crowell. M., pp. 580. $1.00.

ASIA MINOR AND THE CAUCASUS. By Sir Randal H. Roberts. With Maps. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 95. 50c.

SOME GENERAL IDEAS CONCERNING MEDICAL REFORM. By David Hunt, M. D. Boston: A. Williams & Co. L. Sq., pp. 50. 75c.

PAMPHLETS.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION held in Boston, May 31 and June 1, 1877. Boston: Published by the Free Religious Association. Pp. 96. 40c.

SERPENT AND SIVA WORSHIP AND MYTHOLOGY, in Central America, Africa and Asia. And the Origin of Serpent Worship. Two Treatises. By Hyde Clark, M. A. I., and C. Staniland Wake, M. A. I. Edited by Alexander Wilder, M. D. New York: J. W. Bouton. Pp. xviii, 48. 50c.

UNWRITTEN LAW. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 28, 1877. By Thomas Francis Bayard of Delaware. Boston: A. Williams & Co. Pp. 47. 25c.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BISON. Bison Americanus. By Joel Asaph Allen. Washington: Government Printing Office. Pp. 587.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.'S CATALOGUE OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH WORKS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY, Finance and Kindred Subjects. Cincinnati: Pp. 60.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY. Twenty-fifth Annual Report. 1877. Pp. 123.

A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF MACMILLAN & CO.'S EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, with a short account of their character and aim. Macmillan & Co. London & New York. Pp. 114.

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SCIENCE PRIMERS.*

THE "Science Primers" are a series of brief explanatory treatises by English writers, intended to present and elucidate in a brief and comprehensive manner such preliminary principles in respect to the several subjects involved as will aid the pupil to enter intelligently on the study of the regular text-books. The want of this preliminary knowledge is especially necessary in the study of geography, which is the special subject of Mr. Grove's volume. The pupil generally enters upon that without any adequate conception of the elementary ideas of which it is its purpose to treat. He reads of a chain of mountains, for example, and sees a kind of configuration on the map, representing one; but has no possible means of forming any idea of what a chain of mountains, considered as a ridge or upheaval of certain strata forming the earth's crust, really is; or of a river, which he can only conceive of as crooked ink marks on a map, without any thought of it, in its reality, as a great course of the drainage of a great continent, by which the rain water, falling upon it, finds its way to the sea.

The object of Mr. Grove's little treatise, considered as a text-book, is accordingly to store the mind of the pupil with some adequate conception of the vast generalizations which are to form the elements of thought for him as he goes on with the study. It presents to his mind a conception of the globe as a whole. Its character and properties as a sphere, with the mathematical considerations necessary for properly understanding it; the arrangement and distribution of the land; the effects of the conformation of the shores; the situation of openings suitable for harbors; the adaptation of the large water-courses to serve as channels of intercommunication for commercial and social purposes; and their consequent influence on the progress of knowledge and civilization; all are pointed out in a very clear and simple, and at the same time in a very philosophical, manner. These and other similar generalizations, while they render very essential aid to young pupils in giving them clear and distinct conceptions of the earth as a whole, and thus form an admirable preliminary work to their entering upon the study of details, must, after all, require a vast amount of previous knowledge to be fully understood and appreciated; and in this latter point of view the work will be found extremely interesting and valuable to the general reader, by grouping together in a general view, and thus giving unity and system thereto, the ideas which he has already acquired by special study or in the course of his general reading.

Among a number of other recently issued "Science Primers" are Mr. H. F. Tozer's *Classical Geography* and Mr. Stanley Jevons's *Logic*, both of which are valuable additions to the series. To students of the Bible, as well as to students of classical literature, Mr. Tozer's sketch of the geographical divisions of ancient times must be peculiarly instructive; while the elementary treatise of Mr. Jevons on Logic is a book which all clergymen, many political journalists, some scientists, and now and then a theological lecturer, might peruse with great profit.

* Science Primers. Geography, Etc. By George Grove, F R. G. S. With Maps and Diagrams. D. Appleton & Co.

STARR KING AND HIS SERMONS.*

THE memoir occupies about eighty pages in this nicely made volume; the sermons, twenty-two in number, three hundred and eighty pages. The sermons are eloquent in the best sense, but the life portrayed in the memoir is even more so. Some clergymen need no "Rev." to their names, and of such Thomas Starr King was one. How we should disguise him if we called him Rev. T. S. King! There are men who so put themselves in accord with universal truth and in sympathy with the universal heart that they enter into a universal relationship, and are to every one a brother, a helper and a friend.

Starr King died on the 4th of March, 1864. He was born on the 17th of September, 1824. Within sixteen of these forty years the active work of his life was done. His pulpit ministry was mainly divided between Boston and San Francisco. His father was a Universalist clergyman, and he himself, nominally, and in his denominational relations, was a Unitarian. But his churchmanship was of the "broad" type, and brought him into sympathy with truth wherever he found it, and made him a man larger than any sect, more catholic than any creed. He had no college education, but he was a well-educated man. He was self-taught, but he was the aptest of pupils. He was full of the spirit and power of the gospel which he preached. In the momentous years which immediately preceded the Rebellion his voice rung out from pulpit and platform all over the land, in tones not to be mistaken. He was a foremost figure in massing the moral resources of the Union. He was one of a noble band who took the place of regiments and did the work of battles.

The sermons now presented to us are striking productions, and deserve a high place in the class of literature to which they belong. They may be classified as Sermons upon the Christian Idea, Sermons of Religious Experience, Sermons upon Practical Life, and Sermons out of Nature. Under the first head we should specify the following: The Experimental Evidence of Christianity, The Supremacy of Jesus, Christian Thought of the Future Life, Christian Worship; under the second, Cries from the Depths, True Spiritual Communications, Life More Abundantly, The Divine Estimate of Death, Distribution of Sorrows, Deliverance from the Fear of Death, The Heart and the Issues of Life; under the third, The Christian and the Heathen Dollar, The Supreme Court [Dred Scott] Decision and our Duties, Living for our Ideas and Principles, Salt that has Lost its Savor or Religion Corrupted; and under the fourth, Lessons of the Drought, The Two Harvests, Lessons from the Sierra Nevada, Living Water from Lake Tahoe, and The Comet of July, 1861.

Those of our readers who are familiar with Starr King's incomparable book upon the White Hills will not need to be told with what picturesqueness and beauty he utilizes the majesties and wonders of the mountains, the lakes, and the seasons for spiritual ends. But these, perhaps the most original and curious discourses in the volume, are, to our mind, the least valuable and impressive. Their interest is in a measure local and passing. There are other themes which touch the deepest and most constant experiences of the human heart, or deal with truths which are sublime and eternal. And here we find the author's vigorous intellect, and devotional spirit, and Christian faith in most edifying exercise.

The sermons which most distinctly bring out Mr. King's concept of Christianity are the first and third. From these we make the following quotations:

"A truly Christian man, although he may never have looked into a volume of the evidence for the genuineness of the Christian records, feels a testimony for the Christian religion in his own heart which raises him above scepticism about the record. Jesus referred to this proof when he said, 'If ye do his will ye shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself.' Perhaps such a

* Christianity and Humanity: a Series of Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple.

man had long been wholly selfish and worldly. But by being brought within the circle of Christian influences his best faculties have been awakened and developed. And now he sees life in a different light. The wisdom and goodness of God are suggested to him from every side of nature; it is a delight to cherish a sense of reliance upon the Deity and to feel at all times that God is the Father; the darkness of selfishness is exchanged for the deep satisfaction of devotion to duty, the slavery of passion for the peace of purity, the misery of fear for the joy of love, the fever thirst after worldly goods for the serene bliss of faith, and holy longings for the favor of God and the perfectness of Christ; existence is recognized as a spiritual privilege, death regarded as the door to immortality, and the universe becomes a temple for the worship of the Almighty. Find a heart in which this conversion of principles, feelings and aims has been experienced, and you find a heart that feels an immovable conviction of the truth of Christianity. Its peace, its joys, its consciousness of spiritual health, its insight into a new world of which before it had no conception, all bear testimony to the reality of Christ's religion. What if some man tells him that the historical proof is not entirely perfect and convincing. The principles of Christianity are his sustenance; he has found the Gospel to be spiritual bread; he can no longer live without it; and, knowing that it nourishes his soul, and is indispensable to his peace, he does not care to dispute about the way in which that bread was prepared, and the method of its first introduction to the world. He is sure that the soul needs it, and, being sure of that, he cannot believe that it came into the world by accident or by deception. And therefore his last answer to scepticism about Jesus is the answer of the text, 'Why, herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes.'"

"There is nothing so practical as the Christian religion; nothing that has done the work in this world, so controlled the forms and changed the spirit of society, as that being whose humble mission the four biographies in the New Testament reveal. If we think the influence of Christianity has been slight in the world (judging men by its own standard, it has been slight enough), compare our condition in New England with Rome in the time of Nero, and think what humanity would have been now, if left solely to the heathen principles that were then striking their canker to the heart of the mightiest empire this globe has ever borne. All the difference between Rome then and New England now, all the difference between what humanity would have been in eighteen centuries more of such drifts towards corruption, and what it is now, and what its hopes are now, is to be credited to the work of Jesus, to his personal influence upon the world."

The sermons, as a whole, taken especially with the noble character and devoted life which accompany them, were a distinct moral and religious force in their day, which could not easily be measured. We rejoice to see that force perpetuated in this new form. Starr King and his work must not be forgotten. His example should be held up before the ministry of every sect. His methods of study and composition, his manner of private and professional life, are all worthy the attention of those who come after him; but particularly is his spirit to be emulated; a spirit of sincere search after truth, of honesty to convictions, of directness, clearness and boldness in speech, of joyfulness in work, and of a controlling love toward God and man.

Mr. Whipple promises a supplementary volume of his lectures, and possibly one or even two more volumes of sermons. We shall be glad to see them all.

UNDERBRUSH.*

THIS book is "underbrush" exactly: not solid timber, representing years of growth, and good again for years of service, but rather the lesser wood which springs up under the mightier forest, trodden beneath the foot when the latter is being cleared, well worth gathering into fagots for the winter's fire. We do not *raise* underbrush, we *save* it. The author of *Yesterdays with Authors* would hardly have sat down to the writing of these essays as to a serious business; nevertheless, he has laid us under obligations by his frugal use of material which an intellectual spendthrift would disdain. The table of contents of the volume we have already published in full. (See *Literary World*, Vol. viii, p. 53.) Portions of it have already appeared in some of the periodicals. The "Familiar Letter to House-Breakers" will be remembered as Mr. Fields's good-natured outburst of indignation over a violation of his Charles Street dwelling by the midnight burglar not long since. "If I were a Boy Again" we have met with in the *Youth's Companion*. "A Peculiar Case" was printed, we think, in the Boston *Sunday Times*. One of the pleasanter sketches is that entitled "Getting Home Again."

The stoutest bit of Mr. Fields's "underbrush" is his account of "My Friend's Library," which occupies the first sixty-three pages of the volume. Who the "friend" is he does not in so many words tell us; but he will make every one of his readers who loves a fine book-haunt want immensely to know. Perhaps it is Mrs. James T. Fields! The library in question is full of editions enriched with autographic notes of authors. Here, for instance, is a shabby old quarto bearing on the first fly-leaf this inscription:

"TO MARIANNE HUNT.

"Her Boccaccio (*alter et idem*) come back to her after many years' absence, for her good-nature in giving it away in a foreign country to a traveller whose want of books was still worse than her own.

"From her affectionate husband,

LEIGH HUNT.

"August 23, 1839 — CHELSEA, ENGLAND."

Other choice volumes in this same collection are a copy of Wordsworth's Poetical Works, printed in 1815, bearing in the poet's own handwriting his alterations of the text as made for the subsequent edition of 1827; a fine quarto of Johnson's *Rasselas*, with a characteristic autograph letter; two books which once belonged to the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard;" and Gray's school-days' copy of Milton's *Poems upon Several Occasions*. To continue:

"The first edition of the 'Pickwick Papers' has now grown to be a rare volume, and is not readily picked up even in London. Dickens was not the owner of a copy, and long desired to possess one on account of the early impressions of the forty-three illustrations in it by Seymour and 'Phiz.' One day my friend A. was strolling about London, and coming into the Haymarket observed a bookseller placing in his window a handsomely bound volume in red morocco. She had got by, but some good genius whispered to her, 'Turn back,—that is a book you have long burned to become owner of!' 'Go on!' insinuated another kind of genius; 'you will be late to dinner if you loiter another moment!' She turned back, notwithstanding, and bought the book: it was the first edition of 'Pickwick!' Mark her good luck, reader! Taking the book to her hotel, she laid it on the table and went out again after dinner. Returning late in the evening she found Dickens had called upon her: the volume was lying open, and this inscription, in a well-known hand, enriched her prize: —

CHARLES DICKENS
Wishes he had given this First Edition of Pickwick
TO HIS FRIENDS,

* * * *

In Witness that he did not,
He, at Edward's Hotel, George Street,
Hanover Square, London,
Hereunto sets his hand,
On Saturday, 24th July, 1869.

C. D.

And this precious volume, thus enriched, is not the least among my friend's possessions."

We do not know exactly how to make room for it, but we should not feel that we had done quite justly by our readers if we did not give them the following passage from this same chapter in full:

"For what is called *Shakespearean literature* my friend does not care much, preferring the light of the luminary himself to the nebulous unsatisfactory guesses of his commentators. She inclines rather to the maximum of thought *in* Hamlet than to the minimum of thought *about* Hamlet. Believing, with the Chorus in Henry the Fifth, that a drama is

"'Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass,'

and that W. S. had the power to do it, she sticks to the 'hour-glass.' She says that reading 'Cymbeline' through a margin of notes is like playing the pianoforte with mittens on; and she is fond of quoting this remark once dropped in her hearing by a famous actress: 'Shakespeare sets his readers' souls on fire with flashes of genius; his commentators follow close behind, with buckets of water putting out the flames!' And so she is content to read the 'Plays and Poems' themselves, 'without note or comment.' She considers herself a personal and loving debtor to Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, to Horace and Mrs. Furness, and some other kindred helps; but the majority of 'Shakespeare-scholars,' so denominated, she thanks and passes by. Over her library door she has hung up an 'effigy' of the 'Prince of Poets,' sent from Stratford by E. F. the Munificent, and under it she has placed a fac-simile copy of that warning verse from his tomb to the 'Good Friend' who might be tempted to 'digg the dust' and move his bones.

"We were speaking one day, in my friend's library, of the 'awful necromancer,' the 'protagonist on the great arena of poetry,' the 'glory of the human intellect,' as he has been called by judges of genius; and our hostess related this anecdote of an English visitor to whom she was lately showing the beautiful mask that conspicuously graces her library. She said the man (himself a writer of books) gazed at it carelessly for a moment, and, walking away, feebly ejaculated, 'Yes, yes, poor Shakespeare! *he, too, filled a drunkard's grave!*' '*An admirable conceited fel-*

* Underbrush. By James T. Fields. J. R. Osgood & Co.

low that,' if we may waste those words from the 'Winter's Tale' on such a muff! Some one present then told us of a pretentious woman who was once heard to say, at ——'s dinner-table, that she had 'never read Shakespeare's Works herself, but had always entertained the *highest opinion of him as a man*.' This last recital called out M. W., who convulsed our little group by relating this comical story of venerable Mr. ——, who believes unqualifiedly in *Boston* as not the hub only, but the forward wheels also, of the universe. The excellent old gentleman, having confessed to L. G. that he had never found time, during his busy life, to read the 'immortal plays,' was advised to do so during the winter then approaching. In the spring G. called on the estimable citizen, and casually asked if he had read any of the plays during the season just passed. Yes, he replied, he had read them all. 'Do you like them?' ventured G., feeling his way anxiously to an opinion. '*Like* them!' replied the old man, with effusive ardor; 'that is not the word, sir! They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectation, sir! *There are not twenty men in Boston, sir, who could have written those plays!*'"

LANGE'S HISTORY OF MATERIALISM.*

FREDERICK Albert Lange, the son of the distinguished Bible commentator, was born in 1828, and died in 1875. The years of his short life were occupied with the work of instruction in the universities; and it is only by his *Logical Studies*, a few works on politico-economical subjects, and his *History of Materialism*, that those who never listened to his lectures on philosophy at Zürich and Marburg can judge of the character of his mind, and estimate the influence he exerted upon his age.

This volume, the first of an "English and Foreign Philosophical Library," as well as the first of Prof. Lange's *History*, is a sketch of the various materialistic theories that have arisen from the time of the Greek atomists down to the idealistic age of Kant. Much of the philosophy of antiquity was materialistic in doctrine and tendency. The pre-Socratic philosophy was of this character. Stoicism and the system of Epicurus were colored with materialistic hypotheses. In Plato and his followers materialism found for a time its strongest adversaries; but from Christianity and the scholasticism of the middle ages, when the Aristotelian notions of matter and of form prevailed, it met with the longest continued and most successful opposition. With the regeneration of science in the age of Melancthon, Copernicus and Giordano Bruno, materialistic doctrines returned, and have ever since formed the philosophic creed of at least a few scholars.

Primarily, the work before us is, as it claims to be, a history. But, secondarily, it is an attack on idealism and a plea for materialism. The author writes rather as an advocate than as a judge. His partisanship leads him into faults which seriously mar, not only the philosophical, but also the literary character of his work. Lamentable mixtures of matters of fact and of opinion occur in every chapter. The irrelevance of many of the topics considered occasions superficiality of treatment upon matters essential to the full truth of the history. From the digressiveness of the style springs abruptness, and from its abruptness springs the impossibility of receiving clear and strong impressions of the characteristics of the different phases and periods of materialism. The work, when completed in the remaining two volumes, will be the best work in English on the subject; but our regret is that, judged by the first volume, it is inferior to that standard to which the author should have attained.

* History of Materialism. By F. A. Lange. Translated by E. C. Thomas. J. R. Osgood & Co.

GEORGE CABOT.*

GEORGE Cabot was the son of Joseph Cabot of Salem. Born Dec. 16, 1751, his early manhood brought him into the stormy events of our Revolution. In 1766 he entered Harvard College, but left at the end of his second year, owing probably to the death of his father, and a natural unwillingness "to diminish his already slender patrimony." Not yet seventeen years of age, he determined to go to sea, and shipped as cabin-boy.

"This early experience [says Mr. Lodge] was not without effect upon his after life. By it he was of course deprived of the full advantages of that classical education to which his tastes strongly impelled him; but his early contact with the world developed manly qualities and knowledge of men, while the responsibilities of his profession demanded reflection, forethought and self-command. . . . Voyages to foreign countries were likewise beneficial in increasing his understanding of the politics and interests of other nations, and the knowledge so gained proved subsequently of great value. . . . His favorite subjects were Politics and Political Economy, which continued to be a constant source of study and amusement from the day he went to sea until the day of his death. To practice he added theory, for commerce was to him, not only a livelihood, but a study; and in later life, the knowledge of commercial laws and necessities thus acquired, gave him a position of authority in regard to all such topics. . . . Such methods of instruction were not calculated to develop the imagination, but they were eminently fitted to stimulate the growth of those talents most needed in the American colonies. . . . The men of that age, while striking out for themselves a new path in a new country, never fell into the mistake of abandoning practice in favor of theory. They may possibly have leaned too strongly in the other direction, but to look at facts as they were, was the lesson which their early life had taught them; and if from lack of imagination they went too far in their contempt for theory, at least they understood what they meant, and maintained their own cause with a native shrewdness and tenacity which stamped them as men of a peculiar mould."

In 1774 Mr. Cabot married his double-first-cousin, Elizabeth Higginson. This union seems to have been a very happy one, and Mrs. Cabot, who survived her husband, is described as being remarkable for "the acuteness of her observations, in the knowledge of human nature, and in her powers of expressing and defending the opinions which she had formed."

George Cabot represented his fellow citizens in many positions of public honor and trust, and in 1791 was sent to the Senate of the United States, where he served with credit until his resignation in 1796. Natural indolence, coupled with a dislike of the personal controversy coincident with political life, kept him from again representing his State at the seat of national government. But he was one of the chiefs of the Federal party, and, as the letters before us show, he exerted no slight power in forming the opinions and views of men of his day. He watched the course of events with a jealous eye, and often his clear-headedness and wise caution saved his party from the fate that finally overtook it.

Until the appearance of the present volume Mr. Cabot was best known as the President of the Hartford Convention, and by the correspondence before us we get at the inside — so to speak — of that historical assemblage. Mr. Lodge here takes occasion to give an interesting history of Federalism, which he says is an accurate one, although he does not claim for it impartiality.

After the Hartford Convention Mr. Cabot withdrew more than formerly even into that retired life he loved so well. "Even his correspondence ceased." One letter, however, of this period in his life is preserved, which is both valuable and interesting, inasmuch as it gives its writer's views upon those great questions, still open, Free Trade and Protection. The letter is in reply to one from Col. Pickering, then a member of Congress. Both letters contain matter worthy of perusal by all students of Political Economy in our country at the present time.

On pages 337–341 a letter from Timothy Pickering to George Cabot will attract deserved attention. It is dated January 29, 1804, and advocates out and out "separation" of the East from the South and West, in expressions which might be put word for word (with proper changes for time and place) into the mouths of the Confederates of 1860–65.

Mr. Cabot died on April 18, 1823. Tall and commanding in figure, with a voice "of great power and very attractive, it is said, to those who listened, his manners were gentle and courteous to one and all. . . . Wise and patriotic in public affairs, respected by his friends and beloved by his family, of high honor and unspotted integrity . . . the associate of Hamilton and Ames, trusted and beloved by Washington," George Cabot may be numbered among the

> "Good men
> With hearts that beat to high, heroic measures,
> And strength still equal to the sternest time."

Mr. Lodge has had the good sense to let each character in his volume speak for himself, and so far as we observe, the work is

* Life and Letters of George Cabot. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Little, Brown & Co.

not marred by ill-judged suppressions, which are too apt to obtain in biography. The editor has worked at the fountain head, and some of the more important documents, now first in print, are taken from the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This is noticeably the case with many of Timothy Pickering's letters, from which source Mr. Lodge has given us a more faithful view of the real character of Col. Pickering than we get from Upham's life.

LANDOR'S CONVERSATIONS.*

THIS volume completes the Miscellaneous Dialogues, and is provided with an index to the series of five volumes. The Dialogues it contains are thirty in number. Few of them introduce personages familiar to general readers. Some of them, however, are of a curious interest by reason of pertinency to present circumstances and passing events. There is a positive entertainment, for instance, in reading to-day what Landor, writing fifty years ago, put into the mouths of the Russian Emperor Nicholas and his minister, Count Nesselrode:

"*Nicholas.* I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce: not I, indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian Seas to the Americans, who most within the lifetime of some now born predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day their population must exceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

"*Nesselrode.* Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

"*Nicholas.* Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first."

And again, his majesty Frederick William of Prussia being joined to the group:

"*Nesselrode.* Let us rather pat others on the back, and hold their clothes, and bring them water, and encourage the fighters, than fight. We may always keep a few hundred thousand in activity, or at least in readiness.

"*Frederick-William.* Such forces are tremendous.

"*Nicholas.* To the disobedient. In sixty days I could throw a million of soldiers on the shores of the Baltic.

"*Frederick-William.* Might not England interpose?

"*Nicholas.* Not in sixty days. My naval force is greater than hers; for my ships are manned, hers are not. She is only the third naval power at the present day. America can man more ships with good English sailors in ten days than England can in forty. France has in the channel a greater force than England has, and every man aboard is well disciplined. All I want at present is to keep England from intermeddling in my affairs.". . .

From which it will be seen that some things have changed in fifty years, but not others.

Poor Antonelli! Recent developments give to the following a significance which Landor never intended:

"*Pio Nono.* Cardinal Antonelli! Cardinal Antonelli! I begin to fear we shall be convicted of lying by the unbeliever.

"*Cardinal Antonelli.* Holiness, we have lied, but it was for the glory of God, and of his Blessed Mother, and for the exaltation of the Church. Need I recapitulate to your Beatitude the number of learned casuists who have inculcated the duty of so doing? Need I bring before you the princes of the present day who have broken their promises and oaths to their subjects? If we were bound to them, *we* should be the subjects, and not *they*.

"*Pio Nono.* Nevertheless, I have had certain qualms of conscience from time to time; insomuch as to have humiliated myself before my confessor.

"*Cardinal Antonelli.* And what said he?

"*Pio Nono.* I am ashamed to repeat what he said: he almost said it approached to sin. But, as in duty bound, he absolved me; on condition of eating a tench for supper, an isinglass jelly, and two apricot tarts, preceded by a basin of almond soup, and followed by a demi-flask of Orvieto. I begged hard against the tench and pleaded for a mullet."

Who would not take "absolution" from a "confessor" on these delicate terms?

The two Dialogues which open the volume, (1) between Duke de Richelieu, Sir Firebrace Cotes, Lady Glengrin and Mr. Normanby, and (2) between Florentine, English Visitor and Landor, are among the longest here given, and the most elaborate, occupying together no less than 138 pages. There is another, however, of equal proportions, between the Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti. The remainder are generally short and slight. All are characterized by great shrewdness, sagacity, insight and wit. The series as a whole is a unique addition to our American reprints of English letters.

NOVELS OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH LIFE.

THE four novels which we group under this general head divide themselves into contrasting pairs, no less by the typical classes of character and life with which they deal than by the radical differences in the methods of their respective authors. Our ideals of France and England, the French and the English, are not more unlike than *Samuel Brohl and Company*[1] and *The American Senator*,[2] or *A Woman Hater*[3] and *Gérard's Marriage*;[4] while it would probably be difficult to describe two literary habits more divergent than Cherbuliez's and Mr. Trollope's, or Charles Reade's and M. Theuriet's.

It is one point of contrast between these novels of French and English life that the former are simply an artistic product, like a picture; while the latter have a definite moral function. Mr. Trollope is at his old task, the attempted cure by ridicule of the faults and follies of upper society life. Accordingly we have introduced to us, under change of name and circumstances, very much the same sort of people, good, bad and indifferent, as we knew in *The Last Chronicle of Barset* and *The Way we Live Now*. There is the standard town of Dillsborough, with its Morton family and its Masters family; there is a Lord Rufford, good natured and easy going; a horrid Arabella Trefoil, and her equally horrid mother; a Mr. Twentyman, farmer, who plays the part of unsuccessful lover to the sweet Mary Masters; with various lords, ladies, etc. The American Senator, who rejoices in the uncouth name of Gotobed, and has a personal appearance which makes one think of Mr. Evarts, is a visitor in the circles concerned in the story, and is made use of rather artificially as a moralist over its action. Spirited pictures of fox-hunting, complicated match-making intrigue, the lust of money and the pride of life, contribute to the variety. Here, for example, are Lady Augustus Trefoil and her daughter departing from Rufford Hall:

"'That's what I call a really nice country house,' said Lady Augustus, as she was driven away. Arabella sat back in the phaeton lost in thought, and said nothing. 'Everything so well done, and yet none of all that fuss that there is at Mistletoe.' She paused, but still her daughter did not speak. 'If I were beginning the world again, I would not wish for a better establishment than that. Why can't you answer me a word when I speak to you?'

"'Of course it's all very nice. What's the good of going on in that way? What a shame it is that a man like that should have so much, and that a girl like me should have nothing at all! I know twice as much as he does, am twice as clever, and yet I've got to treat him as though he were a god. He's all very well, but what would anybody think of him if he were a younger brother with three hundred pounds a year?' This was a kind of philosophy which Lady Augustus hated. She threw herself back, therefore, in the phaeton, and pretended to go to sleep.

"The wheels were not out of sight of the house before the attack on the Trefoils began. 'I had heard of Lady Augustus before,' said Lady Penwether, 'but I didn't think that any woman could be so disagreeable.'

"'So vulgar!' said Miss Penge.

"'Was n't she the daughter of an iron-monger?' asked the elder Miss Godolphin.

"'The girl, of course, is handsome,' said Lady Penwether.

"'But so self-sufficient,' said Miss Godolphin.

"'And almost as vulgar as her mother,' said Miss Penge."

Take out Mary Masters and Reginald Morton, and the people left in this book are a thoroughly disagreeable set, though we do confess to a little sympathy for both Twentyman and Lord Rufford. Mr. Gotobed is pretty nearly a nuisance to all concerned; to

* Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. Fifth Series. Roberts Brothers.

[1] Samuel Brohl and Company. By M. Victor Cherbuliez. D. Appleton & Co.

[2] The American Senator. By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Brothers.

[3] A Woman Hater. By Charles Reade. Harper & Brothers.

[4] Gérard's Marriage. By André Theuriet. D. Appleton & Co.

the reader almost a supernumerary, since such a "traveler's reflexions," as "Mr. Sionara" put it, are hardly needed to produce upon an intelligent mind the effect which such characters, actions and cases as are here described naturally leave. Was there ever such a woman as Arabella Trefoil? Or another such as her mother? Or a third quite like Mrs. Masters? If women would know how "perfectly horrid" they are capable of being made in fiction, let them read this book. But why should Mr. Trollope strain so after oddity in proper names? Gotobed is senseless enough, but it is no worse than Wobytrade for an undertaker.

The women in Mr. Reade's novel are as a whole more agreeable, and so are the men; the scenery is more varied and striking, the action is much less conventional, and the general conception of character and incident is marked by greater originality and power. *A Woman Hater* is quite unlike anything else of Mr. Reade's that we remember. And it is as unlike the work of any other writer. Of course the story has a purpose. Mr. Reade is fully as much a moralist as Mr. Trollope. He is more than moralist. He burns to see his improved ideas reduced at once to fact, and, indeed, plays the part of reformer with such vehemence as to make of himself almost a crusader. His present object is to shiver the ancient British prejudice against the study and practice of medicine by women. To this end he makes use of the character and career of a clever young "female doctor," Rhoda Gale; a trifle too strong-minded a body, perhaps, for the best effect upon dissentients to the theories he pleads. Miss Gale, by a strange turn of circumstances, becomes installed in professional charge of a large estate in Barfordshire, which she undertakes to set to rights in a sanitary point of view; and her reformatory measures are made good use of to demonstrate the professional sagacity and force of which her sex is capable.

This, the moral burden of the plot, is however incidental to it constructively, the interest gathering rather along the various lines of love and wooing between Harrington Vizzard, an English country squire and the "woman-hater;" Ina Klosking, a public singer from the continent and a superb creature; Vizzard's sister Zoe; Lord Uxmoor; and Edward Severne. Severne is a villain of a particularly deep dye, and happily comes to a villain's end. Vizzard, his sister, and "the Klosking" are quite uncommon sort of people; positive additions to the company of heroes and heroines; though with the latter, passionate but weak, we have lost our patience a dozen times in the course of the story. Do real women of such character as she ever lose their hearts, and, we may add, their heads, after this fashion, to devils in gentlemen's dress like Severne? The scene is divided between Germany and England, the opening chapters relating to events in the gambling halls of Homburg. These are described with a powerful realism which is not excelled even in the corresponding portion of *Daniel Deronda;* while the pictures of rural England which follow are alike remarkable for their grace and beauty. To neither the merits nor the faults of the story, as such, could we do justice without borrowing Mr. Reade's own vigorous and pointed pen. In style he is as terse and blunt as ever, sometimes unpleasantly so. With all its intense energy and flashing brilliance there are occasional coarsenesses which sometimes sink almost into vulgarity, and must jar on refined and delicate sensibilities. Of words there is no waste. It is ideas which are profuse. The drama verges at times on the melodramatic, and is lowered in tone by touches that barely escape being sensational; but it is thoroughly interesting from beginning to end, and the author's object does not greatly encumber the reader's way.

We step into a totally different world when we pass from the England of Mr. Trollope and Mr. Reade, into the France of M. Cherbuliez and M. Theuriet, and in the story of *Samuel Brohl and Company* our interest is engaged by the exercise of a wholly distinct class of literary qualities from those displayed in the two preceding volumes. Saving one bit of ingenuity, its construction is simple and its personages are few; and its variety of incident is not abundant. The leading points are a clever course of deception practiced by an unprincipled adventurer, a young heiress's headstrong infatuation with him, the feeble opposition of an indulgent papa, a timely *désillusion*, and a final explosion of knavery by means of a bracelet of curious history. All ends well, but Mademoiselle Moriaz had a narrow escape. The story is written with great ease and grace, and is luminous with little touches of nice art like this:

"Mademoiselle Moriaz took no part in the conversation. Her face slightly contracted, buried in her thoughts as in a solitude inaccessible to earthly sounds, her cheek resting in the palm of her left hand, she held in her right hand a paper-cutter, and she kept pricking the point into one of the grooves of the table on which her elbow rested, while her half-closed eyes were fixed on a knot of the mahogany."

Shut *your* eyes, reader, and with what distinctness does this picture hold itself up before your mind. The whole work is artistic after this sort. That it is pleasant we cannot exactly say, though it is perfectly clean and wholesome. The moral plainly is this: beware of Polish "counts," unless you are sure of their pedigrees. And there would seem to be need of the moral, for the impostor in this novel fled his country for his country's good:

"We have failed to learn what Samuel Brohl is doing in America. In waiting for something better, has he become a humble teacher? has he attempted a new matrimonial enterprise? has he become a reporter of the *New York Herald*, or a politician in one of the Northern States, or a carpet-bagger in South Carolina? does he dream of being some day President of the glorious republic with the starry banner?"

Thank you, M. Cherbuliez, for the warning, which there is reason to believe some American belles and their mammas need. We hereby post it at Newport, Long Branch and Saratoga.

Gérard's Marriage we have left to the last in this enumeration, for though slighter in proportions than either of the others, it is not inferior to any in skill and beauty of workmanship, and its warm and sparkling sunshine is an invigorating relief after the chilly damps which attended Mr. Gotobed, the feverish atmosphere of the Homburg *Kursaal*, and the deadly miasma enveloping Mr. Samuel Brohl. There is no rascality in it, no vulgarity, no immorality; nothing worse than an air-bubble of village scandal blown up by one or two meddlesome mouths over the perfectly innocent, but unwittingly imprudent, conduct of the two young lovers. And what a charming pair they are — Gérard and Hélène. There are in fact two of these scandal bubbles, and their generation and mutual collapse are managed most amusingly. Could anything exceed the delicacy and daintiness with which the course of true love is in this case made to run smooth? Gérard is an unsophisticated youth whom a worldly-wise father, forgetful that matches are made in heaven, seeks to yoke to a very proper, but wholly unloved, young lady, Georgette Grandfief. How Gérard refuses that yoke and puts his neck under another, it is the object of the tale to relate. The following passage exhibits the refinement of the author's method in several ways:

"The foliage of a vigorous plum-tree in the neighboring orchard was suddenly agitated, and Gérard discovered Mademoiselle Hélène Laheyard sitting between the two principal branches, holding in one hand a great piece of bread, and picking the luscious green gages with the other. She made a charming picture, her head uncovered, her hair floating in the breeze, a light rosy tint suffusing her animated features, and her eyes bright with innocent enjoyment. The sunlight playing among the green leaves threw rapid touches of light and shade on her face and neck, and the light wind agitating the border of her dress disclosed two dainty little boots. Hélène, when she saw Gérard, with a graceful movement both chaste and coquettish, covered her feet with the flowing robes of her linen skirt; then, encountering De Seigneulles's glances, she could not help laughing.

"'Mademoiselle,' said Gérard, bowing, 'allow me to go for a ladder.'

"'Do not give yourself the trouble, sir,' she replied, 'the children will bring it back of their own accord, when they see that their pranks do not trouble me.'

"Gérard found her marvelously lovely in the framework of green leaves, and this radiant manifestation of feminine beauty completely conquered his reserve and timidity. . . .

"Leaning on the orchard fence, he admired Hélène with a real enthusiasm. One of her hands flitted back and forth among the foliage in quest of the plums, whose rosy skins bursting open from over-ripeness disclosed the juicy and

golden pulp. She ate them daintily, passing, like a kitten, the end of her tongue over her juicy lips, and varied her employment by biting without ceremony into the crust of bread she held in her other hand. The sun brought out glistening points on the enamel of her small white teeth, and showed in perfection the rounded outline of her white arms beneath the flowing sleeves."

M. Theuriet lingers with a sort of rapture, and his readers will do so with him, over the soft, warm landscape against which his story so often lies. We quote again:

"The vintage was close at hand. This is the time when the landscape at Juvigny, ordinarily too green or gray, suddenly takes on tints of a southern intensity and magnificence. The beam-tree berries redden in the woods, the beeches turn to a reddish brown, and the oaks were all the tan-colored shades. The forest undulates in the distance like a sea with somber waves of a purplish violet, and, beyond the vineyards especially, the eye enjoys a true feast of colors brilliantly varied and artistically blended. Autumn throws a mantle over the soft undulations of the hills, recalling the wonders of the richest Oriental tissues. The vine-branches, transformed by maturity, display all the various hues of red and yellow, brilliant crimson, pale green, ruddy gold, and the rosy tints of morning, all harmonious and melodious like a magic symphony. The silvery foliage of the willows below, and the pearly mist of the horizon above, unite softly with the intense coloring of the woods and vineyards, the verdure of the meadows and the azure of the sky. The last days of the season, almost always marked by fine weather, increase the joyous aspect of the country."

One merit of *Gérard's Marriage* is its brevity. But the story is so thoroughly delightful, that that very merit awakens a disappointment. It is as exquisite in its form, color, and delicacy as a choice piece of Sèvres porcelain. It is Number II in Appleton's "Collection of Foreign Authors," *Samuel Brohl and Company* being Number I. If this new series continues as it is thus begun the lovers of pure and refined and lightsome fiction are to be congratulated.

OTHER FICTION.

Her Lovers[1] is a highly-colored romance, evidently written by a novice — not, indeed, in novel *reading* — but palpably so in nov el *writing*. Mignonette, the heroine, is introduced to the reader as a beautiful and bewitching New York belle, who, at twenty-eight, still "cracks a heart with every glance." To recruit her shattered nerves she is sent to her uncle, a prosperous physician, whose hospitable summer villa, near Washington, offers the languishing young lady an unexpected and tempting field of conquest. Carlotta, her would-be brilliant rival, certainly affords a striking foil to Mignonette, but the coarse vulgarity of the one is only equaled by the weak sentimentality of the other. Taken as a whole, the book is a very curious conglomeration of love, theology and psychology, written after this style:

"The blissful, pale-blue sky was without a cloud, and the aromatic breeze seemed blown from the garden of spices. They had been long silent, yet they communicated still in the thrilling language of the blood and nerves. . . . Dreamily the delicious music languished upon the ear; softly it ebbed and flowed like some golden, summer sea. He turned and looked upon her, his glad love kindling in his ardent face. He held out to her his longing arms, a dewy fondness melting in his beautiful steel-blue eyes."

We spare our readers further infliction, and turn with a sense of relief to *Eugenie*;[2] a simple, quiet story of French home-life, having throughout a certain delicacy of touch that is very pleasing. The characters are few, but clearly drawn; and while as a story it is disappointing and unsatisfactory, we are constantly charmed by the fresh, natural way in which it is told.

In *Phyllis*[3] we have a very poor imitation of Rhoda Broughton's *Nancy*. A plagiarism, at best, is always execrable; but when, as in the present instance, all blemishes, with scarcely one good point, are copied, we feel that a double injury has been committed, and that too much cannot be said in condemnation.

Overland Tales[4] is a very entertaining volume, made up of some twenty detached sketches of life and character in the far West. Most of them are admirably told, and many of the word pictures are unusually strong and vivid. The writer has an easy, attractive style of description, and one great charm of her stories consists in their fidelity to actual life, as she herself has seen it. A few of the sketches here given were first published in the *Overland Monthly*.

Mr. Perkins's little story[5] is of the compass of a magazine article. Supposing it to be fiction and not fact, we should describe it as written to illustrate the mysterious workings of mind upon mind without the intervention of ordinary *media*. We have no doubt that the author here touches a realm which is full of strange realities yet to be revealed. Common experience abounds with suggestions of psychological laws and operations which we yet very imperfectly understand, but which are destined, we believe, to unveil themselves more and more. Mr. Perkins's style is his own, but so far as the color of this bit of romance is concerned, Hawthorne might have written it, or Poe.

Four paper-covered novels from Mr. Loring, his "Tales of the Day," can be justly treated in a few words. Three of them are importations from England. *Two Kisses*[6] amounts to the least of the three, but *Beautiful Edith*[7] and *Unclaimed*[8] are both meritorious and interesting. The average novel reader would not probably be disappointed with either. *The Man Who Was Not a Colonel*[9] is an American story without notable points, except that it is *clean*, as indeed are all of the three above named. That quality, certainly, is to their credit, and rather conspicuously so, as novels go.

Tangled[10] is concerned with the misunderstanding of two people respecting each other's sanity. The scene is laid in Germany, but the characters are evidently American or English. The story is fairly interesting, has some amusing passages, and is well written; but is slight, and leaves no permanent impression.

We are glad to notice a marked improvement in the style of the publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia. The worn type, dingy paper, and disreputable paper covers in which their issues of fiction have so long been clad are giving way to new plates, better paper, and substantial bindings. This policy of improvement is especially noticeable in their "Dollar Series,"[11] the members of which are very respectable-looking books, well-dressed, if not always in their right mind, and are furnished at the uniform price of one dollar each.

A new member of the household takes her turn in the series of family portraits grown so suddenly and singularly popular. The book called *My Mother in Law*[12] has been unmistakably launched in the hopes of catching the same fine breeze that has filled the sails of *That Husband of Mine*. The author's name is not given. The story purports to be written by the son-in-law, and relates the part played in the domestic life of a young couple by the mother of the wife. The subject is certainly a suggestive one, and capable of being made good use of, but we have found this treatment of it rather commonplace and dull.— Mrs. Southworth's novel of similar name[13] we suppose to be an old one re-christened, but whether old or new it is hers beyond any question. It is the story of "a first family of Virginia," and is as sensational from the first page to the last as the most vitiated appetite could desire.

[1] Her Lovers. By Sue Harry Claggett. J. B. Lippincot & Co.

[2] Eugenie. By the author of "Miss Mollie." Henry Holt & Co.

[3] Phyllis. By the Duchess. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[4] Overland Tales. By Josephine Clifford. Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger.

[5] My Three Conversations with Miss Chester. By Frederic Beecher Perkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[6] Two Kisses. By Hawley Smart. Loring.

[7] Beautiful Edith, the Child-Woman. Loring.

[8] Unclaimed. A Story of English Life. By an English Woman. Loring.

[9] The Man Who Was Not a Colonel. By a High Private. Loring.

[10] Tangled. By Rachel Carew. S. C. Griggs & Co.

[11] Saratoga; the Famous Springs in 1787.— The Man of the World. By William North.— The Queen's Favorite, or the Price of a Crown.— My Son's Wife. By the author of "Caste."— The Heiress in the Family. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel.— The Cavalier. By G. P. R. James. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[12] My Mother in Law. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

[13] The Mother in Law. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE MILTON LEAGUE.*

Here is a new wave of literature, out of the deep and wide sea of religious thought, but sparkling and bright, and gratefully refreshing. The "Milton Publishing League" is a new name to us. The organization is seemingly of Canada origin, having its headquarters in Montreal. Judged by these publications, the first we have seen under its imprint, it may be described as a Broad Church Tract Society. As such we give it a hearty welcome, and wish it a successful work. Its design, for religious literature, is to undo every yoke and let the oppressed go free; that is to say, to furnish the machinery for the freest circulation of religious thought; to give to the world discussions of vital themes which the Church press is too timid to touch. Among the names of its organizers, or at least of its patrons, we judge may be found those of leading Independents, clerical and lay, in the Canadas; its issues now before us are chiefly from the pens of eminent men of the same denomination.

Mr. Bray's lectures on the *Churches of Christendom* are six in number, and were evidently first spoken to a congregation in Montreal. They relate successively to the Eastern, the Roman Catholic, the Waldensian, the English, the Puritan, and the Unitarian "Churches;" and the following words from the introduction may be taken as their key note:

"The Church that cannot afford to have its history told, and its doings criticized, is in degenerate condition; and the men who try to put down freedom of speech by bluster, or blows, are fools."

That is sound doctrine. The lectures are historical in form, critical in aim, kind in temper, and interesting and instructive in effect.

Dr. Dale, just arrived in the United States, is widely known as one of the leading Nonconformist divines of England. He is a master man, but something of an anxiety withal to his "orthodox" brethren at home, because of being an "Annihilationist." His views on this point are not, however, presented in either of the volumes before us. In the first, *The Ten Commandments*, he discusses the Mosaic decalogue in detail, and in a practical as well as philosophical spirit. With reference to the Old Testament Dr. Dale takes moderate ground, finding in it on the one hand an elementary though imperfect revelation of God, but declining on the other hand to exalt it to the level of the New. The essay on the Ultimate Principle of Protestantism is comparatively brief. Its point consists in defining that principle to be the right of private judgment.

Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, another influential English Nonconformist, rejects the doctrine of Annihilation, but disclaims the name of Universalist. At the same time his pamphlets show that he hopes for a continued state of probation in another life, and that he has an almost infinite faith in the Fatherhood of God as a redemptive power.

Taken together, these publications are a suggestive sign of the determination of free thought to have its way inside of the Church as well as outside. Incidentally we may suggest that the Milton League should attach a "local habitation" to its imprint, and might improve the appearance of its pamphlets by making them uniform in size and typography. For its issues, embodying discussions so vigorous of topics so vital, it can hardly fail, in times like the present, to find an ample demand.

* Churches of Christendom. By Rev. Alfred James Bray.

The Ten Commandments. By the Rev. R. W. Dale.

Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principle. By the Rev. R W. Dale.

Scotch Pebbles: Excerpts from the Letters, etc., of Norman Macleod, D. D.

The Doctrine of Annihilation. By the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The Milton Publishing League.]

NEW SHEET MUSIC.

O Breathe it Under Thy Breath, Love! Words by Dr. Elliott Coues. Music by Dr. J. P. Caulfield. Dedicated to the Literary Society of Washington. Pp. 4. 35 cents. [Oliver Ditson & Co.]

The "Literary Society" may well feel complimented by the dedication to it of this pleasing song. An ardent and pleading melody is sustained by a rich harmony, full of excellent effects. The words and music go well together. The composition is suited particularly to a baritone voice.

Again My Gentle Lute. Song by Chas. Gounod. Pp. 4. 35 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

A song of medium range, in keeping with the uniformly high standard of all this master's works. It has a decided accent and an easy flow of melody.

Le Violette. Canzone di Aless. Scarlatti. Soprano. G Maj. Pp. 4. 35 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

A quaint song of tender, quiet beauty, with a scholarly accompaniment, reminding one very forcibly of the writings of Handel. It will well repay a careful perusal.

Storm and Sunshine. By Dudley Buck. Pp. 6. 50 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

A very effective descriptive song for a contralto or bass voice, with a florid, as well as decidedly dramatic, accompaniment, requiring thorough artistic skill for its true interpretation.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. Solo and Quartette with Organ Accompaniment. By C. A. Havens. Pp. 5. 50 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

Another setting of this favorite hymn, and one of a very melodious and flowing character, requiring, however, a well drilled choir for its proper rendering.

Allegretto. B Minor. Alex. Guilmant Edited and Revised by Samuel P. Warren. Pp. 6. 50 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

An organ composition of the sensational French school, and of sufficient difficulty to keep both hands and feet actively employed. But, though pleasing, like the works of Saint-Saëns and other French composers, it is of a sort that soon becomes wearisome.

(1) *Gavotte* from the Suite in D, for Orchestra. (2) *Gigue* " " " " } By Joh. Seb. Bach. Transcribed for the Piano by A. R. Parsons. Each pp. 4. 35 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

A fine and scholarly piece of music written in Bach's most genial style. Decidedly a favorite composition with lovers of classical music already, and needs no additional words of praise. It is of medium difficulty and makes a fine study in rhythm and expression.

(1) *Gavotte Allemande.* (2) *Memory Song Without Words.* } Geibel. Each pp. 3. 35 cents. [Louis Meyer.]

(1) A very cleverly arranged composition, with a melodious tripping measure, moderately difficult, and good for a teacher's use, being a fine study for playing from the wrist. (2) A piece of quiet beauty, in the best style of *cantabile* piano playing. Very fine for making the instrument *sing*, and composed in Geibel's best vein.

Largo. By G. F. Handel. Arranged for the Piano by A. R. Parsons. Original edition. Pp. 3. 35 cents. [C. Schirmer.]

One of Handel's broad and noble compositions, very cleverly transcribed, but requiring a hand well trained in the use of broad chords. Although to be played slowly, it is of a difficult grade, and will require some ability in changing the position of the hands on the key-board. It has long been a favorite.

Crossing the Danube. Grand March. By Juan C. Salcedo. Pp. 7. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

A showy and pretentious piece, of more technical difficulty than merit, requiring much strength and skill for a proper performance, and giving little enjoyment in return. It is, however, not without merit, and brings in at the end a very good arrangement of the Russian National Hymn.

Twilight Reverie. For the Piano Forte. By Thos. P. Murphy. Pp. 7. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

A very pleasing tuneful piano piece, but without any particular originality. Is of moderate difficulty, and well calculated to please if properly performed.

Hidden Hand Waltz. By Maurice H. Strong. Pp. 3. 30 cents. [John Church & Co.]

A very simple piece, of no decided value, though capable of pleasing for a few times.

Benedic Anima Mea. By H. P. Danks. Pp. 8. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

This is a strong and spirited composition, exhibiting a good variety in theme and treatment, and well suited to the use of quartettes.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1877.

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Communications, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer in full.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates see the publishers' card upon the last page of reading matter.

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SUCCESSFUL BOOKS.

THE principle which underlies the proverb *poeta nascitur non fit* seems to be of very general application. The conditions of success are hardly ever to be determined in the spiritual realm, and often not in the material. We have been told that the violin maker, no matter how great his pains and skill, can never predict the quality of the instrument upon which he is at work. He must wait until it is finished, and strung, and tuned, and the bow applied, before he can settle the question whether it is to be a violin or only a fiddle. The ship-carpenter, though he take the swiftest and staunchest clipper before him as his model, and build on the same dimensions and after the same lines, must yet wait till his new craft is afloat and under sail before her sea-going qualities can be rated.

In no product of man is the operation of this law more obvious than in the making of books. What are the conditions of a successful book? Successful books are what all writers hope to write, and all publishers wish to publish, and the art is popularly supposed to be pretty well known; the principles of it, at least, are understood to be settled. But the secret is a very elusive one after all. In one case author and publisher think that all the conditions of success are secured, and the book proves a failure; in another case success is sudden and brilliant, when all the conditions seem to be wanting. The book world has furnished some notable illustrations of this law, or rather absence of law, the past season, and thrown all the canons made and provided into confusion. The most successful books of the year have been books offered to the public without "names" to back them, generally without much previous notice and preparing of the way, and without inherent qualities of the highest excellence.

Doubtless one secret of this success is that the popular taste has been accurately discerned and cleverly accommodated. Skillful advertising has played an important part. A fashion has been set, and the prevailing current has floated whatever has been put into it. But more than all, "nothing succeeds like success." The book that ten thousand people have read becomes the book that ten thousand other people want to read; the book that fifty thousand readers have bought is the book that fifty thousand and more will buy. And so it goes. But no author can write, no publisher can print, a book and be sure that, no matter how well written and how adroitly published, fifty thousand copies of it will be sold, or ten, or five, or even one. It may prove to be a violin, but it is quite as likely to turn out only a fiddle.

And "in conclusion," as the preachers say, the truest success of books is not necessarily large sales. "Large sales and small profits" may be the truth in more senses than one. We fear there has been little profit to the public, beyond a bit of momentary sport, in many of the much-sold books of the present season. Their "success" has been pleasant enough to authors and publishers, but, from higher points of view, of rather a paltry kind. Some of the most truly successful books of the past twelve-month, and let us not forget it, have come unheralded and made no noise, but have settled down into human minds and begun to work there, and entered on careers of beneficence which shall be immortal.

MINOR TOPICS.

RIDING homewards by horse-car the other day, with a "——'s Monthly" in our hand, we presently awoke to the consciousness that we had for our neighbor on the right an ill-clad, frowzy-headed, surly-faced, and generally trampish-looking man, of the sort that one involuntarily shrinks from sitting next to anywhere. We had barely made the discovery when he broke the silence by remarking, with a glance of his eye at our magazine: "Pretty good number this month." The manhood that was really in this ugly-looking fellow spoke through his voice, and forgetting his exterior in the recognition of a brother, we replied: "Yes, it is a 'pretty good number' every month." "I don't like it as well though as '——'s,'" he continued, with an intelligent tone. "No? Why not?" "Well, I think '——'s' has more variety." Here was an opinion on literature from an unexpected quarter, and without assent or dissent on our part upon the particular point in question, we were moved to thankfulness that the hard-fisted and grimy "working-men" were being reached by the fresh, pure artistic magazines month by month, and were set to thinking what powerful influences for good these magazines must be exerting in every direction, down under the surface of society among what we call the lower classes. Preach on, ye heralds of knowledge and truth and beauty! And remember your mission.

THE *nom-de-plume* "Mark Twain," adopted by our friend Mr. Clemens, has been generally supposed, we believe, to be a peculiar product of boatmen's life on the Mississippi River. That the term in its original sense was no localism, however, appears from a passage which we have just chanced upon in *Life in Mèxico*, by Mme. C—— De La B—— [Boston: 1843], a work in two volumes, descriptive of a two years' residence in that country, and one which had the honor of an introduction to the American public in very complimentary terms by Mr. William H. Prescott. The author is *en route* from New York by way of Cuba, and is describing the scenes of a day at sea in the packet ship "Norma" before reaching Havana. The date is 1839:

"On goes the vessel, stately and swanlike; the water of the same turquoise blue, covered with a light pearly froth, and so clear that we see the large sponges at the bottom. Every minute they heave the leads 'By the mark three.' 'By the mark three, less a quarter.' 'By the mark twain and a half,' (fifteen feet, the vessel drawing thirteen,) two feet between us and the bottom. The sailor sings it out like the first line of a hymn in short metre, doled out by the parish clerk."

AFTER all can there be a better history of current American literature, in one form, than such as is furnished by the *Literary World?* Take its seven volumes for as many years last past: they present a comprehensive and well proportioned survey of the entire literature of their period. When these seven shall have grown into twenty-five, the value of the work from this point of view will be incalculable. We are moved to this remark by observing the care with which many of the readers of the paper preserve their files, and the earnestness with which not a few of our new subscribers have sought to provide themselves with a complete set from the beginning. The time is coming when such sets will be very highly prized, as indeed they are already. Fortunately we have extra numbers of most of the issues, though of some the supply is very short. Of the first number, we are sorry to say, not one copy remains, but we are seriously thinking of reprinting it in order to meet the demand to which we refer. To be warranted in doing this we should need seventy-five subscriptions for that number at one dollar each. Sooner or later we expect to receive them.

THE singular good fortune which, the past few months, has befallen books published anonymously, ought to cheer the hearts and stimulate the talents of young writers who yet have names to make. The feeling has been common that there was little hope for unknown authors in the paths of literature. The testimony of recent experience is that they may hope for the largest things, provided they have a story to tell and know how to tell it. It has been proved, if indeed it were ever doubted, that the fruit which the public will have is that which has the flavor they like, whether a high-sounding label is tied to it or none at all.

CICERO, in his *Tusculan Disputations*, says of Timotheus, a famous and influential citizen of Athens, that having supped with Plato, and being extremely delighted with his entertainment, he said to him on meeting him shortly after: "Your suppers are not only agreeable while I partake of them, but the next day also." No higher encomium could be passed upon a book than to

remark upon it in the same spirit. Books that are enjoyed after they have been read have passed one of the supreme tests of excellence.

ETIENNE Dolet, student-scholar, and printer at Lyons, France, in the first half of the 16th century, was so unfortunate as to publish a translation into French of two dialogues of Plato. The Faculty of Theology of Paris found him guilty of badly translating one passage, and he was burnt with his books on the Place Maubert, after being cruelly tortured. It is fortunate for translators that times have changed.

WE beg the indulgence of our readers towards this number of the *Literary World*. A sudden irruption of clamorous advertisements, just as the paper was ready for the press, has necessitated a slight abridgment of reading-matter proper.

WE have some correspondents who do not think enough of us to give us their names. Why should we think enough of them to notice their communications?

BRIEF NOTICES.

They All Do It; or Mr. Miggs of Danbury and his Neighbors. By J. M. Bailey. [Lee & Shepard.]

The meaning of this title is obviously this, that the sketches which the "Danbury News man" here gives of the ways of his townspeople are representative in their character, and that the world is pretty much alike; in Danbury and out of it as well. This, we suspect, is true. The volume is a collection of the humorous newspaper articles which have made their author's name widely known. Taken at its own estimate it may serve a purpose with that portion of the public which laughs easily, and is not over fastidious or exacting as to the provoking cause. We find in it many things which we think silly, some that are even coarse, and others that are really funny; with occasional touches of genuine humor. Of the quieter paragraphs this is one of the best:

"There is a vast difference in the conduct of a man and a woman in new clothes. When a woman gets a new suit, she immediately prances down town, and for hours will walk contentedly along a crowded thoroughfare, receiving fresh impulses of joy every time another woman scans her wardrobe. But a man is *so* different! He won't put on his new clothes for the first time until it is dark; then he goes down town so cautiously as to almost create the impression that he is sneaking along. If he sees a crowd on a corner, he will slip across the way to avoid them; and, when he goes into his grocery, he tries to get behind as many barrels and boxes as he can. All the time he is trying his level best to appear as if the suit was six months old, and all the while realizes that he is making an infernal failure of it.". . .

For a scene at the parting of a very practical husband and a very poetical wife, the following is not without entertainment:

. . ."She put both her arms about his neck.
"'John,' she sobbed, 'you are going away.'
"This was so palpable, that it would have been madness to attempt a denial: so he merely observed,—
"'Look out for my collar, Maria.'
"'You will think of your wife while you are gone?' she whispered huskily.
"He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar; but he spoke reassuringly,—
"'I will bear it in mind, my dear.'
"'You will think of me as mourning your absence, and anxiously awaiting your return?' she murmured.
"'You can trust me to attend to it,' he replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for six barrels of mackerel.
"'And you'll be very careful of yourself for my sake?' she suggested in a broken voice.
"'I will see it attended to, my dear. But it is almost time for the train;' and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.
"'John, John!' she convulsively cried, 'don't forget me, *don't* forget me!'
"'Maria,' he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, 'I have made a memorandum to that effect.'"

Memoirs of John Quincy Adams. Vol. XII. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

This volume completes the work; one that is an unique contribution to the political history of the United States. Few men in public life have "taken notes" as they went along after the thoroughness of Mr. Adams; few have shown such scrupulous care toward the official records of their service. At Washington, June, 1844, he writes:

"My attention to public affairs is absorbed in the preparations for settling my debts here and in looking up the documents of the second and third sessions of the Twenty-Seventh Congress, one set of each of which I am to pack up in a chest and send round by water to Boston. The documents are now divided into three sets of — 1, Executive documents of the House; 2, Reports of committees of the House; 3, Senate documents, including Executive and reports; then one volume of journals of each House, and a folio volume or two of printed bills and amendments. I doubt if another member of Congress besides myself possesses an entire set of all these papers. Of the bills, no one condescends to keep a set. . . My practice is to have them kept in files for me, including the printed bills, and, after the close of the session, to have them bound at my own expense. I have thus one set of the documents here, and one at my home in Quincy."

Mr. Adams was not wholly absorbed in statecraft. He found time, even in legislative hours, for reading and study. At Quincy he writes of Lord Bacon, whose life and works he had begun:

"This man was a prodigy and a paradox. He should be studied as a chronometer or a steam-engine should be studied — as a piece of moral and intellectual mechanism. Why did I not so study him fifty years ago? . . . The general reflection upon the life of Bacon is the melancholy aspect of great vicissitudes of fortune. His transcendent talents, rapacious ambition, and disgusting sycophancy combined to raise him to the pinnacle of opulence, of honors, and of power. The causes of his downfall were his connivance with briberies practiced by his servants, and with whom he shared the plunder. But James the First himself, and his minion Buckingham, were deeply implicated in the charges upon which he was convicted, and it was more of their sins than of his own that he bore the penalty."

This diary of his private life and public service Mr. Adams kept for more than half a century. He made his last entry in it January 4th, 1848. He died at Washington on the 23d of the month following. Of the 536 pages in the volume before us, 250 are occupied with an index to the entire work, which looks elaborate and minute, and is reasonably thorough, though not absolutely so.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Popular Edition. [Hurd & Houghton.]

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. Riverside Edition. [Hurd & Houghton.]

The complete edition of Lord Bacon's works issued in England in 1857–59, by James Spedding, Leslie Ellis, and Douglass Denon Heath, and known by their names, was reprinted in this country, and has been circulated to a considerable extent among scholars. But it could never be a popular edition. It is too voluminous, too expensive, and too largely occupied with Bacon's Latin writings and translations of the same. The average library, and the ordinary reader, need little more than the Novum Organum, the Essays, and possibly the treatise upon the Advancement of Learning. The Essays, with Whateley's Annotations, are accessible in a single volume. The new edition now before us is based upon the Spedding-Ellis-Heath edition, and is a happy medium between too little of Bacon and too much. It is in two volumes, which tend toward largeness and are of excellent manufacture. Beside the Essays there are given the original *prolegomena*, the Novum Organum, the New Atlantis, the Advancement of Learning, the History of the Reign of King Henry VII, and a large number of shorter writings; thus serving altogether to present the choicest of Lord Bacon's work in full variety. Each volume is divided into three parts, separately paged, and is accompanied by an elaborate analytical index. Two engraved portraits of Bacon, with *fac similes*, add to the attractions of the edition, which is in most respects an admirable one, and must fully answer the want of nine persons out of ten. We hardly need say that without the works of Lord Bacon no private library, however small, can pretend so much as to have laid its foundations. These two volumes aggregate more than 2,000 pages, and the price, $5.00, is certainly very low.

The *Wordsworth* accompanying the Bacon is the first instalment of that new edition of the British Poets which has been some time in preparation at the Riverside Press. There are three volumes, comprising upwards of 2,700 pages, bound in plain cloth, with gilt tops, and with a simple device upon the cover. The paper is delicately tinted and of excellent quality. The typography is clear and fresh in appearance, though the plates are by no means new. The margins have been enlarged very greatly, to the improvement of the page as it appeared in the former edition, and the three books together make as handsome a set as any one need wish. A

dainty ribbon is inserted in each for use as a mark. The price for the three is but $5.25, which is less even in proportion than that of the Bacon. If Hurd & Houghton carry out their intent of reproducing the entire library known as the British Poets in this chaste and elegant style, they will lay the intellectual world under renewed obligations.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Globe Edition. [Macmillan & Co.]

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. [T. Y. Crowell.]

The Globe Edition of *Milton's* poems is an excellent one; compact, well printed and bound, and cheap. It is, furthermore, furnished with valuable descriptive and critical introductions by Prof. Masson of the University of Edinburgh. We shall place the volume in our office library for personal use.

The collection of *Scott's* poems is the first of a series of some sixteen volumes, in which Mr. Crowell designs to publish the works of standard British poets. The edition is not to be a complete one in every case, though we are given to understand that but a few of Scott's poems are omitted from the volume before us. The plates are apparently not new, but the general typographical expression is fair.

Law for the Clergy. By Sanford A. Hudson. [S. C. Griggs & Co.]

In this convenient little manual the statutes of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio and Wisconsin, relating to the solemnization of marriage, the organization of churches and religious societies, and the protection of religious assemblies, are collected, with forms appended to such sections as require forms. The statutes are generally, if not always, given in the language of the statute book, and persons concerned with the subjects embraced will find here collected the positive regulations of statutory law of each State, with explanations which exhibit them in detail, and also enable one to contrast readily the different provisions in force in different States. Prefixed to the statutes is a summary in twenty-two pages of the common law affecting marriage, in which the author explains the nature of the contract, the extent to which it is regulated by the State, the requisites of a valid marriage, and the grounds upon which a marriage may be declared void. The subject of divorce and separation for material offenses, which is one of such diverse and varied regulations in the different States, is not within the scope of the work. The various common law impediments to marriage are explained in a way that makes the statute definitions afterwards given clear and intelligible, and instructions are finally presented for the solemnization of marriage in a decorous form, valid at common law and generally appropriate under the statutes of the several States. A full index, both to the summary of the principles of the law of marriage and to the subject of the statutes of each State included, is added.

The Resurrection of the Body: Does the Bible Teach it? By Rev. E. Nisbet, D. D. [Authors' Publishing Company.]

Dr. Nisbet reviews briefly the history of the doctrine of Bodily Resurrection, and the arguments brought forward in support of it. The texts of the Old Testament which have been pressed into the service by ignorance, he returns to their real signification. In the New Testament he argues that the Greek word *anastasis* does not mean a rising *again* but simply a rising, which may be entirely of the spiritual nature, leaving the outworn body behind it. The great authority of Paul certainly seems to be against the materialistic doctrine. "Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Dr. Nisbet explains the physical impossibility of the truth of the old belief, but does not dwell upon the undesirability of our rising, if we could do so, with the identical bodies that are buried. He does not bring to his aid the doctrine held so strongly by the first generation of Christians, of Christ's immediate Second Advent, when those in the grave were indeed to rise. But the texts proving the existence of this belief have no logical bearing upon any general doctrine of the Future Life, and Dr. Nisbet rightly declares Mr. Talmage an abuser of Scripture on this point.

Self-Love; or the Afternoon of Single Life. [T. B. Peterson & Brothers.]

We presume this to be an English book reprinted. The author is not named, but is evidently a woman. The work is explicitly addressed to her "unmarried countrywomen, who feel the interval of time between thirty and fifty somewhat less interesting than the previous years." In short, it is a spinster's sermon to spinsters, or rather a series of such sermons, for there are not less than nineteen chapters. The preface starts out with this slap:

> . . . "the old barriers of womanly reserve have been demolished more and more every year by works of fiction, which owe at least the greater portion of their popularity to the amazing want of shade that distinguishes them; in these the feelings of women have been exposed, analyzed, and, as I think, degraded, by the pens of women."

The present volume must therefore be offered by the publishers with contrite hearts as an antidote to the long line of women's novels for which they stand commercially responsible. Seriously, however, it is a good book. With some ideas that are trite and commonplace are many that are fresh and practical, well calculated to reconcile the feminine mind to growing old, and to enable it to do so gracefully and usefully. We will consent to the largest possible circulation of Peterson's novels, if this volume can accompany them wherever they go.

Mr. Nightingale's Diary. By Charles Dickens. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

This is a little farce in one act, which has never been in print before this its appearance in the "Vest Pocket Series." A "stage copy" in manuscript was brought home from England several years since by a member of the publishing firm. Without Mr. Dickens's name it would hardly be deemed worthy of print. Seeing him in it invests it, of course, with peculiar interest. It has never been played, we believe, except privately, and any play ought to be better when seen than when read.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically and Scientifically Considered. By Wm. B. Carpenter, C. B., etc. [D. Appleton & Co.]

The substance of this volume consists of two lectures given by the learned and much-titled author before the London Institution. His announced aim is "to discover, on the generally accepted principles of testimony, what *are* facts, and to discriminate between facts and the inferences drawn from them, with no other 'theory' to support than that of the constancy of the well-ascertained laws of nature." The conclusion he reaches, fortified by a formidable presentation of proofs, is that there is no new "force," odyllic or otherwise, displayed in any of the phenomena of mesmerism or spiritualism; and that there is not the least evidence, satisfactory to an unbiased and scientific mind, of any agency of unseen spirits in raps or table-moving. He seems to have made patient inquiry and used all possible "tests," and does not hesitate to class all the marvelous performances of "mediums" as either fraudulent or exhibiting the overpowering influence of a "dominant idea," which unconsciously misleads and deludes its possessor. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the "Appendix," full of curious facts and incidents.

Village Improvements and Farm Villages. By Geo. E. Waring, Jr. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

Three essays, which deserved and attracted a good deal of attention when they appeared in *Scribner's Monthly*, are here reprinted with some amendments. The topics are "Village Improvements," "Village Sanitary Work" and "Farm Villages;" and another chapter is added on "Eastern Farming," which originally appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and which continues the discussion of ways of mitigating the hardships of isolated farm life by means of village residence. A great want of the times is that the surplus mechanics, traders and laborers, who are idle or unable to obtain support, should be attracted to the farm; and nothing could be more timely than this little book. The causes of the repugnance of young people to rural life are pointed out, and a remedy suggested which appears practicable, at least in settlements yet to be formed. We should be glad to see some experiments made in

"farm villages" to test Mr. Waring's theories by actual experience. The volume is illustrated by sixteen diagrams.

NOTES ON THE MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

—*Harper's* for October fits itself into passing events with a peculiarly journalistic aptitude. Mr. Rideing's account of "The Life of a New York Fireman" is strikingly *apropos* to the 35th Street fire in that city a few weeks since; Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "From Brusa to Constantinople" applies to the field towards which all eyes are now turned; Gen. McClellan's paper on "The Regular Army of the United States" is exceedingly timely; and the articles "Mytown," (supposed to be Winsted, Conn.,) "On a Melon Schooner," and "The Campaign of Burgoyne" have close relevancy to various aspects of the season now passing. So, indeed, has Mr. Scudder's survey of a "Group of Classical Schools," here concluded; a very pleasant number of the group being St. Paul's School at Concord, an institution not as generally known, we think, as it deserves to be.

—Under the title of "Ten Years of Early English," Mr. Arthur Gilman reviews in the October *Atlantic* the publications of the Early English Text Society. This Society was founded in England in 1864, but derives a large share of its support from our side of the water, and has for its aim to deepen the interest in the historical study of the English language. It now comprises upwards of five hundred members, has the services of the best of scholars in editing the texts it publishes, and expended over $50,000 in the first ten years of its existence, in issuing seventy-four volumes. Mr. Gilman classifies these as follows: Twenty-two are legends and moral and theological treatises; nineteen relate to history, politics, and social life; sixteen are romances; eight are descriptions of manners and customs; and the rest are divided between grammar and criticism, philosophy and science. All these curious and interesting reprints Mr. Gilman proceeds to describe in detail. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope appears in this number of the *Atlantic* with a paper which he calls "A Night in St. Peter's," but which is really an imaginative study of historic figures in the papal succession. There is also a lovely song by George L. Osgood, arranged to words by Mr. Lathrop.

—The life of Alfred de Musset by his brother Paul is well epitomized by Mrs. Sarah B. Wister in the October *Lippincott's*, giving the best short history of this French Byron which we remember to have seen. It must be admitted that the picture is not a very pleasant one to look upon, yet look upon it they must, and study it, who would correctly understand a most important chapter in modern French literature. However, Mrs. Wister is charitable and apologetic, and shows her unhappy subject in the most favorable light. Thus:

"Alfred de Musset was idolized by people who could not even read. There was not a generous and amiable quality in which he was wanting; he had an inextinguishable ardor for genius and greatness in every form; he was tender hearted to excess, could not endure the sight of suffering, and delighted in giving pleasure; his sympathy was ready and entire; his loyalty of the truest metal."

Yet this was a man, as she says, who "killed himself physically and intellectually, as surely as the wages of sin are death."

—Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in *Appletons' Journal* for October, maintains it "as undoubtedly true that, of what have so long been known as the sister arts, poetry, all things considered, enjoys the most limited kind of popularity." His explanation of this assumed fact is that "all modern poetry fights against a most adverse environment" of ignorance on the part of the people, respecting the laws of versification. Painting they know, sculpture they understand, and music they are fond of, but for poetry their ears are dull because untrained. "Metrical arrangement," Mr. Fawcett finely says, "is inseparately a portion of all poetry as its fibrous groundwork of a leaf;" but in most cases he finds versification to be "wholly scorned as a study, except when the classics are used as a sort of gracious excuse for its consideration." In good degree, doubtless, Mr. Fawcett is right on this point as well as concerning the remedy he proposes, namely, more attention in schools to the study of poetry. But we think he fails to make sufficient allowance for the fact that so far as poetry depends for its power on its metrical quality its address is solely to the ear. Now the sense of hearing offers no such opportunity of appeal to the mind as that of sight which painting and sculpture wholly engage. More people have an *eye to see* than an *ear to hear*.

—The *Canadian Monthly* is reprinting Mr. William Black's *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, a new novel which introduces the author's observations in the United States during his recent visit hither. Few readers will not enjoy its course into and through our country, lively as it is with an Englishman's comments upon American scenery, character and manners.

—October's *Galaxy* brings a review of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, by Hon. Gideon Welles; a story by Tourguéneff—in which spelling of the great Russian novelist's name we are all now pretty much agreed, and by authority; and an estimate of Edwin Forrest, by the living actor, Mr. Lawrence Barrett; but we specially commend to all American mothers Mr. Albert Rhodes's answer to the question: "Shall the American Girl be Chaperoned?" If all wise readers do not agree with him in his opinion that said girl is carrying her freedom from restraints a little too far, we shall be very much mistaken.

—The center-piece of the October *Scribner's* is an article of twenty-five pages, by Clarence Cook, descriptive of dress, ancient and modern. There are thirty-nine pictures, most of them cheap and tawdry, quite unworthy of their place. The cuts which embellish Mr. Rideing's account of "How New York is Fed" are better. A very unique paper, both in text and illustrations, is Mrs. M. F. Armstrong's "A Yankee Tar and his Friends." The "Tar" is Captain E. E. Morgan, who sailed the Atlantic back and forth for many years in command first of packets and then of steamships, and whose uncommon character brought him into very friendly relations with many distinguished people, some of whom he had for passengers at various times; such as Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Richard Doyle, Turner and Leslie. Fragments of his correspondence with these notabilities are inserted, with droll bits of sketches, and a few autographic signatures. The first portrait we have ever seen of Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, effectively engraved from a crayon by Eaton, heads an entertaining personal sketch of this clever Norse-American writer, whose home, as our readers must well know, is now in the service of Cornell University. The face is a fine one. Mr. George S. Merriam's able and spirited essay on "Christianity and Free Thought" we commend to all lingering victims of the fast disappearing disease of theological intolerance.

—The old readers of the *North American Review* can hardly know it in its new and quickened life. Under Mr. Rice's energetic management it has started off at a pace so rapid, that its publishers have as much as they can do to keep up with it. "I never used to sell a single copy," said the news dealer at one of the New York hotels the other day, "but of the last number I sold over fifty." And this is coming to be the general testimony. The number above referred to was that for September–October, which led off with a vigorous reply to Judge Black on the "Electoral Conspiracy," by Hon. E. W. Stoughton; touched the recent strikes on both sides, by means of articles from "A Striker," and from Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railway; and presented in addition contributions of more than common interest and importance from Mr. Emerson, Gen. McClellan, Hon. David A. Wells and Dion Boucicault.

—It is the spirit shown by the *International Review*, doubtless, which has so put the *North American* on its mettle. The September–October number of the former is almost "neck-and-neck" with its competitor; in the timeliness and value of its contents, certainly, if not wholly in the fame of its writers. Yet Mr. Simon Serne's paper on "The Administration of American Cities," Dr. Francis Wharton's review of the case of Queen Caroline of England, as illustrating the matter of Judicial Partisanship, and Prof. F. A. Walker's survey of the display at the Philadelphia Exhibition, are all writings of the highest class.

TABLE TALK.

. . . If the "copy" of some of our most famous writers were "set up" *literatim et punctuatim*, it would look rather queerly in print. I remember once seeing a bit of *Atlantic* "copy" (it was a dozen years ago at least) from the pen of a distinguished female novelist, in which the phrase, "a weak old kitten" occurred. It puzzled the printer at first, but he finally "reconstructed" it into "a week-old kitten," which was doubtless what the lady meant to write. This may have been a mere slip of the pen, but bad spelling and little or no pointing are common enough in the manuscripts of many eminent literati.

. . . The authoress of *What Think Ye of Christ?* adopts the King James version of II Timothy iii: 16, although more to her point would be that of Von Tischendorf, Samuel Davidson, Adam Clark and others, translating *kai*

by "also": "Every scripture inspired by God is also profitable for doctrine, for conviction, for rectification, for discipline, which is righteousness." But she filters out the gnat of an interpolation, "as they were," between "spake" and "moved by the Holy Ghost." After her commendation of the forthcoming translation by the Smith sisters of Glastenbury, in their rendering, "No speech nor language: their voice is not heard," we cannot avoid the perhaps unchivalrous conclusion that, had the brochure *God and the Bible* been written by a woman instead of a Rugby male, that theory as to the Gnostic Redactor of the Fourth Gospel would have been followed by this authoress, and the latter not have represented the evangelist as meaning "You may believe this, because I am the very man to whom it happened." If, however, this be unchivalrous, let it go to nothingness along with Mr. Cook's naughty remark that Matthew Arnold's outlook upon theology was about like a woman's outlook upon politics. For, on the whole, the authoress navigates with better skill than two-thirds the male pilots between the Scylla and Charybdis of Rationalism and Credulity. Even Theodore Parker would not dissent from her recognition of our duty to reverence the mysterious.

. . . DOWN here on Cape Cod there is a well-marked provincialism which I have not seen noticed by any writer, not even by Thoreau, namely, pronouncing short *e* as if it was short *a*. On one of my first visits to the Cape I boarded in a family, one of the absent members of which was continually spoken of as "Alice;" and I was much surprised when "Alice" came home to find that she was a boy, and that her name was spelled "Ellis." The people here always refer to a certain locality as "the head of the *madder*," and it was some time before I guessed that "madder" was equivalent to meadow. *Wreck* is always pronounced *wrack*, as it was both spelled and pronounced in Shakespeare's day. I once recognized a Cape Cod man in Boston by this peculiarity of speech. Even the school teachers here are not entirely free from it. Whether it extends all along the Cape I cannot say, but it prevails throughout Truro and Provincetown.

. . . HAD King Solomon lived in our day he might have added one more to the five things that were "too wonderful" for him — the way of a daily news reporter with his facts; as thus: A recent graduate of one of our two ancient New England colleges, now on the staff of that very free lance, the S—— R—— (Mass.), drops in to the study of a pastor near the city of guns, with a few interrogation points. Noticing a copy of the "*John Paston Letters*" he gives its leaves a slight shuffle, and, whipping out his note-book and pencil, scribbles a few words, which the next morning inform the public that the Rev. ——, has in his library a rare volume "of original pastoral letters of the reign of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III, 1435–1483." Several of whose characters (he adds) are the same as those put by Shakespeare into his plays. This is true enough; but, as to the "pastoral" element,— well, that is considerably more bucolic than ecclesiastical, although Church and State were rather mixed in those dimly lighted days.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(25.) Will you please inform your readers what is the correct pronunciation of "Deirdrè" in the "No Name Series?" H. F. L.

Templeton, Mass.

As if it were spelled *Deerdray*, with a very light touch on the last syllable.

(26.) Would it not be well in the future for writers under the head of "Notes and Queries" to sign some name and address by which they might be corresponded with directly, in case readers of the *Literary World* desired to do so?

FRANK R. HOUGHTON.

104 W. 48th St., New York City.

(27.) The following lines are on the title page of Sir David Brewster's *More Worlds Than One*. I have never seen them elsewhere, nor been able to learn by inquiry the name of the author. Will you please inform me where I can find it, and oblige me:

"Bright star of eve, that send'st thy softening ray
Through the dim twilight of this nether sky,
I hail thy beam like rising of the day,
Hast thou a home for me when I shall die?"

Knoxville, Tenn. S. S.

(28.) Some one wrote me the other day (and the note is mislaid) asking who was the author of a widely copied poem, entitled "Sumter," which appeared during the war, and where it might be found. The poem was written by the Rev. George Lansing Taylor, D. D., now pastor of the M. E. Church at New Rochelle, New York. He happened to be in New York over night when the news of the surrender came, and the poem appeared on the editorial page of the *Tribune* the next morning, August 26th, 1863.

J. D. M.

Cross River, New York.

(29.) The following lines from *Hamlet* are printed as a quotation. Can you give me their author?

"Imperial Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

W. J. C.

Three Rivers, Mich.

There is certainly no reason for printing this as a quotation, and no respectable edition, so far as we can learn, *does* so print it. The folio of 1623 does not; nor the *Variorum* of 1821; nor Dyce, nor Knight, nor White, nor Hudson, nor Furness, nor the "Globe," and of course not the "Cambridge," which the "Globe" follows in the main, nor the "Clarendon Press," nor Moberly's "Rugby" edition. From the metrical form of the passage — a rhyme quotation sandwiched between prose and blank verse — it might seem that the poet meant it to pass as a quotation, but that will hardly justify us in printing it as such, especially as stanzas of old songs *are* quoted in the context. And here we may remark that many of the best editors — indeed, the majority of them — follow the early quartos in reading "*Imperious* Cæsar." They think that the editor of the folio (which has "Imperiall") made the change, the latter having become the more common form in his day. The two words had been used interchangeably. We find "most imperious Agamemnon" in "Troilus and Cressida," iv: 5, 172; "the imperious show of Cæsar" in "Antony and Cleopatra," iv: 15, 23, etc. In "Titus Andronicus," 1, i: 250, the quarto has "imperious," the folio "Imperiall;" the change having probably been made by the editor of the latter, as in "Hamlet."

ANSWER TO NO. 21.

The third of the "three wittiest Boston sayings" is not correctly reported, see *Social Aims*, page 79, by R. W. Emerson:

"I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared 'that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquility which religion is powerless to bestow.'" * * *

Since the above was in type we have found the following paragraph in the Boston *Commonwealth*:

"The third of the 'wittiest Boston sayings,' quoted by you from the *Literary World*, last week, appeared originally, I think, in a newspaper letter of Mrs. Mary Clemmer (Ames), describing a President's reception, and it ran thus (I quote from memory): 'In walking up a long room, with your enemy behind your back, there is a moral support in a Paris dress which religion fails to furnish.'"

NEWS AND NOTES.

— The venerable Robert Carter, formerly editor of *Appleton's Journal*, and recently one of the editors of *Appleton's Cyclopedia*, was sojourning in September with relatives in Cambridge.

— Mr. T. W. Higginson's wife, who died last month, was a niece of William Ellery Channing. She had been an invalid and a sufferer for many years, but was a woman of great intellectual cultivation.

— *The Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*, by Hon. E. L. Pierce, will be published in London by Sampson, Low & Co., simultaneously with its appearance in this country. That is expected to be about November 1st.

— Mr. Swinburne's serial tale, now appearing in *The Tatler*, is not a new production, but was written at least ten years ago, when the manuscript was seen by an American friend. The form is that of correspondence, and the title, very suitably, is "A Year's Letters." It is said that he has another novel of greater length ready to follow this.

— Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, the owner of many rare autographs and literary curiosities, has come into possession, by purchase, of the manuscript of Harriet Martineau's *Retrospect of Western Travel*, published in 1838.

— It has been advertised in our columns, and the statement has gone extensively abroad, that a new magazine, to be called *Once a Month*, was to appear in Portland the present autumn. We regret to have to say that this expected periodical died before it was born. The history of this enterprise and its failure would be an instructive one if an historian of it could be found.

— André Theuriet, the author of *Gérard's Marriage*, noticed in another column, was born at Marly-le-Roi, spent his youth at Bar-le-Duc, and in early manhood removed to Auberive. A little sketch of him, given by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper in a recent letter to *Lippincott's Magazine*, tallies very closely with his individuality and tastes as revealed in his writings:

"He is, above all, an adorer of the woods — not such wild virgin forests as may still be met with in our own land, but the decorous and well-trained woods of France, where the very trees seem to have learned politeness and keep to their own places, not one of them daring to tower to an undue height or to spread its roots or branches over an unaccustomed breadth of space. . . . Something of the freshness, the summer sweetness, the natural charm of his favorite haunts seems to pervade the atmosphere of his graceful and delicate tales."

Besides *Gérard's Marriage* Theuriet has written *Angèle's Fortune* and *An Undine*, "all," says Mrs. Hooper, "imbued with that peculiar quality which the French call honnêteté."

— A cheap literary fraud was attempted and detected just about the time of the publication of our September number. A young man of Hancock County, Indiana, wrote some verses in imitation of Edgar A. Poe, put the initials "E. A. P." at the bottom, and caused the production to be published in the Kokomo *Dispatch*, with the story that the poem had been discovered by chance on the fly-leaf of an old book belonging to a Kokomo citizen, who gave such an account of the circumstances under which it came into his possession as would confirm the supposed internal evidence of Poe's authorship. The poem was extensively copied throughout the country as a curiosity, but with many disparaging comments upon its quality, and not a few accompanying doubts of its genuineness. It finally turned out that it was a sheer counterfeit, the artificer hoping to make a little fame out of his trick. The consequent discomfiture of the *Dispatch* was "nuts" to its rival, the Kokomo *Tribune*, which burst out with full a column and a half of exposure, visiting its unhappy contemporary with such jeers as this: "For silly lying, verdant deception and gauzy smartness, the Leonainie fraud beats anything we ever saw." "Leonainie" was the name of the "poem."

— The fact that the book of Mormon had its origin in a romance written about 1810, by Rev. Solomon Spaulding of Ohio, has long been known, and the whole story can be found in the best modern encyclopædias. Some additional particulars, however, have just been furnished through the agency of the *Springfield Republican*. Spaulding was born in Connecticut in 1761, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1785, was ordained to the ministry, preached three or four years, and removed successively to New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. When he wrote the romance in question he was running a small iron foundry, and using his leisure in the indulgence of his literary tastes. It was a time when the newly discovered remains of the mound-builders were exciting a good deal of interest, and Mr. Spaulding conceived the idea of writing a history of ancient America, which should purport to be a "manuscript found" in one of the old monuments. The Biblical-chronicle form was chosen, as being adapted to the subject, and no secret was made of the work. As it progressed, in fact, the romance was read to the neighbors, to whom, very naturally, it furnished a welcome entertainment. Among others Joe Smith and Sidney Rigdon, the founders of the Mormon "church," heard of it, and the theory which Mr. Spaulding is known to have held, and which his romance probably remotely propounded, that the mound-builders were one of the Lost Tribes of Israel, was just what they wanted. Smith actually borrowed the manuscript at one time, and kept it for a week or two, alleging that he wished to read it to his family. It was not long after this that Smith produced his Book of Mormon. In 1816 Mr. Spaulding died, and his widow came to Massachusetts, bringing the manuscript with her. Before her death, which took place about twenty-five years ago, she was visited by an individual, who called himself Dr. Hurlbut, and who begged the use of the manuscript for publication as an exposure of Mormonism. This Hurlbut represented himself as acting for certain Christian people, and brought letters of introduction, which it is said proved to be forged. Mr. Spaulding's widow, who, in the meantime, had married again, allowed him to take the manuscript, and that is the last that is known of it. The theory is that Hurlbut was a fraud, and that he was acting in the interest of the Mormon leaders, who wished to destroy all traces of the earthly source of their "revelation." After the publication of the Mormon Bible the widow Spaulding and her daughter compared it with the romance, and were convinced that the two were substantially the same. These particulars have always been current, it seems, in Monson, Mass., whither Mrs. Spaulding-Davison removed from Ohio, and their truthfulness is vouched for by persons now living.

FOREIGN.

— Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been dangerously ill in London of typhoid fever.

— Mr. Evelyn Jerrold hopes to finish a life of Balzac by the end of the year, which will probably prove a very thorough piece of work.

— Hallberger of Stuttgart is bringing out in monthly parts a cheap illustrated edition of Schiller. The designs are by eminent German artists.

—Another translation of the *Iliad* is promised. The author is Mr. C. Vosmaer, a biographer of Rembrandt. It will adhere to the meter of the original.

— Mr. Trelawney's *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron* is soon to be republished with large and important additions to both text and illustrations.

— Macmillan & Co. have in press, for their "Art at Home" Series, *The Bed Room and Boudoir*, by Lady Barker; *The Dining Room*, by Mrs. Loftie; and *The Drawing Room*, by Mrs. Orrinsmith.

— The literary epidemic prevalent in the United States the past year has broken out in England, where Griffith & Farran announce (1) *Ten of Them, or the Children of Danehurst;* and (2) *Those Unlucky Twins.*

— The publication in the *Biographical Magazine* of a life of Mr. Carlyle by Mr. Frederic Martin, has been discontinued by Mr. Carlyle's own request, who nevertheless has granted Mr. Martin permission to prepare a biography of him.

— Miss Una Hawthorne, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, died in London, Sept. 10th. She was affianced to the late Mr. Albert Webster, "since whose death," says a London journal, "she had slowly lost strength, and gradually faded out of life without any specific disease."

— A curious Latin text-book for English youth has been prepared by Mr. T. S. Cayzer, headmaster of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol, and is to be published by Griffith & Farran. It consists of extracts from leading Latin authors relative to the island of Great Britain, and will be provided with a vocabulary, notes, and numerous illustrations.

— Henry Rogers, who died August 20th in his 71st year, was best known by his work entitled *The Eclipse of Faith*, written to combat the views of the Tractarians. This has passed through at least fourteen editions. His *Greyson Letters* are a delightful series of familiar discourses upon topics of common experience, ripe with wisdom, and flavored with a delicate fancy.

— In 1876 52,000 printed works, 408 maps and 140 manuscript works were added to the National Library of Paris. Included in the manuscripts was "a collection of 297 letters written by Napoleon III to Hortense Cornu, between the 25th of August, 1820, and 19th of September, 1872. This imperial correspondence is presented by its recipient under the proviso that no portion of it be published previous to 1885, when it is to be entrusted to Prof. Renan, if he be then living."

— The death is announced of Mrs. Bagster, the widow of Mr. Samuel Bagster, the originator of the well-known house of Samuel Bagster & Sons, Paternoster Row, publishers of the Polyglot Bible and many important books in Hebrew, Greek, Chaldee and other languages. The deceased lady had attained the age of one hundred years all but a day. Mrs. Bagster, until a very recent period, retained an interest in the firm of Samuel Bagster & Sons, which is now composed of two of her grandsons.—*Athenæum.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

D. APPLETON & CO.: Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. Edited by Maj. W. T. Walthall.— Synopsis of General History. From B. C. 800 to A. D. 1877; by Sam. Willard. — Lotos Flowers. Poems; by Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum.

ROBERTS BROTHERS: Will Denbigh, Nobleman [No Name Series].— Jack Granger's Cousin; by Julia A. Matthews.— Jolly Good Times at School; by P. Thorne.— A Great Emergency and Other Tales; by Mrs. Ewing.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS: Life of Count Cavour. Trans. by George Meredith.— Free Thinking and Plain Speaking; by Leslie Stephens.— Van Laun's History of English Literature. Vol. III.— Doubleday's Children. A Novel; by a New Author.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.: The Rhine from its Source to the Sea. From the German.— Europe Viewed through American Spectacles; by Charles C. Fulton. New Edition.

J. W. BOUTON: Contemporary Art. A series of plates with description by J. M. Comys Carr.— William Blake. Etchings from his Works; by Prof. W. B. Scott.— William Unger's Etchings.— Isis Unveiled. A Master Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology; by H. P. Blavatsky. 2 vols.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN: Recollections of Richard Cobden. Ashworth.— Great Painters of Christendom; by J. Forbes Robinson.— History of Protestantism; by J. A. Wylie. Vol. III.

E. P. DUTTON & CO.: Studies on the New Testament; by F. Godet.— Switzerland and the Swiss. Sketches of the Country and its Famous Men. Illus.— Historical Biographies. Edited by Rev. M. Creighton.

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HENRY HOYT: Five Problems of State and Religion by Will C. Wood.— Monday Club Sermons. 1878.

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NOYES, SNOW & CO.: From Dark to Dawn, or Christmas under two Dispensations; by Rev. E. F. Burr.—Out Doors at Long Look; by Edward Abbott.

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A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.: Pemaquid; by Mrs. Prentiss.—Robert Raikes; by Alfred Gregory.—Who Is He? by Sarah F. Smiley.

DICK & FITZGERALD: East Lynne; by Mrs. Henry Wood. Library Edition.—Dick's Recitations and Readings. No. 5.

JOHN WILEY & SONS: New Descriptive Geometry, Shades, Shadows and Perspective; by Prof. S. Edward Warren.—Analytical Mechanics. 2d ed. revised and enlarged; by Prof. De Volson Wood.—Elementary Principles of Mechanics, Intended for High Schools and Ladies' Seminaries.—Rice's Differential Calculus; by Prof. J. M. Rice.—Mahan's Industrial Drawing. Revised and enlarged; by Prof. D. F. Thompson.—Rotherham's Critically Emphasized New Testament. New ed. revised by the author.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium.	L., large.
S., small.	Ob., oblong.
Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

The thickness of books may be inferred from the number of pages.]

FICTION.

MY MOTHER IN LAW. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. M., pp. 157. Paper. 50c.

SPIRITE. A Fantasy. By Théophile Gautier. [Collection of Foreign Authors.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. M. Sq., pp. 214. Paper. 50c.

DEVIL PUZZLERS and Other Studies. By Frederic B. Perkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. M. Sq., pp. 215. $1.00.

IN SILK ATTIRE. A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 313. $1.50.

MARJORIE BRUCE'S LOVERS. A Novel. By Mary Patrick. L., pp. 105. Paper. 25c.

CARITA. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 193. Paper. 50c.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES. By the Author of "Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country," etc., etc. [Horace E. Scudder.] With Illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. L. Sq., pp. 236. $1.50.

THE ANTI-BILED SHIRT CLUB. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. M., pp. 121. Paper. 35c.

THEY ALL DO IT; or Mr. Miggs of Danbury and his Neighbors. Being a faithful record of what befell the Miggses on several important occasions. Together with a full account of stirring events in the neighborhood in the intervals. Carefully prepared by J. M. Bailey, the Danbury-News Man. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 313. Paper. 50c.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES; or Child Life on a Farm. By P. Thorne. Boston: Roberts Brothers. M. Sq., pp. 277. Paper. 50c.

NICHOLAS MINTURN. A Study in a Story. By J. G. Holland. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Illus. M., pp. 418. $1.75.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK. A Novel. By Mrs. J. M. D. Bartlett. ("Birch Arnold.") Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. M., pp. 373. $1.25.

HIS GRANDMOTHERS. A Summer Salad. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. M. Sq., pp. 192. $1.00.

THE CAVALIER. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 391. $1.00.

SALATHIEL (the Wandering Jew). A Story of the Past, Present and Future. By Rev. George Croly. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 232. Paper. 75c.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW; or Married in Haste. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 497. $1.75.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. The Story of a Woman's Life. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 370. $1.00.

PANOLA. A Tale of Louisiana. By Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 261. $1.50.

FLIRTATIONS IN AMERICA; or High Life in New York. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 287. Paper. 75c.

VOYAGE OF THE "STEADFAST." By Wm. H. G. Kingston. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. M., pp. 180.

THE NEW SCHOOLMA'AM; or A Summer in North Sparta. Boston: Loring. M. Sq., pp. 140. Paper. 50c.

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MODERN PHILOSOPHY, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartman. By Francis Bowen, A. M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. L., pp. 484. $3.00.

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AMERICAN ADDRESSES, with a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By Thomas H. Huxley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 164.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS. By Grant Allen, B. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 283.

ALCOHOL AND THE STATE. A discussion of the Problem of Law as applied to the Liquor Traffic. By Robert C. Pitman, LL. D. New York: Nat. Temp. Soc. and Pub. House. M., pp. 406. $1.50

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION. By Harriet Martineau. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. S. Sq., pp. 366. $1.25.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE and the Culture of Beauty, with Hints as to Character. By T. S. Sozinskey, M. D., Ph. D. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott. M., pp. 196. $1.50.

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[Boston Monday Lectures.] BIOLOGY, with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. Three colored plates after Beale and Frey. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 325. $2.00.

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LECTURES ON PREACHING, delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, in January and February, 1877. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 281. $1.50.

SELECTIONS FROM EPICTETUS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. S., pp. 150. 50c.

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A HAND-BOOK TO THE PUBLIC PICTURE GALLERIES OF EUROPE. With a Brief Sketch of the History of the Various Schools of Painting, from the 13th century to the 18th inclusive. By Kate Thompson. London: Macmillan & Co. M., pp. 467. $2.00.

A HAND-BOOK OF PUNCTUATION. Containing the more important rules and an exposition of the principles upon which they depend. By Joseph A. Turner, M. A. New Revised Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 89.

THE WAY OF LIFE. A Service Book for Sunday Schools. Compiled by Frederick L. Hosmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 119. 50c.

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JOSEPH COOK ON BIOLOGY.*

Departing from custom we publish two articles, each signed, upon Mr. Cook's volume. The respective writers scarcely need any introduction beyond the mention of their names. Mr. Savage is the pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston, and occupies a foremost place among the younger clergy of the Unitarian denomination. He is the author of a volume on the religious aspects of evolution, and in this and other ways has made a name as an independent and vigorous thinker upon the living topics of the time. Mr. McCrady is Professor of Biology and the Relations of Religion and Science in the University of the South; and at Harvard College, where he was for a number of years Professor of Zoölogy, the successor, we believe, of Agassiz, he won a distinguished reputation as a Christian scholar. We should be at a loss to name two gentlemen who more distinctively represent the two sides of the general subject debated by Mr. Cook than Mr. Savage and Mr. McCrady. We have only to add that they were selected for this service because of their representative position; and that each has written absolutely without restriction or suggestion from us except as to space.

I.

THE first thing that provokes comment in the appearance of this published volume of lectures is the lack of accuracy betrayed at its christening — the misnomer of its name. It is well-known that literature has become singularly careless in this regard, and one frequently reads a book through with a great deal of care without being able to guess the riddle of its title. But from *scholars*, and particularly from one making great *scientific* claims, one is entitled to look for something different. Boys are no more warlike for being called Alexander, nor patriotic for bearing the name of Washington. And calling them "Hot pies!" does not warm up cold ones. Whatever else this book may be, it is *not* a treatise on "Biology." "By any other name" it would have "smelled as sweet," and might have tasted better. A book that discussed the nature of the heavenly bodies, in the attempt to find somewhere in space a rational location for heaven or hell, might be useful and satisfactory to those interested in these questions, but it could not — without a severe strain on poetic license — be called *astronomy*. But such a work would be a fair parallel to what we have here. It is really a theological work on *the immortality of the soul*. Why not call it, then, theology garnished with more or less of science? So much for the name.

What now is its reason for being? For either one of two reasons a man may write on Biology or Theology. Either to set forth any new discoveries he may have made, or to popularize and give to a special audience or set of readers something already discovered, but not generally known or accessible. Mr. Cook has here added nothing to what was already known on either of these themes. Whether he has rendered a service in the other direction depends on whether he is *accurate*, *simple* and *comprehensible*.

The demonstrations at Tremont Temple at first sight might seem to settle the question of his having made his discussions *popular*. But even this will bear looking at, and there may appear some reasons for an abatement of this claim. If Mr. Cook had appeared simply as a scientific lecturer it is safe to doubt whether he would have had any large hearing. Perhaps he would have had no more if he had confined himself to theology. The key to his success must doubtless be looked for in the peculiar condition of the theological world to-day, and in the mutual relations of science and theology. For twenty years the manifest drift of scientific research has been square against the strongholds of the traditional theology; and the world has shouted and theologians have trembled at the hope and the fear that the old towers would fall. In illustration of what I mean, I quote a few recent words from Huxley: "The waters of science" are "flooding the church on all hands. The beadles have long been washed away; escape by pulpit stairs is even becoming doubtful, without kirtling those outward investments, which distinguish the priest from the man, so high that no one will see that there is anything but the man left." So great has become the theologic dread of science on the part of the clergy that even evangelicals themselves are become ashamed, and some of them speak out in strong rebuke. Referring to this, the Rev. Phillips Brooks in his Yale lectures on preaching says sharply: "I seem to see strange panic on the faces of the ministers of to-day."

Such being the condition of things, Mr. Cook appears as a *new phenomenon*. At last "Daniel has come to judgment." The dreaded science, whose curse they feared, is to be made to bless. The monster's fangs are to be extracted; the lion is to become a lamb. It is not strange then if they gather about him in crowds, and, with little comprehension of him, except that he is defending their theology, fling their caps in air. It is no insult to the intelligence of even a Boston audience to say that not one in a hundred of his hearers was competent to judge his accuracy as they heard him. And among the mass of those accustomed to read, *very few* have any right to an opinion on these themes, or could intelligently follow the discussions. In spite of his audiences neither the lectures nor the book can claim to be popularly comprehensible. Take one more word from Phillips Brooks: "I have seen a multitude of preachers gathered together to listen to one who expounded scientific theories upon the religious side, and making the hall ring with vociferous applause of statements, which *might be true or not*, but *certainly whose truth they had not examined*, and in which certainly it was *not the truth but the tendency to help their side* which they applauded. I think that is not a pleasant sight for anyone to see who really cares for the dignity and purity of his profession." If Mr. Cook had shouted Chinese for fifteen minutes, and had closed with "therefore we see that evolution is false and that the old theology is safe," the applause would have followed just as appropriately.

What now of his accuracy and fairness? It is safe to remember as one reads that Mr. Cook stands as the avowed advocate of a system. He is an attorney paid for conducting and expected to win a case. However fair he may mean to be, and however much he may speak of the "scientific method," he must feel the pressure about him. He knows perfectly well that if he does not make science speak the familiar tongue of orthodoxy the foundation of the Monday Lectureship is out from under his feet. Common sense and human experience have decided that no man is fit for a juror who is a partisan in the case. No scientific man's opinion would be regarded were it known that he was determined from the first to find in his facts certain foregone meanings.

There is space left to test his accuracy and fairness in only one particular. Take the one thing then that is central in the book — his handling of *materialism*. Whatever others may think about it, the present writer has only sympathy with Mr. Cook in all his honest work against the materialists. I confess to holding the doctrine in extreme dislike, and so am ready to applaud all good work done in proving that man is more than clay. But what has Mr. Cook done? He has rehashed for us the well-known arguments; nothing more. And he has coupled with this such treatment of his scientific betters as shows him well nigh incapable of what? — is it seeing correctly? It must be; for I do not believe he would purposely misrepresent. Here, however, are the facts. His supposed arguments are accompanied by the assumption that Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and Fiske are materialists; and that in overthrowing materialism he is overthrow-

* Boston Monday Lectures. Biology. By Joseph Cook. J. R. Osgood & Co.

ing them. All this is inexcusable misrepresentation; not only inconsistent with the scientific method, but with truth.

The scientists have a hard time of it at the hands of theologians. When they presume to have a theological opinion, they are told sharply to *stick to their last*, and when they don't express any, they are charged with being atheists. The treatment is as fair as the old water trials for witches. If they swam they were witches; if not, they were innocent, but got drowned just the same.

As to whether these men are "materialists" I refer the reader to Huxley's "Critiques and Addresses," p. 314, to Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," pp. 119 and 120, to Spencer's "Principles of Psychology," Vol. I, pp. 157 and 158, and to Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," Vol. II, p. 432 et seq. Fiske, in his chapter on "Matter and Spirit," has written the finest and most conclusive argument on materialism that I have ever seen. If Mr. Cook had read this chapter in Tremont Temple, it would have been a fine substitute for his own lecture. Mr. Cook has added nothing to these men whom he has maligned. Even the horrible Huxley says as between absolute materialism and absolute idealism he should be compelled to accept the latter.

The book fairly bristles with assertions that tempt the critic, and make him wonder what Mr. Cook means by "scientific method." But there is not space to take them up. For instance, think of using Carlyle as authority on biology, or indeed concerning any matter of scientific import. I can understand Mr. Cook's sympathy with the great dogmatist: but it makes one smile to see him introduced into this company. Mr. Cook slew Bathybius amid a great clatter of weapons; and thus thought he slew evolution and many other monsters. But lo! the book is hardly dry from the press, and Bathybius lives again. See article in *Popular Science Monthly* for October, on "Bathybius and the Moners," by Prof. Haeckel. But the one absurdity that by contrast makes insanity rational, is to see Mr. Cook supporting the doctrine of the miraculous conception of Jesus by the natural fact of the virginal origin of the drone bee. The fact proves nothing whatever that is at all relevant. And if anything were established by it, it would be the *natural* and *not the supernatural* origin of Jesus.

But this article must not be prolonged. The "fathomlessly" marvelous rhetoric must be passed by. The bad taste of "putting the applauses where they'd ought to come" is a surface fault. The real judgment ends here: that the book adds absolutely nothing to our knowledge of either biology or theology. It is a "special plea;" and has the virtues and faults to be expected in such a work.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Boston

II.

WITH Mr. Cook's purpose of informing the public as to the actual state of scientific thought on biological questions I most heartily sympathize; more especially with his disclosure of the important but little known body of conservative thought, which, however hidden from public view for the present, is sure to be the leading element in the next generation. As matters have hitherto stood, a small clique of scientific men, bound together to support a system of Practical (as distinguished from Theoretical) Materialism, have virtually held exclusive possession of the public ear, representing themselves not as a peculiar school of scientific thought, but as science itself. They have by self-assertion and ridicule succeeded in preventing their opponents from gaining a hearing, and while everything seeming to favor their own views has been heralded to the world with never so grand a flourish of trumpets, their mistakes (such as ended in the ludicrous fate of Bathybius) have been hushed up by being acknowledged only in strictly scientific journals.

Now the very circumstances necessarily surrounding the birth of any gigantic offspring of Scientific Research, such as the Philosophy of Development, compel a temporary silence on the part of the defenders of old truths. They cannot speak, because until the new Hercules has fully displayed his powers, no one can tell what these powers may be, nor fix their precise relations to the old truths which for the moment seem threatened with annihilation. That moment, however, is the hour of sunshine for all the gaudy flies of materialism. They swarm and buzz about the yet motionless babe, run over every inch of his surface as soon as it is visible, and with a din like that of cicadas in a summer's noon, deafen mankind with endlessly reiterated prophecies of a coming demolition of everything man has previously held most sacred. What lies *under* the surface, meanwhile, they are at no pains to inquire; more than all do they hide their eyes from what may prove to be the spirit and mind of the young giant when, freed from his embryonic envelopes, he shall begin in earnest to run his course. And just because so much remains to be determined the friends of truth, whether old or new, must remain silent.

No other faction has made so great a clatter in the intellectual world for fifteen years past as the so-called evolutionists. Yet of them all one man, and one only, has given himself the trouble even to ask what may be the Law of Development; and that man has contrived to get a false answer (such as he desired), instead of the true answer which he did not desire. I mean, of course, Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Darwin, so far as I can discover, does not believe in any Law of Development; and I am convinced that the great Harvey, two hundred years ago, had a better insight into the true law than any of the so-called evolutionists of our own day. The coming child for a moment showed himself in Harvey, but he was yet so swathed in embryonic envelopes that nobody could quite understand him.

Regardless of all the vain and premature talk about Evolution, there have been, meanwhile, scattered over the scientific world, a few isolated but earnest thinkers, who in silence have been really seeking to understand the rising luminary, and to inquire what may be his probable course through the heavens. Hitherto they have been able to do little more than insist that there is not the slightest probability of his striking out a single old star from its well-known place. The time is, in my opinion, not far distant when his advancing light will dissipate nearly all the twilight fogs of the "Evolutionists," and illustrate with new glory all the everlasting hills of ancient truth.

Mr. Cook's lectures upon *Biology* have done good service in making known to a Boston audience the researches of such men as Lionel Beale in England and the thoughts of such men as Hermann Lotze, in Germany, besides the admissions and inconsistencies of the practical materialists; and a valuable review of the whole state of the battle, by an able and fearless theological observer like himself. The publication of these lectures cannot fail to be of service to the extra-scientific world in general. The book well presents to outsiders a certain little-known stage of conservative scientific thought, which they cannot reach anywhere else in so accessible and compact a form. Its extremely popular form, though quite disturbing to the nervous equilibrium of a confirmed man of science (I confess to a need of controlling grace every time I come to an interpolated "(applause)" or "(laughter)" or "(sensation)," kindly informing us where we are expected to give those marks of approval) is nevertheless well-fitted for those it aims to inform — the great free, intelligent and religious-minded public, who have not had their heads squeezed by specialistic boards and bandages into strange and fantastic models of approved scientific monstrosity; the people, in short, who have not made philosophical Flatheads of themselves for the sake of some narrow mole's track of scientific investigation, known as a "specialty."

This *specialism* indeed is aiming to destroy all freedom of thought and speech and by consequence all philosophic thought whatsoever, by forbidding every man to express an opinion on any subject save his own specialty. It has all the narrow intolerance of Comte's Positivism; and I, for one, honor Mr. Cook for his courage in taking it by the beard and defying it. Moreover, it is one of the misfortunes of a task like that Mr. Cook

has undertaken, that however enduring his work may be as to its substance, it must be ephemeral as to its form. Somebody must undertake such tasks, and if the clergy who have "the cure of souls" will not, I ask who will?

But though the phases of conservative thought which Mr. Cook has illustrated with so much ability be transitory, yet it is surely the opening through which men will pass to a wider, a better, and a grander view. I cannot myself admit as essential several of the positions taken by the author of the Lectures on Biology; nor can I grant the validity of several of the arguments upon which he reposes; nor do I concede that all his immediate aims are happily chosen in view of the long result; but he has done an essentially good work; and I heartily recommend his book to the careful reading of everybody who has the interest of scientific conservative thought at heart. Such an one will at the least rise from its perusal with a conception of the existing state of the great battle between spirit and matter, very different from that which Mr. Huxley with the voice of a dragon lays down in his *Physical Basis of Life;* and instead of "matter and law devouring spirit and spontaneity," he will see how great cause there is for anticipating the opposite result.

Indeed, the progress of Science means to my apprehension the very opposite of all that Mr. Huxley contends for in that essay. Spirit and spontaneity are slowly indeed, but surely, advancing along a path which will end in their completely devouring matter and law. The reality of the universe will prove to be the spirit — the illusion of it, the matter — while Natural Law will declare itself, nothing more than the self-consistency of untrammeled spontaneity.

Nor need we fear anything for Christian religion. She will ride out this storm more triumphantly than any she has passed through before; losing nothing in fact but the false conceptions which previous states of "Science" and "Philosophy" have interwoven with her rigging. The first and greatest of all Biologists was Christ Himself, who nearly two thousand years ago laid down as the laws of spiritual life all those great biological principles which are now just dawning upon our comprehension in the problems of physical life. And if he found no necessity of giving up the old Hebrew Scriptures, but even declared that if men "hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," we may be sure that the progress of biological research will give us no cause to abandon them. While the true Gnosis is gradually unfolding all his vast and noble proportions — many an old and familiar conception thrust upon Christianity by our own wisdom, will doubtless be invalidated or reduced to a very subordinate importance — but no word of the Master himself will fall to the ground. What Christianity wants is, not less Science, but more of it; what she demands is, not the abandonment of speculation, but the regular business-like and systematic use of it under well-ascertained and rigorous law.

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BOWEN'S MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

FOR nearly forty years Professor Bowen has been recognized as a thinker and writer of rare ability. Graduating at Harvard in 1833, with the first rank of his class, he served his college during the succeeding four years as instructor in philosophy and political economy. In 1843, at the age of thirty-two, he succeeded Dr. Palfrey as editor and proprietor of the *North American Review*, and for eleven years conducted that journal with unusual skill and efficiency. In 1853 he was appointed Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, which position he still holds, with great honor to the University and with great profit to the students who are privileged with his instruction. He has published several volumes, among the more important of which are a collection of lectures, delivered before the Lowell Institute, on Metaphysics and Ethics, a Treatise on Political Economy, and, in his own estimation probably the most important of all his works, the solid volume that now lies before us.

This volume is a fitting crown to the two-score years of thought which Prof. Bowen has devoted to philosophical subjects. It is composed of the lectures with which he has been accustomed to expound and to criticise the principal systems of philosophy, for the benefit of his students. Opening with a general survey of the philosophy of the seventeenth century, the book examines the systems of Descartes, the founder of modern philosophy, and of his immediate followers, Spinoza, Malebranche, Pascal and Leibnitz. Of Kant's place in philosophy and of the doctrines of his "Critique" there is a most thorough and satisfactory examination; and the doctrines of the post-Kantians, of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, are explained with great clearness and force. Of Schopenhauer's theory of the "Will" and Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," there are thorough synopses. Besides his examination of distinct systems, the author discusses, in separate chapters, the questions relating to innate ideas, to realism, nominalism and conceptualism, to Berkleyanism, to positivism and to the freedom of the will.

Considered as a whole, the work is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to philosophical literature. It is not a work of original thought. It is not a great work in the sense in which Sir W. Hamilton's *Lectures* or Mr. Mill's *Logic* is a great work, as containing a newly-wrought system of philosophy; but it is a great work in containing clear and energetic expositions of systems already formed, and in offering fresh and rich thought upon the fundamental questions of metaphysics. It is less technical than Schwegler's "History," but far more perspicuous and interesting. It is less copious than Ueberweg's work, but written with much greater literary skill and appreciation.

Professor Bowen's style is warm, forcible, and in places eloquent. His volume contains passages, however, in which literary merit is sacrificed to eloquence and to a sort of metaphorical grandeur. "A sheet-iron universe, with heavens of brass and a heart of stone" (p. 71) is a mixed metaphor of whose incongruities the Alford professor cannot but be aware. Speaking of the will, too, Professor Bowen says (p. 305) "on the old theory [of the necessarians] the will is like an unfortunate man tied hand and foot, and dragged after the heels of a mad bull by a rope attached to the animal's horns, . . each bound of the one being copied by a corresponding leap of the other." A graphic figure, certainly; but is it quite compatible with either literary, or even philosophic, dignity?

EGYPT AS IT IS.*

IN scope and aim this volume is a companion of Wallace's *Russia* and Baker's *Turkey*, and its resemblance to those valuable works is extended to the matters of size and style; even to the rich block lettering in gilt and black upon the cover. The three together constitute a library of information upon the Eastern Question in its many-sided aspect. Mr. McCoan's method, however, is his own, even as his subject is unique. His treatise may be compared to a thorough encyclopedia article, enlarged, as it were, under the microscope two or three hundred diameters, more or less.

There are eighteen chapters. They treat respectively of the Egyptian Territory, viewed in its geographical lines and topographical features; of the much-mixed population, with careful attention to diversities of race and origin; of the Cities and Towns, from Alexandria and Cairo to Assiout, Damanhour, and Mansourah, and others far in the interior among the labyrinthine waters of the Nile; of the relations of Egypt to the Porte, with special reference to the outcome of the present Russo-Turkish war; of the

* Modern Philosophy from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann. By Francis Bowen, A. M. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* Egypt As It Is. By J. C. McCoan. Henry Holt & Co.

Khedive in person, and the character and forms of his administration; of the national Finances, in which French and English capitalists are so much interested; of the Daïras, as the private estates of various members of the vice-regal family are called, seven in number; of Commerce, so largely increased in the last ten years; of Agriculture, always the staple industry of Egypt, but still in its infancy, and capable of great development by the introduction of improved methods of irrigation and labor-saving machinery; of Public Instruction, including the schools carried on by missionaries from foreign lands; of such Public Works as railways, harbors, lighthouses, telegraphs and canals; and among the latter of the Suez Canal *par excellence*, the whole history of which is recited in detail; of recent Judicial Reforms, and their probable effect on the future of justice in Egypt; of Manufacturing and other Industries, in which there is little or no chance of competing with Europe; of Slavery, which Mr. McCoan represents as being of a milder type than that which prevails in Turkey, and in a fair way of extinction; of the Fauna and Flora of the country; of the Climate; and finally of the Soudan, as the extensive group of provinces far to the southward, on the upper waters of the Nile, are known. There are also eight appendices, respectively upon the Vice-regal Family; Currency; Weights and Measures; Calendars; Military Grades and Rates of Pay; Cost of Living; Trade with Great Britain; Mr. Caves's Report on the Financial Condition of Egypt; and the Financial Decrees.

This syllabus of the contents of Mr. McCoan's volume makes very plain the fitness of the title he has given to it. "Egypt as it is" is not Egypt as it was. The day of pyramids and obelisks is over, so to speak; the day of steam and electricity has come.

"There, in the northern extremity of this great continent, as nowhere else but in our own colonies of the south, the new civilization has taken root, and, slow as necessarily is its growth in a soil impoverished by so long a barbarism, it already gives promise of a strength and expansiveness which have no parallel in the East."

As Mr. McCoan measures it the territory now subject to the Khedive is about 1600 miles in length by 350 miles in width, and is steadily being extended into the interior at the southward. About 160,000 square miles are "arable soil, abundantly peopled, and needing only good government and industrial development to be welded into a homogeneous and powerful State." The population he estimates at 5,500,000, excluding the extreme southern provinces. The Arabs form four-fifths of the whole. Two-thirds of them are descendants of the Copts. Of foreigners domiciled in Egypt there are less than 100,000, of whom the large majority are Roman Catholics and Greeks. Eight Egyptian towns are officially classed as "cities," but only two of these, Cairo and Alexandria, are such in the European sense. Alexandria is the superior of the two in historic interest and commercial importance, but Cairo excels in all the appointments of a strictly Oriental scene.

"In Cairo only are now to be found the scene and most of the *dramatis personæ* of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' within stone's throw of nineteenth century civilization in many of its latest results. The short quarter of an hour's drive from the railway station transports you into the very world of the Caliphs the same now as when Noureddin, Abou-Shamma, Bedreddin Hassan, Ali Cogia, the Jew Physician, and all the rest of them played their parts any time since or before Saladin. The old city itself is still a labyrinth of dark, dirty, intricate lanes and alleys, in many of which two donkeys can hardly pass abreast, and whose toppling upper stories so nearly meet as to shut out all but the narrowest streak of the cloudless sky."

To all this, however, the Esbekieh, or modern European quarter, presents striking contrasts. Here are fine streets, imposing blocks of buildings, attractive public gardens, and offices worthy of the progressive government. Cairo has a population of about 350,000; with no less than 523 mosques, 30 Christian churches, 10 Jewish synagogues, 1,300 Khans, 1,200 cafés and 70 public baths. There is also a citadel, built by Saladin in 1166, which commands this prospect:

"Immediately below lies Cairo in all its Oriental picturesqueness, its domes, minarets and feathery palm-clumps rising clear and sharp in this most pellucid of atmospheres; behind, the chain of the Mokattem, trending in broken links to the Red Sea; northwards, beyond the solitary obelisk that marks the site of Heliopolis, the luxuriant vegetation of the Delta stretching away to the lakes that separate it from the Mediterranean; while, west and south, the eye takes in the sacred and mysterious Nile, dotted far into the distance with sails that flash in the sun; the time-defying pyramids standing out phantom-like against the gray background of the Libyan desert; the palm-groves that wave over buried Memphis and its sole relic, the prone statue of Rameses; the smaller but still older pyramids of Abousheir, Sakkara and Dashour; and, beyond these, the winding valley of Upper Egypt losing itself in the hazy distance half-way up to Thebes."

Mr. McCoan finds the national aspiration now to be "Egypt for the Egyptians," and while loyalty to the Porte is not wanting in the present crisis, he makes no doubt that a throwing off of the tributary yoke is not far distant. *L'Etat, c'est le Khedive* is the keynote of the vice-regal administration. His Highness Ismail "not only reigns but governs." The author pronounces him, "after Mehemet Ali, the most striking individuality in the modern history of the country;" and doubts "if ever in modern times Egypt has been so well governed as at present." The central machinery of administration comprises a Privy Council, and Ministries of Finance, Foreign Affairs, the Interior, War, Commerce, Public Works and Agriculture, Public Instruction, and *Wakfs*, the latter being the name of the mosque properties, held for the support of religious worship, schools and hospitals, under Moslem auspices.

"Whatever may still be its defects," says Mr. McCoan, "this Government of Egypt stands out as the only one between the Danube and the Indies which has broken with the fanatical conservatism of Islam, and placed itself in frank *rapport* with Western civilization." This statement is sustained, we think, by the details of the picture presented by the author.

From what we have written it will be seen that Mr. McCoan's work is one for description rather than criticism. Indeed, the means for criticising it, so far as accuracy is concerned, are not at hand. We do not think that any such exposition of the interior of Egypt, territorial, social, political, material, has been attempted before. The picture has all the comprehensiveness, minuteness, and clearness of an instantaneous photograph, and gives every evidence of doing the utmost justice to its subject. We notice some typographical errors, and we do not like a map which turns a country sideways and puts the north where we are accustomed to find the east, and so in this instance makes the Nile appear to lie east and west. But these are trifling defects in a work of sterling and unapproachable value.

PARKMAN'S FRONTENAC.*

NO American historian surpasses Mr. Parkman in the ability to reproduce the past and make pictures which are true in fact, and yet have that glow of imaginative life which thrills you with the sense of reality. At points where his story is interesting from the character of the events described you forget his skill in the ease and naturalness with which the story is told, and where the narrative is barren of exciting incident the art of the writer still holds the attention of the reader. Mr. Parkman resembles Prescott and Irving in his literary method. He is not a philosophical historian, nor does he spend any time upon general reflections. Like Mr. John Richard Green, who stands in the front rank of living historians, he knows how to weave into his story the spirit and purpose of the actors in affairs. This makes the best history because it is true in facts and brightened with life and feeling, without being distorted to serve the purposes of a special theory.

This volume forms the fifth part of Mr. Parkman's historical narratives of France and England in North America, and when completed by the addition of "Montcalm and the Fall of New France," the series will give the only continuous history of the French occupation in America and of the beginning of American civilization. In one respect the history is less absorbing in interest than that of the development of a national history. It

* Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. By Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

is the story of pioneer life, of intercourse with North American Indians, of petty wars which settled no important questions, of struggles which do not touch life at enough points to prove of permanent interest. It is only here and there that Mr. Parkman finds a hero worthy of a place upon his historical canvas. The chieftain Pontiac and Count Frontenac are exceptions, and the latter is conspicuously the center of interest in this volume. He was, as Mr. Parkman truly says, "the most remarkable man who ever represented the Crown of France in the New World," and his career involved the question of national ascendency on this continent. Under his rule the first serious collision of the rival powers of France and England took place, and he began the attempts at military occupation by which France hoped to keep in check the industrial developments of the English colonies. Already in his day the broad line of demarkation begins to appear which has always distinguished Canada from the United States, the one being devoted to hunting and trapping and later to lumbering and pioneer life, while the other has pursued with singular success the peaceful and industrial labors which augment national wealth.

It is the tracing of these earliest sign-posts of distinctive American civilization which gives interest to each one of these volumes, but in the present work and in *The Old Régime* the rude beginnings already form themselves into permanent lines of action. The disastrous campaign of Sir William Phips against Quebec showed that New England hardihood was no match against the alertness and military discipline of the French, and it was Frontenac's wonderful sagacity in using rightly, though not for the future best interests of Canada, the forces at his command, which enabled him to rule successfully a colony where the worn-out system of feudal Europe was engrafted upon a pioneer life strongly opposed to it at every point. But no proper agricultural and civil life could be developed, at a period when the available force in the colony was chiefly engaged in bush-ranging, or holding itself in constant readiness for war. Frontenac's rule was only good for his lifetime. It was a system of centralization, Frontenac himself being simply the agent of the Great Monarch in his wilderness empire; but it was vigorous and significant while it lasted, bringing into untamed forests "the distant gleam of courtly splendors and the regal pomp of Versailles," and yet adapting itself to the barbaric customs of the Indians with whom Frontenac identified himself with greater success than any of his predecessors.

Frontenac was a courtier who had already done himself credit in the war of the Venetians against the Turks in 1669, when he was selected by Turenne, the first soldier of Europe, to assist the Venetians with French troops in their protracted and hopeless struggle. When, three years later, he was selected by the King to be the Governor-General of New France, he gladly accepted the appointment for two reasons. He wished to free himself from the imperious temper of his wife and to repair his broken fortunes. He was of Basque origin, and at the age of fifteen showed an incontrollable passion for the life of a soldier, which was recognized when he was only twenty-six by his appointment to the rank of *maréchal de camp*, or brigadier-general. He was proud, fussy, fond of display, and always boasted of his own things, qualities of character which helped him to keep up the appearance of court splendor in New France, but brought him into constant conflict with the subordinates of the government and with the indomitable Jesuits. The peculiar character of the man enters largely into this history, and while it centers the interest in Frontenac, narrows the range of activity for the period from 1672 to 1698, during which Frontenac controlled, for the most part, the fortunes of New France. But the author throws upon the narrative so many side-lights, he interweaves so many exquisite bits of landscape painting, he freshens his subject in so many ways, that one almost feels as if he were following the fortunes of characters of the imagination instead of tracing the course of sober history.

If Frontenac is the chief figure and most absorbs attention, the volume presents yet other features which will be deeply interesting to our readers. It sheds much light upon the colonies of New England and New York during the last quarter of the seventeenth century. It traces the last stages in the history of the powerful Iroquois who played so large a part in the border warfare of the French and English through the century of struggle for political ascendency in America. It gathers up the results of Frontenac's career in the New World so that they can be distinctly looked at as a whole, and shows how every line of influence was converging to the extinction of French rule in Canada in the next century. It is not easy at this day to go back to the issues of two centuries ago, but when once you have begun this narrative it is told with such art and skill that it is impossible to lay it down till you have reached the end of the book.

Mr. Parkman challenges inquiry into the accuracy of his facts, and quietly remarks in his preface that the statements in *The Old Régime in Canada* have yet to be controverted. It is to be hoped that he will soon give us the concluding volume of his series, and that a work which has been executed amid the frequent distractions of broken health may be fully completed according to his original plan, which was laid out when he was only eighteen years of age, and still a student at Harvard.

REMINISCENCES OF FROEBEL.*

IT has been no light task to put into plain English even Madame Von Bülow's explanations of Froebel's principles and methods of primary instruction. Yet through the intelligent apprehension of these by the translator, who has done so much for the Kindergarten in this country, the careful reader may find equal profit and pleasure in these memoirs, which are presented in the best style of type and paper. Many who would confess to only a glimmer upon their minds of the ideas that are making such rapid progress in primary education, will here become acquainted with their originator, as his personal traits and sentiments are reproduced by his enthusiastic friend and disciple, the Baroness Marenholz-Bülow.

"If three hundred years after my death," said Froebel, "my method of education shall be completely established according to its idea, I shall rejoice in heaven." Such an utterance is radiant with faith in one's divine mission for humanity. Twenty-five years after these words were spoken the establishment by devoted disciples of Kindergartens in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, England, Italy, Austria, in whose public school system they were incorporated, in leading cities of the United States, and in Prussia, where prejudiced officials long prevailed against them, is good proof that Froebel was gifted with genius for the benefaction of his race.

We perhaps owe this volume, as did Froebel a zealous follower, to an accidental meeting, at the baths of Leibenstein, of this noble lady with the old teacher who had just settled down on a small farm near the Springs. Because he danced and played with the children Froebel had quickly acquired from the villagers the title of "the old fool." One morning, at play with a troop of urchins on the hillside, she accosted him:

"'You are occupied, I see, with the education of *the people*.'

"'Yes,' said he, fixing kind, friendly eyes upon me, 'that I am.' . . .

"'But where shall the right education come from? It often seems to me that what we call education is mostly folly and sin, which confines poor human nature in the straight-jacket of conventional prejudices and unnatural laws, and crams so much into it, that all originality is stifled.'

"'Well, perhaps I have found something that may prevent this and make a free development possible. Will you come with me and visit my institution? We will then speak further and understand each other better.'"

Of that interview, in which she was introduced to the young girls he was educating for Kindergartners, we have but one remembered sentence: "Man is a creative being." "But," says the author, "the man and his whole manner made a deep impression upon

* Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel. By B. Von Marenholz-Bülow. Translated by Mrs. Horace Mann. Lee & Shepard.

me. I knew that I had to do with a true *man*, with an original, unfalsified nature."

These recollections traverse but three years of Froebel's life, namely from 1849 to 1852, when he died at the age of seventy. They cover, however, the most important period in the development of his educational work, and are supplemented by a historic sketch at the close of the volume. The author was gifted with a highly disciplined mind and a facility of penetrating into the spirit and purpose of one whose thought was often beyond his power of clear expression. With a retentive memory she was evidently in the habit of writing out every day important conversations and discussions with Froebel and those who visited him through her persuasion during these years. She ardently espoused Froebel's distinctive ideas of education. According to her own statements, these were so much veiled by his peculiar mode of speech that one must be possessed with his own intuitive methods to understand them, though "single lightning flashes often illuminated the dark way."

Madame Von Marenholz quickly saw that Froebel needed an interpreter to the world, and also influential friends. She undertook to provide both. She made it the great aim of her life to hold him up to the world's regard and following. Her design in this semi-biography was apparently to elucidate Froebel's principles and methods by setting them in contrast with the leading educators and views prevalent in Germany. It was through her skillful management that these intelligent judges sought the man who had inspired her with such faith in his ideas. She had therefore herself made the situations of these chapters where she describes Froebel's interviews and discussions with philosophers, authors, poets, divines and some of the nobility and high officers of the kingdom. It is remarkable with what detail the arguments in favor of or against the new methods and views are recorded, and with what clearness the differing theories are stated. This is a valuable property of these memoirs to the educator. We hear the most forward thinkers on education in Germany in that stirring period of 1849 speaking in a very different style from the labored arguments of conventions or magazine articles. The effect of these interviews on these influential persons is carefully noted. Her womanly efforts to cover the infirmities of Froebel's genius are described with all candor. Her own observations and explanations often preface the sentiments advocated by him. Indeed, it is noticeable that Froebel is always shown to advantage in these visits. They become the opportunity of elaborated discussions by Madame Von Bülow herself. There is often as much of the disciple as of the master in these reminiscences. We may add that they are none the less interesting or profitable for a clearer light caught from his flashes into her mind. These chapters so full of profound and inspiring thoughts on the greater problems of education, on woman's present and destined part in shaping and developing the child-mind and national character, and the progress of true ideas against prejudiced ignorance, are relieved by those on "The Child Festival," and "Froebel's Birthday and Last Days," which are choice portrayals of child-like life and love and hallowed death.

The general rather than particular truthfulness of the impressions made by these memoirs may perhaps be inferred from these two paragraphs, taken respectively near the beginning and close of the narrative.

"Would that men did not always demand of geniuses, who bring the Great and Good into the world, that with this extraordinary gift they should unite all human perfections. This unreasonable requisition often causes them to be misunderstood and calumniated when it is discovered that as men they do not always stand upon the height of their genius. We forget that the heavenly light hardly ever illuminates to its possessor anything but the field whereon he is to build, but cannot penetrate through the whole mind; and by the side of the Divine inspiration the natural power stands as yet impenetrated by the light which leaves room also for the unspiritualized powers, and likewise for human weaknesses."

"It is surely, in most cases, not advantageous for great minds and thinking men to publish every scrap of their writings. . . . To the public belong only the ideal forms of those who have accomplished something, not the every day garment which everyone wears who is called a man."

LEEDS'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THIS is an honest and truthful book, and worthy of welcome acceptation by all who can appreciate the warp and woof of American history in their true texture and strength, without the gloss of a partisanship or patriotism that can see only one side of a question or one aspect of a fact. It is the first history of the United States written by a Quaker, and every statement and every appreciation of an event, or political action or institution, bears the stamp of that conscientious love of truth that has ever distinguished the character of the religious community to which he belongs. If it were written by William Penn himself, this characteristic could not have been more marked from the first to the last chapter of the book.

No other volume of the same size could contain more extensive and varied information, or classify it in better proportioned departments. The author begins with the first settlement of Iceland, as the first step toward the discovery of the New World. The nearest mainland of the Western Hemisphere could not long remain hidden from the hardy and daring Northmen, nor Greenland else than a new point of departure for explorations along the southern coasts. Next follows the visit of Columbus to Iceland, where he learned of discoveries four hundred years old in that mysterious, feebly-imagined world beyond the wild ocean. Then come his memorable voyage and its astounding revelations to Europe, given in a clear, concise narrative, followed by a description of the heroes of discovery who succeeded him from decade to decade and from century to century, and brought out in full relief the two American continents. The chapters given to their settlement by English, French, Spanish, Portuguese and Dutch colonists, and to the hardships and disasters they encountered, present all the main facts of their experience derived from the most authentic sources of information.

The colonial history of the American colonies is evenly and justly proportioned, allotting to each the space it deserves, and carrying them all side by side through the narrative of their experience, in a century of intermittent war with hostile elements of nature and the fiercer enemies they encountered in hostile Indians and French. The events and influences that grew out of this long struggle, and brought the colonies into open antagonism to the mother country, are given with conscientious fairness and clearness of statement; and if the general reader cannot adopt the author's standpoint or accept the principles which he applies to these transactions, he will find it difficult to refute the position that all the obnoxious acts of the British Government might have been repealed, and the independence of the colonies itself have been achieved, through the invincible force of a passive resistance, without shedding a single drop of human blood. The author, though holding this view with as much faith as any tenet of his religious creed, does not press it upon the reader, but rather suggests it for his thoughtful reflection. The history of the Revolutionary War is fairly and comprehensively given, embracing all its chief actors and events.

The organization of the American form of government and of "a more perfect union" of the States, and the events in Europe which led to the last war with Great Britain, constitute another department of this plain, unvarnished history which the reader must find interesting for thoughtful suggestion as well as accurate statement. The political history of the country from Washington to Grant, is equally truthful in statement and free from the bias of the partisan. The rise and progress of slavery are described as under a full sense that all the States, both North and South, were morally responsible for its existence, and that all ought to have borne the common burden of its peaceful extinction. "What might have been" are words so sad, that the writer does not dwell upon them

* A History of the United States. By Josiah W. Leeds. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

longer than to express his belief that if the nation had adopted the English method of emancipation, and bought up at a fair price and freed the slaves in the Southern States, it would have saved six thousand millions of dollars, a million of precious lives, and depths and breadths of misery, grief and affliction which no plummet or pathometer can fathom. All that has transpired of marked interest since the close of the civil war to the centennial year is given with the same judicious appreciation of its place and bearing in the history of the country that marks the conscientious care and judgment of the writer throughout his valuable work. As it stands, it is the only complete history of our country from the discovery of the Northmen to the election of Mr. Hayes, embracing all the leading events between these two widely-separated dates.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.*

OLD Rome is in ruins, but the old Romans still live and speak. Let us be thankful for the indestructibility of thought, and that the wisdom of the ancients has not perished from the earth. The august names of Cicero and Epictetus should not frighten the unlearned reader. As connected here they stand not for professional arguments or dry philosophies, but for familiar though profound discourse upon themes which lie near the universal heart, interwoven with the commonest experiences as well as with the most urgent problems of life.

Of Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations* it is a translation we have here, in the neat typography and dark blue uniform of "Harper's Classical Library." Mr. C. D. Yonge, the eminent English author, is chiefly the translator. The history of these conversations, for of such the work really consists, is curious and interesting, both internally and externally. When Cicero was in his sixty-second year his beloved daughter Tullia died. So stricken was he with grief that he threw aside his business, left Rome, and retired to one of his many villas, where, with a company of friends, high-minded like himself, he held a five days' conference upon congenial themes. A report of these conferences he afterwards wrote out and published, calling it "Tusculan Disputations," from the villa where they were held. This villa was known as Asterra, and was situated near Antium. The Disputations are five in number, and bear the following titles: On the Contempt of Death, On Bearing Pain, On Grief of Mind, On Other Perturbations of the Mind, Whether Virtue Alone be Sufficient for a Happy Life. The dialogue On the Nature of the Gods is distinct, as is the treatise On the Commonwealth [*De Republica*]. The former expresses the views of Stoics, Epicureans and Academics, with some reticence as to Cicero's own. The latter is a dialogue between Scipio, Philus, Lælius, Manilius and others, and was one of Cicero's earliest works. It was originally in two books, which were enlarged to nine, and finally reduced to six. With the exception of the last of these books, which recounts the Dream of Scipio, the whole treatise was lost until 1822, when fragments were found in a palimpsest in the library of the Vatican at Rome. The superimposed writing was a book of the Psalms. It is of these fragments that a translation is here given. They are separated by great gaps, but enough remains to show the outlines of the original, which was a masterly exposition of the political science of its time, and an eloquent plea in favor of a limited monarchy. Here certainly is gospel for the nineteenth century:

"When virtue governs the Commonwealth, what can be more glorious? When he who commands the rest is himself enslaved by no lust or passion; when he himself exhibits all the virtues to which he incites and educates the citizens; when he imposes no law on the people which he does not himself observe, but presents his life as a living law to his fellow-countrymen; if a single individual could thus suffice for all, there would be no need of more; and if the community could find a chief ruler thus worthy of all their suffrages, none would require elected magistrates."

A like lofty spirit pervades the previous Disputations. To quote again:

"Can there be any doubt that whatever may be lost cannot be properly classed in the number of those things which complete a happy life? for of all that constitutes a happy life, nothing will admit of withering, or growing old, or wearing out, or decaying; for whoever is apprehensive of any loss of these things cannot be happy; the happy man should be safe, well fenced, well fortified, out of the reach of all annoyance, not like a man under trifling apprehensions, but free from all such."

The *Selections from Epictetus* make a much slighter book; one, indeed, of only "vest-pocket" dimensions. Epictetus, whose figure is much less prominent and distinct than Cicero's, belonged to the first Christian century, and is supposed to have been born at Hierapolis in Phrygia. In his youth he was a slave of Epaphroditus, one of Nero's guardsmen. He was subsequently made free, but under an edict of Domitian retired to Nicopolis, where he opened a school of the Stoic philosophy. His conversations at this school were preserved by Arian, one of his distinguished pupils; and from a translation of them by Mr. T. W. Higginson (Boston, 1865) the contents of the present volume are taken, being about one-fifth of the whole. There are four "Books;" but this division is arbitrary. Opening anywhere at random you find passages full of sweetness and light, if they are the utterances of a Stoic. One short sermon, in an anecdote on political independence, we recommend to be read in legislative halls daily after morning prayers:

"When Vespasian had sent to Priscus Helvidius to forbid his going to the Senate, he answered, 'It is in your power to prevent my continuing a Senator; but while I am one, I must go.'

"'Well, then, at least be silent there.'

"'Do not ask my opinion, and I will be silent.'

"'But I must ask it.'

"'And I must speak what appears to me to be right.'

"'But if you do I will put you to death.'

"'When did I ever tell you that I was immortal? You will do your part, and I mine; it is yours to kill, and mine to die intrepid; yours to banish; mine to depart untroubled.'"

The above style is not, however, common with Epictetus. His thoughts are oftener uttered in more direct and graver forms, like these, which we quote apart from their connection:

"It is difficult, I own, to blend and unite tranquility in accepting, and energy in using, the facts of life; but it is not impossible: if it be it is impossible to be happy."

"If you would not be of an angry temper, then do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened, and then entirely destroyed."

"If you would improve, be content to be thought foolish and dull with regard to externals. Do not desire to be thought to know anything; and though you should appear to others to be somebody, distrust yourself."

"If anyone tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuses about what is said of you, but answer, 'He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone.'"

Epictetus practiced as he preached. His life appears to have been one of sincerity, simplicity and rugged virtue. His motto was: "Bear and forbear." His only companions in his home at Nicopolis were a child abandoned of its parents, whom he adopted, and a woman employed as its nurse. Simplicius says that at Rome "the whole furniture of his house consisted of a bed, a cooking-vessel, and an earthen lamp." We should like to know how he looked, but we only know that he was extremely lame. His philosophy, animated by a Christian faith, ought to be good for this world, and we advise that it be so taken.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.*

THIS is the story of a deeply interesting literary life, written by the poet's brother, thoroughly French in character, and constantly flashing lights of the underworld upon the scene. It is not impure, but it is a faithful transcript of a poet's inward life as sympathetically understood by his brother, and is a constant eulogy of the Byron of France.

Alfred de Musset was a great poet in his

* Cicero's Tusculan Disputations; also, Treatises on the Nature of the Gods, and on the Commonwealth. Harper & Brothers.

Selections from Epictetus. Roberts Brothers.

* The Biography of Alfred de Musset. Translated from the French of Paul de Musset, by Harriet W. Preston, Roberts Brothers.

way, and no one has reflected more faithfully the spirit and tone of French society during the first half of this century. He was the creature of the world in which he lived, and whether he wrote prose or verse, it was called forth less by the inward stir of genius, outside of the sexual passion, than by his amours and the intense realism of his daily life. The picture of his early years, the growth of his poetic sensibility, the influence of others upon his imagination, the awakening of the poet to the consciousness of what he could do, is delightful and charming, and the glimpses of French authors, Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, and others in the circle which gathered around the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are fresh and attractive. Paul de Musset says that he has written the memoir "with no *fixed point in my soul* save my love for the brother whose untimely death has left a void in my life which nothing can fill," and this somewhat excuses the strain of eulogy which prevails throughout the book, and makes it charming for its freshness and sincerity. He omits the offensive details which Paul Lindau does not hesitate to print at Berlin along with his criticisms of the poet's works, though he does not deny them.

The book should not be neglected by people fond of literary experiences. It is one of the freshest revelations of French literary society which has appeared. But one may well hesitate before commending to the general reader a life in which God and man were forgotten in dissipation, in flirtations, in following the earthly stimulants of genius. De Musset died in 1857, in his forty-seventh year, for the same reason that Byron died at the early age of thirty-six, and in neither case is genius the valid excuse for a debased life.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Children of course are not infallible judges of children's books, but their opinions thereof are at least entitled to respect. The following notices have been written at the dictation of a child who has carefully read the books she describes, and in whose estimates we have reason to believe that a good degree of confidence may be felt.

The Bodleys Telling Stories. The cover of this book is curious and rather pretty, but it will not wear very well. The inside of the cover is rather prettier than the outside. The story is all very interesting except in some places. There are some rhymes in it. The Bodleys are Lucy, Phippy, Nathan, and Ned Adams, who is their cousin. The book is a pleasing one for children. It lets them know about various people in ancient times. Some of the rhymes in it are funny, and some of the paragraphs; for instance, the one about the squealing pig. It is not a game-book, but it tells about games. The type is larger than in other books. There are a good many pictures, and some of them are amusing and entertaining. The pictures in the ballad of "Lazy Bunch" are very funny. [H. O. Houghton & Co.]

Ben Blinker. The cover of this book is green. It is not so large a book as the Bodley book. It belongs to the "Winwood Cliff Series." Ben Blinker was the son of a drunkard. He lived on an island. The name of it was Cherry Island. His mother's house had been a pretty little cottage, but now it was in a sad condition by reason of her husband's being a drunkard. Some things about the story are pleasant, and others are unpleasant. It will warn people not to drink, and others not to tempt them, and will instruct children to do all the good they can. [Lee & Shepard.]

Jack Granger's Cousin. This book has a *blue* cover. It is by Julia A. Mathews. Jack Granger was a doctor's son, and had a cousin come to live with him for a few years. His cousin was an orphan, and his name was Paul Granger. The story is suited for older boys and girls. In some places it is quite serious. Jack and another boy named Philip Ward, generally called Phil Ward, have a good many fights. Paul soon grows to be Philip's friend. Tom Brewster, who is Jack's chum, is rather the nicest boy in the book. The story is interesting, and teaches boys not to fight. [Roberts Brothers.]

A Well-Spent Hour. This is a book for girls. The author is Eliza Lee Follen. She teaches patience by it, and shows how faithful a child can be to her mother if she only wants to be. Among the persons in the book are Mrs. Nelson, her daughter Catherine, generally called Kitty, Aunt Nelson and her daughter Julia, and Mrs. Nelson's two other children, Lucy and James. There are also two poor people whom Mrs. Nelson and Kitty visited; Lucy and James never did; but Julia did sometimes. The first person whom they visited was Mrs. Leonard. She had a little daughter, Nancy, ten or twelve years old. The second person visited was Mrs. Reed, whose husband had been a drunkard, but was now reformed. She had ten or twelve children. The Nelsons did a great deal of good to these families, bringing the little children books to read. [T. Y. Crowell.]

Voyage of the Steadfast, by Wm. H. G. Kingston. This is a book about two whaling ships. Their names were the "Swordfish" and "Steadfast." Savages on the islands of the Pacific come into the story; also a missionary and his wife, and several kind-hearted natives. The "Swordfish" was wrecked, and all the crew except four or five were lost. The story is sad in some places, but it comes out well.

Satan as a Moral Philosopher. With other Essays and Sketches. By C. S. Henry, D. D. [T. Whittaker.]

We do not find in this volume those peculiar qualities of thought and style which have made Dr. Henry's previous writings so thoroughly delightful. These essays are generally brief, uniformly sedate in tone, and with but few exceptions are directed by a religious purpose. Such titles as "On Good Manners," "On the Love of Country," "Theories on the Origin of Government," "Judas the Betrayer," "Philosophy of Witchcraft," give a just idea of the compass of the collection.

POETRY.

The little volume offered to the public by Rev. Joel Swartz, D. D.,[1] belongs to that order of poetry which may be denominated personal. One's interest in it grows out of, and is measured by, one's interest in the author. There are between forty and fifty pieces, generally brief. They are the rhythmical expression of refined, and often of religious, sentiment, but are without marked intellectual character or musical quality. The following is a favorable specimen of the author's work, and is at least appropriate to the present season:

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"All through the golden, bright, November day,
The hearse-like wind had been among the leaves;
It kissed them as it loosed them from their spray,
And laid them on the mossy turf away,
Beneath the wind-swayed tops of mourning trees.

"And now beyond the golden sun-set bars,
The dying day has calmly sunk to rest;
The funeral torches of the distant stars,
Led in their march by crimson-visaged Mars,
Pass down the tinted highway of the west.

"I lean my head to catch the cool night-air,
The perfume of its forest-scented breath;
I feel its fingers slipping thro' my hair,
As if to brush away the feverish care
Which comes to me from Nature's realm of death.

"I think of mine, some sweetly budding leaves,
Untouched by Autumn's icy chill of death,
Which faded in the spring-time's balmy breeze,
Wrenched from the boughs of bleeding parent-trees,
By an inexorable, fell disease,
And laid away the tear-bathed sod beneath.

"But far beyond the golden sun-set bars;
Beyond the frosts, the fading light of even;
Beyond the torches of the setting stars,
Led in their march by crimson-visaged Mars,
They live translated in the light of heaven."

This is all proper and pleasant, but it is not particularly virile in any poetic quality; which remark must stand as our general criticism upon Dr. Swartz's verse.

Mr. Salyards's volume[2] was issued several years since, but has not had great publicity, and a copy has only lately reached our table. As a subjective study it is more interesting to us than as a poem. Its author is evidently a man of learning and reflection, to whom books and the creations of mind are friends. His studies have been varied; and his reading large. Hebrew, Greek, Italian, Latin and German all are quoted. He has a scholastic turn in devising new words, which makes his language archaic, not to say crabbed and stiff, while at the same time he

[1] Dreamings of the Waking Heart, with other Poems. W. P. Swartz & Co.

[2] Idothea; or the Divine Image. A Poem. By Joseph Salyards. Henkel, Calvert & Co.

shows a melodious power in verse, which awakens in the reader's mind a regret over the lack of literary taste which is painfully manifest. The author's many beauties will be unseen because his scholastic phrases will drive off all but the most thoughtful readers. His volume deserves notice here, however, because of certain marks of genius rarely seen, and yet as rarely overlaid by such needlessly faulty coverings.

Mr. Raymond[3] gives us two romances in blank verse, the first of which distinguishes the book. It deals with a young man's longings for the unknown and the infinite, and with their realization in marriage. It is, like Dr. Holland's story-poems, a dialogue in form, and is pervaded by those moral and religious purposes which popularize *Bitter Sweet* and *Kathrina*. Its plot is needlessly complicated in the beginning by the introduction of a boarding school episode, and its poetic character is marred throughout by the necessities of the dialogue. Certain passages in the poem are crude in thought, obscure in expression and rough in rhythm, but others are marked by a fertility and strength of imagination worthy of our best poets. These gems of similes and analogies, which are not infrequent in the latter half of the poem, are ofttimes incrusted with the roughest crudities, in consequence of which their beauty fails to receive that recognition of which it is intrinsically worthy.

Mr. W. H. Macy, we are given to infer by the introductory note to his little paper-covered collection of poems,[4] is blind, and in that respect, at least, he is a second Milton. This comparison is helped by the title of one of his poems, which is: "Shipwreck of the John Milton, on Long Island, 1858." The companion pieces — there are a dozen or fifteen in all — relate largely to themes ready to an islander's hands. A vein of pleasantry runs through them, and several might furnish momentary amusement to a well-disposed reader.

Of Mr. Ladson's poems[5] we shall have to say that he would have been wiser to have kept them in manuscript for the exclusive delectation of the "friends" who encouraged him to write them. In these days when there is such need of money for works of necessity and mercy, there is no good excuse for throwing it away in printing such verse as this:

> "My spirit wandered, wandered,
> It wandered in surprise;
> Through somewhere it meandered,
> Where being takes its rise.
>
> "And also when a changing,
> Sometime the being knows;
> And here its way, it ranging,
> Strange sights and sounds arose.

[3] Ideals Made Real. By George L. Raymond. Hurd & Houghton.

[4] Here and There in Verse. By W. H. Macy. Hussey & Robinson.

[5] Lotos Land, and Other Poems. By G. S. Ladson. Peter G. Thomson.

In *Christmas Carols and Other Verses*[6] we have a very attractive gift-book for the holiday season, whose whole "make-up" is in exquisite taste; and whose original carols, hymns, and fugitive verses are all infused with the true spirit of devotion. Some of the contents compare favorably with Keble's and Faber's poems upon similar subjects.

The first thing to be noticed on opening Dr. Bridgman's *Mosses*[7] is a subtle perfume of the woods, as if the book had been steeped in a decoction of leaves, lichens, and the other delicate forest growths which suggest the title. This novel device has rather a pleasant effect, and disposes the mind to an indulgent reading of the volume, whose contents relate almost wholly to out-door scenes, and are instinct with a love of nature and a contemplative delight in her varying moods. Dr. Bridgman's verse is without rhyme, but at the same time rhythmical, and agreeable to read. We think there is not a little of true poetry in his descriptions of nature, though the forms of expression selected are unconventional.

That it is quite time we had a complete edition in one handy volume of the poems of Dr. Holmes, is a proposition which nobody will deny. The new "Household Edition"[8] meets the want exactly. The handsome volume of 322 pages contains seemingly this popular author's every poetic line, from his "First Verses" at Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1824 or 1825, to his "Family Record" at Woodstock on the 4th of July last. We are glad to have from the same publishers new editions in attractive dress of Mr. Piatt's poems,[9] two volumes; and another volume in the *Poems of Places*.[10] The poems of Coleridge and Keats make the next two volumes in the handsome Riverside edition of the *British Poets*[11] now issuing from the Riverside Press. Engraved portraits of Coleridge and Keats accompany the volumes. Of the general outward appearance of this fine edition we gave an account in our last number. — The Petersons' edition of that much-talked-of poem, *Beautiful Snow*,[12] is a very creditable one in paper, type, and binding, and contains a number of the other productions of the same author.

[6] Christmas Carols and other Verses. By the Rev. H. G. Batterson, D. D. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[7] Mosses. By M. F. Bridgman, M. D. A. Williams & Co.

[8] The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Household Edition. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[9] Western Windows and Other Poems. The Lost Farm and Other Poems. By John James Piatt. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[10] Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Switzerland and Austria. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[11] The Poetical Works of Coleridge and Keats. With a Memoir of Each. Four volumes in Two. Hurd & Houghton.

[12] Beautiful Snow and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

"VEST-POCKET" PIECES.*

> Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
>
> *Cowper's "The Winter Evening."*

> Sleep will not take the place of Love,
> Nor keep the place from Sorrow.
> O, when the long nights slowly move
> To meet a lonely morrow,
> The burthen of the broken days,
> The grief that on the bosom weighs,
> And all the heart oppresses,
> But lightly lies on restless eyes
> Love seals no more with kisses.
>
> *Owen Meredith's "Songs of Servia."*

> O, that we two were Maying
> Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
> Like children with violets playing
> In the shade of the whispering trees.
>
> O, that we two sat dreaming
> On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
> Watching the white mist streaming
> Over river and meadow and town.
>
> O, that we two lay sleeping
> In our nest in the churchyard sod,
> With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
> And our souls at home with God!
>
> *Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy."*

> Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete:
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> Behold, we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last — far off — at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring.
>
> *Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

> The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
> A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
> Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
> Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
> And slowly circles through the waving air.
> But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
> Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
> Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
> The forest walks, at every rising gale,
> Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
> Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
> And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
> Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
> Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
> And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
> The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
>
> *Thomson's "Autumn."*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS: LIV.

> O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
> The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
> For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
> The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
> As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
> Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
> When summer's breath thin masked buds discloses:
> But for their virtue only is their show,
> They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
> Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
> Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made.
> And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
> When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

MILTON'S SONNET "ON HIS BLINDNESS."

> When I consider how my light is spent
> Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
> And that one talent which is death to hide,
> Lodged with me useless, though my soul were bent
> To serve therewith my Maker, and present
> My true account, lest he returning chide;
> "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
> I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
> That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
> Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
> Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
> Is Kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

* Songs of Servia; translated by Owen Meredith. Autumn; by James Thomson. In Memoriam; by Alfred Tennyson. Shakespeare's Sonnets. Favorite Poems; by John Milton. Etc., etc. 25 vols. [Vest Pocket Series.] James R. Osgood & Co.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

Communications for the editorial department of the paper should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD; for the business department to THE PUBLISHER OF THE LITERARY WORLD; P. O. Box 1183, Boston, Mass.

Communications, to secure attention, must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer in full.

For terms of subscription and advertising rates see the publishers' card upon the last page of reading matter.

We are glad to send a specimen copy of the LITERARY WORLD free to any address. Our subscribers will confer a favor by furnishing us with the names of such of their friends and acquaintances as would be likely to be interested in the paper, and whose attention we may properly call to it by this means.

THE literary editors of two of our exchanges, published in New York, have lately enounced a canon of criticism with respect to fiction, which seems to us unsound and fraught with danger. In substance it is this, that the didactic novel is to be judged by its purpose rather than its art, and that the true test of its excellence is the amount of good it is likely to do, and not the quality of its workmanship. This has a plausible sound as respects a book, but how would it apply to a picture? Is a picture, made with a moral purpose, to be judged by its purpose and not by its execution? The moralist may certainly address the conscience through the eye, but he must do so in accordance with the laws of vision and the sense of beauty, and so far as he misses those conditions he will obstruct his purpose. Now it seems to us equally the case that the moralist may seek to inculcate truth and educate the conscience by means of fiction, but in so doing he must observe the laws of fiction; and having chosen an artistic method his work must be measured by artistic standards. To say that a picture is good as such, because the purpose in it is good, is absurd; and we do not see why the novel, which is intrinsically an art-work, does not stand on precisely the same ground. We, at least, must ask to be allowed to continue to judge a novel by its whole, not by any one of its parts.

THE question is sometimes raised whether the growth of the public library system in this country is not likely to make great changes in the circulation of books, and so in time seriously to affect their publication. The more libraries there are, and the larger, the fewer private purchasers there will be, it is reasoned, and so in the end the fewer books. We cannot think that this is likely to be the result. We should not be surprised if with the founding of public libraries generally there should be a gradual reconstruction of private libraries, and a corresponding change in the tastes and habits of individual book buyers. As the system develops, and its educating influences extend, it would be natural that in time individuals should buy less and less from the general field of literature, and more and more from those special parts of it which relate to personal interest and study. The tendency to specialism is on the increase, and if we are not mistaken private libraries are to grow more and more in the direction of specialties. Quite as many books will be wanted, more and more in fact as the population increases and is educated; but they will be distributed in new classes under the working of different laws.

"THE *Literary World* reads as if there were a God in the world."

"I like the *Literary World* without measure. I specially like its wholesome generous catholic tone in theology and religion."

The first of the above comments reaches us by the voice of a friend, who repeats therein what some one said to him; the second is extracted from a letter. The first is the utterance of a Unitarian; the second that of an "Orthodox" minister. We do not know that any responses to our work have given us greater satisfaction. They assure us that we have not wholly failed in one of the most difficult and delicate of our responsibilities. Since literature is full of religion, it would be impossible to exclude religion from the pages of a journal of literature; but how to admit it without partisanship toward one or another of its differing schools is a grave problem. We do indeed mean that the *Literary World* shall read "as if there were a God in the world;" but we have also striven to maintain a "generous catholic tone in theology and religion;" and we cannot but be glad at finding that our purposes in these respects are recognized.

WE are almost ready to say that such advertising pages as those which accompany this number of the *Literary World* are the best part of the paper. Certainly they form no unimportant part of the record of literature. Those of our readers who preserve the paper for binding — and we presume a large proportion of them do — will please allow us to suggest that these advertising pages are an integral part of the publication, and should be treated as such. A dozen years hence they will have assumed an important historical character. The current opinions of new books stored up therein, drawn as they are from a great variety of sources in this country and abroad, are of especial and permanent value.

☞ The trustees of the Boston Public Library are reported to be making little progress in the work of finding a successor to Mr. Winsor. It is strange that they should overlook the person who might most naturally and fitly succeed him, namely, Mr. Whitney, the present Assistant Superintendent of the library, whose accomplishments and experience, we venture to say, make him entirely worthy of the honors of a position, the duties of which he already substantially discharges.

"DEAD MAGAZINES."

Under the above title Mr. E. L. Burlingame furnishes in *Appletons' Journal* for November an interesting historical paper upon the large number of American magazines that have lived and died in the period antecedent to the present. "Not one man in ten thousand," he remarks, "remembers how old we are as a magazine-writing nation." Prominent among the pioneers, and carrying us well back to the third quarter of the last century, were *Franklin's Monthly*, Livingston and the elder Burr's *Independent Reflector*, and Thomas Paine's *Pennsylvania Magazine*. With the earliest years of the present century appeared *The Monthly Anthology*, which had Tudor, Buckminster, John Quincy Adams, and Ticknor, for managers and leading contributors, which lived eight years, and which Mr. Burlingame pronounces "probably the heaviest periodical ever brought into being by mortal man." After this came *The Literary Miscellany* at Cambridge, Mass; *The Monthly Register* at Charleston, S. C.; *The Analectic Magazine*, which at the outset Irving edited; Philadelphia's *Museum of Foreign Literature*, an eclectic; and finally, in 1815, the *North American Review*, which not only still lives but flourishes as with a renewal of its youth. To nearly this same time belong *The Portico*, published at Baltimore, and *The American Monthly Magazine* and *The Literary and Scientific Repository*, at New York.

In the *New York Mirror*, begun as a weekly in 1823 by George P. Morris, Mr. Burlingame finds the original germ of the modern magazine. The *Mirror* presently absorbed *The American Monthly*, and Theodore S. Fay and N. P. Willis became associated with Mr. Morris; the publication being continued till 1842. Ten or a dozen periodicals were born, lived a few years, and died during this interval; among them *The New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, begun by Mr. Bryant in 1823; Legaré's *Southern Review*; *Buckingham's New England Magazine*; and the *Illinois Monthly*, at Vandalia, first of Western enterprises in this direction; and chief of all, in 1833, the *Knickerbocker*, which Charles Fenno Hoffman founded and which afterwards passed into the hands of Lewis Gaylord Clark. "*The Knickerbocker* was the first American magazine of any permanence that had an editor's table of the modern fashion."

Next in course to be mentioned are the *American Monthly Magazine*, with which "Frank Forester" was so closely associated; *The Southern Literary Messenger*, of which Poe was at one time editor; *The Gentleman's Magazine*, founded in Philadelphia by Burton, the comedian, with which also Poe had a brief editorial connection; *Graham's Magazine*, which struck the popular fancy with great success, and ran its circulation up to the unprecedented figure of 30,000; *Sartain's*, which succeeded it in 1849–53; *The Pioneer*, founded at Boston in 1843, by James Russell Lowell and Robert Carter, but which lived only three months by reason of the bankruptcy of its publishers; The *Broadway Journal*, started by Poe in 1845, in conjunction with the late Charles F.

Briggs; and finally, in 1853, *Putnam's Monthly*, of which Mr. Burlingame says enthusiastically that, excepting the *Atlantic*, "no American magazine has ever contained so much that will bear rereading a score of years afterwards."

Putnam's appeared under the charge of Mr. Briggs above mentioned, with whom were associated George W. Curtis and Parke Godwin.

"The magazine began its journey under the convoy, and, indeed, under the partial leadership, of one of the most intelligent and liberal publishers that ever honored the profession. . . . It caught a generation of magazine writers at the beginning of its time of best activity; and besides the work of the already well-known authors, published a multitude of those telling, strongly-marked sketches and tales that, without really taking a lasting place in literature, still gain a certain permanence by lingering in the minds of many readers long after their place of publication and their authors are forgotten. . . . After all, are there any magazine-stories now better than those in the old *Putnam?*"

We have not repeated the names of half the periodicals which pass under Mr. Burlingame's review; whose article is one that must be read entire to get its full benefit. Now let him follow it with one on Dead Newspapers, whose name is legion.

MR. GLADSTONE ON COLOR.

The centerpiece of recent English magazine literature is without doubt an article by Hon. W. E. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, on "The Color Sense." It puts forth the novel theory that the perception of color is of gradual and comparatively recent development in the history of the race. This theory has been announced in Germany the present year by a Dr. Magnus, but was suggested by Gladstone himself twenty years ago in his published Homeric discussions. That the eye could be educated to a higher sense of color is a fact with which painters are familiar, and that women are keener judges than men of the finer shades, on account of their more frequent dealing with fabrics, has been remarked; but that the many-tinted beauty of the rainbow was a pleasure denied to the ancients has hardly been supposed. Yet there are some things which seem to indicate that neither Homer nor the prophet Ezekiel saw more than one color to the rainbow. From a life-long study of the Homeric poems Mr. Gladstone concludes that their author, while he constantly distinguishes between quantity of light, never notes quality of color, but operates on a quantitative scale, with light at one end and dark at the other; moreover, that he often uses the same phrase for bright-colored and dark-colored objects, according to the greater or less quantity of light that falls upon their surfaces. Thus, μέλας, black, is applied to evening, mainland, blood, and fountains of water. A study of the ancient writers does not reveal the names for green and blue, the more distant colors of the spectrum; and the conclusion is that they are of a later development. Modern poets seem to have had a monopoly of blue sky and green grass in their landscape pictures. The occasional still-lingering inability to distinguish between green and blue among individuals of the most civilized races, and among a large portion of the Burmese, points to a recent development of this power. Mr. Gladstone says that he has been told by an eminent Hebraist that the old Testament has much to indicate an imperfect conception of colors on the part of the Hebrews; but the *Spectator*, in a criticism on the article, refers to Joseph's "coat of many colors," and to the "prey of divers colors" in Deborah's song; though we suppose Mr. Gladstone would say, these were only shades of darkness and light on his "quantitative" scale.

[Foreign Correspondence.]

AMERICAN NOVELS ABROAD.

I BELIEVE there has never been one opinion between the novelists and critics of a particular generation as to the former's "true vocation;" at least as to their duties to the public. It is, however, admitted, if I am not mistaken, that novelists are bound not to write in a manner calculated directly or indirectly to further vice or moral weakness. No doubt this is the most important requisition which can be made of them, but writers of popular fiction are, I think, or should be, burdened with the additional responsibility of representing truthfully the manners and customs of their native country, unless of course their works bear the stamp of broad caricature, like those of our now world-famous "American Humorists." French novels of society do indeed rest upon a body of conventions to which a French writer must conform, as a dramatist does to the stage exigencies of an "acting play." A great political reformer, again, like Tourgénief, or the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, may fairly be allowed to paint in rather darker colors than the reality the abuses or false sentiments they are striving to remove. But no writer of the present day in our language can claim the benefit of either of the anomalous conditions.

American sensitiveness to foreign criticism has often been thrown at us as a reproach, but surely, too great thin-skinnedness is more profitable for a nation than the stupid self-satisfaction of the French and Germans. Americans are, too, generally to be described rather as appreciative of honestly-meant foreign criticism than sensitive to it. But this readiness to accept criticism refers only to that made upon facts. Few of us will refuse to admit that our city governments, our literature, our railway-stations, might be better than they now are, and that one of the best ways to bring about an improved state of things, is observation of what foreigners accomplish in these directions. A well-bred foreigner, however, will not talk with an American about the politics of his country unless challenged to do so; while manners and customs are taken to be ground on which strangers can talk without the likelihood of giving offense. And so they are, if the criticisms and observations made are based on facts. But the Frenchman or German derives his facts in these matters from American novels.

Now a relatively enormous number of American novels have been translated into French and German during the last few years, and have proved very popular, especially in French-speaking countries, being largely books written by women and describing the lives of young girls, and beyond question breathing in all essentials the soundest moral influence. They are above all popular in French Switzerland and among the Protestant communities of southern France, for they are free from that unctuous Catholic piety which characterizes French works of the same character. This being the case, I do not hesitate to say that the two novels of Mrs. Stowe, *My Wife and I* and its sequel, have done more in these parts to produce the impression that American girls are, not depraved or wicked, but sadly wanting in all delicacy of feeling; and that Americans live not in homes but in hotels, than all known facts put together. Let me do justice to these books in saying that they come nearer, in my opinion, to the long-dreamed-of "Great American Novel" than any others that have yet seen the light, for they describe typical families in the typical American city, and in a typical New England village. But how about the manners and customs? Is it true that the "very best" families in New York receive young men, strangers in the city, and belonging to a profession which is supposed to count in its ranks more Bohemians than other, of whose previous lives and relations they know only what the young men choose to tell them, into the closest possible intimacy, after seeing them only twice, and when the introduction into the family has followed through what is called, in college slang, (there is no "dictionary word" for it) a "pick-up?" Or that the most charming young lady in one of these families, having remarked in the presence of such an acquaintance, that she was going to attend early service the next morning, and finding him there too, though he had never been before, and therefore was presumably not there from a religious motive, allows herself to be "picked up" again, and this the morning after the gentleman's introduction to her family? Anyway, this and many similar things are believed, on Mrs. Stowe's authority, in these parts, and so if an American lets fall an allusion to the cloister life in which young girls are here brought up, the air-pump-like atmosphere which they breathe, his implied stricture is answered by: "Perhaps; but isn't that better than a social system which permits this and that?" (Examples drawn from Mrs. Stowe.) Or if an exceptional American girl in Europe commits an exceptional impropriety, one hears, with a shrug of the shoulders, "Well, what can you expect when they are allowed to do such and such things at home?"

A. V.

Genève, Oct. 4.

MISS PHELPS'S NEW NOVEL.*

ANY new work by Miss Phelps would be a distinct literary event; but *The Story of Avis*, taken in its connections, is especially so. We find in it an obvious explanation of her prolonged reserve. It is no quick and easy product of a few idle days, but a broad and deep and carefully wrought structure, into the fashioning of which much patient thought has gone, and whose large outlines and fine workmanship stand for a rare literary and artistic skill. The soul in the book is its commanding element, but no less do its forms fascinate the eye. One of its earlier pictures we hasten to put before the reader:

"Few greater passions pass more readily into the permanence and fidelity of love than the passion for the sea. Ostrander had an elemental kinship with it in himself, which every year of his

* The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. James R. Osgood & Co.

life had intensified. He sometimes wished that he was quite sure he cared as much for any human creature as he did for Harmouth Harbor. He struck off down the drifted beach toward the Light. The wind was in his face. Through the opaque air he could see rudely defined, like the values of a vast, unfinished sketch, the waves leap and slip and fall upon the glazed cliffs, and across the narrow reef from which the light-house shot sheer against the sky. He pushed on down, perhaps a mile, to find a shelter; and there, with the tide at his feet and the spray in his face, flung himself upon the freezing rocks, possessed with a kind of fierce but abundant joy.

"The Light stood just across the bay where the Harbor widened to the sea; it might have been a dozen rods or so from where Ostrander sat. The reef, traversable at low tide, ran from it to a gorge within the cliff. The well-defined metallic tints common to the New England coast — the greens and reds and umbers, the colors of rust, of bronze, of ruins — covered the reef. The gorge was a vein of deep purple lava, which to Ostrander's educated eye told the story of a terrible organic divorce.

"The wave that tore its heart out at his feet was throbbing green; but, beyond that, the in-rolling tide, the chalky outline of the Light, the harbor-mouth, the narrowing horizon, the low sky, all the world, lay gray beneath the footsteps of the dizzy snow. The wind was rising from the sullenness of a blow to the anger of a gale; and the crash of the breakers which he could see had a shrill, petulant sound set to the boom of those unseen across the bay."

If New Haven, with its college, divinity-school, students, faculty, and academic society, were to be transported to the shores of Cape Ann, we should have the Harmouth in which the scene of the story is chiefly laid. As to its outward materials Miss Phelps has worked in a world familiar to her by observation or tradition; with the result of great vividness both in her characters and in the background against which they stand. The two upon whom falls the strongest light are Avis Dobell, daughter of the Professor of Ethics and Intellectual Philosophy, and Philip Ostrander, a junior instructor in the college. The other figures around these are left in comparative shadow, though with outlines and bearing clearly preserved. The story is one of love, marriage, and estrangement between Avis and Philip; its object to illustrate what is claimed to be a woman's sacrifice in marriage. Avis first appears in an ideal world of her own, where she is beyond a lover's reach. To Philip she will not listen:

"'Even if I had no work, no life, of my own,' she continued less calmly, 'I think it would be the same, though I cannot tell. But I have my work, and I have my life. I was not made to yield these to any man. I was not made to absorb them in his work and his life. And I should do it — if I married him. I should care so much — too much for what happened to him. . . . Mr. Ostrander, if I were a man, I would not stoop to ask such a sacrifice of any woman!'"

These words sound the key-note of the story; whose strength lies in its delineation of the transforming power of the master-passion. We will not spoil it for the reader by entering into the details of its development. Such a wooing as Philip's, such a resistance as that of Avis, we have never exactly met with before in fiction:

"Ostrander had felt himself blindly driven, that evening, towards some riot of expression, circling slowly to it as the bee circled to the flower in her abundant hair. He had struggled against this impulse stoutly. As long as his love was his secret, he felt himself to be, in a certain mystical, exalted sense, the master of this beautiful, defiant creature. He could love her. She could not help that. Deeper than all the moods that the subtle June night could ever strike, he knew now that he loved her. It was no riot; he was not the man to mistake a revolution for a riot; he knew the difference.

"He had been spurred into speech by an instinct, daring as all instincts are, and as full of danger.

"And his instinct had told him that this was a woman to be surprised, not wooed. He felt, that, if he came suppliant to her, her whole being would have gathered itself like a queen, and receded from him. He could not have dallied with her, or pleaded with her, or sighed before her: that seemed to him an artificial process, adapted for the winning of other women, in whose tenderness there was usually an element of art.

"The young man's nature had leaped to entrap her, as the hero in the old mythology crossed the ring of fire that surrounded the daughter of the gods. When he had made the plunge, he found indeed a woman sleeping; but it was a woman armed.

"Avis lifted her eyes slowly, like one struggling with a fugitive dream. He would have given years of his life at that moment to see her lip tremble, or her eyelash fall, or her commanding figure shrink. She did, indeed, change color, but it was to take on the color of white fire. And then the antique cast of her features came on. She looked like a great, dumb, protesting goddess, whom some light hand had just dragged from the bosom of the earth to the glare of day.

"As they stood there, the humming of the bees in the wigelia-bush reverberated, and seemed to fill the world. One crawled out of the rose which she had cast away, and reeled against her foot. They stood just as his broken words had arrested them, fastened by each other's eyes. Suddenly in hers there dawned a far, startled look: she began to turn her neck a little from side to side, like a deer stirred by the sound, but not as yet by the sight of pursuit, and secretly preparing for flight.

"Then she thrust out both her hands.

"'I deny it!' said the woman.

"'I assert it!' said the man. They faced one another, flashing like duelists.

"'You assume,' she blazed, stammering, and struggling with her words, — 'you presume — what no man' —

"'I presume to say that I love you,' he urged, swiftly scintillating into a dazzling tenderness. 'I quite dare to say that I love you. I know what I am saying. I love you, love you!'

"At that moment his words seemed to her a kind of unendurable liberty, like personal approach, as if he had touched her dress or hand. Her startled maidenhood felt a wild rebellion in just standing there, and knowing that his eyes were on her. Her own had now fallen. She began to quiver and flush, but it was not with tenderness. She was caught between two fires. She could not have told just then for which cause she felt most repellant of him, — that he loved her, or that he had told her she loved him. A kind of wide recoil from him, such as she had never known from any man, made either of these suppositions seem to her like usurpations; like infringements of some blind, sacred law, which she felt about her, like the evening air, and would seek to understand at a calmer time. But it was not an instinct of repugnance that had spread in a moment — there, through the calm June afterglow — a sudden impassable distance between herself and this man (an antipathy would have been less complex, and so more tractable, than this feeling); it was a rebound of dismay; it was at once blindly instinctive and rigidly measured, like that which one makes before a plunge.

"No man had ever spoken to her like this man. His words had the character of events. She felt as if she had in one moment put a great fact behind her, whose effects the whole of life could not undo. What was the weakness in her nature that had made this experience possible? And what the tumult there which made it memorable, stamped it upon her like the mould of a great sorrow, or a wild joy?"

It is of little account, in forming a judgment of this remarkable work, that its philosophy of life seems in important respects unsound; that it presents in Philip Ostrander an unnatural, because self-contradictory, character; that its logical symmetry and artistic refinement are, at certain points, invaded; and that its impressions are in a measure saddening and disappointing. Miss Phelps will overwork her epithets and overload her metaphors. But making allowance for all faults of conception, structure, and execution, the story remains one of real distinction. Essentially a tragedy, only a woman could have written it; we are almost moved to add only a woman of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Only a poet could have written it, with its deep, rich melodies, now sinking almost wailingly into minor keys, and again rising into triumphant outbursts of faith and spiritual joy. Only an artist could have written it, with its glowing views of nature, its singular sense of color, its delicately restrained sensuousness. Only a philosopher could have written it, with its rapt gazings into distant realms, its flashes of kindling light, its calm repose upon universal truth.

With a full realization of what we feel must be called weaknesses and insufficiences, we do not hesitate to express the opinion that in intellectual power, in loftiness of tone, in pureness and yet passionateness of feeling, in depth of experiences described, in subtlety of psychical analysis, and in mere superficial finish, this is the most notable American product of its class in many years, and in our judgment easily lifts its author to a place among the masters of modern fiction.

CURRENT FICTION.

Are there two Dr. Hollands? Or three? Certainly the well-poised and well-directed strength of the Dr. Holland of *Scribner's Monthly* and the grace and sweetness of the Dr. Holland of *Bitter Sweet* and *The Mistress of the Manse* are not found in the Dr. Holland of *Nicholas Minturn*.[1] All of Dr. Holland's novels that we have read have reminded us of the image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, whose head was of fine gold, but whose feet were of iron and clay; and this his last is no exception. His purpose, always distinctly avowed, is never otherwise than excellent; but his art is too often coarse and crude. Yet *Nicholas Minturn*, artistically considered, is an advance upon *Sevenoaks*, and in every way worthier of the reputation of its talented author. The object of the

[1] Nicholas Minturn. A Study in a Story. By J. G. Holland. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

book is the exposition of certain theories of relief and reform in the interest of tramps, street Arabs, and the like; this element giving to what is really a love-story, and an entertaining one, a sober and earnest undertone.

A greater contrast to the foregoing in both art and purpose than is furnished by Gautier's *Spirite*[2] it would be difficult to imagine. This is indeed a "fantasy" of a warm and luxurious imagining. In opening its pages one enters a world of a perfumed atmosphere. The delicacy and refinement of its execution are as exquisite as its conception is original and bold. Guy de Malivert is a Parisian *dilettante*, who, without renouncing any of the pleasures of fashionable life, criticises its follies and despises its votaries. Obdurate to the charms of the beautiful women of his own circle, and proof against the blandishments of one in particular, he remains, to the surprise of all, heart-whole and free. While in this attitude, Spirite "manifests" herself to him; the materialized form of the disembodied spirit of a beautiful young girl who had loved him in secret when upon the earth; who had died of a consuming grief over her unrequited passion; and who is now jealously guarding him from earthly marriage to the end of uniting him to her in the other world. At first she reveals herself by a faint sigh which he hears in his own room; and finally, making herself fully known, transcribes through his hand the confession of her love, thereby awakening his in return, and drawing him farther and farther from the interests of life. At length death sets him free, and Spirite in ecstatic triumph "bears his soul upward to heaven." It is impossible in a roughly-sketched outline to give an adequate idea of this choice literary *morceau*. If the reader is in doubt as to what its ethical purpose may be, he will be charmed by its texture, which is of the rarest quality. There are errors in the book, however, to which we must take exception. It is, for instance, a palpable error to ascribe the transcendental characteristics of the Baron de Féroë to his being "a follower of Swedenborg;" and to describe him as like that great teacher, "peering into the abyss of *mysticism*." The baron, it is needless to say, is not a "follower of Swedenborg," but a believer in modern spiritualism.

Hacklander's *Forbidden Fruit*[3] takes us from France to a German capital, and introduces us to a domestic circle in which a talented artist, his wife, his wife's brother, and his pupil-model are chief personages. The brother is conditional heir to a large property, the condition being his marriage within a certain period; and but two months of grace remain. He has come to obtain the helpful offices of the sister in finding the desired wife. He finds her in the pupil-model of his brother-in-law. Certain peculiar, though wholly innocent, relations between her and the artist provoke the bitterest jealousy of the latter's wife, greatly to the complication of the suit in question, but that is of course finally successful. The relation of the title to the book we fail to see; and the story, as such, has no extraordinary merit. Its glimpses of a German interior are, however, not without some interest.

In *Ariadne*[4] we have a heroine, so named from a fancied resemblance to the ancient representations of this goddess, especially a bronze bust in the Borghese Palace, which the author concludes to be the daughter of Minos, though the art critics call it a Bacchus. The scene of the novel is laid in Trastevere, or Rome beyond the Tiber, a region little known to travelers, yet full of interest, as the people, boasting themselves of pure descent from the old Roman stock, with but little if any admixture of Gothic blood, look down upon the inhabitants of Rome proper, and have their own peculiar customs, dialect, and personal characteristics. Here dwells Crispin, the cobbler who tells the tale, and we only wish he had a better tale to tell. His friends like himself are modern pagans, and these, as ancient pagans often were, are wrecked by their own passions. "Ouida" has no little talent in portraying places and scenes, and fair power in depicting character. We only wish her gifts were better employed than in creating such knaves as Hilarion, or in painting the sickening details of Ariadne's (or Gioja's) degradation. The mature and thoughtful reader may draw from this volume a most solemn lesson regarding the importance of Christianity to restrain the passions, regulate life, and direct great genius; but for the young, who are most likely to waste time over it, it is pernicious; and all the more so because of the rich associations of its scenes, and the artistic and æsthetic refinement of its characters.

The story of *His Grandmothers*[5] relates the life that went on in a New York home after two grandmothers of the husband came to share it, and of the trials and comforts that fell by turns to the lot of him and his wife — to the wife especially, whom hateful old Grandmother Ogden abused almost beyond endurance, taking the domestic affairs, as she did, into her own hands, and making a nuisance of herself generally. Grandmother May, however, is a sweet contrast, and the dignity, and patience, and self-control with which Winthrop and his young wife carry themselves under sore provocation are well portrayed. Some excellent lessons are conveyed in this book, which is well-written, entertaining and edifying.

When we saw the announcement of Mrs. Burnett's *Theo*[6] we felt a fear, as many of our readers doubtless did, that the remarkable success of her *That Lass o' Lowrie's* had tempted her to an unwise presentation of some earlier and inferior work. Earlier it probably is, and certainly inferior to the story which has given her so sudden and brilliant fame, yet so different from that as hardly to be subject to comparison with it, and taken by itself far from discreditable. It is a slight story, with its scene laid in England, and without striking features of character or locality or dialect; but is really interesting, and well worth reading. Her *Surly Tim and Other Stories*,[7] in the pretty volume into which they have now been gathered, will be heartily welcomed by her admiring readers.

The scene of the latest of the "No Name" stories[8] is laid in Devonshire. Its plot hinges on the old old conflict between veal and beef; the callow romance of early youth *versus* the riper and more durable sentiment of later years. Hester Kenrick, its heroine, is a fresh lovable bit of drawing. Her pretty rages and jealousies, her warmth, her impulsive speeches, and loyalty to old friends and fixed ideas, are well depicted, and very like the girls we know in real life. Of Will Denbigh, "the nobleman," we cannot say as much. He is a little too deep and earnest and self-abnegating, a little too unlike mankind out of novels, to excite our full sympathies. No such fault, however, is to be found with Miss Kenrick's other lover, Frank Halliday, who is admirably — in the interest of human nature, we might almost say unfortunately — natural; spoilt, attractive, versatile, uncertain. "Just the sort of young beggar whom I would like to buy at my valuation and sell at his own," as George Warrington puts it. There are other clever bits of portraiture, the penurious nobleman, Lord Decester; his luckless lady, who subscribes to charities under the pressure of public opinion, and wishes herself dead when called on for the money, drawing under her dress meantime, "a little foot which she had been toasting on the fender," for the reason that "on the boot which covered the little foot was a conspicuous patch." Barbary, too, the kindly cross old housekeeper; Fritz Meisrimmel, with his wonderful English, his violin and his "*Gemuth*;" and best of all perhaps, Tom Flemyng, the rough, chivalrous parson, uncertain of himself and his calling, and studying Wesley as a help to acceptable ministry under the establishment. The story ends, as a story should, with every one made happy, and its healthful cheery tone will com-

[2] Spirite. A Fantasy. By Théophile Gautier. D. Appleton & Co.

[3] Forbidden Fruit. From the German of F. W. Hacklander. Translated by Rosalie Kaufman. Estes & Lauriat.

[4] Ariadne. The Story of a Dream. By "Ouida." J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[5] His Grandmothers. A Summer Salad. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[6] "Theo." A Love Story. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[7] Surly Tim and Other Stories. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[8] Will Denbigh, Nobleman. Roberts Brothers.

mend it to the liking of that large and growing class of readers who are at odds with the "feverish" novels of the day. A rumor credits Mr. Hamerton with the authorship.

The remaining works of fiction now before us must be dismissed with few words. Mr. F. B. Perkins's *Devil Puzzlers*[9] is an association of a number of his peculiarly original and graphic sketches, published at various times; prepared with an entertainingly confidential account of some of this versatile author's literary experiences. The new edition of *East Lynne*[10] is the best, in paper, type, and binding, of that novel with which we are familiar. It is one of the most popular of Mrs. Woods's works, as the many dramatic adaptations of it testify; and we are glad to see its typographical appearance so improved. *Panola*[11] and *Out of the Depths*[12] belong both to the class of "sensational novels;" the former depicting actual character and life in the South; and the latter being an English story of sin and shame. *The New School Ma'am*[13] and *Four Irrepressibles*[14] are of the peculiar breed of books which have multiplied at such a rate of late, and have the general characteristics of their companions; and *The Anti Biled Shirt Club*[15] and *My Summer in Porkopolis*[16] detail certain experiences of travel and observation in a way that is moderately entertaining.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Hand-book to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe. By Kate Thompson. [Macmillan & Co.]

For the ordinary traveler, who has had but little time to devote to the study of art, this little volume will prove an invaluable guide; while those who know something of the history and progress of painting will be glad of an aid which will bring them at once to the great masterpieces they are seeking. The ponderous catalogues of the larger galleries of Europe are not only expensive, but oftentimes confusing from their copiousness, while, with this convenient hand-book, one may run over the principal works of the gallery before visiting it, note those he most wishes to see if he has not time for all mentioned, and proceed at once to them without any loss of time. The numbers appended to the pictures are given according to the latest catalogues, as well as the artist's name. The galleries considered are those of Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany including Austria, Spain, France, Russia and England, including in the first-mentioned the Stanze of Raphael and the Ducal Palace at Venice, and in other countries some collections which are only public through the courtesy of the owners. All of these, the author tells us in the preface she has visited in person, accompanied by her father, one of the most celebrated English physicians; and to whom she confesses herself indebted for "hints and guidance" in the preparation of the work. Preceding the catalogues, and occupying about one-half of the volume, are outline histories of painting in all the countries embraced in the catalogues, except Russia. At the close of each is a chronological table, giving the dates of the birth and death, so far as known, of all the painters mentioned, with the school to which he or she belonged. These tables alone are worth the price of the book as a convenient reference, not only to the traveler but to the art student; and the history itself would serve as a most convenient introduction to the study of art-history, supplemented by such works as are mentioned at the beginning as authorities consulted.

Dante. Edited by Mrs. Oliphant. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

This initial volume of a series of "Foreign Classics," kindred to the hitherto published "Ancient Classics for English Readers," gives promise of supplying in an easily obtainable form an unexpressed want of many of our busy people whose time and opportunities are both unequal to a comprehensive enjoyment of the Continental classics following in the wake of the earlier Greek and Latin authors. We know there are *pros* and *cons* in favor and condemnatory of such condensation of the riches of literature, but for such as cannot visit the land of roses and gather the fragrant leaves at will, it certainly can do no harm to provide a delicious ottar. And to those even who can command the fresh roses, the concentrated essence is often very acceptable. Mrs. Oliphant has succeeded in compressing a good deal of the wealth of Dante into this little volume, and also in illuminating by it much of the original text. The story of the *Vita Nuova* is delightfully rendered in the second chapter, and we are led by it to quarrel anew with those commentators who would make of Dante's earliest poem only an abstraction, and of his adored Beatrice a bodiless emblem of "sweetness and light." True love is desecrated by such comment, and the glorious nature of Dante stripped of its reality, until both he and his work are little more under such treatment than figments of a leaf no longer imbued with unction for the healing of humanity. The translations in this second chapter are from Theodore Martin or Dante Rossetti; and the prose translation of Carlyle is freely used in educing light from the mazes of the *Inferno*, which occupies the fourth chapter. Unfortunately Carlyle's literal translation has not been pursued beyond the *Inferno*, and the editor is obliged to depend more upon herself in offering us the *Purgatory*, that place of hopeful punishment, which leads us gently up to *Paradise*, where Virgil yields his guardianship of Dante to the heavenly guidance of the beloved Beatrice. The volume closes with a short analysis and criticism of the prose works of the great Italian, who first elevated a common language to the conveyance of highest thought, and thus opened a way for the popularization in literature of all the modern tongues.

The World's Progress. A Dictionary of Dates. Edited by Geo. P. Putnam. Revised and continued to August, 1877. By F. B. Perkins. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

We unhesitatingly recommend this stout octavo for addition to the collection of indispensable books enumerated in the *Literary World* for May last (p. 197). We can give it no higher praise. It contains (1) a dictionary of dates, arranged alphabetically by topics, and covering with concise mention all the important events of universal history; (2) supplements to the same extending the record down to 1877; (3) a literary chronology; (4) tabular views of ancient and modern history; (5) a brief index of universal biography; and other miscellaneous matter of a kindred sort. The book is one to which any person of intellectual pursuits is likely to find occasion to turn twenty times a day, and its answers to nine questions out of ten will be prompt, clear, and decisive. Errors and oversights are to be noticed in it of course, but they are the exceptions. Mr. Perkins might, however, have been a little more careful in his revision.

Alcohol and the State. By Robert C. Pitman, LL. D. [National Temperance Society.]

The argument of this work is two-fold: first, to set forth the damage which the liquor traffic does to society, and indirectly to the state; and, secondly, to demonstrate the right of the state to legislate in self-protection. The author, since the publication of it, has been nominated by the Prohibitory Party of Massachusetts as its candidate for the office of Governor. He writes intelligently, clearly, and with candor, his temper being in marked contrast to that displayed by some of his associate leaders.

Hand-book of Punctuation. By Joseph A. Turner. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

We are glad to receive a copy of a "new revised edition" of Prof. Turner's excellent little work. On its first appearance the *Literary World* gave it a hearty welcome [see Vol. VI, No. 6, p. 81]; and on a re-examination of it we see no reason to qualify the

[9] Devil Puzzlers and Other Studies. By Frederic B. Perkins. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[10] East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Dick and Fitzgerald.

[11] Panola. A Tale of Louisiana. By Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[12] Out of the Depths. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

[13] The New School Ma'am. Loring.

[14] Four Irrepressibles. Loring.

[15] The Anti Biled Shirt Club. Authors' Publishing Co.

[16] My Summer in Porkopolis. And Other Papers. By Esel Dorf. Cleveland Coöperative Printing Co.

words then spoken in its praise. The contents have been slightly enlarged and re-arranged; one feature of improvement being the introduction of examples, generally from standard publications, illustrative of principles and rules. We have never seen the book or man with which, or whom, we could *wholly* agree as to the theory and practice of punctuation; but we are disposed to be reverent towards the authority of Prof. Turner and his manual.

The Religious Feeling. A Study for Faith. By Newman Smyth. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

The reasoning contained in this book, the author in his preface informs us, has "enabled his own faith to survive," and has proved "useful in conversation with friends whose scientific studies had both brought them into unwilling doubts concerning those spiritual truths which give to life its real value, and, at the same time, thrown the prevalent proofs of religion out of all relation to their habits of mind." Its two fundamental principles are: "The religious feeling, like the feeling of existence, is a primary source of experience to be derived from nothing before itself;" and also: "Conscience, as a law of duty, is the *perception* of the right given in our immediate *feeling* of the God in whom we have our being." With proving these, and disproving the contradictory propositions, the body of the book is occupied. The method of the argument is tortuous, and is constantly complicated by extraneous considerations. The thought is, to a large extent, commonplace and trite. The style is cumbered with metaphors and similes, is oratorical and sermon-like. But in spite of the book's literary inferiority, if one doubts the fundamental principles with which it deals, a thoughtful reading of its one hundred and fifty pages may convert his doubts into strong convictions.

A Journey of an Architect. From the French of Félix Narjoux. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

The aspect of this book is instantly inviting. Its generous dimensions, the quiet brilliancy of its exterior, the breadth and beauty of its page, and its profuse illustrations, captivate the eye. The contents abundantly confirm this first pleasant impression. The journey described was into and through Holland, by way of Dordrecht, Rotterdam, the Hague, and Leyden, to Amsterdam; thence to Utrecht and into Hanover; across the Elbe at Hamburg into Denmark; and so on to the island of Funen and as far as Copenhagen and Elsinore in Zealand. The author traveled, sketch-book and note-book in hand; his notes were written to illuminate his sketches; and notes and sketches are complementary in supplying the material of this volume. The sketches number not less than two hundred and twenty-five, of which eleven are outside the text. Almost exclusively they are of subjects which would attract an architect's attention, but are pleasing to all lovers of the picturesque. One we here introduce as a sample:

HOUSE ON THE BANKS OF A CANAL, ROTTERDAM.

Following our intelligent guide we ramble in imagination through the streets of Leyden and Hamburg, and along the quays of Rotterdam and Copenhagen, pausing before the quaint old churches; making ground plans of hospitals, hotels, railway stations, and other public buildings; sketching ancient gables, decorated façades, and artistic groupings of tower, and arch, and pillow and window; making sure of a cosy interior when we can get a glimpse of it, with now and then a bit of odd furniture tucked in; and examining with some special care an occasional farm-house which is well-planned and tasteful enough to serve as a model. As a narrative of travel, this book is fresh and entertaining, taking the reader as it does into a part of Europe not greatly frequented by tourists, and so not much written of. As a delineation of the haunts and habits of strange peoples it is graphic and instructive. As a study of architectural forms it has a positive artistic and professional value. There is no obtrusion of technical details; the treatment is popular rather than scientific. By the reading of such books as this the mind acquires useful information, the love of beauty in lines and shapes is ministered to, and purer tastes are cultivated.

Economics, or the Science of Wealth. By Julian M. Sturtevant. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

We had almost said that the best thing about this book was its title. Certainly Economics is a more sensible term for the science it concerns, than Political Economy, being at once less cumbrous and more expressive. The termination indicates that this study of "truths in the rough," as Mill calls the conclusions of Political Economy, demands, at last, to be recognized as a science, with conclusions as certain, if not as precise, as those of optics or acoustics. Though seldom used by English writers of eminence, this word was the title of a well-known work of Xenophon, and to-day finds place in our English dictionaries. The growing use of the noun "economist" and the adjective "economic" ought to prepare the way for its adoption. As to the book before us, we cannot commend it. The definitions are loose and inaccurate, and the treatment of topics displays a lack of close reasoning. It is not utterly devoid of originality; it has some discussions of especial value to the American reader; but its failure in the essentials of a scientific treatment of the subject makes it quite unsafe to be put into the hands of beginners.

The Jukes; a Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease and Heredity. R. L. Dugdale. Third Edition. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

The genealogy of a large family of criminals is here carefully and patiently followed out, and it is shown that "habitual criminals spring almost exclusively from degenerating stocks." Under the fictitious name of "The Jukes," an account is given of the immense criminal population springing from one ancestress, better known to the public as "Margaret the Mother of Criminals." This compilation of sad and startling facts must be of the utmost value to legislators and philanthropists. Among other tables given is one computing the "social damage" occasioned by the Jukes, estimated in dollars, which foots up $1,308,000; whereupon our statistician justly remarks:

"Over a million and a quarter dollars of loss in 75 years, caused by a single family 1200 strong, without reckoning the cash paid for whiskey, or taking into account the entailment of pauperism and crime of the survivors in succeeding generations, and the incurable disease, idiocy and insanity growing out of this debauchery, and reaching further than we can calculate. It is getting to be time to ask, Do our courts, our laws, our almshouses, and our jails deal with the question presented?"

A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. By W. D. Howells. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

Mr. Howells's *Counterfeit Presentment*, though in many respects inferior to its predecessor, *Out of the Question*, is certainly a very entertaining "little classic," and well suited to dramatic representation. The characters are not particularly striking, nor has the story anything deserving the name of plot; but the play is true to life, and gives a vivid picture of cultured American society. Its success upon the stage has been already

confirmed by the enthusiastic applause of large and discriminating audiences in Cincinnati; yet, while all critics gladly acknowledge the delicacy and refinement of the little comedy, its lack of power is a disappointment; and we feel that the public is right in expecting from Mr. Howells's hand something more substantial than dainty "Valenciennes lace."

Old Grimes, by A. Reeves Jackson, M. D., [Chicago: E. F. Dexter] is an exposition in burlesque of the familiar stanzas beginning "Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul," with a show of analysis, textual comment, and other processes of the criticism of the schools. There are a number of rough illustrations by Frank L. Blake. The brochure is intended to be funny, but it has not made us laugh.—The *Catalogue of the Topeka Library Association* comprises (1) a Classified List of books in the library, and (2) an Alphabetical Catalogue of Authors represented. For a library of moderate size such a directory as this will answer every purpose. The pamphlet is very well printed. The Topeka Library opened in April, 1872, with 639 volumes. It now has upwards of 3,000. Mr. E. Wilder is the President of the Association.—M. Cyr's *Receuil de Chants Chrétiens* contains twenty-four French hymns arranged to music; the whole suited to the devotional use of congregations, schools and families. There is a pleasant quaintness to both the music and the words.

Dr. David Hunt's *Some General Ideas Respecting Medical Reform* [A. Williams & Co.] seems to be put forth for the purpose of criticising a local medical society in Massachusetts for alleged illiberality of administration; but the scabbard is too heavy and clumsy for the sword.—Under the general title of *Strength of Man and Stability of Nations* [G. P. Putnam's Sons] Pres. Chadbourne of Williams College has published in one volume five "baccalaureate discourses" to as many graduating classes at his institution.—The selections composing Mr. Dick's fifth series of *Recitations and Readings* [Dick & Fitzgerald] are both in prose and poetry, and are classified as "humorous, pathetic, eloquent, patriotic and sentimental." Some of them might further be classified as silly, coarse and vulgar. There is much in the volume which is good and suitable for its purpose, but much also which we consider to be just the opposite. As a whole we do not approve of it.—The title of Mr. Thomas L. Smith's treatise on *The Elements of the Laws* [J. B. Lippincott & Co.], which may be found in full under the head of Publications Received, sufficiently describes the book. The author was lately one of the Supreme Court judges of Indiana. As an exposition of law for the ordinary information of the average citizen it seems to us comprehensive and clear, and its accuracy and authority we have no reason to doubt.—Dr. Sozinskey's essay on *Personal Appearance and the Culture of Beauty* [Allen, Lane & Scott] has more sense and less nonsense than is usually found in works on that subject; contains, in fact, a large amount of good advice on the care of the person; and is fully entitled to the recommendation we here bestow upon it.—Prof. Huxley's *American Addresses* [D. Appleton & Co.] comprise his three lectures on Evolution in New York, in the autumn of 1876, and his discourse on the opening of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore; to which is added in this volume a "Lecture on the Study of Biology in connection with the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus," given at the South Kensington Museum in December following.—We do not think much of "Service Books for Sunday Schools," but perhaps Rev. F. L. Hosmer's *The Way of Life* [G. P. Putnam's Sons] is as good as the average. In our judgment the minister or Sunday school superintendent who is not competent to be his own service-maker would do well to resign his office to somebody else.

In his series of annotated Shakespearean texts, Mr. W. J. Rolfe has last published *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* [Harper & Brothers.] This delightful comedy does not offer as great opportunities for the exercise of critical scholarship as a tragedy like *Macbeth* does, but it is valuable for use in the class-room, and Mr. Rolfe has done his work upon it after his previous manner and with equal fidelity.—In the *Holy Roman Empire* [Macmillan & Co.] we have the seventh edition of a work of whose subject it has been wittily said, that it was "neither 'holy,' 'Roman,' nor an 'empire.'" Mr. Bryce is nevertheless a well-furnished historical scholar and an agreeable writer; his treatise has substantial merits; and the supplementary chapter on the new German Empire is of special value to the student of European politics at the present time.—Mr. Morris's *The Age of Anne* [Epochs of Modern History; Scribner, Armstrong & Co.] contains twenty-two chapters. The last two, depicting the economic and social features of the England of that period, with contemporaneous English and French literature, are extremely interesting. We had intended to make an extended use of this portion of the volume, but the pressure on our columns forbids.—The most important book in a package of the recent publications of the American Tract Society, New York, is the collection of sermons by metropolitan preachers, entitled *God's Word Man's Light and Guide.* We have here some good specimens of every-day pulpit work. *Daughters of Armenia*, bearing the same imprint, is a record of Christian effort in the regions where Russian and Turk are now contending.

PSEUDONYMS—OLD AND NEW.

The following list comprises 239 pseudonyms, a large proportion of which are in current use. In the compilation of it we have derived valuable material from *Wheeler's Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction*, and from the *American ibrary Journal.*

Abel Shufflebottom,	Robert Southey.
A. B. H.,	Miss Amanda B. Harris.
Acheta Domestica,	Miss L. M. Bludgeon.
A Country Parson,	Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.
Acton Bell,	Anne Brontë.
Adam Stwin,	James Richardson.
A. D. S.,	Edmond de Manne. [See Alexis Bartevelle.]
A. J. Barrowcliffe,	Albert Julius Mott.
A Kingsman,	Rev. R. W. Essington.
Alice Hawthorne,	Septimus Winner.
Alastor,	James Orton.
Alcofribus Nasier,	François Rabelais.
Alexander the Corrector,	Alexander Cruden.
Alexis Bartevelle,	Edmond de Manne.
Alfred Crowquill,	Alfred H. Forrester.
Al Fresco,	Dr. Kenworthy.
A. L. O. E.,	Miss Charlotte Tucker.
A. Marc Théotime,	Marc Antoine Bayle.
Amelia,	Mrs. Welby.
Amy Lothrup,	Anna B. Warner.
Anthony Real,	Ferdinand Michel.
Antony Pasquin,	John Williams.
Armand Duplessis,	Edmond de Manne. [See Alexis Bartevelle.]
Artemus Ward,	Charles F. Browne.
Arthur Stahr,	Mad. Valeska Voigtl.
Anastasius Grün,	Count Auersperg.
Augustus Dunshuner,	Wm. E. Aytoun.
Augustus Stowell,	Alfred Owen Legge.
Aunt Julia,	Miss Julia Colman.
Barry Cornwall,	Bryan Waller Procter.
Benauly,	Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, Austin Abbott and Lyman Abbott [brothers].
Bettina,	Elizabeth Brentano.
Birch Arnold,	Mrs. J. M. D. Bartlett.
Bon Gaultier,	Theo. Martin and W. E. Aytoun.
Carl Detlef,	Clara Bauer.
Carlfried,	Charles F. Wingatt.
Carlopago,	Carl Ziegler.
Carrie Carlton,	Mary Booth.
Cat. Stephens,	Charles A. Stevens.
Cavendish,	Henry Jones.
Century White,	John White.
Charlotte Elizabeth,	Mrs. C. E. Tonna.
Christine Miller,	Mrs. E. C. W. Van Walree.
Christopher Caustic,	Thos. G. Fessenden.
Christopher Crowfield,	Mrs. H. B. Stowe.
Chrystal Croftangry,	Sir Walter Scott.
Claribel,	Mrs. Bernard.
C. M. Cornwall,	Mary A. Roe.
Cornelius O'Dowd?	Charles James Lever. [?]
Courtney Melmoth,	Samuel Jackson Pratt.
Cousin Alice,	Mrs. Alice B. Neal.
Currer Bell,	Charlotte Brontë.
Cuthbert Bede,	Rev. Edward Bradley.
Cuyler Pine,	Ellen Peck.
Cyrille,	Baron Adolphe d'Avril.
Delta,	David Macbeth Moir.
Democritus, Junior,	Robert Burton.
De Stendhal,	M. H. Beyle.
Devonshire Poet,	O. Jones.
Dr. Oldham,	Rev. Dr. S. C. Henry.
Dolores,	Miss Dickson.
Doria D'Istria,	Princes Koltzoff-Massalsky.
Dow, Jr.,	Eldridge F. Paige.
Dupré,	Edmond de Manne. [See Alexis Bartevelle.]
Edith May,	Anna Drinkwater.
Edmond Nouel,	Edmond de Manne. [See Alexis Bartevelle.]
Edmund Kirk,	J. R. Gilmore.
Edward Garrett,	Mrs. John R. Mayo.
Edward Search,	Abraham Tucker.

Edward Strahan,	Earl Shinn.
E. Foxton,	Miss Sarah G. Palfrey.
Eleanor Kirk,	Mrs. Eleanor Ames.
Elinor Elliott,	Miss Ella S. Sargent.
Elizabeth Conover,	Miss Durgin.
Elizabeth Wetherell,	Susan Warner.
Eliza Grace,	Mrs. Anthony Todd Thomson.
Ellis Bell,	Emily Jane Brontë.
E. Marlitt,	Fraulein John.
Emily Hawthorne,	Mrs. Emily Thornton Charles.
Enylla Allyne,	Mr. —— Spencer.
Ephemera,	E. Fitzgibbon.
Ernest Gilmore,	Mrs. Helen H. Farley.
Erodore,	Jacob Abbott.
Faith Latimer,	Mrs. John A. Miller.
Fanny Fern,	Miss Sarah P. Willis [Mrs. James Parton].
Fanny Forrester,	Miss Emily Chubbuck [Mrs. Adoniram Johnson].
Father Prout,	Francis [S.?] Mahony.
Fernan Caballero,	Cecilia Böhl de Faber y Larrea.
Fernand de Lisle,	Edmond de Manne. [See Alexis Bartevelle.]
Felix Merry,	E. A. Duyckinck.
Florence Percy,	Elizabeth Akers [Mrs. Allen].
Gail Hamilton,	Mary Abigail Dodge.
Geoffrey Crayon,	Washington Irving.
George Eliot,	Miss Evans [Mrs. Lewes]
George Fitzboodle,	Wm. M. Thackeray.
George Sand,	Mad. Dudevant.
Gerda Fay,	Caroline M. Gemmer.
Glance Gaylord,	Warren L. Bradley.
Grace Greenwood,	Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott.
Grace Ramsay,	Miss Kathleen O'Meara.
Greyson,	Henry Rogers.
Gustave d'Alaux,	Maxime Raybaud.
H. A. Burton,	John Habberton.
Hans Breitmann,	Charles G. Leland.
Harriett Myrtle,	Mrs. Hugh Miller.
Harry Franco,	Charles F. Briggs.
Harry Gringo,	Lt. Henry A. Wise.
Hearton Drille,	Jeannie H. Gray.
Helen Mar,	Mrs. D. M. Walker.
Henry Churton,	Judge A. W. Tourgee.
Henry Greville,	Mad. Durand-Greville.
H. E. O.,	Thomas George Fonnereau.
Hesba Stretton,	Miss Hannah Smith.
H. H.,	Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.
Holme Lee,	Miss Harriet Parr.
Howard Glyndon,	Miss Laura C. Redden [Mrs. Ed. W. Searing.]
Ik Marvel,	Donald G. Mitchell.
Jack Downing,	Seba Smith.
January Searle,	George Searle Phillips.
Jean Dolent,	Antoine Fournier,
Jehu O'Cataract,	John Neal.
Jenny June,	Mrs. D. G. Croly.
Jno. Buncle,	Thomas Amory.
John Gossip,	E. R. Champlin.
John Oakum,	Walter Phillips.
John Phœnix,	Capt. Geo. H. Derby.
Jonathan Old Style,	Washington Irving.
Jupiter Carlyle,	Rev. Alexander Carlyle.
Katherine Williams,	Mrs. Laura A. Buck.
Kilosa,	Miss Harriet Hosmer.
K. N. Pepper,	James M. Morris.
Lagrange,	Augustin Cardeilhac.
Laicus,	Rev. Lyman Abbott.
Launcelot Langstaff,	Washington Irving, William Irving and James K. Paulding.
Launcelot Temple,	John Armstrong.
Laurence Templeton,	Sir Walter Scott.
Lawrence Fraser,	Lawrence F. Abbott.
L. E. L.,	Letitia Elizabeth Landon [Mrs. Machan].
Leo.	Col. Pemberton.
Leon Dande,	——
Lewis Carroll,	Charles L. Dodgson.
L. N. R.,	Mrs. Ranyard.
Louisa Mühlbach,	Mrs. Clara Mundt.
Lynde Palmer,	Mrs. M. L. Peebles.
Madeline Leslie,	Mrs. A. R. Baker.
Margaret Blount,	Mrs. Mary Francis.
Margaret Bourne,	Mrs. Oliver Johnson.
Margery Deane,	Mrs. Pitman.
Maria dell' Occidente,	Mrs. Maria Gowen Brooks.
Marion Harland,	Mrs. E. P. Terhune.
Mark Twain,	Sam. L. Clemens.
Mary Clavers,	Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
Mary Densel,	Miss Mary S. McCobb.
Mary Morrison,	Miss Mary B. Washburne.
Mary Orme,	Mrs. Mary Gove.
Mary Powell,	Mrs. Richard Rathbone.
Matthew Brown,	W. B. Rands.
May Clayton,	Miss Mamie Wilson.
M. B. Drapier,	Jonathan Swift.
Michael Angelo Titmarsh,	Wm. M. Thackeray.
Minnie Myrtle,	Miss Anna L. Johnson [formerly Mrs. Joaquin Miller].
Mme. Kinkel,	Mrs. Elizabeth Sara Sheppard.
Moina,	Mrs. Dinnies.
Morgan Doherty,	Wm. McGinn.
Mother Goose,	Elizabeth Goose [Mrs. Thomas Fleet].
Mozis Addums,	Dr. Geo. W. Bagby.
Mrs. Alexander,	Annie F. Hector.
Mrs. Cudlip,	Annie Thomas.
Mrs. Horace Manners,	Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Mrs. Manners,	Mrs. W. C. Richards.
Mrs. Markham,	Mrs. Elizabeth Cartwright Penrose.
Mrs. Partington,	B. P. Shillaber.
Ned Buntline,	E. Z. C. Judson.
Nellie Grahame,	Mrs. A. K. Dunning.
Nimrod,	Charles J. Apperley.
Old Colony,	Rev. F. N. Zabriskie.
Old Harlo,	Rev. Charles E. Abbott.
Old Humphrey,	George Mogridge.
Oliver Oldschool,	—— Dennie.
Oliver Optic,	Wm. T. Adams.
Olive Thorne,	——
Ollapod,	Lewis Gaylord Clark.
Ouida,	Miss Louise de la Rame.
Owen Meredith,	Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton.
Paul Marcoy,	Lorenzo de Saint-Cricq.
Paul Creyton,	J. T. Trowbridge.
Peter Morris,	John Gibson Lockhart.
Peter Parley,	S. G. Goodrich.
Peter Pindar,	Dr. John Wolcott.
Peter Plumley,	Sydney Smith.
Petroleum V. Nasby,	D. R. Locke.
Philip Wharton,	J. P. Thomson.
Philisides,	Sir Philip Sidney.
Phiz,	Hablot K. Browne.
Porte Crayon,	David H. Strother.
P. P., Clerk of This Parish,	Dr. Arbuthnot.
Private Miles O'Reilly,	Col. C. G. Halpine.
P. Thorne,	Mrs. Lafayette Smith.
Publius,	Alexander Hamilton.
Q. K. Philander Doesticks,	Mortimer Thompson.
Quercus,	Rev. O. A. Kingsbury.
Rev. Peter Pennot,	W. M. F. Round.
Reynard,	Frank Foxcroft.
Richmond,	Jacob R. Shepherd.
R. L. Midgely,	D. Pulsifer.
Rosavella,	Miss Blanche Tucker [Mad. Marochetti].
Saintine,	Joseph Xavier Boniface.
Sarah Tytler,	Miss Keddie.
Saxe Holm,	? ? ? ? ? ? ? etc., etc.
Shirley,	John Skelton.
Shirley Dare,	Miss Susan Dunning.
Silverpen,	Eliza Meteyard.
Sir Morgan O'Doherty,	Dr. William Maginn.
Sophie May,	Miss R. S. Clarke.
Sophy Winthrop,	Mrs. S. W. Weitzel.
Stuart Sterne.	——
Susan Coolidge,	Miss Sarah Woolsey.
Sydney Yendys,	Sydney Dobell.
Talvi,	Mrs. Edward Robinson.
Templeton,	Geo. H. Munroe.
Theodore Butzen,	—— [a French lady].
Thomas Ingoldsby,	Richard Barham.
Thomas Little,	Thomas Moore.
Timothie Trimm,	Napoleon Lespes.
Timothy Titcomb,	Dr. J. G. Holland.
Tom Folio,	C. E. Babson.
Tony Pasquin,	John Williams.
Touchatout,	L. Bienvenu.
Trusta,	Mrs. E. S. Phelps.
Una Locke,	Mrs. U. L. Bailey.
Violet Fane,	Miss [Mrs. ?] Singleton.
Virginia Gabriel,	Mrs. George Marsh.
Vitalis,	Erik Sjöberg.
Walter Barrett, Clerk,	Joseph A. Scoville.
Water-poet,	John Taylor.
William and Robert Whistlecraft,	John Hookham Frere.
W. M. L. Jay,	Mrs. Julia L. M. Woodruff.
Wycliffe Lane,	Mrs. E. Jennings.
Zadkiel,	Lieut. R. J. Morrison.

TABLE TALK.

. . . I beg leave to call attention to a very remarkable parallelism existing between an article entitled "Robert South," found in Prof. Mathews' last book, *Hours with Men and Books*, and an essay by Mr. E. P. Whipple, which first appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1846, and which has since been published in his *Essays and Reviews*, vol. i, page 372, with the heading "South's Sermons." I will not assert that Prof. Mathews borrowed his ideas and mode of treatment from Mr. Whipple's essay, but it is certainly very singular that one man writing in 1846, and another in 1877, should treat a subject in identically the same manner, citing the same sermons (of the person under review) in the same order, and both quoting the very same passages. Strange as this may be, still it is not utterly impossible, and there may be a shadow of probability about it; but the article written in 1877 contains several sentences essentially identical, word for word, with sentences used in the same connection — in the essay of Mr. Whipple, written thirty-one years before. I will give one or two examples of this similarity.

From Mr. Whipple's Essays, vol. i, page 389:
"Against everything which militated with the doctrines or ceremonies of his church, he hurled his anathemas or shot his sarcasms."

Mr. Whipple, page 385:
"The intensity of feeling and thinking which burns throughout South's writings has no parallel in English theology."

From Prof Mathew's Volume, page 71:
"Against everything especially, which militated with the doctrines or ceremonies of the English church, he hurled his anathemas and shot his sarcasms."

Prof. Mathews, page 72:
"The intensity of thought and feeling which burns through his writings, has hardly any parallel in English literature."

Several other like instances might be pointed out; and the examples of the same quotations from South's sermons, in the two articles, are far too numerous to mention here; but the striking likeness between the two will best be seen and understood by half an hour given to the perusal

of the two essays. This *may* be similarity of mind and thought, but it looks very much like plagiarism on the part of Prof. Mathews.

G. T. T.

Knoxville, Tenn.

. . . The *province* of the provincialism of pronouncing short e like short a will have to be considerably enlarged. It was common in my boyhood in Strafford Co., N. H. We always said, "The Alder's madder" for "The Elder's meadow." I have even heard the fish *perch* called *parch*. To this day the worst word in the English language for me to handle is *every*. My vocal organs always frame *avery* till otherwise ordered. After all, what is this but good old English, as *clark* for *clerk?* I think Whitney says there is a *tendency* in this direction in English speech. I believe this is so. It takes culture or fashion or will to head it off. In Kentucky Breckenridge is pronounced Brackenridge. C. C.

Lombard, Ill.

. . . Mr. Cook ought to have revised his work and expunged a few of his many misconceptions of fact, and of his more numerous blunders in logic. Orthodox ministers had better not endorse him too heartily. It will be a misfortune if none but the unorthodox discern and expose his quackery. "ORTHODOX."

Seminary-town.

. . . A CINCINNATIAN has discovered Raphael's Hours. In *Notes and Queries*, for September 8, 1877 (p. 195), he thus writes:

"The Hours of Raffaelle are in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The interior space in the chapel as far as the iron gate, is divided by ten pilasters into as many panels of different sizes. The pilasters are covered with arabesques, masterpieces of their kind, viz: The Theological Virtues, The Fates, The Divisions of the Day. . . . The origin and history of these decorations have thus been related by De Quincy."

Then follows a long extract describing the *Loggie* by name. At its close the writer resumes to show from mythology that the Hours were at first three and afterwards five. Passing over the mathematical difficulty of dividing a wall by ten pilasters into as many (ten) panels, we are astonished beyond belief by a feat never before performed. We have been told of the taking down of single frescoes, but the frescoes of the Loggie have been transferred by him by a stroke of the pen to the Sistine Chapel. To be sure Barbazzi's engraving (16 1-2 by 27 inches) after Panini's drawing in 1766, of the interior of the chapel shows us no pilasters nor arabesques. The Sistine Chapel and the Loggie have heretofore seemed to be distinct parts of the Vatican, but now that this writer has made them one and the same, let us look for his five Hours in Giovanni Volpato's *Loggie di Rafaele nel Vaticano*, 47 plates engraved by him and Ottavianni in 1776, on a scale 2 1-2 inches to one foot. We find "The Theological Virtues," etc., and more. We turn the leaves slowly and more slowly, time passes unheeded, charmed as we are by beauty and grace that satiate us before half has been revealed, but no flying Hours meet our eyes, not one of the twelve attributed to Raphael and made known to us here by the Gray Collection. What a sad set those old engravers were! One shows us the Sistine Chapel without pilasters and arabesques; another the Loggie divided into 13 parts, but not by as many pilasters; still another turns five Hours into twelve different ones. Why did they thus deceive unsuspicious posterity? Why did they not show us the five Hours on ten panels divided by as many pilasters ornamented with arabesques?

J. F. C.

Cambridge, Mass.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(30.) Is it "esprit *de* corps," or *du* corps? About half the time the papers, daily and weekly, secular and religious, give it *du* corps. But Webster, in his collection of phrases of ancient and modern languages, gives it *de* corps,—the animating spirit of a collective body. A French teacher tells me it should be *du* not *de;* yet *which*, depends, perhaps, on some idiomatic kink not grammatically obvious. Webster had a reason, I suppose, for his form of the phrase. Worcester does not give it at all in his list.

J. T. T.

Boston, Mass.

(31.) Can you tell me who wrote, "O consistency! thou art a jewel?" M. J. L.

Springfield, Mass.

No, and we do not think that anybody can.

(32.) Would you have the kindness to let me know, through your columns, the origin of the expression, "Tell it not in Gath." P. C. R.

Troy, N. Y.

See an ancient volume called the Bible, 2 Samuel, i: 20.

(33.) Can any of your readers tell me where I can find information in regard to the life, or a critique upon the works of, Elizabeth Shepherd, author of *Counterparts*, *Charles Auchester*, etc.

L. W.

Jacksonville, Ill.

(34.) On page 133 of *Coronation* I find the following: "As the British threw a cannon-ball into the walls of old Brattle Street Church and left it sticking half way out." Is the author correct?

A. W. S.

Boston.

(35.) Do you know who wrote a book entitled "The Journal of a Naturalist?" My copy was published by Murray, in 1838, and marked *fourth edition.*

(36.) I should like to read some good review of Allston's "Monaldi." Do you know of such?

W. G. B.

Salem, Mass.

(37.) "A young man married is a man that's marred." Who is to have credit for the above quotation? J. B. S.

Philadelphia.

(38.) Which is the correct form of the saying attributed to Mr. T. G. Appleton in Query 21; and what is its history? E. M. B.

Milford, Conn.

Mr. Appleton's saying was this; "Good Americans after death go to Paris." It was first uttered, long ago, as meaning that the brevity and fatigue of American life, under anxious business conditions, should find compensation finally in the gaiety and brightness of Parisian life. The saying got circulation through its insertion by Dr. O. W. Holmes in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

— Mr. Bryant will be eighty-four years old on the 3d inst.

— Mrs. Lydia Maria Child is now living in Wayland, Mass., at the good old age of seventy-six. It is more than half a century since she published her first story, *The Rebels: A Tale of the Revolution.*

— Prof. William Everett, of Cambridge, Mass., has undertaken to write a life of his father, the late Edward Everett, and to this end he solicits the use of any letters of his father, portions of autobiography known to have been given away by him, other manuscripts of his, personal reminiscences of his former friends, and similar material. Such a request should meet with the heartiest response.

— Bayard Taylor has begun in Boston, at the Lowell Institute, a series of twelve lectures on German Literature, as follows: Beginnings of German Literature, The Minnesingers, The Epics of the Middle Ages, The Nibelungenlied, Literature of the Age of the Reformation, Literature of the Seventeenth Century, Lessing, Klopstock, Wieland and Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Goethe's Faust, Richter.

—The *North American Review* is to be removed to New York, where it will henceforth be published by D. Appleton & Co. We learn also that it is in contemplation to change it to a monthly. Thus Boston parts with another of its cherished "notions," and the *North American* itself with another phase of its former character. In the November–December number, Secretary Sherman, ex-Secretary McCulloch, and others, give their views in regard to the resumption of specie payments.

— The Harpers are soon to publish a novel, *Col. Dunwoddie, Millionaire; a Story of the South of 1877.* Although unaccompanied by any name, it is understood to be by a well-known author, whose previous works have proved the foundation of a national fame. The plot is such as to seize upon the reader from the beginning, and to bear him to the end, delineating, as it does, every leading class, if not character and incident, of that section. The effort is to place upon the camera of its pages the actual men and women who are coming again into the seats of power, and it is written with that energy which flows from a passionate personal interest, an energy which will compel the interest of others also. The novel promises to be a literary event.

— A library of several thousand volumes of standard works has been given to Mr. Goshorn, by the citizens of Philadelphia, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his services as Director-General of the Centennial Exhibition. The editions selected are choice, and the bindings fine, and each volume contains a book-plate, engraved on steel, and having, besides the arms of Philadelphia, the following legend:

Presented to the
HON. ALFRED T. GOSHORN,
at Independence Hall,
May 11th, 1877, by the
Citizens of Philadelphia,
in grateful remembrance of his
faithful, courteous, and efficient services
AS DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
1876.

— Prof. Philip Barand Cabell, of Urbana University, Ohio, has completed, after some years' labor, the transcription in the original Latin, in a fair and beautiful hand-writing, of the important work of Swedenborg entitled *De Cerebro*, which has been preserved in MS. in the Library of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, until it was a few years ago copied by the photo-lithographic process, together with a large number of the author's other unpublished MSS. The original work, almost illegible to any but an expert, is now, thanks to Professor Cabell's labors, rendered practicable for publication, and it is likely that steps to this end will soon be entered upon. The work comprises some six hundred pages folio, and constitutes a part of the great series of the author's works entitled, *Regnum Animale Anatomice, Physice et Philosophice perlustratum*, several portions of which have been published both in the Latin and in the English.

— Our leading publishers find it convenient to have each a literary organ of their own. The fashion was started, or at least emphasized, by Hurd & Houghton, whose bright *Riverside Bulletin*, while it lived, was *facile princeps* in the family. But that, alas! died an early death. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have a *Book Buyer;* J. R. Osgood & Co., a *Literary Bulletin;* A. S. Barnes & Co., a *Book Shelf;* J. B. Lippincott & Co., a *Monthly Bulletin;* and now D. Lothrop & Co. announce a *Boston Book Bulletin*. This new venture, indeed, seems to promise to be something more than a mere publisher's appliance, since, though to be issued only quarterly, it is to be furnished to the public at thirty cents a year, and is to contain not only classified lists of important publications at home and abroad, but miscellaneous reading matter, including original critiques of new books by writers of reputation. The first number will appear in December. Mr. C. A. Nelson is the editor.

— Brentano's periodical depot in New York has been for nearly a quarter of a century one of the literary features of the metropolis. We well remember the basement store he once occupied on Broadway near Houston Street. What an intellectual-looking place it was! What stacks of newspapers, magazines, reviews, and journalistic publications of every sort! What bulletins of news used here to detain the passer-by! Mr. Brentano came from the Austrian Tyrol in 1853. Though then twenty-four years of age he put himself through a Brooklyn school that he might acquire a good English education. That, and a subsequent loan of $10. tendered him by a friendly customer, after his first unfortunate business venture, seem to have been the foundation of his final success. For twenty years his store, gradually moving up town, has commanded a large and lucrative patronage of the best class, and now Mr. Brentano, at the age of fifty, retires with his well-earned competence, and leaves his fine establishment on Union Square to his three nephews, who have been with him a long time, and who will carry on the business under the old name and, we doubt not, with the old prestige.

FOREIGN.

— A son of Abd-el-Kader is writing a life of his father during the more stirring portion of his career.

— *That Husband of Mine* has been republished in England by Frederick Warne & Co., as "by the author of *Helen's Babies*."

— A dramatic version of *The Moonstone*, by Mr. Wilkie Collins himself, has been brought out at the Olympic Theatre, London, but with indifferent success.

— Mr. George Barnett Smith's critical biography of Shelley will appear this month. There is a running biography with a hundred pages of criticism; and some incidents in the poet's life are set in a new light.

— Mr. Delane has retired from the chief editorship of the London *Times*, a position which he has filled for more than a third of a century. If not the Queen's prime minister he has been the people's through that period. His successor is a Mr. Chenery, who has been a leader writer on the paper for many years.

— Mr. T. A. Trollope has been heard to say that there was no writer for the London *Times* who could produce so much well-written copy in so short a time as Mr. Gallenga, the correspondent of that journal. Mr. Gallenga is now at Rome, considerately waiting for the event seemingly inevitable to the Pope.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Betty and her Cousin Harry. By Miss S. E. Chester. [New York] American Tract Society. M., pp. 235. $1.00.

Diana. By Susan Warner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 460. $1.75.

Pauline. By L. B. Walford. Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 331. $1.00.

Forbidden Fruit. From the German of F. W. Hackländer. By Rosalie Kaufman. [Cobweb Series.] Estes & Lauriat. M., pp. 262. $1.50.

Surly Tim and Other Stories. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 270. $1.25.

The Story of Avis. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. J. R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 457. $1.50.

The Coquette. A Tale of Love and Pride. By the author of "Miserrimus." T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 235. Paper. 75c.

A Knight of the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. E. P. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co. M., pp. 582. $1.50.

Will Denbigh, Nobleman. [No Name Series.] Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 329. $1.00.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice. [No Name Series.] Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 296. Paper, uncut. 50c.

A Counterfeit Presentment. Comedy. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 155. $1.25.

"Theo." A Love Story. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M. Sq., pp. 232. Paper. 50c.

East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Complete and Unabridged. [New York] Dick & Fitzgerald. M., pp. 598.

Corinne. A Story of Italy. By Madame De Staël. Twenty Books Complete in One. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 172. $1.00.

The Tower of Percemont. A Novel. From the French of Madame George Sand. [Collection of Foreign Authors.] D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 227. Paper. 50c.

Bessie's Six Lovers. A Summer Idyl. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Sq. M., pp. 240. Paper. 50c.

Miss Misanthrope A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. Sheldon & Co. L., pp. 238.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illus. James R. Osgood & Co. L., pp. 323. $5.00

TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION.

New Lands Within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship "Tegetthoff" in the years 1872–1874. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Translated from the German with the Author's approbation. D. Appleton & Co. L., pp. 399.

Notes and Sketches of an Architect Taken During a journey in the Northwest of Europe. Translated from the French of Félix Narjoux by John Peto. Author's Edition, from Advance Sheets. With 214 Illustrations. James R. Osgood & Co. L., pp. 442. $3.00.

Switzerland and the Swiss. Sketches of the Country and its Famous Men. By the Author of the "Knights of the Frozen Sea." With Twenty-four Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 291.

California Pictures in Prose and Verse. By Benjamin Parke Avery. Hurd & Houghton. L., pp. 344. $5.00.

One Year Abroad. By the Author of "One Summer." J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 247. $1.25.

Adrift in the Ice-Fields. By Capt. Charles W. Hall. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 326. $1.50.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Physiology of Mind. Being the First Part of a Third Edition, Revised, Enlarged, and in a Great Part Rewritten, of "The Physiology and Pathology of Mind." By Henry Mandsley, M. D. D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 547.

The Principles of Science. A Treatise on Logic and Scientific Method. By W. Stanley Jevons. Second Edition Revised. Macmillan & Co. M., pp. 786.

Economics, or the Science of Wealth. By Julian M. Sturtevant, D. D., LL. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 343. $1.75.

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A HISTORY OF THE TURKS.*

WE have, at length, in the English language, a history of the Turkish Empire. The old works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are out of date and out of print; and all later attempts have been failures. The great works of Von Hammer and of D. Ohsson have never been translated into English. Professor Creasy has avowedly constructed his history out of Von Hammer, with references to many other writers; and he has achieved his work with great skill and ability. He has the rare gift of selecting the chief facts and topics, and of so treating them as to form a full flowing narrative, with no indications of any important omission. It will undoubtedly hold the unique position of the only good history of Turkey in the English language.

It is characterized by great fairness and impartiality as well as good judgment. The good and bad deeds of the Ottoman sovereigns are given clearly and concisely. The atrocious cruelties and vices of which some were guilty are not concealed. But what is much more rare, the author exhibits the equal abominations of their enemies. For two hundred years it has been quite a common thing for the Russians to massacre men, women and children when a place has surrendered. Read pages 368, 407, 432–33 and 439. Deaths the most horrible were sometimes inflicted upon Turkish prisoners. The Mohammedans have had no preëminence in violating the most sacred principles of humanity.

Most readers will be surprised to find how often this empire has seemed to be upon the brink of ruin — gone beyond recovery. Read Sir Richard Roe's description of its condition in 1622 under Mustapha I, p. 245; again, under Selim III, who lost his life in attempting reforms; also under Mahmoud II, and the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz. Its wonderful vitality, when supposed to be "sick" unto death, resides in its brave and temperate population. As often as the ship of state has been declared upon the rocks, she has been unexpectedly hauled off and repaired; and is now in a less hopeless condition than at the beginning of the century.

The history shows clearly the course of Russia for the past two hundred years with regard to Turkey. What she is now doing she has been doing or preparing to do for two centuries. The Empress Catherine declared she would have Constantinople if she lost St. Petersburg. Her death saved Turkey in 1796, Pitt and Poland in 1807, the Allies in 1853–56, and the future is now uncertain.

Professor Creasy rescues the Turkish character from much unmerited obloquy. Let those who love to display their rhetoric and their ignorance over "the unspeakable Turk" read Professor Creasy's estimate of his character on pages 107–109, 307. The tolerant spirit of the Ottomans, the grand attempts at internal improvements, the able and wise statesmanship of some of their sovereigns and Grand Viziers, will be a surprise to most readers.

Von Hammer's work closes with 1774; the century that has elapsed since then has as yet no historian. In the brief sketch given by Professor Creasy, justice is not done to the vast changes which have occurred in the empire.

Unfortunately Professor Creasy is not acquainted with the Turkish language, but still the confusion which he makes in the orthography of Turkish proper names and titles is inexcusable. For example, he writes Mahomet, Mahometan, Amurath, Beg, Dervise, instead of the true forms, Mohammed, Mohammedan, Murad, Bey, Dervish, and so on. His excuse that he follows old forms is worthless. He calls a vizier Mohammed and his sultan Mahomet, although they have precisely the same name. The Turkish name Iskender Bey is written *Scanderbeg*. These are only a few examples; they are minor faults and easily corrected.

Henry Holt & Co. deserve well of the public, for sending forth such works as Wallace's Russia, Baker's Turkey and Creasy's History.

CYRUS HAMLIN.

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* History of the Ottoman Turks from the Beginning of their Empire to the Present Time. By Sir Edward Creasy, M. A. Henry Holt & Co.

HARVEY'S REMINISCENCES OF WEBSTER.*

THIS volume, which we had the pleasure of announcing in our September number, is now on the eve of publication. The author, himself very lately deceased, was for a long period of years a most intimate friend of Mr. Webster, and his reminiscences of the great lawyer and statesman, here collected, constitute a narrative of the most interesting description. The book is one to be set forth by samples rather than formally described; while as for criticism there is little or nothing for it to take hold upon. The stream of anecdote is swift and smooth, and flows unvexed by irrelevant matters. The outlines of Mr. Webster's career are familiar to all, and his history has been written; but here we have those flitting glimpses of personality, those homely incidents of every-day experience, those off-hand utterances of the man within the man, which give the choicest flavor to biography, and make the portrait which it presents instinct with life. To Mr. Webster's minute and interested recollection of his career, to Mr. Harvey's alert and pains-taking record of his intercourse with Mr. Webster, and to Mr. Towle's careful and judicious editing of the manuscript deposited in his hands, do we owe this engaging volume. A richer, more nearly perfect, more instantly delectable, piece of anecdotical biography we do not remember; one which so quickly absorbs the attention and so irresistibly leads on the eye from paragraph to paragraph and from page to page. The pudding is all plums, between which is little choice for juiciness. Stories of Mr. Webster's famous cases at law, accounts of his personal habits, bits of domestic scene, little touches of his humor and good nature, pictures of his intercourse with distinguished men in public life, observations upon and judgments of his associates and contemporaries, etc., etc., follow each other in incessant course and an endless variety. The recital is characterized by delightful simplicity and unexceptionable taste, and is altogether one that must furnish a great amount of enjoyment to readers of almost every class. Very different in substance and quality from the memoir of Charles Sumner or George Ticknor, it yet has, if we mistake not, an even more direct address to the popular taste, and will be

* Harvey's Reminiscences of Webster. Edited by Geo. M. Towle. Little, Brown & Co.

read with greater avidity. Beyond these general remarks we have nothing to say, but shall lay before our readers some generous extracts by way of illustration. The passages selected relate to several important phases of Mr. Webster's life:

AT THE BAR.

The following incident of the Sanborn suit may be related as an instance of Mr. Webster's keenness and power of repartee. Augustus Peabody, one of the opposing counsel, was very familiar with the "books," and no case could be cited which he could not find at once. He was a sort of walking dictionary of law. Mr. Webster was arguing to the jury, and cited some English case, when Mr. Peabody interrupted him and asked where the case was to be found reported Mr. Webster went straight on, paying no attention to the interruption, and Mr. Hoar and Mr. Peabody hurriedly consulted together. Then Mr. Peabody rose and claimed the protection of the court. He said that Mr. Webster was citing authorities to sustain his argument, and they wished to know where they were to be found, so that they could judge for themselves as to the pertinency of the citation. Judge Shaw remarked that counsel had a right to know where the cases were to be found, and that the court itself would like to know. Mr. Webster leaned against the rail, resting on his elbow, and looking at the court said:

"It is not very good manners to interrupt me in the midst of a sentence addressed to the jury. It is a practice in which I never indulge. I always let counsel have their say, and if I can answer them, I do, as well as I can. This interrupting I don't like: it is rather a habit of my learned friend on the other side, and is quite annoying. He has appealed to me to know where the case that I have cited can be found reported, somewhat as if I had quoted a case that was fictitious. What I wish to say in answer to that is, that the case to which I referred was so and so [giving the names &c.], and that it occurred in the third year of Lord Eldon in Chancery. In what particular volume of reports by Lord Eldon, on what particular page, and how many lines from the top of the page, I don't know. I never trouble myself with these little matters. Peabody has nothing else to do, and he can hunt it up at his leisure!"

PUBLIC SERVICE.

Mr. Webster became Secretary of State under General Harrison, in 1841. They had no interview before he was appointed. It was done by correspondence; by an offer of the place on the part of General Harrison by letter, and acceptance by letter on that of Mr. Webster. They did not meet until eight or ten days previous to the inauguration. General Harrison arrived at Washington, from Cincinnati, about the time Mr. Webster arrived from Massachusetts. Mr. Webster was invited by Mr. Seaton, one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, and a very warm personal friend of his, to come to his house, as he would be more quiet there, and less exposed to intrusion than at a hotel; and to stay until he should get a house and move his family into it. He was constantly occupied with General Harrison on matters connected with the formation of the Cabinet, from early morning until the dinner hour, which was six o'clock. It seems that he had prepared an inaugural message for General Harrison. One day, among other arrangements, he suggested to the new President, in as delicate a way as he could, the fact that he had sketched an inaugural, knowing that General Harrison would be overwhelmed with calls and business after his election, and he himself having leisure to write. The General at once replied that it was not necessary, that he had prepared his own inaugural.

"Oh yes," said he, "I have got that all ready."

"Will you allow me to take it home and read it to-night?" asked Mr. Webster.

"Certainly," the President replied; "and please let me take yours."

So they exchanged the documents; and the next morning, when they met, General Harrison said to Mr. Webster:

"If I should read your inaugural instead of mine, everybody would know that you wrote it, and that I did not. Now, this is the only official paper which I propose to write, for I do not intend to interfere with my secretaries; but this is a sort of acknowledgment on my part to the American people of the great honor they have conferred upon me in elevating me to this high office; and although, of course, it is not so suitable as yours, still it is mine, and I propose to let the people have it just as I have written it. I must deliver my own instead of yours."

Mr. Webster told me that he was a good deal annoyed, because the message was, according to his judgment and taste, so inappropriate. It entered largely into Roman history, and had a great deal to say about the States of antiquity and the Roman proconsuls, and various matters of that kind. Indeed, the word "proconsul" was repeated in it a great many times.

When he found that the President was bent upon using his own inaugural, Mr. Webster said that his desire was to modify it, and to get in some things that were not there, and get out some things that were there; for, as it then stood, he said, it had no more to do with the affairs of the American government and people than a chapter in the Koran. Mr. Webster suggested to General Harrison that he should like to put in some things, and General Harrison rather reluctantly consented to let him take it. Mr. Webster spent a portion of the next day in modifying the message. Mrs. Seaton remarked to him, when he came home rather late that day, that he looked fatigued and worried; but he replied that he was sorry that she had waited dinner for him.

"That is of no consequence at all, Mr. Webster," said she; "but I am sorry to see you looking so worried and tired. I hope nothing has gone wrong. I really hope nothing has happened."

"You would think that something had happened," he replied, "if you knew what I have done. I have killed *seventeen Roman proconsuls* as dead as smelts, every one of them!"

PRIVATE LIFE.

Mr. Webster, in a speech at Rochester, said:

"Why, gentlemen, I live on the sandy seashore of Marshfield, and get along as well as I can. I am a poor farmer upon a great quantity of poor land; but my neighbors and I, by very great care —I hardly know how — contrive to live on."

One day he invited Fletcher and myself to go with him, and see the animals settle among themselves their own rank and precedence, as they were brought in to be tied up for the night. Farmers very well know that cattle are as particular about their position in society and their accredited stanchions as diplomatists at a royal court. After each animal was secured in his place, Mr. Webster amused himself by feeding them with ears of corn from an unhusked pile lying on the barn floor. As his son was trying to keep himself warm by playing with the dog, he said:

"You do not seem, my son, to take much interest in this; but, for my part [and here he broke an ear and fed the pieces to the oxen on his right and left, and watched them as they crunched it], I like it. I had rather be here than in the senate;" adding, with a smile which showed all his white teeth, "I think it better company."

To his guns he gave names after the fashion of most old hunters. He had his "Mrs. Patrick," his "Learned Selden," his "Wilmot Proviso," and several others. His trout rod, with which he used to fish about Sandwich and Marshfield Rivers, was "Old Killall," made for him by the notorious John Trout. It was with this rod in his hand, as he waded Marshfield River, that he composed a portion of his Bunker-Hill oration, as he writes in his biography.

When he lived in Washington, he always kept around him some animals to remind him of rural life. He had a cow in his yard and some favorite fowls. He had a number of hens, which he took peculiar pleasure in feeding and watching. He used to come from the State Department to his parlor, and, finding Mrs. Webster's little work-basket on the sideboard, he would go up softly and say, "I think I may venture to take this little basket;" and he would empty it of its contents, and go to the barn to get the hens' eggs. He would bring them in and talk about them with all the glee and joyousness of boyhood. This he did every day.

WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.*

THE contents of this large and profusely illustrated volume, taken in the order of importance, are (1) the narrative of the expedition of the "Tegetthoff" into the Arctic seas lying to the north of Nova Zembla, or, as the name is here given *Novaya Zemlya;* with the resulting discovery of a hitherto unknown land; (2) the briefer account of the *reconnaissance* made by the "Isbjörn," under the same officers, in the same direction; and (3) a general treatise, in six chapters, upon the Arctic regions, their exploration, the character of the problems which they offer, the probabilities attending the question of their solution, and the approved methods of travel and investigation. This third section, which is first in order of place, is an exceedingly instructive summary, putting the reader in possession of just those facts which he needs to know in order to understand the narratives which follow. The pioneer voyage of the "Isbjörn," not without many elements of exciting interest in itself, was a trivial undertaking in comparison with that of the "Tegetthoff," for which it prepared the way, and the journal of which forms the bulk of the volume.

The "Tegetthoff" was an Austrian three-masted screw vessel of 220 tons. She was fitted out for two years and a half, and carried twenty-three men. The joint commanders of the expedition were Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer, respectively of the Austrian navy and army. The latter had served in the second German North Polar Expedition, under Koldewey and Hegemann in 1869–1870. The "Tegetthoff" sailed from Bremerhaven, at the mouth of the Weser, June 13, 1872, and sighted the North Cape of Lapland on the 16th of July. Ten days later, off the western coast of Novaya Zemlya, she struck the frozen ocean, and the stage of adventure proper began. A month later, in 76° 22′ N. Latitude, 63° 3′ E. Longitude, the "Tegetthoff" was finally beset in the ice from which she was never to be extricated. The pack which had closed around the vessel drifted slowly northward, and the expedition entered on scenes like this:

"In the morning of that day [October 13th], as we sat at breakfast, our floe burst across immedi-

*New Lands Within the Arctic Circle. Discoveries of the Austrian ship "Tegetthoff" in 1872–1874. By Julius Payer. D. Appleton & Co.

ately under the ship. Rushing on deck we discovered that we were surrounded and squeezed by the ice; the after part of the ship was already nipped and pressed, and the rudder, which was the first to encounter its assault, shook and groaned; but as its great weight did not admit of its being shipped, we were content to lash it firmly. We next sprang on the ice, the tossing tremulous motion of which literally filled the air with noises as of shrieks and howls, and we quickly got on board all the materials which were lying on the floe, and bound the fissures of the ice hastily together by ice-anchors and cables, filling them up with snow, in the hope that frost would complete our work, though we felt that a single heave might shatter our labors. But, just as in the risings of a people the wave of revolt spreads on every side, so now the ice uprose against us. Mountains threateningly reared themselves from out the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl as of myriads of voices. Noise and confusion reigned supreme, and step by step destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. Our floe was now crushed, and its blocks, piled up into mountains, drove hither and thither. Here, they towered high above the ship, and forced the protecting timbers of massive oak, as if in mockery of their purpose, against the hull of their vessel; there, masses of ice fell down as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing waters, so that the quantity of ice beneath the ship was constantly increased, and at last it began to raise her quite above the sea."

For one hundred and thirty days experiences similar to this were encountered in greater or less degree, "almost always in sunless darkness." How much that circumstance must have added to the horror of the situation let the reader, if he can, imagine. Even the brief daylight was so feeble that the lamps were kept constantly lighted, with the exception of two or three hours in the forenoon. By November a deep twilight environed the scene, and the dreary waste had become one of magical beauty:

"The rigging, white with frost, stood out, specter-like, against the grey-blue of the heavens; the ice, broken into a thousand forms and overspread with a covering of snow, had now assumed the cold pure aspect of alabaster shaded with the tender hues of arragonite."

Preparations for wintering were now completed. A snow wall was raised around the ship, and attention was turned to reducing inconveniences and discomforts to the lowest terms. The monotony of the tedious days was relieved by occasional short sledge-journeys over the ice, enlivened now and then by an interview with a polar bear. To give the crew employment a school was instituted. The cold maintained itself with great intensity, the mean monthly temperature being —31° F.; and incessant ice-pressures kept the entire company in a state of lively alarm and anxious readiness to desert the ship at a moment's notice, if worst came to worst. Toward the last of February the sun once more appeared, and with March the spring, in name at least, began. The birds returned. The cutting out of the ship was attempted, but the thickness of the ice, twenty-seven feet and more, rendered this impossible. The summer wore away. Meanwhile the floe which held the "Tegetthoff" in its mighty grasp had drifted on and on with the winds and currents of the Novaya Zemlya seas. Suddenly — it was on the 30th of August, 1873 — there was a cry of Land!

Here were the "new lands within the Arctic circle" whose discovery was to be the distinguishing achievement of the expedition.

Of the exploration of the mysterious lands a detailed account is given, with particulars of great interest respecting the equipment and conduct of sledging parties. To Lieutenant Payer and six of his men belongs the honor of this perilous adventure within an adventure. Sledging in Arctic regions only exchanges one class of dangers and hardships for another. The sledge is usually drawn by men or dogs, or both; the accompanying sketch shows how:

In the present instance three sledges were used, ranging from six to eleven feet long, one foot high, and capable of carrying from seven to twenty cwt. each. The appearance of one when laden with its proportion of stores, cooking apparatus, "sleeping bags," arms and ammunition, scientific instruments, medical supplies, etc., is shown herewith:

In the exploration of Franz-Joseph Land, as this new territory was loyally christened, the winter months of 1874 were consumed. The country was found to be divided into two masses, together almost as large as Spitzbergen. Mountains of volcanic origin, enormous glaciers, precipitous coasts, scanty vegetation, perpetual and almost universal snows, and a total desolation, were its chief features. Two maps accompanying the narrative, based on actual surveys, show respectively the topography of the Land itself, and its geographical relations to Novaya Zemlya and Spitzbergen. The scientific acquisition of this *terra incognita* was purchased at a heavy cost of peril and suffering, the story of which is perhaps the most thrilling portion of the volume. Intense cold, prevailing darkness, deep snows, frequent storms, ferocious bears, insufficient and unsuitable provisions, consequent illness, aggravating exposures, were only ordinary incidents of the party's experience. The piled-up masses of ice and snow, crevasses, and other features of the region made progress slow, often dangerous in the extreme, and sometimes almost impossible. Nothing but the stoutest resolution and a dauntless perseverance could have conquered the obstacles that beset these brave men. Not a day passed that death did not stare them in the face; in what forms let such a passage as this tell:

"Dreadful as the weather was, we could not venture to put up the tent; march we must, in order to escape before the wind destroyed the ice-bridges on the way back. We trudged along under enormous glacier walls, enveloped in whirling snow. Sounding all round, we escaped the abysses with difficulty. We could scarcely even breathe and make head against the wind. Our clothes were covered with snow, our faces were crusted with ice, eyes and mouth were firmly closed, and the dark sea beneath us was hidden from our view. We ceased to hear even its roar, the might of the storm drowning everything else. Haller, a few paces ahead, continually sounded, so as to keep us clear of fissures. We could scarcely follow him or recognize his form. We saw nothing even of the enormous glacier walls under which we toiled along, except that at times we caught a glimpse of them towering aloft. At every hundred paces we halted for a few minutes to remove the ice which formed itself on our eyes, and round our mouths. We stilled our hunger with the hope that we should find and dig out the body of the bear which we had shot a month ago. But we dared not rest, nor await the abatement of the storm, until we had crossed the glacier and felt the firm ground, free from ice, beneath our feet. This we compassed after a march of seven hours. Utterly exhausted, we then put up the tent on a stony slope, got beneath it, white with snow, wet through, and stiffened with ice; notwithstanding our hunger, we lay down to sleep without eating. Not a morsel of bread could we venture to serve out from the small stock of provisions that remained."

Under conditions like these three different sledge journeys were made to Franz-Joseph Land, and a final safe return effected to the "Tegetthoff." The spring of 1874 had come. The ship it was found impossible to get off — excuse the play upon words. She had become a fixture in the ice. It was determined to abandon her, and return home over the frozen sea by means of small boats and sledges. This formidable undertaking was successfully accomplished, though not without the extremest toil and pain. By the middle of August the ice fields had been traversed, the open water was reached, and the boats were joyfully launched for the yet adventurous voyage to Novaya Zemlya. Here Russian fishing vessels were found, and a safe return was assured.

We have left ourselves no space to speak more in detail of the scientific results of this remarkable expedition. They confirm the now prevailing opinion that there is no "open Polar Sea." And they must further serve to guide Arctic explorations in the future more towards the observation of natural phenomena, and less in the direction of mere geographical discovery. The prompt creation in this behalf of a German Commission of

Arctic Exploration is one of the first fruits of the expedition of the "Tegetthoff."

We have only to say of this work in conclusion that it is written with great power, simplicity and beauty; and that its illustrations, upwards of one hundred in number, and mostly of Arctic scenery, add vastly to its attractiveness and value.

CONTEMPORARY ART IN EUROPE.*

THE eagerness with which the reading public welcome everything relating to art will doubtless render Mr. Benjamin's volume among the most popular of the season. The three papers of which it is composed have appeared during the past year in *Harper's Magazine*, together with the illustrations, which are exceedingly valuable, consisting as they do of portraits of many of the leading artists of France, England, and Germany, and more than forty engravings from their paintings. Mr. Benjamin, in considering the art of these countries, gives a sketch of academies, schools for instruction and exhibitions; passes the artists in review before us with their especial characteristics and principal works; and discusses the technical excellences and defects, as well as the *motif* and sentiment, of each separately.

According to the author's account, landscape art — the expression of that intense love of nature peculiar to the Briton, and which has found a voice in every poet from Chaucer to Tennyson — is for the present overshadowed by *genre*, for he says "the best modern art in that country is in the treatment of this class of subjects." Portraiture, growing as it does out of the domestic and social instincts peculiar to England, still maintains its high position, and commands princely prices. Millais gets £2,000 for one of his works, and Ouless, a young man, £800 or £1,000. A pleasant sketch of the Romantic School is given, and also of E. Burne Jones, one of its principal artists, "whose paintings hold the same relation to art that Rosetti's religious poems hold to literature."

"No people probably ever had the art instinct more generally diffused than the French, although not to so high a degree, perhaps, as the Greeks or the Italians," says the writer. And we agree with him. In wit, sprightliness, ingenuity, subtlety and acuteness of intellect, and in the love of the beautiful, the French are the modern representatives of the Greeks, but with a vein of brutality and sensualism which seems to have descended in direct line, untamed, from their Latin ancestors. This, together with their want of religious faith, has prevented their achieving anything really great in art, although they have nearly attained perfection in all that constitutes technical excellence. As a "painter of landscape and of human nature" the palm is given to Jules A. Breton, while as a painter of the human figure, Millet, who died last year, is pronounced the greatest artist for the last forty years.

To the art of Germany our writer gives the preference, and especially to the school just rising into eminence at Munich, of which Gabriel Max, Lenbach and Leibl seem the most prominent artists. This school has the distinguishing traits of the modern French school — greater breadth in treatment, more boldness and dash, a due regard for values, and a greater variety in flesh tints; a style and manner quite different from that of Piloty, though formed by his pupils.

In each paper a few words are given to the other arts, architecture and sculpture; also to pottery and household art, although with a timely word of warning, lest under the present mania, the ceramic art should be elevated above its true position.

* Contemporary Art in Europe. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Harper & Brothers.

PIERCE'S MEMOIR OF SUMNER.*

HAPPY the man, who, if permitted to look back upon the world he has left, finds that he whom he has chosen to tell the story of his life fully justifies the wisdom of his selection. This proposition has felicitous illustration in the present noble work. Mr. Pierce has all the essential qualifications for his arduous task, evincing these in the arrangement of his subjects, his just discrimination in the choice of materials, and in his draught upon so many sources of information. By this last device he has succeeded in giving to the work a most agreeable variety.

The early pages of the first volume afford a genealogical summary view of the Sumner family. The founder of the American branch was the namesake of our statesman—Charles Sumner, who, in 1635, came with his wife, Mary, and three sons, William, Roger and George, to Dorchester, Mass. His descendants, living in Milton and Dorchester during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were generally farmers, with large farms and large families. Charles Sumner's grandfather, Job, was born in Milton, in 1754. In 1774 he entered Harvard College, one of his classmates being Nathan Dane. In May, 1775, he joined Washington's army, at Cambridge, as ensign. In April, 1779, Congress gave him a commission of captain in the army. At one time Major André was in his custody. In 1781, he was appointed by Congress a commissioner to settle accounts between the Confederation and Georgia. He remained in that State until his death, September 16, 1789. In 1785, in acknowledgment of his noble service to his country, Harvard College bestowed on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

* Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner. By Edward L. Pierce. 2 vols. Roberts Brothers.

Charles Pinckney Sumner, father of Charles, was born in Milton, and spent his youth in hard work on a farm. He entered Phillips Academy, Andover, and in 1792 entered Harvard College, graduating in 1796, being the classmate of Rev. Leonard Woods, of Andover Theological Seminary, and father of Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, lately President of Bowdoin College. After graduation he taught for a time at Hingham, spent a year in the West Indies, and began the study of law, becoming the partner of Josiah Quincy. His tastes were decidedly literary; he wrote both verse and prose; in 1800, when twenty-four years of age, he delivered, Feb. 22, at Milton, a eulogy on Washington, just departed. He was active in politics, and was clerk of the House of Representatives several years, his friend Joseph Story being Speaker. In 1810 he married Relief Jacob. In 1819 he left the bar to become a deputy sheriff, and in 1825, was made sheriff. His increased income enabled him to give his son Charles a college education. He was a noble citizen, of spotless integrity, fond of learning, and a severe but just father. His wife was a model American woman.

Inheriting the manly virtues of his grandfather and father, Charles Sumner entered life under propitious circumstances. He was one of nine children. Albert, born in 1812, was drowned, with his only daughter, at sea, in 1856. Henry, born 1814, and George, 1817, received mercantile training. The latter was a very accomplished man. Jane, born in 1820, died at seventeen. She was a very lovely girl. In the words of the biographer, "goodness was her chief characteristic." Mary soon followed her, dying of consumption. Horace, born in 1824, perished with Margaret Fuller Ossoli, in the wreck of the ship "Elizabeth," in July, 1850. Julia was born in 1827; married, in 1854, Dr. John Hastings, of San Francisco.

Having briefly traced his family antecedents, we now begin the record of the great Charles Sumner's life. Having learned the rudiments of knowledge in a private school, he attended the West Writing (afterwards known as the Mayhew) School. He was "amiable and quick, and more mature than most of the other scholars." His father decided that he should not learn the classics; but Charles had his own way, and with his little savings bought a Latin Grammar and a "Liber Primus." One morning he surprised his father by reading from these. Among his school-mates at the Latin School were Robert C. Winthrop, George S. Hillard, George T. Bigelow, James Freeman Clarke and S. F. Smith, all of whom became eminent in after life. He won a third prize for a translation from Ovid, and a second for one from Sallust; two years later, second prizes for a Latin hexameter poem, and an English theme. For these he received an

English edition of Gibbon's History, in twelve volumes.

Passing over Mr. Sumner's law studies, his assistance to Judge Story and Simon Greenleaf, in the Dane Law School, we may say that he entered on a partnership with Geo. S. Hillard, and became editor of the *Jurist*, and won two or three cases in court; we accompany him on his voyage to Europe, to which he had long looked forward eagerly. It may be said here that he took no honors on graduation, but some years later was favored by an election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He made several journeys to Western New York, and Washington, where he made a quite long stay, meeting and knowing men like Webster, Calhoun and other celebrities. With Miss Fanny Kemble, then in tender youth, the staid young Sumner fell in love; but the passion proved ephemeral. His nature was shaped for graver cares. The first two hundred pages of the first volume are mainly filled with his correspondence—with his classmates, Judge Story, Greenleaf, Dr. Lieber, Prof. Mittermaier of Heidelberg, and many others. These letters are deeply interesting, and clearly reveal the qualities of heart and mind which in later years he made so illustrious.

He left New York, Dec. 8, 1837, in the sailing ship "Albany," arriving in Havre, Dec. 28. Thence he went at once to Paris, where he spent some weeks in listening to lectures, scientific and philosophic. His ignorance of the French tongue proved a serious obstacle to his success; but he manfully set to work, under two teachers, to master it, and finally was able to sustain himself in conversation. He made some friends in Paris, and, on the whole, enjoyed his visit.

At last he went to England, landing at London under powerful emotion. From this point through the first volume, the story is told in his own well-chosen and well-ordered words, in letters to friends at home. He was received with marked attention by the most eminent Englishmen—the legal and judicial element being largely represented. He met with chancellors, judges, barons, sergeants—Parke, Lord Denmore, Baron Alderson, Vaughan, and other justices. Follett, the great advocate, Lushington, Talfourd, Grote, Jeffrey, Rogers, the banker-poet, Milman, Monkton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), Brougham, Hume, and an hundred others hardly less famous. Invited to dinner, sometimes to a dozen places at once, he lacked time for his correspondence. The attentions paid him were not mere courtesies, but general honors to his nationality, to his talents and grace. The letters in which he narrates his journeys through England, Scotland and Ireland, his views of ancient monuments, cathedrals, old mansions, and natural scenery, all these are most fascinating, possessing not only the charm of an elegant epistolary diction, but also the substantial value of information. His account of his visit to Lord Brougham is a marvel of concise and vivid portraiture, to say nothing of his keen analysis of the great man's character. Compared with these letters, those of the late Mr. Ticknor, so full of egotism, sink into insignificance. At Holkham, the grand estate of the Earl of Leicester, he found pure enjoyment. Here it was that Chantrey, the sculptor, killed two woodcocks at one shot, and here that artist raised a marble monument illustrative of his feat. W. G. Cooksley, a master at Eton, wrote this epitaph on the birds:

"We fled from Norway o'er the German wave,
And pilgrims here, we found an early grave;
Hard fate was ours; for here, at Holkham farm,
We deemed the stranger had been safe from harm.
But Heav'n consoled us with our victor's name,
And he that slew us gave us endless fame."

The record ends in Volume I, in Dec. 1837. Vol. II comprises the period between that date and July 4, 1845. Six chapters of Vol. II treat of his travels in France, Italy and Germany. His adventures, observations and experiences in those lands are reported in a series of letters to his Boston friends, graphic, entertaining, but often repetitious, and too full of fulsome eulogy of his friends. It was kind of him to show so deep an interest in Crawford, the sculptor; but it seems to us in bad taste to importune his friends so incessantly in the artist's behalf. Of Story and Greenough he has much to say. In his stay in England, after his visits to the countries above named—of which he admired Italy, and was indifferent to Germany, he renewed his English friendships, and wearies the reader with the echoes of their praises. It is creditable to him that he animadverted severely on the books on England of Cooper and Willis.

In March, 1840, he returned home, meeting the heartiest welcome from his many friends. Rejoining Mr. Hillard as partner, he resumed the practice of law quite actively. While in Europe he had written an important paper on the Northeastern boundary question, which was finally settled by the Ashburton Treaty, negotiated by the Lord of that name and Daniel Webster. After his return he prepared a paper on the famous U. S. brig "Somers" mutiny, for participation in which three culprits were hanged by order of the commander. Their leader, Philip Spencer, was the son of the Secretary of War. The tragedy gave rise to great excitement, and Mr. Sumner's argument was accepted as conclusive as to the commander's authority to order the execution of the sentence. To the right of search in the suppression of the slave-trade he gave close attention, writing several cogent papers on the subject.

About 1842 he became an assiduous student of slavery. He had long been a reader of Garrison's paper, the *Liberator;* but he did not fully accept its very radical opinions. Especially he denounced the demand of these reformers for a dissolution of the Union. Though thinking deeply on this new subject of agitation, he took an active interest in Dr. Howe's project for helping the blind, and prosecuted his legal business with energy. All this time he kept *au courant* with literature, which in this country had begun to expand and improve. He was very intimate with Longfellow, Holmes, Ticknor, and other writers. In 1843 he wrote an able letter on slavery and citizenship to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in Washington. Throughout the work Mr. Sumner goes out of his way to belaud Mr. Prescott, two of whose histories had just been published, almost forcing topics upon his English friends. He praises Prescott's style—praises which we cannot approve, remembering the many grammatical defects in "Charles V."

The Fourth of July, 1845, was one of the most memorable days in the life of Charles Sumner. On that day he pronounced an oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." The main thesis of this oration was: "In our age, there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." Hon. P. W. Chandler, who heard him, thus portrays his aspect:

"He was then the impersonation of manly beauty and power, of commanding stature; his figure no longer slender, as in student days, but well developed; his features finely cut, his dark hair hanging in masses over his left brow, his face lighting with the smile which always won his friends at one sight. He wore a dress coat, with gilt buttons—a fancy of lawyers at that period—and white waistcoat and trousers. His gestures were unstudied, and followed no rules; the most frequent one was the swinging of the arm above the head. His voice was clear and strong, resounding through the hall, but at times falling in cadences mellow and pathetic. Seldom has there been seen on the platform a more attractive presence than his, as now, at the age of thirty-four, he stood, for the first time, before the people assembled to hear him."

He said that "war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness." The oration pleased the few, but angered the many; and Major John Clark, a military man, stood up and condemned the orator in sturdy English. Dr. J. G. Palfrey (since the learned historian of New England) rose and protested against the doctrine of the orator as to war and true national greatness. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop also opposed; and in the end, the eloquent speaker made but little capital by his speech. The only retort that troubled Mr. Sumner was that of Horace Mann, his dear friend, who argued that war is often made in the interest of justice. Mr. Sumner in this oration, as in all his political acts, was far in advance of his time, and he reaped the legitimate consequence of his temerity. The people admired, but feared, and many hated him. But the intelligent masses cherish fondly his memory, as that of a great man who loved and sacrificed himself to his country.

The chief blemish in this work is the intense and pervading egotism of Mr. Sumner,

whose letters make up its bulk. During the adulation lavished upon him in England he was driven to such excessive excitement that he seems to have lost his balance, and to have felt as if he were volitating through the ambient air. But the book is a national treasure, honorable to its subject and its *rédacteur*.

S. R. CROCKER.

South Boston.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—HOWELLS.*

NOT Mr. Howells's own autobiography, by any means, interesting as that would be sure to be; but a series of the choice autobiographies of other celebrities, recovered out of the past, loosed from the clasp of foreign language, and shaped by his dexterous hand into comeliness for presentation to American readers. The volumes are of "Little Classic" proportions and style, and are to appear at frequent intervals until, in course of time, they will have grown, we doubt not, into quite a library. The plan is a very happy one, and of the fine quality of its execution there can be no doubt.

Prominent among the numerous excellences of the series, so far, are the essays with which each volume is introduced to the reader. These essays are both biographical and critical; as critical they weight the literary worth of the autobiographic story, and as biographical they are a microcosm of the autobiography itself.

Frederica Wilhelmina, the sister of Frederick the Great, was born in 1709 and died in 1748. The years of her short life were a series of physical and mental sufferings. Her father was a brute and abused her; her husband was a libertine, and faithless to her.

"Her father would beat her, and shut her up in her room, where she had nothing to eat but a watery soup made of the refuse of the table, so that she was glad of the charity of the good people who sent her food by stealth; and the queen, if she suspected her of yielding to her father, who was bent on breaking off the double marriage [with the royal family of England] treated her with the utmost disdain and reproach. The king was always bringing her suitors whom she detested, and swearing that he would marry her now to this profligate prince, and now to that; and as for his son, the crown-prince [afterwards Frederick the Great] he used him worse than a slave. He was always caning him, and buffeting him in the face, which he sometimes covered with blood, till at last the wretched prince conspired with one of his friends to run away. The plot was discovered, and the king wanted to cut off his son's head; but this even his evil geniuses would not permit. So he had his son's friend beheaded, and made two of his generals hold the prince at a window overlooking the scaffold and thus force him to see his comrade die a hideous death. He accused the princess of having this poor young man for her secret lover; he heaped infamous reproaches upon her; he fell upon her with his hands and his feet, and once he tried to kill her. To escape from the terrible sufferings she was fain at last to yield to his wishes, and marry whom he would. He happened to choose for her a very good and gentle prince, but not of a great house, and as he continued to cheat her in her marriage settlements, he was for a time very fond of her, and promised her favors which he never showed."

From the pen of this princess, whose wretched life is thus graphically sketched by Mr. Howells in his introductory essay, flowed a most interesting diary, first published in 1810, as *Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth;* a picture of royal German life during the first quarter of the last century. Its background is occupied with examples of political chicanery, of petty ambitions, of private bickerings, of shameless intrigues; and its center is possessed by the princess, who, as she paints herself as daughter, sister, wife and mother, commands our sympathy for her sufferings, and our admiration for the heroism of her endurance of them. It is a thoroughly human work; a transcript of a woman's feelings and patience rather than of her thoughts and deeds. Its narrations are as vivid, minute, fascinating as those of Pepys, but they are happily free from those petty trivialities which disfigure the diary of the chronicler of the reign of Charles II. The style is graceful and limpid; and the clearness and vivacity of the French, which the Margravine wrote with unusual skill for a Berliner of her times, is well preserved in the translation.

Mr. Howells's sketch of the life and work of Vittorio Alfieri (1749–1803) is a most discriminative criticism of this second-rate Italian poet. At once how delicate and how strong are these lines:

"I once fancied that a very close parallel between Alfieri and Byron might be drawn, but their disparities are greater than their resemblances on the whole. Alfieri seems the vaster sincerer man of the two, and though their lives were alike in some lamentable particulars, Alfieri's life strikes me as unmoral and Byron's as immoral. There is an antique simplicity in Alfieri; Byron is the essence of conscious romanticism, and modern in the worst sense. But both were born noble, both lived in voluntary exile, both imagined themselves friends and admirers of liberty, both had violent natures, and both indulged the curious hypocrisy of desiring to seem worse than they were, and of trying to make out a shocking case for themselves when they could."

Between Edward, Lord Herbert, (1581–1648) and Thomas Ellwood (1639–1713), whose lives are coupled together in a single volume, the editor draws this suggestive parallel:

"They are both characters of the most distinct type, of a like heroic mould in many things, and of a similar devotedness, however diverse in their theories of religion and of life; it were hard to say which is the worse fact. Herbert represents the last phase of chivalry, the essence of which lingered in his heart and influenced his conduct, while his daring intellect questioned the highest things, and infinitely removed him from medievalism. He was of the cosmopolitan nobility, which found itself at home anywhere in the world of courts and camps; and he was patrician to the last drop of his blood. Ellwood was of the new dispensation which shunned the world, which bade men fashion themselves on Christ's example, and abhorred crowns and vanities. His sect goes forward to an early extinction, but its animating spirit can never die out of the world; it must prevail and rule at last. The courtier is picturesque and romantic, in a degree which takes the artistic sense with keen delight; the Quaker is good and beautiful, with a simple righteousness that comforts and strengthens the soul."

If the future volumes of the series prove to be as ably edited and as interesting in their autobiographies as the four now before us, the public will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Howells which, we believe, it will not be slow to pay.

* Autobiography. Edited by William D. Howells. Memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina. 2 vols. Life of Vittorio Alfieri. 1 vol. Lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Thomas Ellwood. 1 vol. James R. Osgood & Co.

POETRY—NEW AND OLD.

The poem which gives its name to Mr. Stedman's new volume[1] was read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College at the last Commencement. It is a loving and reverent tribute to the memory of one whose place in our literature is, and must ever be, unique. The poet brings before us the two-fold world of loneliness and of legend in which Hawthorne, even from boyhood, walked. And we are led to trace the growth of that deeper sympathy, that finer insight to which was revealed more of the meaning of Nature's varied moods, and a truer understanding of the phases of early New England character, than any other American author has gained. And if a shadow seemed to rest upon Hawthorne's whole life, it was not, the poet assures us, from a lack of sunshine in his own heart, but rather from the thoughtful mood in which he studied the mystery and fate that enwrap our daily lives. Others remain to sing for us of nature and of mind:

"But he whose quickened eye
Saw through New England's life her inmost spirit,
Her heart, and all the stays on which it leant,
Returns not, since he laid the pencil by
Whose mystic touch none other shall inherit."

The verse is in Mr. Stedman's best manner, and shows the effect of patient study. Most of the other poems in the book have appeared in the magazines. Among them are the lines at the unveiling of the Greeley monument, the battle charge of Kearney, and the eulogy of Custer. "The Lord's Day Gale" and "Sister Beatrice" are longer and more imaginative poems. Two bits of translation from the Greek close the volume; one in dactylic hexameters, the story of Agamemnon's death from the Odyssey, the other, the dramatic account of his death as given by Æschylus.

Mr. Leighton, whose first drama called forth praises from critics on both sides of the sea, is an example, with Mr. Stedman, of the union of literary taste and skill, and poetic gifts, with the qualities necessary to success in business. A native of Cambridge, Mass., he graduated at the Lawrence Scientific School in 1855, and has been for some years engaged in the manufacture of glass ware at Wheeling, West Virginia. But his dramas show that he has found time for a careful

[1] Edmund Clarence Stedman. Hawthorne and Other Poems. J. R. Osgood & Co.

study of early English history and of the models of English versification. The story which our author has chosen for his new poem [2] belongs to the England of the seventeenth century, and the scene is laid at York. The time of the action satisfies the most rigid rules of the drama, for it covers only twenty-four hours; yet within these limits, and without sacrificing the unity of the piece, the interest is made as varied as it is vivid. Edwin, the greatest Saxon king before Egbert, was virtually the overlord of all Saxon England. His queen was a Christian princess of Kent, and the story of the conversion of his heathen court, so charmingly told by the quaint chronicler, forms the historic ground-work of the drama. The central figure of the play is Enid, a captive Welsh princess, betrothed to Penda, the subject-king of Mercia. She is in the midst of a two-fold danger; for her beauty has aroused the desire of Pellitus, the king's magician, and the king has promised her in marriage to Coifi, the high-priest of Odin, as a reward for his change of faith. Her brother, who in disguise comes to the court to release her, is discovered and imprisoned. And Penda, seconded by the Mercian Earls, pleads for Enid in vain. He cannot give up the gods of his fathers even to win his bride; and on no other condition will the king grant his prayer. But Pellitus is killed by a Welsh slave, and in a tumult in the palace, Penda slays Coifi for blaspheming Odin, leads away his Enid, and throws off all allegiance to Edwin. The king and queen are faithfully drawn and the selfishness of Coifi and Penda's stern firmness are well preserved. But Paulinus seems more like a wary Italian ecclesiastic than befits the simple-minded saint of Northumbria, and we are grieved to find the earl, of whose eagerness to solve the mystery of life Bede has told us, transformed into a light and jesting courtier. Through the whole play, too, the gray twilight of Edwin's England has caught too much of the sunlight of a later day. In style, Mr. Leighton's verse is pure, strong and graceful, while the tone of his thought is well sustained, and his characters are clearly drawn. It is a good omen that our poets are turning their thought to the early history of our race, and its treasures so long neglected.

With the sentiment of Mr. Parton in his compilation of French poetry, [3] that he "can sincerely congratulate any intelligent person upon possessing it," we cordially agree. Its five hundred short poems are the *crème de la crème* of the work of French poets from Rousseau and Voltaire to Musset and Hugo. The selections are, in the main, "historical and patriotic," "moral and contemplative," "religious," "narrative," "dramatic," "satirical," and "epigrammatic." Though many familiar and admirable poems are not to be found in the volume, yet judged as a whole, it is well worthy of its name, *La Parnasse Français*. Mr. Parton's preface, however, is not altogether worthy either of his pen or of the volume.

The selections from Herrick [4] form a new volume in the same series with the "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics." And to those who have learned to prize the latter book as the least disappointing of all anthologies of English verse, the name of Mr. Palgrave will be an assurance that the selection has been made with taste, good judgment, and care. "Herrick's merits," as Mr. Palgrave justly remarks in his dedication, "placed him beyond the sympathy of his own age; his blemishes, beyond that of later times." His verse had too little of "learned polish" and political gossip to please the courtiers of the Stuarts; while his very diffuseness, aside from the occasional moral coarseness of his thought, makes him unacceptable to modern readers. Hence, there is need of just such a book as this, to introduce those who know him only by one or two stray songs to a wider acquaintance with the beauties of his verse. The notes are many and helpful, and without display of pedantry. And in his introduction, Mr. Palgrave has given, with his usual delicacy of touch and fineness of phrase, a careful estimate of Herrick's worth as a poet, and of his relation, rather of contrast than of likeness, to the Lovelaces, Carews, and Wallers of his own time, and to the mightier poets of an earlier day. The little book contains the best productions of his idyllic, amatory, epigrammatic, and even of his serious muse, and can hardly fail to bring a pure and worthy pleasure to those who read it.

Mr. Pennell's verses, [5] if printed with less typographical display and without the twelve accompanying illustrations by Du Maurier, would attract little notice, except for a certain cleverness of fancy and diction which enables them to arrest and hold attention for a moment. They belong to that order of small-talk which so largely forms the staple of party conversation. Young men and maidens are the prominent figures of both the poet and his artist; and those of our readers who find their enjoyment in what is known as "society," with dependence on coquetry and flirtation to give special zest to life, may find passing entertainment in the volume.

[2] At the Court of King Edwin. A Drama. By William Leighton, Jr. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[3] *La Parnasse Français*. A Book of French Poetry, from A. D. 1550 to the Present Time. Selected by James Parton. James R. Osgood & Co.

[4] Chrysomela; a Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick. With notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. Macmillan & Co.

[5] Pegasus Resaddled. By H. Cholmondeley Pennell. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

☞ Misled by a newspaper paragraph we erroneously gave Mr. Bryant's age, in our last number, as eighty-four. It is eighty-three. The 3d of November last was his birthday.

DECEMBER POETRY.

From the Periodicals.

WAPENTAKE.

To Alfred Tennyson.

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

LONGFELLOW in *The Atlantic*.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be.
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that — ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past —
Hushed the primæval languages of men —
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.

BRYANT in the *International Review*.

DICKENS.

As one who flings large hospitable doors
Wide to a world of masquers whom he has bade
Sweep hurrying onward with their paces mad
And merrily flood his vacant chamber-floors,
Even so with him about whose form in scores
Humanity's eager passions, blithe or sad,
Rush reveling, and however strangely clad,
Are still the old rascals, bigots, fools and bores!
Ah, what a riotous witch-dance they prolong,
Of avarice, hatred, hope, revenge, despair!
How right flies timorous from the clutch of wrong!
How pleasure and ease take hands with toil and care!
While humor, that wild harlequin, here and there,
Dashes in spangled somersaults through the throng!

EDGAR FAWCETT in *Scribner's*.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie —
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

ELAINE GOODALE (13 years old) in *St. Nicholas*.

THE DEAD BEE.

Where honeysuckles scent the way,
I heard thee humming yesterday;
Thy little life was not in vain,
It gathered sweets for other's gain,
And somewhere in a dainty cell
Is stored delicious hydromel.

O poet! in thy calm retreat,
From joy and grief extracting sweet,
Some day thy fancy's wings must fold
And thou lie motionless and cold.
Perhaps thy garnered honey then
May be the food of living men.

FLETCHER BATES in *Scribner's*.

THE MEERSCHAUM.

Scorn not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed;
The poet Tennyson hath oft invoked
The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in Nicotinian mood;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;
Full oft have Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pour
Consolatory whiff — alas! too brief!

"ONE WHO KNOWS WHEREOF HE WRITES" in *Harper's*.

PARTON'S HISTORY OF CARICATURE.*

THE wit of a picture or a joke depends so much on the success with which it hit the passing humor of the hour, that its aroma is apt to be lost when the historian undertakes to gather up and preserve it. The solemn truth of yesterday to-day causes a smile, and that which is witty to-day will be flat to-morrow. The further we drift from any given point where our predecessors have embodied their thoughts and feelings in art and literature, the more unmeaning to us that literature and art become. Even an American, strolling through the village grave-yard and studying the odd figures on the stones, naturally starts back with a shock at discovering what a gap exists between himself and his ancestors, if measured by the difference between his and their expression in the forms of art of those ideas which all are accustomed to associate with death — if, indeed, the ideas themselves have not changed. The hideous death's-heads and fat, rollicking angels have little to do with our more spiritualized notions about the future life. To our immediate predecessors they expressed the most solemn of the soul's feelings; they are now become humorous. The difficulty in distinguishing what was meant to be witty from what is humorous merely because it has since become so, is one that meets the historian of caricature at the outset. To master it is to find the key that unlocks a treasure-house of human passions, joys and sorrows into which the remains of ancient art and literature invite us to enter.

With this and the other difficulties of selecting from a great mass of material what is of general and lasting interest, and putting it before the reader in an interesting way, Mr. Parton has been successful. He has had the fortune, it is true, to be able to travel a good part of the way in the footsteps of two men, who have brought to the subject great store of special learning and, perhaps, a greater power of art criticism. These are Wright and Champfleury. Our author has not the antiquarian lore that fills the Englishman's pages, nor does he come, like the Frenchman, loaded with the original fruits of a long-extended study; but he covers more ground than either and does it in an equally entertaining way. In political caricature he is thoroughly at home, and into the description of the beautiful cuts that make half the worth of the book, he weaves a running thread of keen and witty criticism on the men, the manners, and the political measures that have been caricatured in forms worth preserving.

Speaking of the "secularization" of the art, literature, and politics of the eighteenth century, when Hogarth and his compeers found ample field for the satiric pencil, Mr. Parton says:

"The brilliant men of the time had learned to deride the faith which had been a restraining force upon the propensities of man for fifteen centuries, but were very far from having learned to be continent, temperate and just without its aid. Four treatises against the miracles Voltaire boasted of having seen during his residence in England in 1727 and 1728; but these treatises did not moderate the warmth of human passions, nor change any other element in the difficult problem of existence. Walpole bribed, Swift maligned, Bolingbroke intrigued, Charteris seduced, and Marlborough peculated just as if the New Light had not dawned and the miracles had remained intact. Do we not, even in our own time, see inquiring youth, bred in strait-laced homes, assuming that since there are two opinions as to the origin of things, it is no longer necessary to comply with the moral laws? The splendid personages of that period seem to have been in a moral condition similar to that of such a youth. It was the fashion to be dissolute; it was 'provincial' to obey those laws of our being from compliance with which all human welfare and all honest joy have come."

Nearly half the book takes us in directions in which no author has hitherto led; besides the chapters on caricature in modern Germany, in China and Japan, we are given the best that our own artists have accomplished from the days of Stuart's Gerrymander to those of Nast's pictorial crusade against the Tammany Ring. The volume makes a fitting supplement, if not, indeed, a formidable rival, to Wright and Champfleury, and in its interest to an American reader, as well as in the superb character of its illustrations, we match it against anything of the kind that has hitherto been produced.

* Caricature and Other Comic Art. By James Parton. Harper & Brothers.

PHILLIPS BROOKS ON PREACHING.*

EVIDENTLY the day of preaching has not gone by. The sermon has as many hearers as in any previous age. It has passed its proper domain of speech, and invaded the realm of print. The novel has no surer audience than the sermon. It has become so thoroughly a staple of our intellectual and moral life that it is not strange religious educators are devoting not only special efforts to the training of preachers, but are casting about for new methods of instruction. It was certainly a happy thought that led to the custom now observed by several schools of theology, of inviting preachers of recognized ability to lecture upon the art of preaching. The wisdom of such a course is too evident to need defense. It is true that the lecturer will inevitably rehearse — perhaps unconsciously and without egotism — his own methods; but this is exactly what is aimed at and needed. The object is to get these nascent preachers into such contact with the masters of the pulpit that their personality shall be felt by them as stimulus and inspiration.

It is creditable to the Congregationalist Theological School at New Haven, that it invited the Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, to lecture before it, and it is creditable to Mr. Brooks that he accepted the invitation. Perhaps he here gave his finest illustration of the vocation of a preacher — that he preaches wherever he is wanted.

As to the lectures, we do not hesitate to say that they are of more practical value than any work of the sort we have ever seen. We do not mean that they take the place of recognized treatises on Homiletics, or that they supplant previous courses on the same topics. They are peculiar in taking for granted all the finer homiletical rules and hygienic precepts, and striking at once to the root of the subject, and revealing at the outset what the author regards as the secret of preaching — viz: *character*. The leading and special element in preaching is personality, and the power of the preacher is graduated by the height and force of his character. "The man is behind the minister; what is in the sermon must be in the preacher first." This is the one thought to which the author constantly returns in these eight lectures, and while there are many pithy and sententious utterances — indeed we have seldom read a more quotable book — its power consists in the inspiration he throws around his theme. It is a book to be read for the *feeling* it awakens, but feeling so lofty that it is one with wisdom and truth. A preacher who can read this thin volume without a feeling of exultation in his profession, may consider that he has missed his vocation. The book is permeated with an air of nobility such as we know not how to describe. We suspect it comes from the lecturer himself, who, having a noble nature, has also got very near the secret of Christianity, and so is enabled to speak of it and its presentation somewhat according to its own lofty and noble spirit.

It is often remarked that preachers, after a few years, "outgrow Robertson." Our own opinion is that those who "outgrow" Robertson have never grown into any right understanding of him; and we are happy to find that Mr. Brooks, who certainly is not without experience and is beyond question one of the most effective of living preachers, places the same high estimate upon his sermons. He says:

"I think that in all the best qualities of preaching they stand supreme among the sermons of our time."

Two further quotations, if we may take the liberty, we would commend to all young preachers, with the opinion that they seem to us very timely in view of certain tendencies now coming into prominence:

"We hear a good deal about preaching over people's heads. There is such a thing. But generally it is not the character of the ammunition, but the fault of aim, that makes the missing shot. There is nothing worse for a preacher than to come to think that he must preach down to peo-

* Lectures on Preaching, Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, 1877. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.

ple; that they cannot take the very best he has to give. He grows to despise his own sermons, and the people quickly learn to sympathize with their minister. The people will get the heart out of the most thorough and thoughtful sermon, if only it really is a sermon. . . . .

"Never be afraid to call upon your people to follow your best thought, if only it is really trying to lead them somewhere."

The aptness to the times of the following compact bit of wisdom will be generally conceded:

"Never sacrifice your honor for truth to your desire for usefulness."

LEWES ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MIND.*

THE title of this volume defines it, or, at least, together with the author's well-known philosophical proclivities, suggests its contents. Its aim is to account for the entire class of phenomena commonly known as mental, by the bodily organism. In form it is didactic rather than polemic. It assails no religious dogmas, treats opposing theories with candor, and is manifestly the legitimate exposition of the author's belief, and of the grounds on which it rests. It is carefully written, bears traces of earnest thought, and deserves a more elaborate treatment than our limited space can easily afford.

The problem first in order is "The Nature of Life." We must say that the author's definition of Life presents a fair specimen of what the logicians call "a circle in defining', (*circulus in definiendo*). "Life is the functional activity of an organism in relation to its medium; . . . . . it is the sum of the functions which are the resultants of vitality; vitality being the sum of the properties of matter in the state of organization." If we substitute for vitality "the state of being alive," with which it is synonymous, the sentence becomes a somewhat complex truism. Mr. Lewes, in fact, regards life as the resultant of organization, as the natural product of a certain stage of evolution; of course, therefore, as potentially resident in protoplasm in its nebular state, and as virtually commencing when first a nucleus of protoplasm differentiated itself from circumambient matter. The author dissents from Darwin as to the development of the various forms of life, chiefly by transcending him. He regards variations of structure as, indeed, perpetuated by Natural Selection, but as having originated in great part in "the struggle for existence," which took place, not only among organized beings with one another, but equally or more than equally among parts of the same complex organism, each part availing itself to its utmost capacity of the means of growth and the opportunities for development furnished by the medium in which it lived. He deems the theory of initial differences in the germinal cells a tenable hypothesis, yet prefers, on the score of simplicity, the theory of the descent of all organisms from one primordial germ, self-propagating, and infinitely modifiable by the surrounding medium. We have no objection to either of these theories; but are glad to find one philosopher, of what calls itself the reigning school, who does not know with any greater certainty than we do, precisely how life began. On either hypothesis life did begin,—was not inherent in primeval protoplasm, which—it is admitted on all sides—cooled down from a temperature far above the highest at which vital germs can subsist. Must it not then have been life, or a lifeward tendency, that first gave distinct being to the germinal cells or nuclei? This is rendered at least probable by the admitted fact that the seat of life is not in the organs or the organism, but in the inorganic fluid, which replenishes itself from the dead organic matter which constitutes food, and replaces the dead and constantly perishing tissue which we call organism. Yet so far as our knowledge extends, life is never spontaneous, but always proceeds from pre-existent life. Can it have been of spontaneous origin in the first germ or germs, and never afterward? Or rather, do not both these theories postulate a beginning of life on our planet from preëxistent life, which could have resided only in supreme, or at least supernatural being,—in fine, in a God supreme or superior over outward nature? But if life came from Him, it may possess attributes which belong to His own life,—attributes which, because they are non-material, we term spiritual.

Our author regards the nervous mechanism as possessed of vitality, aside from consciousness. So long as the structure of any portion of it remains unchanged, it lives, though separated from the rest of the organism, as in the legs of the dismembered frog, or the tail of the mutilated serpent. External stimuli produce molecular changes in the nervous system, which are propagated through its whole extent, but with an intensity diminishing with the distance, except at certain nerve-centers, where the neural substance has more numerous and more delicate convolutions. The nerve-centers, by receiving, intensifying, prolonging, and, as it were, reverberating the movement started by exterior stimuli, become the seat of sensibility. Sensation belongs to the entire neural system; but, so far as consciousness is concerned, it derives its distinctive character from the nerve-center to which it extends, and which is affected by it according to the nature of the stimulus. The nervous tissue must, at the outset, have been distributed equally through the entire frame of the living being; but the stress and frequency of stimuli of specific kinds, connected with circumstances in the animal's physical condition, caused an excess of molecular movement in certain portions of the tissue, especially in the cerebral regions, and thus a fuller neurine development, both in the brain as a whole, and in the parts that had been subjected to special stimuli, as of sound or light,—a development not only transmitted to successive generations, but increased by the very processes in which it had its beginning.

According to our author, all action is automatic. The only distinction between involuntary and voluntary action is that of the greater or less directness of their connection with outward stimuli. Both alike spring from sensibility,—from sensation. Ideas are, as their name implies, material. They are visual symbols of sensations; or, rather, they are sensations so prolonged as to lose something of their individuality. The idea of a horse bears very much the same relation to the sensation derived from seeing a horse, which the autumnal skeleton of a maple-leaf bears to what that same leaf was in June. Attenuated, sublimated sensations are the sole staple of imagination, poetry, philosophy, religion. Given the exterior condition and experiences of any human being and his specific nervous organization, his entire mental action (so-called) could be predicted, and his interior life mapped out in its every detail.

The difference between conscious and unconscious acts has, in like manner, a solely physical explanation. Reflex acts, even when discriminating, as in the case of the somnambulist, indicate neither reflection nor memory. The entire nervous structure, being sensitive, *re-sents* (so to speak) any stimulus from without, and from repetition acquires certain habitual modes or *re-senting* certain stimuli. If the nerves at the nervous centers are in a state of activity, there is a clear consciousness of the stimulus applied and of the neural reaction; but if these centers (i. e., in man, the brain) be, for the time being, sluggish, as in sleep, or preoccupied with the ideal products of former sensations, as in deep thought, the nerves immediately affected react in the normal way without being distinctly noticed or leaving any trace in the memory.

Such is a brief outline of the theory maintained in the volume before us. Its chief defect is that it fails to account for personal self-consciousness; and nearly akin to this is its utterly ignoring the large class of concepts which have no possible connection with, or derivation from, the objects of sensation. Supposing an organism to have attained the utmost degree of perfection in all its parts, movements and functions, at what stage of its development would it have ceased to be merely objective, and become subjective? Moreover, is there not in the human consciousness an element wholly independent of

* The Physical Basis of Mind. Second Series of Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. James R Osgood & Co.

organism? No materialistic philosopher was ever so far a materialist in feeling as to term his whole body, with all its parts and powers, I. We will venture to say that Mr. Lewes calls his body, in its entireness, not *me*, but *mine*.

Still farther, the objects of religious faith and feeling, together with many of the concepts of philosophy, have no material counterparts, and cannot be traced back, by a route however circuitous, to mere sensations. If these objects are real and these concepts valid, it cannot be pretended that they have ever been apprehended by the senses; and if they are mere delusions and dreams, then they are certainly without any material source or parallel, and can be acted upon — mistakenly though it be — only by supersensual faculties.

Nor is volition always reducible, even from our author's own stand-point, to the nervous reaction from sensations caused by external stimuli. There is a will-power which can resist this reaction, and lay upon the executive portions of the nervous structure orders diametrically opposed to those which, by physical laws, would come to them from the nerve-centers. There is within us, as to this matter, a two-fold consciousness. We are conscious, to a certain degree, of the physical necessity implied in the materialistic theory of mind. To a certain degree action upon the nerve-centers is succeeded by an inevitable reaction. But we are conscious of the power, on the one hand, of arresting and reverting this reaction, and, on the other hand, of giving it full sweep and succumbing to it. In other words, we can, under outward and nervine conditions, identical so far as the scientist can determine, keep ourselves under the control of physical laws, so that our conduct shall be the natural result of sensation and the ensuing nervous action; or we can govern our conduct by laws whose analysis transcends the scope of the scalpel and of the keenest research. That the physical conditions in these two cases are unlike is a mere hypothesis, which cannot be verified, and is therefore unworthy of the positive philosophy, which professes to rest only upon observed and ascertained facts. The entire class of phenomena appertaining to the human consciousness and will, which are conventially termed spiritual, have as yet eluded physical analysis, and while this continues to be the case, sound philosophy constrains us to regard them as a separate class, under higher laws.

But while we cannot admit our author's conclusions, and contend that he has given us only a partial view of its professed subject, the work must be regarded as the best, as it is the latest, exposition of the philosophy which it interprets, and, though not a complete analysis of mind, as an admirable treatise on the relation of the nervous system to a large and important section of mental phenomena.

ANDREW P. PEABODY.

TEXT BOOKS.

The title of the late Professor Bain's work[1] may perhaps mislead. Though a grammar in name, relatively it contains very little that is directly grammatical, and what of this it does contain might perhaps have been omitted. This is especially true of the numerous pages on derivation. These, though in themselves interesting and valuable, have little or no bearing upon the author's subject. Indeed, no analysis can show us how or why *be* in *become* exerts its influence upon the meaning of the word, though it was once, perhaps, easy to trace the influence. The same is true, in a greater or less degree, of many other affixes. But even if we could always see the amount of meaning contributed to a word by its several elements, this would, as to style, benefit us very little, for here we must be guided in the use of words by their meaning as established by usage, and irrespective of their etymology; and one may well know the former without the latter.

In Professor Bain's work there was little need for any formal grammar, for it is the last of a series, the other numbers of which would naturally be studied if this one is. In fact the book is essentially an introduction to rhetoric. Viewed in this light and stripping it of its direct grammatical and etymological features, it has many points of value. Its treatment of the order of words in sentences is excellent, and at the end of the book there is a sample of what may be done with a class in teaching the general principles of style. In *theory*, however, this book, like many others, seems to us a failure, as it proceeds on the supposition that a good style can be acquired by studying grammar. Besides this general error, there are special errors. Though the author sharply criticises the use of the word *thing* in defining a noun, he makes an analogous use of it himself eight or ten times. The analysis of sentences is sometimes wrong, we think, and in some cases sentences seem weakened by the proposed changes. Here, however, there is room for difference of taste, just as, in the analysis of sentences, there is room for difference of opinion. But, on the whole, we should say that with a judicious teacher much of this book could be used with profit.

The volume embodying Seneca's *Treatises on Providence, Tranquility of Mind*,[2] etc., will be welcomed by those teachers who desire to introduce a wider range of authors and subjects than has been allowed under the old curriculum, and who enjoy by the elective system the opportunity of varying and extending their courses. It appears in the handsome dress of the "Douglass Series of Christian Classics," whose peculiar province it in a certain sense approaches; is carefully edited, and supplied with a good critical apparatus. The illustrations are evidently selected cuts, but for the most part truly illustrative; two of them, however, some years since ceased to represent the appearance of the "Palace of the Cæsars," and the "Forum from the Capitol." Not a few students of philosophy and Latin literature, clergymen and others, will prefer this book of annotated selections to the full but bald text of foreign editions, or the free translations in their own or other modern tongues.

The rivalry between the different houses that publish text-books is so warm, that much attention is now given to even minor points in book-making, and we are glad to see that, with the volume just named, those which follow are exceptionally well printed and bound. Mr. Jones's *First Lessons in Latin*,[3] which is made at the University Press, Cambridge, attracts, perhaps, the most attention by its typographical beauty; but the text shows marks of careless proof-reading, a fault especially annoying in a book for beginners. In other respects the work will fully sustain the reputation its author gained by his excellent *Greek Prose Composition*. The arrangement of matter is sensible, the exercises and notes are carefully prepared, and the references to six Latin Grammars render the book available to almost all students.

This last praise cannot be given to Mr. Bartholemew's *Cæsar*.[4] We know that it is natural and customary for the author of a Latin Grammar to prepare a series of text-books to be used with it; but we think that the usefulness of this book would have been increased, if there had been given parallel references to some of the other school grammars as well as to Bartholemew's. Besides the text of the seven books of the Gallic War, there are notes to the first four books, together with an unusually good map of Gaul, and a full vocabulary, which gives much space to the derivation of the words.

Dr. Anthon's editions of the classics have long been before the public. There are teachers who think that he gives too much aid to the indolent student, and critics who accuse him of borrowing indiscriminately from other commentators; but, despite this, his books have gained a wide use and a good reputation in England as well as America.

[1] English Grammar as Bearing upon Composition. By Alexander Bain, LL. D. Henry Holt & Co.

[2] L. Annæus Seneca. Treatises on Providence; on Tranquility of Mind; on Shortness of Life; on Happy Life; together with Select Epistles, Epigrammata, an Introduction, Copious Notes, and Scripture Parallelisms. By John F. Hurst, D. D., and Henry C. Whiting, Ph. D. Harper & Brothers.

[3] First Lessons in Latin. By Elisha Jones. S. C. Griggs & Co.

[4] Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. By G. K. Bartholemew. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.

His commentary on *Euripides*[5] is characterized by this fullness of notes, which often will supply more help to the student, especially in the way of translation, than is either necessary or useful. At the close of the volume, the meters of the annotated plays are carefully analyzed. This feature will, undoubtedly, be of assistance to the student, though scholars will sometimes differ from Dr. Anthon's interpretation of the more difficult chorus meters. His *Livy*,[6] completed after his death by Mr. Craig, is the latest addition to his long series, and will make many students regret anew that his labors for them are forever ended.

Cox's *School History of Greece*[7] seems at first sight a rival of Smith's, which is published in the same series, but a comparison of the two shows that it is intended for an older class of students. While not strictly a condensation, it follows the general plan of the author's larger work, and contains in a small space a great deal about Greek history. We doubt if it is the best thing for the recitation room, but it makes a most handy book for reference, and its price puts it within the reach of the poorest student.

A knowledge of German has come to be an indispensable part of the education of men of science. Germany takes the lead in scientific research, and those who do not follow her closely are soon left far behind. But the student of the German language often finds to his sorrow that the ability to read German letters does not mean the ability to read German scientific works. In this emergency Mr. Hodges's admirable little work[8] will prove of the greatest value. It will in a short time make one familiar with the terms and style of scientific German, so that he can read it with ease. Both the design and the execution of this book deserve the highest praise, and its vocabulary contains many rare terms not found in ordinary German lexicons.

[5] An English Commentary on the Rhesus, Medea, Hippolytus, Alcestis, Heraclidæ, Supplices, and Troades of Euripides, etc. By Chas. Anthon, LL. D. Harper & Bros.

[6] Livy. Books I, II, XXI and XXII. By Charles Anthon and Hugh Craig. Harper & Brothers.

[7] School History of Greece. By George W. Cox. Harper & Brothers.

[8] A Course in Scientific German. By H. B. Hodges. Ginn & Heath.

ART PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The place of honor upon this list we give to Mr. Cook's *The House Beautiful*,[1] not because it necessarily excels all of its companions in artistic form, although it is the peer of any of them in that respect, but because the striking elegance of its mere externals are subordinate to a high internal purpose, which concerns the welfare and happiness of the people. The book has a mission, and none the less likely is it to accomplish it, because of the grace and dignity and delicacy with which the task is undertaken. True, the house is not the home; the two stand to each other in the relation of body and soul; but even the temple is to be purified and beautified for its inmate, and so the joys and purities and peace of the family find their indirect conditions, to a considerable extent, in the disposing and adorning of the dwelling. As fast as we have houses that are more convenient, sunnier, healthier, finished and furnished in better taste, and more in harmony with the principles of true art, shall we have homes that are sweet and bright with refinement and happiness. Art and taste in the house help to create an atmosphere in which thrive the virtues that are the radiance of home. This is the key to which Mr. Cook's volume is really pitched, though it runs mainly in lower chords of material affairs, in which the higher spiritual are involved. The readers of *Scribner's Monthly* have had during the past year the enjoyment of the original papers out of which it is composed. These are five in number: "The Entrance," "The Living-Room," "The Dining-Room," "The Bed-Room," and "Words Here and There." More than a hundred designs, mostly of furniture and bits of interior, largely from designs by Francis Lathrop and engraved by Henry Marsh, embellish the text and enforce the author's suggestions. Mr. Cook writes with an easy finish and much daintiness of touch, and his pages have a very fresh and pleasant flavor. The publishers have so manufactured the work that it might be called "The Book Beautiful." But the charm in it lies deeper than in paper surface and letter-press and graver's lines; and wherever it goes it will educate, inspire and refine.

The series of *Art Galleries* in book form, which, by means of their heliotype process, J. R. Osgood & Co. have been producing during the past two or three years, is now extended by the addition of a volume devoted to the works of Faed,[2] one of the most eminent of living English, or rather Scotch, painters. Faed was born in Scotland in 1826, and gave early promise of his talent; studied in Edinburgh under Sir William Allan, and in his twenty-third year was made an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Since then his rise has been rapid, and his known works are numerous. Among representatives of the Wilkie School he now occupies a foremost place, and his fondness for depicting scenes of rustic and humble life has given him wide popularity. He selects his subjects from popular Scotch poems, or from experiences of the common people in daily life. "The Mitherless Bairn," "Home and the Homeless," "Sunday in the Backwoods," "War News to an Old Soldier," "Our Washing Day," "The Cradle," "The Highland Mother," are titles which at once suggest his peculiar tastes. In America Faed is best known by his "Evangeline," prints and photographs of which have gone wherever pictures go. This same "Evangeline" is the first picture in the present volume, which contains twenty-four plates, with accompanying descriptive text, and a brief prefatory biographical sketch. All are pleasant to look upon. They show by turns Scotch landscapes or rural interiors for background, abound with picturesque family groups, are always suggestive of the domestic virtues and joys, and are remarkable for the purity and elevation of the human countenances which they exhibit in great variety The volume is an uncommonly choice one for presentation.

By a happy stroke of the same publishers' art four popular poems,[3] by four favorite poets, are presented in fine holiday dress; separately, in as many volumes, and together in all, the typography of each being identical in both poems. The four may thus be had in their individuality or collectively. Mr. Whittier's "The River Path," Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior," Mr. Lowell's "The Rose," and Mr. Aldrich's "Baby Bell," are the poems, standing in their collective form in the order named. The elegance of the attire in which their intrinsic charms are here presented consists in a very sumptuous paper of rich tint, distinct and careful letter-press, and a profusion of engravings, which are generally well executed. These are interwoven with the text in ingenious ways, and sometimes almost overload it, as upon pages where there are only one or two lines of poetry to several inches of picture; reminding us of the slender vine bending almost to the point of breaking beneath the massive clusters of fruit. The artists, who are several, including Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Miss Jessie Curtis, Waud, Reinhart, Gifford, Winslow Homer, and Moran, have entered for the most part sympathetically into the spirit of the respective poets, though the tender pathos of Mr. Aldrich's ballad and the sheer ideality of Mr. Longfellow's famous lines are rather too much for them, the latter especially. The attempt to follow the Alpine climber with the pencil is too much of a materialization of the spirit for good effort, and lapses into contradictions, which sometimes barely escape being absurd. This is not the fault of the poems, of course, but their merit, rather. They are above the reach of such mechanical interpretation, however fine its instinct and delicate its touch. Mr. Whittier's and Mr. Lowell's verses are far less etherial in quality, and yield to pictorial embodiment much more kindly.

Of Mr. Avery's handsome volume[4] it is a little difficult to say, as it is often too easy to say of works resembling it, whether the pictures in it were made for the letter-press or the letter-press for the pictures. The author was formerly the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, now defunct, in whose pages a portion of his "pictures in prose and verse" here presented first appeared. His subjects are generally, though not exclusively, found in the natural scenery of the Pacific slope; but avoid such tolerably familiar localities as the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees of Mariposa, and dwell rather upon sublimities and beauties of mountain peak and lake and valley, not often looked upon. The artists who have reinforced his graphic pen with graceful pencil are Moran, Kappes, Vanderhoof and Gibson. They have worked from photographs or hand-sketches

[1] The House Beautiful. By Clarence Cook. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[2] The Faed Gallery. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[3] Christmastide. [One volume or four.] James R. Osgood & Co.

[4] Californian Pictures in Prose and Verse. By Benjamin Parke Avery. Hurd & Houghton.

made upon the spot, and the fidelity of the result is not therefore to be questioned; the execution is often exceptionally good. Costly paper, large print, spacious margins, gilt edges, and a very tasteful cover, combine to give the book a dressy and distinguished air.

It was probably rather a bold act to select *The Scarlet Letter*[5] as a subject for pictorial and typographical embellishment with a view to the wants of the holiday season; but we are inclined to the opinion that the experiment has been translated into a success, and that the volume will prove a very acceptable one. No wealth of paper, no adornment of border, no mechanical skill of illustration can eclipse the subtle charms of this master romance, or withhold the mind from its inward spell. Of the story itself we need say nothing here; nor of the typography and press-work of this edition, more than that they are of the richest and best. The pictures alone call for remark. There are twenty-nine of these, not counting numerous ornamental head-pieces by L. S. Ipsen, and initial letters; and they are engraved by A. V. S. Anthony, after drawings by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote. To Mrs. Foote, of course, the supreme credit belongs, and she has done well. Her twenty-eight scenes — for the first picture is a preliminary one of the Custom House at Salem — gather into themselves all the outlines and leading forms of the tragedy, and in a good degree display the conflict of passions with which it is concerned. We pause first before the heavy-hinged and massive-locked prison door, behind which waits Hester Prynne. We see next a group of gossiping housewives in the street, whose faces and attitudes well attest the scandal that has come by her act upon the old colonial town. Then Hester herself, her babe in her arms, stands forth upon the pillory scaffold; a noble personality, in whose countenance and figure Mrs. Foote's pencil has its first fair opportunity. We see her returning to her prison after her exposure to the public gaze is over; and then, by turns, her interview in her cell with old Roger Chillingworth; her cottage loneliness, with the growing babe for sole companion; her passage with little Pearl through the hall of Gov. Bellingham's house, and her hearing before the governor himself, wherein she passionately pleads for the possession of her child, and impulsively appeals to Arthur Dimmesdale, who here first appears. Then follow the minister and Roger Chillingworth in the former's study; the strange night meeting of Dimmesdale, Hester and little Pearl upon the scaffold; their furtive interview subsequently in the forest; and the final scene upon the scaffold, with several subordinate pictures intermingled. The growth of little Pearl from helpless infancy into a sweet girlhood, and the development of Dimmesdale's unrest into remorse and anguish are perhaps the two most striking lines of the artist's effort. A tendency to exaggeration upon this latter point is noticeable, but was hardly to be avoided; and we do not find that the identity of Hester's countenance is fully preserved throughout. But there is an unfailing majesty and purity in her presentment, and little Pearl is a gem from the first scene to the last.

There is a very large class of persons to whom the Christmas season can bring no more acceptable gift-book than some precious religious poem, arrayed in fresh and beautiful dress. Such a volume is to be found in the enshrinement which Miss L. B. Humphrey, designer, John Andrew & Son, engravers, and the workmen of the University Press at Cambridge, have given to Lyte's matchless hymn of Christian trust and restfulness and filial longing, *Abide with Me*.[6] This hymn, as ordinarily printed in our church collections, comprises but five stanzas. Here eight are given, these lines being distributed through as many as fourteen pages. To each page some one complete sentiment is allotted with accompanying illustration. The designs are characterized by great variety not only in spirit but in outward form, and the ingenious manner of their combination with the text produces some very pretty effects. In general Miss Humphrey is a truthful and sympathetic interpreter of the hymn. Not always, however, as in the picture set to the line "Fast falls the even-tide," in which the word "tide" has misled her into depicting a wild seashore scene, where a receding surf beats heavily upon the rocks under the shimmer from a distant lighthouse. She should have known that the word "tide" is here a simple syllabic affix to the word *even*, with no hint of ocean risings in it whatever. In fact, we think that a truer and finer exposition of the poet's thought might have been given by means of some inland scene; as, for instance, the field in which Isaac of old went out to meditate "at even-tide." This false literalism is not, however, repeated. In one or two of her faces Miss Humphrey has equaled Mrs. Hallock Foote's best work, which is saying a good deal. Soul and body together this little quarto is a gem, without one offense against good taste in press-work or binding.

We cannot speak as warmly of the other issues under the same imprint; Mr. Baker's *Ballads of Bravery*[7] and Mr. Rundell's edition of *Æsop's Fables*,[8] which are showy volumes, indeed, but do not appeal to nearly so delicate an artistic sense as the one above mentioned. The fables called by Æsop's name are always in order, of course, and Mr. Rundell's revision of the text, in which there are some variations, has been in the direction of cleanness and refinement. But the illustrations are rather lamely imitative of Doré's style, and are chiefly remarkable for their number. Mr. Baker's "Ballads of Bravery" are thirty-seven, selected from a number of writers. The poem, "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," about which so much has been said of late in these columns, has the place of honor, but is not credited to its author, as it might have been were the compiler of the volume a reader of the *Literary World*. Among other pieces in the collection, each with its full-page illustration, are Tennyson's "The Death of Arthur," Mrs. Hemans's "The Landing of the Pilgrims," Allan Cunningham's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," Whittier's "The Fishermen," and Longfellow's "Excelsior." The pictures, of which there seem to be one or two more than there are poems, are of a common grade, in both drawing and engraving, and one or two of them are of very poor quality. Not a few are marred by the seams in the composite block from which they are printed. The binding of both books we consider decidedly tawdry.

Of *The Book of Gold*[9] it is not too much to say that it presents five of Mr. Trowbridge's best poems in an outward form of greater artistic individuality than that of any publication of the present year. Indeed, we do not remember any book whose covers display such striking originality of design, such fine appropriateness of sentiment, such nicety and beauty of workmanship, such subdued brilliancy of color, and such a generally rich but chaste elegance of effect. We doubt if a distincter triumph of the lithographer's art, within this particular field of its exercise, has been seen in this country. The poems thus choicely attired are "The Book of Gold," "The Wreck of the Fishing Boat," "Aunt Hannah," "Tom's Come Home," and "The Ballad of Arabella." Taken all together, verse, typography, illustrations, and binding, this is sure to be one of the most popular issues of the season.

The United States as a Nation. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

The six Lectures forming this substantial volume were given in Berlin, Dresden, Florence, Paris and London. The author was formerly the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, and while in that position was universally recognized as one of the leaders of his religious denomination, the Congregationalist, as well as a general scholar of uncommon attainments, and a publicist of commanding influence. For a number of years he has resided in Germany; occupying no official station there, but employing his ripe powers and large experience in the private service of Christian and republican ideas. These lectures were originally offered as a sort of foreign contribution to the celebration of the American Centennial. They were received with profound attention by very distinguished audiences in the several European capitals where they were delivered, and from both private individuals and the public press evoked the most appreciative response. Their several subjects are as follows: "Grounds and Motives of the American Revolution," "Doctrines of the Declaration of Independence," "Adoption of the Constitution," "The Nation tested by the Vicissitudes of a Century," "The Nation judged by its Self-Development and its Benefits to Mankind," "The Perils, Duties, and Hopes of the Opening Century." Here, then, we have a philosophical exposition of the source and character of our national history; broadly outlined, deep in its apprehensions of facts, truths, and principles lying below the surface of affairs; acute in its political insights and estimates; and eloquent with great learning, a loving patriotism, and an enthusiastic faith in the future of our country. Through these lectures Dr. Thompson appears as a sort of Minister Very Extraordinary to the nations of the old world; we may even call him the Joseph Cook of Paris and Berlin.

[5] The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated. James R. Osgood & Co.

[6] Abide with Me. By Henry Francis Lyte. Lee & Shepard.

[7] Æsop's Fables. Lee & Shepard.

[8] Ballads of Bravery. Edited by George M. Baker. Lee & Shepard.

[9] The Book of Gold and other Poems. By John Townsend Trowbridge. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.

CHARLOTTE VON STEIN.*

THE history of this woman, who sustained a more intimate relation to Goethe and had more influence over him than any other individual during the first ten years of his life at Weimar, has been made the subject of a recent work in Germany, from which, with the published correspondence of the two, Mr. Calvert has drawn most of the materials for his very interesting biography.

Frau von Stein, who was seven years the senior of Goethe, and already a mature woman when they first met, having long been a wife, and the mother of seven children, must have possessed very exceptional qualities both of mind and heart, as well as personal attractions, to have gained such influence over him. That it was "uplifting," "holy," "unselfish;" that her feeling towards him was purely sisterly, almost angelic, one of absolute self-renunciation; and that their relation was one of "mutuability of improvement," in which he was being raised to a higher plane, refined, and strengthened in moral purpose, is repeatedly affirmed; and yet, no drearier comment on such a relation as theirs could be found than is afforded by this narrative before we reach the end. Notwithstanding such assertions, the biographer takes pains to bring together items of circumstantial evidence to strengthen the statement that Goethe at one time wished for a divorce for Charlotte, that he might marry her himself, the only objection to Baron von Stein, to whom she had then been sixteen years married, seeming to be "a lack of inwardness," while in Goethe she was "requited for long-baffled expectations." And, notwithstanding her exaltation of character, her patience, unselfishness and perfect refinement of feeling, she became for a time, almost wholly estranged from him, was suspicious and jealous, not above being spiteful towards poor Christiane Vulpius, and capable even of ridiculing the person of the man whose perpetual benediction she had been so long — "the light of his days," "the fulfillment of his many thousand wishes."

The book is enriched by sparkling anecdotes illustrative of life in Weimar, in that intellectual and high-bred circle in which those two were such prominent figures; and it is a valuable contribution to biographical literature.

Enthusiastic admiration for Goethe is, however, made unduly prominent; and occasional careless writing is unworthy the author of so many books; as for instance:

"But in most cases the productiveness springs from liveliness of hale sensibilities, which, moving the intellect to imaginative effort, cause an inward vigilance that nourishes the mind and keeps it in repair, and when the organization is large and fine, tends to poetic production."

Three illustrations add to the value of the biography; one of them representing Charlotte as she was about the time when Goethe first met her; the other, when an aged woman, her face grown hard and worldly.

* Charlotte von Stein. A Memoir. By George H. Calvert. Lee & Shepard.

CERAMIC DECORATION.

The enthusiasm awakened by the Philadelphia Exposition in all branches of ceramic decoration seems to be waxing rather than waning as the months go by. At the present writing we have before us four little manuals upon this fascinating art, each one of which deserves a paragraph by itself.

China Painting, by M. Louise McLaughlin (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), is intended especially for the use of amateurs in the decoration of hard porcelain. The unique ornamentations on the cover, as well as the vignettes at the end of each chapter, are from Miss McLaughlin's own designs; and her success in china painting for these last three years has already won for her a wide reputation. The book is written in a clear, concise style; and since it contains a complete schedule of the materials requisite in china painting, with minute directions for preparing the design, for putting on the colors, laying grounds, firing, and the composition of palettes, it cannot fail to be of great practical service to those for whom it is prepared.

From S. W. Tilton & Co., of Boston, we have two companion pamphlets, entitled *Designs and Instructions for Decorating Pottery*, and *Hints to China and Tile Decorators*. The former has already reached its fourth edition, and is especially valuable for the finely-colored illustrations it contains of Greek, Roman, Egyptian and other antique vases. A careful study of the models here given would be equal, we should say, to a whole course of lessons to one who desires to become a skillful decorator of pottery; while to those who would take a step farther, the second volume, just reprinted from the English, will furnish all the instruction necessary to execute fine artistic work on *glazed* surfaces. Some forty designs used by Wedgwood are given in this second manual; and from the same publishing house we have a very attractive, half-folio volume containing twenty of *Flaxman's Outline Designs*. The classical subjects here represented furnish choice models for the decoration either of porcelain or earthen ware; and as studies of the human figure the learner in drawing will find them especially helpful. A short account of Flaxman's life and works, together with brief descriptions of the mythological characters he has delineated, accompanies the Designs; and, since in books of instruction difficulties often arise from inability to procure the exact materials required, the publishers have inserted price lists in each manual, according to which they are prepared to furnish all the apparatus, colors, etc., mentioned in their books. Taken together, therefore, these interesting publications give to the intelligent art student all the assistance he needs to gain in a short time, and at a moderate expense, a thorough and practical knowledge of ceramic decoration.

— I could not live through two London winters; the fogs are horrid. I met Theodore Hook last evening, and poured out my complaints. "You are right," said he; "our atmosphere is nothing but pea soup."—*Charles Sumner, in a letter.*

PEOPLE MR. SUMNER SAW.

From his Letters, London, 1839.

— A few evenings ago I dined with Hallam. He is a person of plain manners, rather robust, and wears a steel watch-guard over his waistcoat. He is neither fluent nor brilliant in conversation; but is sensible, frank, and unaffected. After dinner we discussed the merits of the different British historians,—Gibbon, Hume and Robertson. Of course Gibbon was placed foremost. There was a party at Hallam's after dinner; but I went from that to a ball at Hume's,—Joe Hume's. You doubtless imagine that this Radical, who for twenty years has been crying out "retrenchment," is an ill-dressed, slovenly fellow, without a whole coat in his wardrobe. Imagine a thick-set, broad-faced, well-dressed Scotchman who has no fear of laughter or ridicule. I know few persons whom I have always seen dressed in better taste or looking more like a gentleman.

— My wonder at Brougham rises anew. To-night he has displayed the knowledge of the artist and the gastronomer. He criticised the ornaments of the drawing-room and the dining-room like a *connoisseur*, and discussed subtle points of cookery with the same earnestness with which he emancipated the West India slaves and abolished rotten boroughs. Calling for a second plate of soup, he said that there was "a thought too much of the flavor of wine;" but that it was very good. He told how he secured good steaks, by personally going into the kitchen and watching over his cook, to see that he did not spoil them by pepper and horse-radish,—the last being enough to make a man go mad.

— Mr. Procter—for you know that is the real name of Barry Cornwall—is about forty-two or forty-five, and is a conveyancer by profession. His days are spent in the toils and study of abstracts of titles; and when I saw him last Sunday at his house, he was poring over one which press of business had compelled him to take home. He is a small, thin man, with a very dull countenance, in which, nevertheless,—knowing what he has written—I can detect the "poetical frenzy." His manner is gentle and quiet, and his voice low.

— The beauty of Mrs. Norton has never been exaggerated. It is brilliant and refined. Her countenance is lighted by eyes of the intensest brightness, and her features are of the greatest regularity. There is something tropical in her look; it is so intensely bright and burning, with large dark eyes, dark hair, and Italian complexion. And her conversation is so pleasant and powerful without being masculine, or rather it is masculine without being mannish; there is the grace and ease of the woman with a strength and skill of which any man might well be proud.

— I yesterday morning saw Leigh Hunt, on the introduction of Carlyle. He lives far from town—in Chelsea—in a humble house, with uncarpeted entry and stairs. He lives more simply, I think, than any person I have visited in England, but he possesses a palace of a mind. He is truly brilliant in conversation, and the little notes of his which I have seen are very striking. He is of about the middle size, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle, and suffered to grow quite long.

— The style of intercourse between Lyndhurst and Brougham, these two ex-Chancellors, was delightful. It was entirely familiar. "Copley, a glass of wine with you." He always called him "Copley." And pointing out an exquisite gold cup in the center of the table, he said: "Copley, see what you would have had if you had supported the reform bill." It was a cup given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England.

— I met Campbell at a dinner which Colburn, the publisher, gave me last evening. There were Campbell, Jerdan, and some six or eight of the small fry—the minims—of literature, all guilty of print. Campbell is upwards of sixty. He is rather short and stout, and has not the air of a gentleman. He takes brandy and water instead of wine.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

Whittier.

TO

John Greenleaf Whittier,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY,
DECEMBER 17, 1877,
THESE PAGES,
ENRICHED WITH THE GENEROUS OFFERINGS OF A FEW,
IN TOKEN OF THE AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM OF MANY,

Are Respectfully Dedicated.

THE THREE SILENCES.

Three Silences there are; the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A FRIEND'S GREETING.

Snow-bound for earth, but summer-souled for thee,
Thy natal morning shines:
Hail, Friend and Poet! Give thy hand to me,
And let me read its lines!

For skilled in Fancy's palmistry am I,
When years have set their crown;
When Life gives light to read its secrets by,
And deed explains renown.

So, looking backward from thy seventieth year
On service grand and free,
The pictures of thy spirit's Past are clear,
And each interprets thee.

I see thee, first, on hills our Aryan sires
In Time's lost morning knew,
Kindling, as priest, the lonely altar-fires
That from Earth's darkness grew.

Then, wise with secrets of Chaldæan lore,
In high Akkadian fane;
Or pacing slow by Egypt's river-shore,
In Thothmes' glorious reign.

I hear thee, wroth with all iniquities
That Judah's kings betrayed,
Preach from Ain-Jidi's rock thy God's decrees,
Or Mamre's terebinth shade.

And, ah! most piteous vision of the Past,
Drawn by thy being's law,
I see thee, martyr, in the arena cast
Beneath the lion's paw.

Yet, afterwards, how rang thy sword upon
The Paynim helm and shield!
How shone with Godfrey, and at Askalon,
Thy white plume o'er the field!

Strange contradiction! — where the sand-waves spread
The boundless desert sea,
The Bedouin spearmen found their destined head,
Their dark-eyed Chief — in thee!

And thou wert friar in Cluny's saintly cell,
And skald by Norway's foam,
Ere fate of Poet fixed thy soul, to dwell
In this New England home.

Here art thou Poet, — more than warrior, priest;
And here thy quiet years
Yield more to us than sacrifice or feast,
Or clash of swords and spears.

The faith that lifts, the courage that sustains,
These thou wert sent to teach:
Hot blood of battle, beating in thy veins,
Is turned to gentle speech.

Not less, but more, than others thou hast striven;
Thy victories remain:
The scars of ancient hate, long since forgiven,
Have lost their power to pain.

Apostle pure of Freedom and of Right,
Thou had'st thy one reward:
Thy prayers were heard, and flashed upon thy sight
The Coming of the Lord!

Now, sheathed in myrtle of thy tender songs,
Slumbers the blade of truth;
But Age's wisdom, crowning thee, prolongs
The eager hope of Youth!

Another line upon thy hand I trace,
All destinies above:
Men know thee most as one that loves his race,
And bless thee with their love!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AD VATEM.

Whittier! the Land that loves thee, she whose child
Thou art,—and whose uplifted hands thou long
Hast stayed with song availing like a prayer,—
She feels a sudden pang, who gave thee birth
And gave to thee the lineaments supreme
Of her own freedom, that she could not make
Thy tissues all immortal, or, if to change,
To bloom through years coeval with her own;
So that no touch of age nor frost of time
Should wither thee, nor furrow thy dear face,
Nor fleck thy hair with silver. Ay, she feels
A double pang that thee, with each new year,
Glad Youth may not revisit, like the Spring
That routs her northern Winter and anew
Melts off the hoar snow from her puissant hills.
She could not make thee deathless; no, but thou,
Thou sangest her always in abiding verse
And hast thy fame immortal—as we say
Immortal in this Earth that yet must die,
And in this land now fairest and most young
Of all fair lands that yet must perish with it.
Thy words shall last: albeit thou growest old,
Men say; but never old the poet's soul
Becomes; only its covering takes on
A reverend splendor, as in the misty fall
Thine own auroral forests, ere at last
Passes the spirit of the wooded dell.
And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long
This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues
Slow fading,—ere the quaver of thy voice,
The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask
Where hides the chariot,—in what sunset vale,
Beyond thy chosen river, champ the steeds
That wait to bear thee skyward? Since we too
Would feign thee, in our tenderness, to be
Inviolate, excepted from thy kind,
And that our bard and prophet best-beloved
Shall vanish like that other: him that stood
Undaunted in the pleasure-house of kings,
And unto kings and crowned harlots spake
God's truth and judgment. At his sacred feet
Far followed all the lesser men of old
Whose lips were touched with fire, and caught from him
The gift of prophecy; and thus from thee,
Whittier, the younger singers,—whom thou seest
Each emulous to be thy staff this day,—
What learned they? righteous anger, burning scorn
Of the oppressor, love to humankind,
Sweet fealty to country and to home,
Peace, stainless purity, high thoughts of heaven,
And the clear, natural music of thy song.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

THE GOLDEN CALENDAR.

Count not the years that hoarding Time has told,
Save by the starry memories in their train;
Not by the vacant moons that wax and wane,
Nor all the seasons' changing robes enfold:
Look on the life whose record is unrolled!
Bid thought, word, action, breathe, burn, strive again,
Old altars flame whose ashes scarce are cold,
Bid the freed captive clank his broken chain!
So will we count thy years and months and days,
Poet whose heart-strings thrill upon thy lyre,
Whose kindling spirit lent like Hecla's fire
Its heat to Freedom's faint auroral blaze,
But waste no words the loving soul to tire
That finds its life in duty, not in praise!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO THE POET IN WHITTIER.

From this far realm of Pines I waft thee now
A Brother's greeting, Poet, tried and true;
So thick the laurels on thy reverend brow
We scarce can see the white locks glimmering through!

O, pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen,
The tests of time have left thee undefiled;
And o'er the snows of three-score years and ten
Shines the unsullied aureole of a child.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TEN TIMES SEVEN.

Ten gentle-hearted boys of seven,
Too young and sweet to stray from heaven,
Will — counting up the little men —
Amount to three score years and ten.

Two gracious men of thirty-five,
With wits alight and hearts alive,
Will fill complete the rounded spheres
Of seventy strong and manly years.

Nay, Whittier, thou art not old;
Thy register a lie hath told,
For lives devote to love and truth
Do only multiply their youth.

Thou art ten gentle boys of seven,
With souls too sweet to stray from heaven;
Thou art two men of thirty-five,
With wits alight, and hearts alive!

J. G. HOLLAND.

SONG.

Poet, thy three-score years and ten
Are numbered to the hearts of men
In songs that fill our fleeting days
With music sweet and truth's undying praise.

Then count in measures of thy rhyme,
And not by any part of time,
Thy lengthening life; and, since the truth
Holds in thy melodies perpetual youth,

Harbor no fantasy of decline,
But greet to-day the morning shine
As it were but the opening page
Of life that shall be thine for many an age!

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

"AMONG THE HILLS."

My eyes beheld the favored hills
And saw them as he sung them,
Yea, more, O, summer day, they met
The poet dear among them!
Sweet bells of song, I heard them chime,
And touched the hand that swung them.

And though to-day upon those hills
The winter clouds are snowing,
Beneath, within their heart of hearts,
The rills go on, not knowing;
So may our singer's songs flow on,
Whatever winds are blowing.

HIRAM RICH.

THE POET OF OUR LOVE.

This is the tribute that I fain would pay
To him whose friendship I have closely shared,
Whose genius marked, from early youth till now
He counts his three-score years and ten complete;
But still erect in form, in mind as bright,
In heart as tender, and in soul as warm
As in mid-life, untouched by lapse of time;
Whom "troops of friends" this day unite to crown;
To proffer gratulations; to express
That high respect and admiration strong,
That deep affection and entwining love,
Which modest worth, and purity of life,
And noble aims to serve the public weal,
And scathing testimonies bravely borne
'Gainst popular sins, at loss of all repute,
So well deserve, so widely have secured.

Poets there are of various moods and gifts,
Each striking chords best suited to his ear,
And choosing themes concurrent with his taste;
But prone too oft to deal in phantasies,
In amatorial strains of carnal taint,
In passionate appeals to warlike deeds,
In bacchanalian medleys to be sung
Where congregate the maudlin votaries
Of the accurséd demon of the still,
Drowning their reason in the poisoned bowl.

How shall we rank the poet of our love?
A birthright Quaker — one in spirit, too,
Yet catholic beyond the bounds of sect.
Not his the highest reach of the sublime,
Nor loftiest flight on fancy's airy wings,
Nor strongest power of genius to conceive,
Invent, portray, with an enchanter's skill,
Nor best attainment in poetic art,
Nor precedence in rhythmic melody;
Yet, if excelled in these by famous bards
From Homer down to those of our own times,
With nobler claims he stands without his peer
In all that true affection can express,
Or purest love can prompt to gracious acts;
In tenderest sympathy for his suffering race,
Wherever in the wide world needing aid,
All caste and class distinctions giving way
To the strong ties of human brotherhood;
In carrying comfort unto mourning hearts
Bowed down by sore bereavement, teaching well
The lesson of a higher life beyond,
And a divine compassion over all;
In perfect chastity of thought and speech,
And an uplifting moral power to bless
And strengthen frailty through the inner light;
In breathing "peace on earth, good will to men,"
That so the sword no longer may devour,
And desolating war forever cease.
But, signally, in this he takes the palm,
As hero-bard in Freedom's struggling cause,
When millions in our guilty land were held
In chattel servitude, and bought and sold
Along with cattle in the market-place;
And they who sought by flight to escape their doom
Were tracked by bloodhounds, seized, and carried back
To added stripes and tortures; none allowed
To give them food or shelter, at the risk
Of fine, imprisonment, or being lynched;
In that dark hour, with Church and State combined
To keep them in their chains, and stigmatize
As "madmen and fanatics" all who sought
Emancipation as their rightful due,
He manfully stood forth, with dauntless front,
Zealous in their behalf; in thrilling verse
Rehearsed the dreadful story of their wrongs,
Summoned with trumpet-tones the true and brave
To rally to the rescue,* well equipped
With spiritual weapons for the fight,
And with unwavering faith in Him whose arm
Is strong to smite, omnipotent to save.
Read, read his spirit-stirring strains, unmatched
For power and pathos, making sluggish blood
Tumultuous in the beatings of the heart,
Strengthening the inner man to stand erect,
Heedless of private hate and public scorn,
In full assurance that the end is near —
Oppression's ignominious defeat,
And Liberty victorious through the land!

Yes! he has lived to see (rich recompense!)
The suffering bondmen from their chains set free;
To hear their grateful songs to heaven ascend,
With merry chimings of the jubilee bell.
What wrongs they suffer now are done to men
And citizens, and not to slaves; and these
Must be redressed, and all their rights secured.

From youth to manhood, manhood to old age —
If age at seventy years is counted old —
His is a life to honor and extol,
Entitling him to take conspicuous rank
Among the benefactors of mankind,
And with the choicest poets of all time.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

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* In a letter from Mr. Whittier, read at the third decade meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia, in 1863, he wrote: "I am not insensible to literary reputation; I love, perhaps too well, the praise and good will of my fellow-men; but I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title-page of any book. Looking over a life marked by many errors and shortcomings, I rejoice that I have been able to maintain the pledge of that signature; and that, in the long intervening years,

'My voice, though not the loudest, has been heard
Wherever Freedom raised her cry of pain.'"

SENTIMENT.

I thank thee, friend, for words of cheer,
That made the path of duty clear,
When thou and I were young, and strong
To wrestle with a mighty wrong.
And now, when lengthening shadows come,
And this world's work is nearly done,
I thank thee for thy genial ray,
That prophesies a brighter day,
When we can work, with strength renewed,
In clearer light, for surer good.
God bless thee, friend, and give thee peace,
'Till thy fervent spirit finds release!
And may we meet in worlds afar,
My Morning and my Evening Star!

L. MARIA CHILD.

He has enlarged his sect, noble though small—
For all who stood, with him, the slave to free;
Who love, with him, the Mother-land; and all
Who share his faith in God and Liberty;
Who kindle with the music of his song;
Trust in that Heaven of Love which round him bends:
All these to his broad human church belong,
And make one Brotherhood of Whittier's Friends.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Dear Whittier: When the Muses unto thee
Gave, in largess, the power of poesy,
They laid no limit to thy minstrelsy;
But made thee apt, at thy occasion's need,
To deftly use or lute or lyre or reed, —
All music's means; but, bade thee ever heed
These two behests: that, using each at will,
Whate'er thy instrument or theme, thou still,
By every song, some human want should'st fill;
And that, whate'er reward should lure thy song,
Thou ne'er should'st be the laureate of Wrong!

So hast thou sung! So was thy matin lay,
Thy noon-tide psalm, the vesper of thy day,
True unto Truth, O, blameless bard! alway.
So now thou singest, on the hither shore
That banks the wave too soon must bear thee o'er
To that fair realm thy song has reached before.
So may'st thou sing, until thy last note — dies?
Nay! is translated, through the choral skies,
To mingle with the heavenly harmonies.
So shall thy earliest celestial song
Thy latest earthly melody prolong!

WM. S. SHURTLEFF.

Old friend, dear friend, in summer days gone by
You brought me roses delicate and fair.
That blossomed wild in our New England air,
And they are fragrant still, though dead and dry.

Now, when for us comes winter on apace,
Within the garden of my thought there grows
For you a fadeless flower, as sweet a rose
As ever summer wore with youthful grace.

I bring my rose and lay it in your hand: —
For who am I to utter words of praise,
Or add one leaf to your proud crown of bays
Woven by all the noblest in the land?

O well-beloved, New England's heart so near!
Her poet and her lover eloquent!
While the wide seas shall wash our continent
You shall be honored, and your name be dear.

CELIA THAXTER.

Two dear, familiar songs that Art has sought
To set the canvas singing to the eye,
But whose expression Color has not caught —
Just these the world might ever know thee by.

But sweet Maud Muller and the Barefoot Boy
Leave other songs a wealthy fame to share;
The broken shackle, Nature's calm and joy,
Life's crowding passions — all of these are there.

And thou hast given the pained and erring heart
Such words as fit its inmost solitude,
From Fame, Devotion has not lived apart,
And men grow strong through seeing Greatness good.

Thou feelest all the moment of the Cross,
The ungauged value of a human soul,
And Trust, consenting not to lasting loss,
Lets her large hope in harp-like music roll.

Thyself Apostle of Love, how meet thy name!
Still bearing love's sweet gospel in thy voice,
Be measure of thy days and his the same,
And some high vision prove the Master's choice.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

I AM sorry to say that your note asking me to contribute to your extra number on Mr. Whittier was mislaid and unopened at the Shore during my illness. I regret not having time to write something more satisfactory to myself, yet I am loth to let the opportunity go by without giving some mark of respect and regard to a poet whose truth to Nature has taught others to see and love her, and whose manliness and independence is so stirring to the spirit. Although this be little else than an apology, I offer it with the plea that in one's ninetieth year not much could be expected at a day's notice. RICHD. H. DANA.

I SHOULD be glad to celebrate in verse the seventieth return of John Greenleaf Whittier's birthday, if the thoughts and words fitting for such an occasion would come at call, to be arranged in some poetic form, but I find that I must content myself with humble prose. Let me say then that I rejoice at the dispensation which has so long spared to the world a poet, whose life is as beautiful as his verse, who has occupied himself only with noble themes, and treated them nobly and grandly, and whose songs in the evening of life are as sweet and thrilling as those of his vigorous meridian. If the prayers of those who delight in his poems shall be heard, that life will be prolonged in all its beauty and serenity, for the sake of a world which is the better for his having lived; and far will be the day when all that we have of him will be his writings and his memory.

WM. C. BRYANT.

OUR friend Whittier, just one month hence, will attain that age, which, forty years ago, when I first became acquainted with him, I might have thought great and venerable. As a man he has lived three-score years and ten in such a manner that were he to be permitted to live them over again he would walk in the same steps as before. As a poet he is a New England man of the sharpest outline, and at the same time a cosmopolite militant, doing battle with spiritual weapons for liberty and humanity, regardless of continent, color or creed. GEO. BANCROFT.

A GREAT multitude will gladly join in celebrating Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday. They who love their country will thank him for the verses, sometimes pathetic, sometimes stirring, which helped to redeem that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in natural beauty will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape, by highway, river, mountain and seashore; they who love God will thank him from their hearts for the tenderness and simple trust with which he has sung of the infinite goodness.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet of New England. His genius drew its nourishment from her soil; his pages are the mirror of her outward nature, and the strong utterance of her inward life. F. PARKMAN.

I AM glad that there is to be a tribute of affectionate remembrance, on the seventieth birthday of our friend Mr. Whittier. He is the true poet whose *life* is a poem, and our friend has received grace of the Father to live such a life. His life has been a consecration, his songs an inspiration, to all that is highest and best. It has been his chief glory, not that he could speak inspired words, but that he spoke them for the despised, the helpless, and the dumb; for those too ignorant to honor, too poor to reward him. Grace was given him to know his Lord in the lowest disguise, even that of the poor hunted slave, and to follow him in heart into prison and unto death. He had words of pity for all — words of severity for none but the cruel and hard-hearted. Though the land beyond this world be more beautiful and more worthy of him, let us pray the Father to spare him to us yet more years, and to fill those years with blessing. H. B. STOWE.

THE approach of Mr. Whittier's seventieth birthday recalls to mind my first interview with him, when he had attained little more than half those years. It was in 1843, when the excitement of the "Latimer Case" still echoed through Massachusetts, and the younger abolitionists were full of "the joy of eventful living." I was then nineteen, and saw the poet for the first time at an eating-house, known as Campbell's, then quite a resort for reformers of all sorts. I saw before me a man of striking personal appearance; tall, slender, with olive complexion, black hair, straight black eye-brows, brilliant eyes, and an oriental, Semitic cast of countenance. This was Whittier at thirty-five. I lingered till he rose from the table, and then advancing, I said with boyish enthusiasm—and I doubt not, with boyish awkwardness also—"I should like to shake hands with the author of 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'" The poet who was, and is, one of the shyest of men, broke into a kindly smile and said briefly: "Thy name, friend?" I gave it, we shook hands, and that was all; but to me it was like touching a hero's shield, and though I have since learned to count the friendship of Whittier as one of the great privileges of my life, yet nothing has ever displaced the recollection of that first boyish interview.

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Prophet Bard of America, Poet of Freedom, Humanity and Religion: whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of a guilty Nation and melted the fetters of the slaves.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

UNDERTONE.

ONE day I looked in at the door of a West Virginia spring-house, one of those small stone dairies built close to the spring in order to keep the milk cool. Rows of bright pans full of creamy whiteness were ranged along the shelves; a climbing rose peeped in at the deep square window; the farmer's daughter stood churning in the middle of the stone floor, and reading a crumpled old newspaper, smiling as she worked.

"What is it?"

"Something beautiful in this torn paper. I don't know who wrote it. Here's a bit:

> 'Bare-armed as Juno might, she came
> White-aproned from her dairy,
> Her air, her smile, her motions told
> Of womanly completeness;
> A music as of household songs
> Was in her voice of sweetness.'"

"Why, that is from 'Among the Hills.' Where is your Whittier?"

"On the parlor table."

I brought the book, and sitting on the door-stone, read the poem through to her while she churned; and we thought how beautiful it was for that quiet life away in Amesbury to be flowing so sweetly into thousands of other lives far out of sight. The beloved poet feels it himself, or he could never have written these exquisite lines at the close of "Snow-Bound:"

> "And thanks untraced to lips unknown
> Shall greet me like the odors blown
> From unseen meadows newly mown,
> Or lilies floating in some pond,
> Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
> The traveller owns the grateful sense
> Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
> And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
> The benediction of the air." P.

IN a railway car two men over in front were talking, or rather one was listening and the other was talking, so earnestly that we wondered what could be so interesting. Through the rattle of the train and the drone of voices we caught: "the glistening wonder," "the well-curb had a Chinese roof," "ghostly finger tips of sleet," "the clean-winged hearth about," "brisk wielder of the birch and rule." The man must have repeated pages of the matchless Winter Idyl to his companion, and when the cars stopped, he was saying, with an emphatic gesture, "I tell ye, sir, that's Nature!" F. S.

WHEN I was a young man trying to get an education, I went about the country peddling sewing-silk to help myself through college; and one Saturday night found me at Amesbury, a stranger and without a lodging-place. It happened that the first house at which I called was Whittier's; and he himself came to the door. On hearing my request he said he was very sorry that he could not keep me, but it was quarterly meeting, and his house was full. He, however, took the trouble to show me to a neighbor's, where he left me; but that did not seem to wholly suit his idea of hospitality, for in the course of the evening he made his appearance, saying that it had occurred to him that he could sleep on a lounge and give up his own bed to me — which, it is perhaps needless to say, was not allowed. But this was not all. The next morning he came again, with the suggestion that I might perhaps like to attend meeting, inviting me to go with him; and he gave me a seat next to himself. The meeting lasted an hour, during which there was not a word spoken by any one. We all sat in silence that length of time, then all arose, shook hands, and dispersed; and I remember it as one of the best meetings I ever attended. C. M.

WHEN Whittier's biography shall be written — distant be the day! — the world will know something more of the helpful and affectionate companionship between him and the sister whose beautiful life is already commemorated in his verse. She was his critic, counselor and best friend. She had a wonderful imagination, and excelled as a story-teller. Elizabeth Whittier must have been a delightful woman, whose very presence brought gladness. One who knew her says: "She sometimes visited at my father's house, and all of us children used to climb upon the bed of an invalid sister, and listen, rapt, to Elizabeth, who, sitting at the foot, told us stories by the hour." H.

SALISBURY Beach has changed somewhat since Whittier camped there. More than a hundred "shingly monsters" look down upon the humble tents, and the old fort has become a crumbling ruin. All, however, is not changed. "Rivermouth Rocks are" still "fair to see"; the marshes ring with the crack of the hunter's gun, and the white-capped waves still beat upon the "sun-bleached sand." B.

THE very traits which have made Whittier dearest to us have limited his fame. As one who

> "let his heart
> Against the household bosom lean,"

he has felt every throb of New England's pulses. He has spoken for us all when wrath was too holy and love too sorrowful for any but a poet to utter their voices. M.

WHITTIER may "spend" his years, but his life will never be "a tale that is told;" it will be perpetually renewing itself with human experience. MC K.

THE Quaker's muse never shunned the dust of the fray. A.

MR. WHITTIER AT HOME.

THERE is some friendly dispute as to where Mr. Whittier's home may be. His residence for many years was, or has been—for we do not mean to be drawn into this war—in the town of Amesbury; and he still holds his property in that place. The Constitution of Massachusetts says that, "to remove all doubts concerning the meaning of the word 'inhabitant,' . . . every person shall be considered as an inhabitant, for the purpose of electing and being elected into any office . . . in that town . . . where he dwelleth or hath his home." This is legally clear; albeit the difficulty of determining where one dwells is not lightened. In this instance, as the logic of the law must proceed in either direction, and as Mr. Whittier has lately exercised the right of voting or "electing" in Amesbury, it must be concluded that he is an inhabitant of that town. If, however, any one wishes personally to see him, he will find that for by far the larger part of the time "he dwelleth or hath his home" in Danvers. And we understand that this arrangement is likely to be permanent.

Mr. Whittier lives in the family with near relatives at their residence, something more than a mile northwest of the principal village of the town. The place is reached by a northerly branch from a road leading west to Middleton. The locality is marked by the numerals "46" upon Mr. Upham's map of Salem Village. The old "Boston Path," an inland road, leading through Medford and Reading to Ipswich and Newburyport and the northern settlements, passed, by an alternative and scarcely secondary line, directly by the site of this residence. This path may still be traced with carefulness and much crossing of pastures; and in visiting the place any of our readers who choose may follow it.

The spot is a delightful one. The house itself is spacious and hospitable; modern as to comfort and convenience, and venerable enough for dignity and home-like looks. The material is wood, and the color a light brown. It is planted somewhat broadly and at length upon the ground, with pillars on either side reaching to near the full height of the building. An addition has lately been made, toward the east, and in this wing of the building are the apartments specially devoted to Mr. Whittier.

His private sitting room or study, if you enter it, you will find to be a room furnished for use and ease, warmed with its fire of coals in an open grate, and with no aspect upon it of newness and unfamiliarity with life, but looking much as if its companionable and benignant occupant might have been at home in it for a quarter of a century.

The highway is at some distance on the east, and is scarcely seen, and there are open grounds of several acres in extent. The soil is dry and warm, and the surface, which slopes to the south and east, is broken and uneven in parts, but nowhere rough to the eye. The place, though occupied by the present owners for but two years, had been for a long time before the home of a family of wealth and taste. There are trees of many varieties growing singly or in groups, and the skill employed in their selection and arrangement has been of that pleasing kind which leads one to believe that nothing was done except to give an opportunity to Nature to do what she would choose if left to herself.

The birds and squirrels, clearly, are of this mind; for they are here, of every feather and of all furs; and, as they find shelter and kindness, they are not all missing when the snows come. The gray and red squirrels in particular have a lien upon the place, and in winter they take their dinners upon the window-seats.

The place is near to being a farm, withal; having its center of farming operations beneath the hill upon the eastern side of the road. There is a stock of horses and cows, and a great flock of turkeys, which we have sometimes looked upon, since the cool weather began, with anxiety. There is nothing to be seriously missed about the establishment except a small flock of Cotswold or Leicestershire sheep, which some of our readers may be disposed to furnish.

Nature and the furnishing of man together, one will look far throughout all the region before he will find, for the residence of a family of quiet and cultured tastes, a more attractive spot. Within the household there will be lack for nothing, either in care or in companionship, which intelligence and thoughtfulness and affection can supply. The situation is befitting, as every one will think, to this lover of nature and of humanity and of all living things. And the friends of Mr. Whittier will be glad, we are sure, to think of him with such surroundings, and in such a home.

CHARLES B. RICE.

MR. WHITTIER'S WRITINGS.

We subjoin a correct list of Mr. Whittier's published writings in book form, with the dates of publication:

Legends of New England,	1831
Justice and Expediency [a pamphlet on the Slave Question],	1833
Mogg Megone,	1836
Lays of My Home, and other Poems,	1843
The Stranger in Lowell,	1845
Supernaturalism in New England,	1847
The Bridal of Pennacook,	1848
Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal,	1849
The Voices of Freedom,	1849
Songs of Labor and other Poems,	1850
Old Portraits and Modern Sketches,	1850
The Chapel of the Hermits,	1853
Literary Recreations,	1854
The Panorama, and other Poems,	1856
Home Ballads, and other Poems,	1860
In War Time, and other Poems,	1863
Snow Bound,	1866
The Tent on the Beach and other Poems,	1867
Among the Hills, and other Poems,	1868
Miriam, and other Poems,	1870
The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and other Poems,	1872
Mabel Martin,	1874
Hazel Blossoms,	1875

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

First and foremost in the long and gay procession of books which defile before us during this, the carnival month of childish literature, comes *St. Nicholas*,[1] a gallant knight, clad in scarlet surcoat and laden with the accumulated riches of a year. So many words have been said in praise of this admirable magazine that nothing seems left to say, further than that the fourth volume abundantly carries out the promise of the first, and that by way of holiday largess, the present Christmas number shines in a new cover, designed by Walter Crane, whose fairy pictures have made him famous among the children of two continents.

Baby Days,[2] from the same publishers, is a collection of stories and rhymes in large print for very little people, with illustrations so generously portioned out that they have "run over" and illustrated the lining of the cover, a novelty we do not remember to have seen elsewhere. *St. Nicholas* has always been happy in its provision for these small readers, and we recognize here some old favorites: the "Miss Muffet Series," for example; "The Jelly Family;" that tragical and delightful history of "The Gingerbread Man;" and a number of the quaint, jingling rhymes for which Mrs. Dodge is remarkable, and which, like certain winged seeds, seem to have tiny barbs appended to their lightness, so tenaciously do they stick in the memory.

If ever there was a delightful dog on earth it is "Captain Fritz," the French poodle whose adventures are so graphically told by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.[3] The little story is entirely fresh, simply written, and full of that delicate drollery which grown folks perceive while children are not puzzled by it. For a specimen of this humor we might almost dip at random:

"The magpie says a cur is a dog who does not have his breakfast brought to him in a plate, but finds it himself wherever he can. If one could always find plenty to eat, it would be very pleasant to be a cur!"

"Another thing I lost. I do not know the name of it, but it seemed to be inside of me. It made me love to run and race and tear and shake things. It made everything seem full of fun. There were always little hands nodding and little faces laughing at me in the trees and the bushes and the curtains, and everything that moved and swung. There were voices that whistled and called me, and I had to run after them up and down the yard, but I never found them. This is what I lost, and the magpie cannot tell me anything about it."

Could there be a subtler analysis of that "something sweet" which "follows youth with flying feet," both in man and in dog?

Tom[4] announces itself as "A Home Story," and so it is; the story of a real home and a very real Tom. Reading it awakens the question whether it is the more enchanting to be a boy, or a boy's mother; and it is hard to believe people who assert that there are drawbacks to both situations. The book is bright, hearty and stirring, full of a manly teaching which does not involve a particle of "preachment;" and it cannot fail to be interesting to every boy and every girl who is lucky enough to get hold of it. Here is a graphic bit about a "best parlor:"

"Two or three family portraits, that had been painted by an ingenious house and sign painter when work was light, were usually the only occupants of the room. They stared at the gay company as if their painted eyes would come out of them. Some plaster images, brought to the door by strolling Italian peddlers, and purchased with the firm conviction that they came from

[1] St. Nicholas. 1877. Scribner & Co.

[2] Baby Days. Scribner & Co.

[3] Captain Fritz. His Friends and Adventures. By Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[4] Tom. A Home Story. By George L. Chaney. Roberts Brothers.

Italy, ornamented mantel-piece and table. Two ostrich eggs, on which ships at full sail were etched, added to the foreign and rare impression made by the plaster things. A shell basket on the table held some daguerreotypes in morocco cases. A wax bird trembled on a wire spring above a basket of wax fruit. The furniture was ancient and stiff. If comfort were a sin, as some of the early New England settlers seemed to think, it would be an impossible sin in one of those chairs. The generation that could sit in them had passed away."

In *A Great Emergency* [5] the author of *Jan of the Windmill* shows the same refined and careful workmanship which distinguishes that choice little book. We have rarely read a better lesson on the evils of anger than in the story of "A very Ill Tempered Family," and it is given in an entertaining way, without resort to the cheap expedient of catastrophe. As usual, Mrs. Ewing's English and breeding are unexceptionably good.

Baby Ballads [6] is a collection of pretty, tripping rhymes, headed by George Macdonald's string of questions:

> "Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here."

Which dainty poem opens also *Our Children's Songs*,[7] a larger and more varied volume, containing, as we are pleased to see, some of those time-honored favorites, such as the "Original Poems" by Jane Taylor, crowded to the wall in most part, now-a-days, by a host of verses not so good. We do not see the propriety of mixing with these juvenile ditties some of the most solemn hymns in the language; and it is a shock to reverence to meet in the index with "O, Sacred Head, once wounded," and "O, fie, naughty Spitzy, this is really too bad," in immediate juxtaposition!

Little Curly Pate's Story Book, *Little Blue Bell's Picture Book*, *Litle Rosy Cheek's Picture Book*, and *Sunbeam's Picture Book*,[8] are all picture books in the widest sense of the word, being made up three-quarters of wood-cut and one-quarter of letter-press. They are precisely the books which babies most enjoy, having no continuous story to weary little minds and exhaust attention, but a big suggestive picture on every page, and beneath each those few explanatory words needed to make the meaning plain, which mothers and nurses are generally taxed to furnish.

Another book of the same class, but adapted to the needs of children a year or two further on, is *The Little Brown House;*[9] a record of the doings of boys and girls and chickens and cats and "mooly cows," sweetly and simply told and illustrated by delightful pictures. Little folks will find it as attractive as its predecessors, which is high praise to those who remember *Pussy Tip Toes* and *Frisk and His Flock*.

All of us know the fascinating look of a palette, with its girdle of many-hued paints symmetrically arranged round the edge; but nobody can know what a wealth of suggestion lurks in these tiny dots of color, till they read Mrs. Champney's graceful volume *All Around a Palette*.[10] There is much originality in this idea which would seem to come appropriately from an artist and an artist's wife. The stories, which are suggested by the different paints on the palette, are told by two imps known as "The Paint Bogies," and flow naturally in an art direction. Thus Venetian Red leads to anecdotes of Titian and Giorgione; Vandyck Brown to the children of Charles I, grouped round their big mastiff; Bitumen to the tale of that daughter of Pharaoh who wedded the great Solomon; etc. Mr. Champney contributes the very clever illustrations for this book.

We confess to an apprehensive distaste for stories about boarding-schools; all the more, that they are so universally attractive to young people. Precisely as we should hesitate about sending a girl to the average school, we hesitate to let her read the record of such schools — their slang and insubordination and bad manners. The author of *The Cedars*,[11] however, has contrived to eliminate the objectionable features from her theme, and the tale will be found lively and harmless reading for girls of the age to enjoy it.

Modern Magic and *The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic*,[12] both by Prof. Hoffman, give explanations and directions so careful and explicit for the doing of a number of the better known conjuring tricks, that any intelligent boy with a little study and practice may acquire them, and thus furnish an amusing parlor performance for winter evenings at home.

The experiences of that youthful hero, *Miltiades Peterkin Paul*,[13] are narrated in rhyme, and though not differing widely from those of other little boys, are sufficiently entertaining to excite a hearty laugh in such as read.

Audrey Sinclair, the heroine of *Brave Little Heart*,[14] is a young girl, left by her dying mother in charge of an impoverished and irritable father and a house full of brothers and sisters. It is a touching little history, and has a helpful quality which makes it good reading for girls. We should have preferred to omit Dr. Furyman from the plot as bordering on the improbable.

Children who enjoyed *Jolly Good Times* published two years ago, will enjoy *Jolly Good Times at School*,[15] by the same author, which introduces some of the characters of that book, and is in a similar hearty, lively vein. The author is evidently a close observer of actual boys and girls as seen in our rural regions. We could wish for her own sake that her descriptions were less pre-Raphaelite, for the fun and freshness of the story will hardly save it from the condemnation of fastidious parents, who will shrink from the introduction to their cherished nurslings, even on paper, of such a horde of riotous and ungrammatical children as are here depicted.

Being a Boy [16] belongs to that class of books which grown people chuckle over and find so vastly entertaining that they buy them for their children, and then are surprised to find that the children care nothing about them. The book is full of ingenious and quiet drollery, and shows an insight into boy nature which without the author's name would convince the most casual reader that he was — well! — not a girl! But children don't enjoy analysis of their odd little ways and mental properties, and as for drollery on the subject, they rather resent it, with a feeling that fun is being poked at them. Mr. Warner, therefore, may miss his mark with some little folks, but among older people this book will be popular enough to make up for rejection by any of the class to which it is addressed.

There is much simplicity and grace in *The Story of a Wooden Horse*,[17] the scene of which is laid in France. This horse, by name Cressida, is an ingenious automaton, unique among wooden horses, which can gallop, trot, neigh when stroked on the neck, and do other wonderful things. His adventures and those of his happy little owner, Maurice de Roseil, make a story which boys will find interesting.

Last on our list, but not least, comes *On a Cushion*,[18] the most successful and original venture in the old-fashioned fairy tale line which has appeared since the inimitable *Alice in Wonderland*. The utmost grace and delicacy distinguish this little book. It is replete with genuine imagination, that rare thing, and it is of the best quality. The Legend of the Opal is a poem told in prose. A Toy Princess brims with wit and satire; but children will perhaps prefer to either, the tale of The Hair Tree, and the wonderful garden in which it grew, where the shrub has hands to clutch and hold the passer by, and the flowers' mouths furnished with teeth which bite the cheeks they pretend to kiss; while other flowers are like human eyes.

> "Big eyes, small eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes, — eyes with long black lashes, eyes with scarcely any, eyes with heavy lids — all sorts of eyes, all looking at him. He thought them so pretty that he determined to gather some, and in coming to a very beautiful bright blue eye he put his hand to the stalk to break it off, but thereupon it wept such floods of tears that the sailor felt sorry for it, and left it glistening on its stem, whereat all the lips burst into a chorus of shrill laughter."

"SUSAN COOLIDGE."

[4] A Great Emergency, and Other Stories. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Roberts Brothers.

[6] Baby Ballads by Uno. Lee & Shepard.

[7] Our Children's Songs. Harper & Brothers.

[8] Little Curly Pate's Story Book. By Mrs. S. Barker. Little Blue Bell's Picture Book. Little Rosy Cheek's Picture Book. By Mrs. S. Barker. Sunbeam's Picture Books. By Mrs. Gassett. George Routledge & Sons.

[9] The Little Brown House and the Children who Lived n it. By Mrs. D. P. Sanford. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[10] All Around a Palette. By Lizzie W. Champney. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

[11] The Cedars. By Ellis Gray. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

[12] Modern Magic. By Professor Hoffman. The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic. By Robert Houdin. Translated by Prof. Hoffman. George Routledge & Sons.

[13] Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul. By John Brownjohn. D. Lothrop & Co.

[14] Brave Little Heart. George Routledge & Sons.

[15] Jolly Good Times at School. By P. Thorne. Roberts Brothers.

[16] Being a Boy. By Charles Dudley Warner. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[17] The Story of a Wooden Horse. By Emile Bayard. George Routledge & Sons.

[18] On a Cushion, and other Tales. By Mary de Morgan. E. P. Dutton & Co.

☞ There are two words which have a very unfamiliar look, but a very familiar sound. They are "pupper" and "mummer." We do not know that we ever before saw them in type, but we have often heard them on the lips. And as we here repeat them who does not recognize in them the every-day barbarisms into which those very sweet and tender household words, "Papa" and "Mamma," have become corrupted? We give way to the phonetic impulse, and impair the surface of one of our fair pages for the sake of let-

ting our readers see how they look. It may seem a little matter, but life is made up of little matters, and the only hope of remedying all is to take one at a time. Good habits of language are of prime importance, and we believe in beginning the teaching thereof in the nursery. It is not good language to say "pupper" and "mummer." Words have rights which we should accustom ourselves and our children to respect.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Light; a Series of Experiments for the Use of Students of Every Age. By Alfred A. Mayer and Charles Barnard. [D. Appleton & Co.]

On a careful examination of this book the reader will be surprised to find how completely and how satisfactorily the most recondite principles of the science of optics may be represented to the eye by means of the apparatus described; and at how comparatively small an expense this apparatus may be provided. A good deal of intelligent guidance, and some considerable mechanical skill, will be found to be necessary for any pupil who should undertake to prepare the apparatus himself; but the skill and experience are only such as every ordinary mechanic possesses; so that there would be, in every case, a resort at hand on occasion of any difficulty. Any intelligent boy, however, of from fifteen to eighteen years of age, with sufficient perseverance and steadiness of purpose, and with moderate facilities for plain work, and with a competent father or older brother, to take an interest in his progress and to give him some aid and direction from time to time, and with access to a small stock of carpenter's appointments, would accomplish the whole very satisfactorily. With a great majority of boys, however, with the usual eagerness and impatience for results of boys, and without any proper direction and restraint, the attempt to follow the guidance of this book would result in utter discouragement and total failure. The article of apparatus with which the descriptions commence is the Heliostat, which is a contrivance to be secured in a half-opened window for diverting a beam of light from the sun, coming from any direction, and transmitting it in a horizontal direction through the room, otherwise darkened by curtains or by other means. The beam thus transmitted can be conveniently made the means of a great number and variety of experiments which require very little additional apparatus, but which illustrate an astonishing number of the fundamental principles of optical science, such as those pertaining to transparency, translucency, opacity, reflection, refraction, the nature and the properties of color, and the like. It is perhaps needless to say, after the foregoing explanation, that the work is not intended to be used as a reading book, that is, as a book from which a pupil can gain some general ideas of the nature and properties of light, by a cursory perusal of it. Even a careful perusal of it, without the opportunity to repeat and witness the experiments, by one who had no previous knowledge of the subject, would be almost wholly useless; while yet a well-informed and intelligent reader, who had already acquired, in other ways, some general ideas in respect to the subject of optics, might be greatly interested in having his knowledge revived by it, and as it were, re-impressed; and he would be certainly much surprised at finding by what simple and inexpensive means the essential effects may be produced in a very satisfactory and striking manner. The volume is the first of a series in Experimental Science. JACOB ABBOTT.

Tears for the Little Ones. Edited by Helen Kendrick Johnson. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

Our Little Ones in Paradise. Compiled by Rev. Samuel Cutler. [American Tract Society.]

Sursum Corda. Compiled by the Editor of "Quiet Hours." [Roberts Brothers.]

These three volumes, though prepared by different hands, bearing different imprints, and presenting different exteriors, are bound together by a likeness of staple and a community of aim. Each is a compilation; the last one of religious poetry alone, the two others of poetry and prose. The address of each is to the bereaved and afflicted, and the common intent one of consolation. The special function of the first two is the comfort of parents who have lost children; the last named has a wider range of selection and purpose. The form of the first volume is somewhat ornamental; the tinted paper, a red-line border, and a glitter of gilt on the cover, giving it a bit of holiday appearance. The form and style of the second volume are simpler and to our taste more appropriate; this book is, indeed, one of unexceptionable beauty; but its compiler has taken liberties with the text of hymns, at least in the matter of abbreviating, as in the case of Mr. Bryant's noble poem, on page 167, which ought not to have been mutilated without distinct notice to that effect. The third volume makes no typographical pretension at all, but has a decided flavor of the religious doctrines held by what are known as the "Evangelical" churches. Each of the three seems to us to achieve its purpose well, and the first and last are particularly suitable for gift-books.

One Year Abroad. By the author of "One Summer." [James R. Osgood & Co.]

This "Little Classic" book is made up of the best parts of a year's letters to the Boston *Transcript.* But the author's route was quite aside from the routine of European travel, and her book is as unlike others of its class as her *One Summer* is unlike the ordinary story. The same qualities of mind that distinguished that distinguish this. It is altogether delightful. With nothing of the guide-book, we have in it a first-hand use of the eyes, and no common eyes, either. It is equally good for those who have been abroad and those who have not. A principal characteristic is a shrewd humor, but its whole surface is bright with little natural touches, as sunny as the light that plays over the ripply surface of a lake. The book may be read with almost unalloyed pleasure.

Money and Legal Tender. By R. Linderman. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

Here are twenty chapters in an hundred and twenty pages; some nearly as short as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland; but containing a valuable selection of facts and statistics bearing on the present monetary controversy, including such topics as the legislation on silver and paper, the annual production of silver and its use in manufactures, its value relative to gold during each year for the past century, and the position of other nations on the question of a single standard. The author is, of course, opposed to the remonetization of silver, and gives a satisfactory statement of his reasons. There is much, also, of special value to those interested in numismatics and minting.

The Narrative of a Blockade-Runner. By J. Wilkinson. [Sheldon & Co.]

Opportunities of studying the late war of the rebellion from the Confederate interior have been comparatively few; and hence each is of proportionately greater value. The deck of a blockade-runner, moreover, afforded a view of some of the less common aspects of the great struggle, and is, therefore, a desirable point of observation. The author of this volume was an officer in the late Confederate navy, and, after a brief naval service in Virginia and Mississippi waters, was placed in command of several blockade-runners in succession, which plied between Charleston, Wilmington, Bermuda, Nassau, and other ports "in and out." His narrative is simply and sensibly written, and very entertaining in its way; good as a story, and useful as a contribution to history.

We are under obligations to Mr. George E. Emery of Lynn, Mass., for copies of three maps: (1) of the *North Sea and Lands*, according to Antonio Zeno's chart of the 14th century; (2) of the *Zeni Map of the North Sea and Lands*, 1380; and (3) of the *North Sea and Lands* as known in popular geography, 1877. These maps, which every reader of such a work as that of Lieut. Payer's, reviewed in another column, would examine with keen interest, show that much of modern "discovery" is only a *recovery.* — Henry T. Williams, New York, publishes *Fret-Sawing for Pleasure and Profit*, a nicely-printed and profusely-illustrated handbook in paper covers, for the instruction of workers in wood with the fret-saw. A boy of mechanical tastes would be greatly interested in it and shown the way to a useful recreation. — In a pamphlet on *Some Aspects of the Money Question* [Robert Clarke & Co.], a member of the Cincinnati bar pricks the wind bubbles with which the schemes of "silvermen" and anti-resumptionists are puffed up. These letters, published originally in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, would make a good missionary tract, to be sown broadcast wherever the fallacies of the *Commercial's* editor have spread the errors that have brought forth such a baneful crop in Washington the past month.

Sprinkled in with the *Favorite Poems* by popular authors, which form so large a proportion of the little volumes of J. R. Osgood & Co.'s "Vest-Pocket Series," have appeared of late a number of choice bits of current or late literature, such as *Is She His Wife?* another parlor comedy by Charles Dickens; Mr. Carlyle's essays on *Burns* and *Goethe*, and Mr. Stedman's on *Mrs. Browning;* with Aldrich's *A Midnight Fantasy*, and Mark Twain's *A True Story.* This choice library in miniature is now well on towards a hundred volumes; in fact, we are not sure but that it has already reached that point.

An equal, if not a greater, variety characterizes the companion "Half-Hour Series," pub-

lished by Harper & Brothers, which average a few more pages to the volume, but are bound in paper covers, and are sold at a less price, ranging from fifteen to twenty-five cents. In this form have recently been given to us instructive essays by Eugene Lawrence, on *The Jews and their Persecutors*, *Latin Literature*, and *Greek Literature;* and short stories or sketches by George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and Geraldine Butt.

Prof. A. E. Dolbear's little book on *The Telephone* [Lee & Shepard] affords an hour's instructive reading upon the electric force, its application in the telegraph, and the special adaptation of the telegraph to speaking purposes, now fast becoming popularized. Numerous cuts in white outline upon a black surface help to make clear the more intricate passages in the explanation. — For pupils in the art of drawing, who have made some progress, and are able to master the principles of science and some technicality of detail, Prof. Keller's treatise on *Elementary Perspective* [Robert Clarke & Co.] is fitted to be very useful. The soundness of its method and its adaptability to existing wants have been demonstrated by several years' use of it in manuscript in the School of Designs, Cincinnati University. Seventeen inserted plates accompany the text. — Both practical and interesting, because it deals with a subject of universal concern in an intelligent way, is Col. Waring's little book on *The Sanitary Condition in City and Country Dwelling Houses*. [D. Van Nostrand.] It tells how to make the city tenement free from the dangers of sewer gas, and how to dispose of the sewage of a place where no system of public sewers exists. With regard to the latter it finds in favor of the plan of subsoil irrigation which has lately been applied on a large scale in the village of Lenox.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s new *Concordance to the Book of Psalms* is fitted, as concordances ordinarily are not, to the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer, as well as to the text found in the common English version. This peculiarity will make it especially useful to Episcopalians. — *The Pilgrim Psalms* [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.] is an edifying little volume of comments upon Psalms cxx to cxxiv inclusive. The author, Rev. Samuel Cox, is an English Baptist. In his preface he says: "My chief and most pleasant task has been to bring out the poetic beauty and spiritual wisdom with which these Psalms are rife, and to point the morals they were intended to convey." We can heartily commend his endeavor as altogether successful. — We cannot speak in any such terms of *The Temple of Pleasure, or Seeing Life* [W. B. Mucklow], whose author, Rev. J. W. Bonham, styles himself "a Church Evangelist," that is, we suppose, an Episcopalian. He means well, perhaps, though we never can maintain entire confidence towards a Christian minister who adopts the key upon which this book is pitched. It is a mere piece of religious rodomontade, a coarsely-sensational preachment, which ought to have been left in the manuscript, and the manuscript thrown into the waste-basket. — Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, jr.'s, *The Square of Life* [W. B. Mucklow] is a bit of very different work. The four lectures of which it is composed, on Manhood, Womanhood, Fatherhood, Motherhood, are reverent, dignified, timely and useful discussions, from the Christian standpoint, of the important characters or functions represented by those terms.

TABLE TALK.

. . . Please instruct the critic of sensational literature to sharpen his knife, grind his tomahawk, and without fear of publishers or authors to kill and scalp every member of the family from *Helen's* (unnatural) *Babies* to "That Grandmother of Mine." If he cannot exterminate the race he may prevent the birth of expected monstrosities. Alas for Athens! that her wisdom has changed to such folly as to permit those books to bear upon the title page "Boston."

J. G. McI.

Springfield, Mass.

. . . Who, oh, who is it, that caracoles so over *The Story of Avis?* I cannot make out, for the life of me, that the book is good — though it has a certain strong interest in it. The art chatter which runs through its pages is poor — at times absurd and ignorant; and the style seems all dashed in with solid vermilion — no grays or pale pinks. The story has power, for I cannot get it out of my head, but it isn't power which will carry it far. And I do decry Miss Phelps's choice of names, and the way in which her people talk. Either Andover is a place by itself and not at all like the rest of New England, or I don't know New England. X.

. . . I am reading Miss Phelps's *Avis*. I only began it yesterday. I think the style is beautiful, but I fear for the ending of the love story. Miss Phelps has peculiar views, and after her *Gates Ajar* I should not be surprised at any opinion. I do think there are women with love for other things — art, out-door societies, and literary pursuits, who really would not only be happier themselves, but the men whom they marry would be so too, if they had remained unmarried. They have no love for domestic joys, and are in bondage all the time. A. N.

Brooklyn.

. . . You got over the Cook Book very happily. P.

. . . Mr. W. E. Gladstone's speculations on the perception of color are interesting, but I think not to be accepted. If the human race had only of late gained the perception of color, then it could not be possessed by animals. But we know that the bull distinguishes red and is enraged by it. Lubbock's experiments show that insects distinguish colors. It is a favorite opinion of Darwin that birds recognize color, and that their action on it through "natural selection" modifies species. L.

Philadelphia.

. . . The irrelevancy of the criticism of the *Spectator* on Mr. Gladstone's article on "The Color Sense," drawn from Joseph's "coat of many colors," appears from the fact, established by the best Hebrew scholars, that the passage in Genesis (xxxvii: 3) has no reference to color, the correct rendering being, as given by Dr. Conant, "a full-length garment." C.

Boston.

. . . Another provincialism of frequent notice along the mouth of the Merrimac and vicinity is the addition of the letter *r* to the pronunciation of many words ending in *w;* for instance, *saw* is pronounced as if spelled *sawr*, a *drawing* is called a *drawring*, a *raw* day is a *rawr* day, etc. While this provincialism is by no means universal, it is very common even among the most intelligent families. A singular feature about it is that the native born population seem wholly unconscious of it. N. S. W.

Salisbury, Mass.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(39.) Which classical atlas do you consider the best as a work of reference for a private library?

F. R. H.

New York.

The best English classical atlas for ordinary working use is probably A. K. Johnston's, published by Blackwood, Edinburgh.

(40.) Will you please give me the name of the author of the novels *Paul Ferroll*, and *Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife?* The author was an English lady who died within a few years.

SUBSCRIBER.

Mrs. Caroline (Wigley) Olive, wife of Archer Olive.

(41.) The *Literary World* for November, in its review of "Leeds's History of the United States," uses the phrase "six thousand millions of dollars." Is this correct, or is it even allowable, in a paper making claim as a literary authority? If so, why is it not equally correct to write "six hundred thousands of dollars," or "six hundreds of dollars?" S. H. K.

Washington, D. C.

We see nothing *incorrect* in the phrase "six thousand millions of dollars," though we admit that "six thousand million dollars" would be more nearly analagous to usage. We prefer the former nevertheless.

(42.) Will you give me your opinion as to which you think is the best Encyclopædia for general purposes, Britannica, Appleton's, Johnson's, etc.? I wish to get one, and the best.

J. T. L.

Marietta, Ohio.

The field on which the rival Encyclopædias are now engaged in the death grapple is a dangerous one for a non-combatant to enter, and we answer a difficult question with caution. We *use* Appleton's, and generally find it all that can be desired. There are those who prefer Johnson's. We should like very much to own the new edition of the Britannica, which is fuller than either of the above-named, but will not be completed for several years.

ANSWERS.

(30.) Both expressions are French, and are used, but with very different meanings. "Esprit *de* corps" designates the feeling which all the members of an especial society have in common. Thus, when we speak of a regiment, we are to say: "L'esprit de corps est parfait dans ce régiment;" "L'esprit de corps laisse beaucoup à désirer dans ce régiment." The expression "esprit *du* corps," very seldom used, is found once in the Gospel, and again in one of Xavier de Maistre's writings entitled "Voyage autour de ma chambre." It is necessary to remark that in both of these cases the writers employ that expression in opposition to "esprit de l'âme." It shows plainly to us that the words *corps* and *âme* were considered by the writers as animated

bodies. From these two authorities we see that "esprit *du* corps" is only used when *corps* refers to one's own body.

LEON ROGER.

St. Mary's School, St. Augustine's College, Benicia, Cal.

(33.) From several correspondents we learn that an article on Elizabeth Sheppard, the author of *Charles Auchester*, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, (written however before her marriage) can be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1862.

(34.) The author of *Coronation* is certainly correct about the British cannon ball in the old Brattle Street church front. I have often looked upon it there. Who can tell where it is now? C. G. W.

Springfield, Mass.

(36.) W. G. B. will find review of Allston's *Monaldi* in *North American Review*, Vol. LIV. H. F. H.

Rockville, Conn.

(37.) The words are from Parolles in Shakespeare's "All's Well That Ends Well," ACT II. Sc. III, last line but two. C. G. W.

Springfield, Mass.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— Not even the enlargement of this number of the *Literary World* to thirty-six pages, nearly double its usual size, has made room for all the material it ought to have contained. For the displacement of the usual editorial matter by the Whittier Tribute no apology, of course, is needed; but other departments are alike abridged, valuable matter already in type is crowded out altogether, and notices of new novels, of many holiday books, and a variety of other publications have got no further than manuscript. Oh, for a fortnightly issue!

— The extracts printed in another column by no means exhaust the poetic riches of the December magazines. Mr. Longfellow's "Keramos," in *Harper's*, is his most considerable recent production, and a much more notable work of verse than anything which has reached the public through the periodicals this long time. Its glorification of "old china" will greatly delight a now rapidly growing taste, and the fine illustrations which accompany it adopt it at once to everybody's liking. *St. Nicholas* turns out several little bits of verse which are quite remarkable as being the work of two little sisters, Elaine and Dora Goodale, thirteen and ten years old respectively, whose home is among the Berkshire hills in Western Massachusetts. It would have been, perhaps, an appropriate conjunction of precocities if we had invited upon these poems the critical judgment of the young lady of *not yet seven years* who dictated the notices of "Books for Boys and Girls" for our last number! Other articles in the December magazines of special interest for our readers are as follows:

"The Metropolitan Newspaper." W. H. Rideing,	*Harper's.*
"The Cosmogony of 'Paradise Lost.'" E. S. Nadal,	"
"Miss Alcott." F. B. Sanborn,	*St. Nicholas.*
"A Study of Keats." R. H. Stoddard,	*Scribner's.*
"Recallings from a Public Life." Robert Dale Owen,	"
"'Ouida's' Novels." T. S. Perry,	*Lippincott's.*
"Folk-lore of the Southern Negroes." William Owens,	"
"Thomas Bailey Aldrich." G. L. Austin,	*Wide Awake.*

— A valued subscriber, in remitting his subscription, sends two dollars instead of one, pleasantly saying: "One can hardly send a silver half-dollar by mail, and $2.00 a year would be a more convenient price than $1.50; but please credit me for one year and a third." Any of our readers are quite at liberty to follow his example.

— The list of Pseudonymns in our November number has commanded wide attention as being by far the fullest ever published in that form, so far as known to our readers. It was defective, however, by reason of many omissions and some errors, and we have a supplementary list in preparation. We shall be obliged to any of our friends who will forward additions or corrections.

— Mrs Stowe is to have a new story in the *Christian Union* to be called "Our Folks at Poganuck."

— The statue to John Stuart Mill, erected by subscription on the part of his friends on the Thames Embankment, near to the London School Board offices, is about to be unveiled. There will be no formal ceremonies.

— Mr. J. H. Ingram, now in London, claims to have come recently into possession of a hitherto unknown romance by Edgar A. Poe. *The Journal of Julius Rodman* is its name, and its subject an imaginary first passage across the Rocky Mountains by civilized man.

— *A Talk about Swedenborg*, by the Rev. Frank Sewall, President of Urbana University, Ohio, is being translated into Swedish in a publication at Stockholm; and *The Pillow of Stones*, by the same author, is appearing in Italian in the "Nuova Epoca" published in Florence.

— Mr. Richard H. Dana's participation in the Whittier Tribute is peculiarly gratifying. He reached his own ninetieth birthday on the 15th of November, "the second born of the first generation of American authors," as an article in the *Tribune* fittingly designates him.

— Miss Blanche Howard, the author of those popular books, *One Summer* and *One Year Abroad*, was born and educated in Bangor, Maine, but we will not presume to divulge her age except by saying that she is *young*. If the reader were to look at her photograph he would see a woman of fine personal appearance, tall and queenly in her bearing.

— It is pleasant to know of the success of some new editions of standard works. Hurd & Houghton's *Bacon* and *British Poets* are selling fast, the former having already reached a third edition; and the demand for T. Y. Crowell's cheap edition of the latter is greater than he can supply. Large orders for it have come in, especially from the South and West, where it is certain to have a wide circulation.

— Of a number of new ventures announced in journalism the most promising is *Sunday Afternoon*, a monthly religious magazine of a practical rather than theological sort, to be published by Edward F. Merriam, of Springfield, under the editorship of Rev. Washington Gladden. Mr. Gladden's name is a guarantee that it will be a wide-awake, good-tempered, intelligent, valuable journal. It is not to be polemic.

— Dr. J. G. Holland is reported to be at work upon a new poem. — Mrs. Mary B. Dodge has sailed for Europe, where she will spend the winter, mostly in Paris.—Mr. Julian Hawthorne's new daughter has received the name of Gwendolen. — Mr. E. S. Nadal has again been appointed a Secretary of Legation at London.— Julia Kavanagh, the novelist, has just died suddenly at Nice at the age of fifty-three. Her first work, *The Three Paths*, appeared in 1848, and her last, *The Two Lilies*, only a short time since.

— Mr. Murray, of Boston, in his *Golden Rule*, and Mr. Swing, of Chicago, in his *Alliance*, are spurring on their steeds to new endeavors, and we begin to watch with considerable interest to see which racer will come out ahead. Each paper announces an increased staff, an enlarged scope, new features, and, in general, a purpose of distancing all the other family religious papers in the country. The two cities, as centers of great thinking populations, can certainly support two such enterprises, and we expect to see each one going on succeeding in its own way.

— Such of our readers as are fond of noting literary coincidences may like to compare with the third of the three "wittiest Boston sayings" as referred to by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (see *Literary World*, vol. viii, pp. 68, 82) this remark from Miss Phelps's new story:

"The consciousness of clean linen is in and of itself a source of moral strength only second to that of a clean conscience."

This is that same sentiment in a new form, and we shall begin to think that there must be a fundamental truth behind it.

— The war between Appletons' and Johnson's Cyclopedias has come to the point of an explicit challenge from the publishers of the latter to the publishers of the former to submit the two works to a tribunal of critics, impartially constituted, who shall take their own course of examination, and render a verdict upon their disputed comparative merits. The challengers offer to pay the entire cost of the examination and to publish the result, provided the result is against them, and further to make a gift of $500 to the Children's Aid Society; but provided the result is in their favor to require nothing of the Appletons.

— The recent Congress of Librarians in London has been promptly followed by two notable results: first, the *American Library Journal*, dropping the word "American" from its title, becomes the official organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom; second, an Index Society has been organized, under the lead of Mr. Robert Harrison, having for its immediate object the compiling of indexes to important books deficient in that particular, and the preparation of a general index to universal literature. Mr. Justin Winsor seems to have been the moving spirit at the Congress.

— The event in the literary circles of New York has been the arrival from England of Mr. Benjamin Leopold Farjeon. Mr. Farjeon, who is of Hebrew-English descent, and forty-three years old, has made a sudden reputation by his stories of *Grif*, *Joshua Marvel*, *Blade o' Grass*, *London's Heart*, and *Bread and Cheese and Kisses*. To the average American he comes strongly commended, by reason of having lately married a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor. It is understood to be his purpose to make his home in America for some time to come. To him and his father-in-law, the latter better known as "Rip Van Winkle," the Lotos Club gave a cordial welcome the other evening.

— Mr. Bayard Taylor's recent course of lectures on "German Literature" was one of the best and most successful of the many excellent courses Boston owes to the Lowell Institute. His evident mastery of the subject, his large and minute familiarity with the characteristic styles and representative authors of the different epochs in German letters, the admirable mingling of biography, history, and criticism in his treatment of the great writers, and the remarkable skill shown in his translations, gave to the lectures an authentic value and positive interest quite unusual. Mr. Taylor's manner was wholly in keeping with the thorough excellence of his lectures. No rhetorical or oratorical tricks were used to entrap the audience into applause. The whole was scholarly, manly and sincere; and the most respectful and admiring attention was paid by an intelligent audience, which was large from the first, and at last crowded the hall to its utmost capacity.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Whittier Tribute.

The following contributions reach us too late for insertion in the proper place, the pages containing the Whittier Tribute being already printed. They are not too late, however, we are sure, to blend with the general accord.

THE SONGS OF SEVENTY YEARS.

Master! Let stronger lips than these
Turn melody to harmony,
Poet! Mine tremble as they crave
A word alone with thee.

Thy songs melt on the vibrant air,
The wild birds know them, and the wind,
The common light hath claim on them,
The common heart and mind.

And air, and light, and wind, shall be
Thy fellow-singers, while they say
How seventy years of music stir
The common pulse to-day.

. . . . . .

Hush, sweetest songs! Mine ears are deaf
To all of ye save only one.
Blind are the eyes that turn the leaf
Against the Autumn sun.

Oh, blinder once were fading eyes,
Fast folded now from shine and rain,
And duller were the dying ears
That heard the chosen strain.

Stay, solemn chant! 'Tis mine to sing
Your notes alone below the breath.
'Tis mine to bless the poet who
Can bless the hour of death.

For once a spirit "sighed for home,"
A "longed-for light whereby to see,"
And, "wearied," found the way to them,
O Christian seer, through thee!

Passed — with thy words on paling lips,
Passed — with thy courage to depart.
Passed — with thy trust within the soul,
Thy music in the heart.

Oh, calm above our restlessness,
And rich beyond our dreaming, yet
In Heaven, I know, one owes to thee
A glad and grateful debt.

From it may learn some tenderer art,
May find and take some better way
Than all our tenderest and best,
To crown thy life to-day.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I SHOULD love to pay a tribute to our dear and good friend in the fashion you propose, if I could find the words worthy to stand beside those that will come to you. But this is just where I must fail you; and, after thanking you for the kindly thought, beg to be left out—not in the cold, but in the silence with the gentle and tender thoughts a million like myself nourish for the man who has done so much to help and bless the world he lives in.

ROBERT COLLYER.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

— The first meeting of the Goethe club was made interesting by a reception to William Cullen Bryant. The occasion was a brilliant one in every respect. The Kurtz Gallery, in which it was held, was filled to overflowing by a select audience, composed very largely of authors, journalists, clergymen, literary people, artists and other well-known people. The venerable poet sat modestly behind a bank of flowers, his snowy beard and locks contrasting finely with these variegated colors. The address of welcome was pronounced by W. R. Alger, and was a peculiarly fitting and felicitous effort. Mr. Bryant responded very happily, representing himself as an antiquity, cherished and gazed at and admired a good deal as people value and look at the relics of Troy and the jewels found in the tomb of Agamemnon. But after all it was not a great misfortune, and he wished his friends might become antiquities of the same kind. Then the company formed a line and shook the hand of the venerable poet, who seemed to enjoy the occasion hugely, and whose face blossomed in a smile of benignant good nature.—*New York Letter to the Springfield Republican.*

— Longfellow's Salute to Tennyson is a literary incident of the first importance, and in England, especially, will cause a rallying stir and movement in opposed literary camps, a buckling on of armor among the critics, and a poising of quills in rest, especially by the champions of Browning and the still newer school. Longfellow, by right of his venerated position as the eldest living English-speaking poet of the people, and still more popularly read in England even than Tennyson, comes in courtliest state to perform a duty of honor. . . . There is something of defiance and challenge in the deed, and the succeeding allusion to the "howling dervishes of song" does not leave its purpose doubtful.—*Boston Transcript.*

— The life of Richard Henry Dana has a special interest for all Americans, from the circumstance that it includes the entire literary history of the nation, not excepting Barlow's "Vision of Columbus," which appeared about the time of his birth. He has seen the whole achievement, of which he is an honored part. His own contribution to it is none the less important, because so unobtrusively made. He has never been one of those who attach themselves to the structure as a flying buttress, or seek to shoot aloft as an ornate and conspicuous pinnacle; but when we examine the foundations, we shall find his chisel-mark on many of the most enduring blocks.—*Tribune.*

— Stedman's new volume of poems gets nothing but praise, and golden praise, too. He is one of the few of our writers who have the capacity of admiration, and his noble poem on Hawthorne and the fine memorial tribute to Greeley show the soundness of his heart and the sweetness of his spirit, and the genuine nobility of a nature which has no room for jealousy or envy, or even sourness in it. It is a great pity that such a fine mind as Stedman's, in such a delicate body as it is held in, should be forced to grind in such a hard mill to meet the daily needs of life.—*New York Letter to the Springfield Republican.*

— Mr. Bancroft is as vigorous as many men of half his age. His habits are regular, studious, methodical. He rises early — at about 5 o'clock in the Winter — kindles his own grate fire, takes a cup of coffee, and works. He has taken upon him many of the habits of the student men of the old world, and performs much of his labor before the day of modern political men begins. The afternoon he spends in taking his "constitutional" exercise. In the evening he either receives his friends, or attends the reception of some distinguished person.—*Tribune.*

— Dr. Holmes writes only in the morning. He devotes about three hours a day to literary work. He is like Scott in the regularity of his literary vigils. He is at present engaged on a memento of Motley, the historian, not a great undertaking, but a brief presentation of facts and opinions. He does not go into society, and rarely dines out, except with the Saturday club. One week recently he surprised himself by accepting three invitations to dine out in the space of six days, but they were each of them extraordinary occasions.—*Boston Herald.*

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium.	L., large.
S., small.	Ob., oblong.
Sq., square.	Ext., extra.

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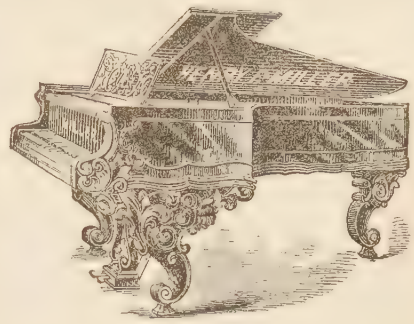

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SHIELDS'S PHILOSOPHY.*

IT seems there is at Princeton a professor of "Harmony of Science and Revealed Religion;" and this treatise is offered as a specimen of the work done. The greater part of the work is devoted to a sketchy history of the relations of science and religion since the birth of the former. This is interesting reading, but quite indecisive of any question at issue between belief and unbelief. We do not so much care to know what opinions have been held, as rather what opinions are true; and this question can never be solved by any historical research, but only by appeal to facts as interpreted by the laws of thought. That there are conflicting opinions we all know; what we look for from a "Harmonizer, etc.," is some means of judging which of them are best supported. Part II of this work is entitled "The Philosophical Theory of the Harmony of Science and Religion;" and we find it more unsatisfactory still. The author claims, rightly enough, that philosophy must be the umpire between religion and science, and gives a fair criticism of positivism and of some absolutists' theorizings. But in all this flood of exposition we miss anything which comes to close quarters with the problem. What we most need in this direction is a true theory of knowledge, founded upon the laws of thought and the facts of consciousness. This will serve to show that there is only one method for all investigation, scientific or religious, viz.: (1) to determine all the facts, (2) to seek their rational explanation. What we next need is a criticism of particular irreligious opinions; and this will result in showing that, instead of being science, they are only personal dogmatisms and matters of irreligious faith. Another general need in all these discussions is to abandon the habit of collecting all scientists and all religious people into mutually exclusive and hostile camps. This is an injustice to scientists, the vast majority of whom are, and always have been, religious. It is also an injustice to religion, as it allows any irreligious dogmatism to usurp the name and *prestige* of science, to which it is not entitled; and then it proves its theory not by an appeal to facts, but by calling itself science. Moreover, the judicial reason must always be impatient of setting up any court of appeal besides itself. What it wants to know is, not whether a theory or fact is religious or scientific; but whether it is true. And since the conflict is solely as to the possibility or impossibility, the truth or falsehood, of certain facts, no discussion can be decisive which deals with generalities and does not address itself to the knot of the problem. On this account the critic must judge the work in hand to have contributed very little to a solution. It contains much history, but little philosophy. The title of the book is entirely misleading. The author does not assume that the last word has been spoken; and the title is descriptive only in the sense that the work is the latest publication in this department. What he seems to mean by the title is that the true philosophy will finally be reached; and then science and religion will be found in harmony. Unfortunately the end is far off, for "the completion of the final philosophy itself, it need scarcely be said, can only be the work of many minds through coming generations."

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

* The Final Philosophy. By Charles Woodruff Shields, D. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

COOK'S TRANSCENDENTALISM.*

Pursuing with Mr. Cook's volume on "Transcendentalism," the same method, on a slightly enlarged scale, adopted for the lectures on Biology, we present three signed articles upon it, by writers of different religious schools. The author of the first, Rev. N. P. Gilman, of Bolton, Mass., is a representative Unitarian clergyman; Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke, of Boston, the author of the second, is a Trinitarian Congregationalist of the stanchest sort; while Rev. Dr. J. L. Dudley, as a successor to Theodore Parker in the pulpit of the 28th Congregational Society, Boston, and yet, at the same time, a member in full standing of an association of "Orthodox" Congregational ministers, may be presumed to hold a place midway between.

I.

IN his course of lectures delivered last winter, Rev. Mr. Cook passed from what he was pleased to call "Biology" to another collection of topics which, with characteristic and thoroughly unscientific looseness, he christened with the name of "Transcendentalism." This book might as appropriately have borne any one of half a dozen other titles, as the one which it has taken from the second lecture contained in it; but hearers of Mr. Cook must often, on the announcement of his "subject," recall the celebrated definition of the preacher's "text"—a simple point of departure.

This journal is no place in which to discuss at length the proper *matter* of these lectures. But with every desire to find in their form or material a contribution to thought upon the great themes handled, we have to confess our inability to discover anything which can be honored with such a designation. Mr. Cook has been content with borrowing the entire substance of his discussion from authorities accessible, with slight exception, to superficial inquiry. When we reflect upon the large number of clergymen to be found in Tremont Temple of a Monday noon, and upon the books and studies which were embraced in their courses of theological education, and to which they, with ordinary diligence, should have attended, we are simply astonished at the presumption that can present such lectures as the first in this volume, for instance, as "the results of the freshest German, English, and American scholarship." The actual subject of this first lecture is Intuition. The reader will recognize the great animation and earnestness of the lecturer, and if he be a warm adherent of the Intuitional Philosophy may be deceived by Mr. Cook's formidable array of numbered propositions (each presumed to be incapable of contradiction) into thinking the result of the battle a complete victory for Intuitionalism. But let him ask himself if, in fact, he can imagine, as Mr. Cook's first proposition concerning space assumes, all matter non-existent; if he can, in truth, under the light of modern science, imagine more than a simple *change* of *location* or of *form* in space for any object, or even *dream* of absolute space entirely evacuated of matter? Will it be "perfectly easy" for him "to vacate all time of all events?" even of the very thought of his own mind, by which he attempts to empty time of every phenomenon? Let him ask himself if there is any other fundamental reason why we must believe "that every change not only *has* but *must* have" a cause, except this, that we find ourselves completely unable to conceive space and time, previous to any change, as utterly empty of phenomena which may serve as predecessors and causes of that change? Can he imagine something coming out from nothing? If he cannot, then the weakness of Mr. Cook's metaphysics is evident. Yet if he shall consider himself able to answer these questions and to remain an Intuitionalist, we shall not quarrel with him. But as for the Temple lecturer, it is a mild thing to say this:—Any scholar who pretends to discuss the subject

* Boston Monday Lectures. Transcendentalism. By Joseph Cook. James R. Osgood & Co.

of Intuition at this time, and leaves entirely out of sight and notice the psychology of Herbert Spencer, must be pronounced very ignorant or very prejudiced. For the truth is that the long contest between Aristotelians and Platonists appears to have been ended by the Theory of Evolution, which traces back what are called our "intuitions" to the primitive mental experiences of the race, so far conceding to the one school, while it asserts the unquestionable validity of the intuitions, now wrought into the mind of man, so far conceding to the other school of psychologists. Any consistent theory of evolution, of mind as well as of matter, must so arbitrate. But Mr. Cook, while claiming to be a well-informed evolutionist of a certain kind, wholly omits the consideration of this matter, a right consideration of which would have changed the entire tone and issue of his lecture. Let this suffice for an index of Mr. Cook's trustworthiness as an intellectual guide.

The author's sins of omission in his matter are peccadilloes, however, if compared with his sins of commission in manner. Of his style, much more fairly than of Gibbon's, it may be said that "it would be impossible to tell the truth in it," — for it is a style which no one can long use and retain a respectable amount of mental integrity. Always near to being "a very bad style," in nine cases out of ten it *is* a a very bad style. Mr. Cook's faculty, which is the real cause of his present temporary notoriety, but which cannot make his books more than books of an hour, is a purely rhetorical faculty. Occasionally he produces legitimate effects of a high order; but from nearly every page can be gathered specimens of declamation of which a sophomore might well be ashamed, for their floridity and tawdriness. A man who in cool blood can print and give to the world such rhetorical trash as predominates in every lecture, and especially abounds toward the end, of this book, must have some fundamental unsoundness in his mind. The manner of the whole work is strained and unnatural; its tone is eminently *feverish*. No man's ideas of psychology or of theology are likely to be made clearer by the assertion that "the nature of things may be an omnipresent kiss," or that Christ is "unravelled God." Such "illustrations" illustrate only the mental fever or intoxication of their author. We despaired, as we read these lectures, of finding adjectives that would fitly characterize their vocabulary and style. But Mr. Cook became at length our helper. Speaking of the Mayflower's sails, he joins three adjectives in a sweet conjunction that gave us deep relief. This book is indeed full of "billowing, bellying, bellowing" rhetoric, generally as devoid of mental nourishment as those Atlantic gales. If there is truth in Phillips Brooks's words: "The man who is always trying to attract attention and be brilliant counts the mere sober effort after absolute truth and justice dull; it is more tempting to be clever and unjust, than to be serious and just," Rev. Mr. Cook is in great danger of intellectual perdition. And when we say, in conclusion, that, tried by the tests of intellectual morality, Mr. Cook is immoral, dishonest, corrupt, and a corrupter, we justify ourselves by quoting again from the noble man whose precepts and whose practice cannot be too strongly commended to the Tremont Temple lecturer: "Here too is the power of simplicity and absolute reality. All turgid rhetoric, all false ornament, all doctrinal fantasticalness, must disappear in the presence of a supreme absorbing value for the souls of men. *The conscience and the taste, when both are pure, will coincide.*"

N. P. GILMAN.

II.

SO far as I know, *The Literary World* has the honor of inaugurating the first "Symposium" on this side of the Atlantic, for the discussion by gentlemen of opposite schools of the controverted questions of the day. If in the present instance they do not accomplish much, they have a very convenient excuse in the limited space allowed them.

The title of Mr. Cook's book is a misnomer. Theodore Parker was, in no obvious sense of the term, a Transcendentalist. He was of too coarse a fiber for such a visionary. He never lived in the domain of the imagination. He did not attempt to exhale Christianity out of existence by "levitation." He preferred sneers, and sarcasms, and the battle-ax. Emerson is a Transcendentalist, intensified by self-complacent individualism; Parker was a Rationalist. With the Transcendentalist, the question is between Christ and Hegel; with the Rationalist, it is between Christ and his "own understanding;" with the Christian, it is Christ first, and Christ last, and Christ always. Transcendentalism is either so nebulous as to be ærial, or so profound as to be muddy, but Rationalism is infidel and iconoclastic. The retreating footsteps of Transcendentalism in Germany, and the advancing tread of victorious Orthodoxy, were heard before Parker began his work. He was a disbeliever of so nearly the Tom Paine type, that even Frothingham predicted for him no desirable immortality. He was an omnivorous reader within certain narrow limits, but he was not really a learned man. He had deep humanitarian and religious convictions, but his prejudices against Evangelical views were of the bitterest sort, and they perverted his better impulses. He ought to have been indicted for blasphemy. He said: "In the ecclesiastic conception of Deity, there is a fourth Person to the Godhead, namely, the Devil, an outlying member, unacknowledged indeed, the complex of all evil, but as much a part of the Deity as either Son or Holy Ghost, and far more powerful than all the rest, who seem but jackals to provide for the 'roaring lion.'" His caricatures of the Evangelical faith are incessant and outrageous. Voltaire's blasphemies have this apology, — that he knew Christianity only through the distorting medium of Popery. Parker, born and educated in Massachusetts, must have known better. His impiety was malignant. Rearing his "absolute religion" upon a partial philosophical basis, upon what he thought *ought* to be, and upon an obliquity of religious emotion, he was just the man to attempt to evacuate Christianity of its central truths, and to substitute in their place something which is acceptable to the natural heart. He was fond of calling it "the religion of reason." He possessed remarkable magnetic power, and completely saturated his congregation at West Roxbury and "The Twenty-eighth Congregational Society" in Boston, with his principles and his spirit. Whether demoniacal possessions exist in our days I will not attempt to say; but it is notorious that the men, and the women too, who thronged to hear him, have rarely been exorcised of their virulent hate of Christianity. He claimed to be an Unitarian, but the more conservative Unitarians were afraid of him. They feared that his outspoken opposition to Christianity would make their system more unpopular. Having no creed of their own by which to test him, they could not cast him out of their synagogue. He was on their hands; to carry him was insupportable — to get rid of him was impossible. They gave him the cold shoulder, and he chafed under the ostracism. He printed a sermon, but no publisher in Boston was willing his name should appear on the title-page. He complained that his translation of De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament" had "never had a friendly word said of it in any American journal." He might have exclaimed with Hamlet:—

> "The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

If Theodore Parker commanded but a very limited measure of respect from his generation, the man, who always took off his hat when he referred to himself, typified his self-esteem.

A gentleman of culture and good judgment, who has had charge of a small Episcopal church in Stockbridge, and of another in Amherst, has retired from those fields in disgust, and says: "It's of no use; you can't make Episcopacy go *where Jonathan Edwards has been.*" The "absolute religion" could not be made to go in Germany, and it has fared no better in the Bay State. It is hard work to make a triangle fit into a circle. The "nature of things" in Massachusetts is inconsistent with the success of free-thinking.

The "advanced thought" of the day is a long way behind the thought of New England.

But little space is now left for Joseph Cook. Richter among the Germans is called "The Unique," and Mr. Cook is fairly entitled to that *sobriquet* here. Of all the qualities which make an orator, he has an embarrassment of riches. His physique is fine, his knowledge various, his memory tenacious, his analysis keen, his style pictorial, and his delivery vivacious. Of his fondness for alliteration, his "billowing, bellying, bellowing sails," and his "lawless, limp, lavender liberalism," are specimens. Of his remarkable fecundity of words, "The Harvard Lampoon" has attempted an imitation. Of his excessive use of adjectives, my own style in this article is a parallel. His perfect self-possession, his remote analogies, his luxuriant imagination, his stamping foot, his arms akimbo or "swirling" in the air, his eyes "glancing from heaven to earth from earth to heaven," his profuse perspiration, his twistings, contortions, and hesitations — leaving you in doubt whether they are an effort at recollection or a rhetorical artifice — are all highly dramatic; but when the obstacle gives way, lo, and behold! there comes a torrent of definitions, illustrations, scientific terms, conclusive reasons, delivered with a volubility which Dr. Phillips Brooks might envy, and sweeping everything before it; and spectacled professors, thoughtful philosophers, grave theologians, and the intelligent multitude, in utter *abandon*, give vent to their gratification in irrepressible thunders of applause. Theodore Parker and his profane teachings have but small chance in such hands.

But Mr. Cook's arguments are more effective than his rhetoric. His sledge-hammer attacks upon error are fearful to behold, but more fearful to feel. His *post mortem* examination of Parker's theories is skillfully done. The "scientific method" is successfully applied to his unscientific vagaries.

But while I render this sincere tribute of respect to the general correctness of Mr. Cook's course of procedure, I do not forget the almost absolute impossibility of uniting his florid and ambitious rhetoric with the severity of a purely scientific discussion. And were I writing an elaborate article, I should be quite disposed to qualify some of his statements, and in the interests too of the "scientific method." That will, doubtless, be done by others, and perhaps with too much causticity; for some of the literary gentlemen of Boston and vicinity have so long looked at Orthodoxy with jaundiced vision, that they seem to be morally incapacitated to do justice to such a man as Mr. Cook. If we could have entire fairness from that quarter, there would be a swift settlement of many of the outstanding differences of the day. Orthodoxy asks no favors and shrinks from no investigation, but declares its determination to abide the decision of a purely scientific test, so far as that test is applicable to the case.

One hundred and forty years ago, Jonathan Edwards, the theologian, and George Whitefield, the evangelist, by the grace of God rescued this country from a cold Arminianism; and now, by the same grace, Joseph Cook and Dwight L. Moody, acting in parallel spheres, are working out a similar deliverance from the more subtle and dangerous errors of the present day. Every generous mind will pardon their peccadilloes to their world-wide usefulness. Sheridan's cavalry so completely destroyed everything in the valley of the Shenandoah, which could give "aid and comfort" to the Southern Confederacy, that he said: "A crow could not fly across the country without starving, unless he brought his rations with him;" so clean may Boston, and Cambridge, and New England be swept of the confederate errors of Rationalism, Unitarianism, and Universalism, and this fair heritage be restored to its rightful possessors — the lineal descendants of the Pilgrims and the Puritans.

DORUS CLARKE.

III.

IS Mr. Cook Infidel? Or is Orthodoxy a lie? If Ptolemy is the logical outcome of Copernicus, or if palms grow in the Arctics, or thistles on grape-vines, then we are evidently to recast the methods of the "nature of things." But when the clouds of rhetoric and the dust of confusion are cleared away, this is the view of matters under discussion in the "Monday Lectureship" at Tremont Temple.

As the foundation and supreme authority in his theological system, Mr. Cook plants himself fairly and squarely on science, philosophy, and the "nature of things." This is his right. All fair-minded men to-day accept his premises.

"I want no pulpit," he says, "I want no religion that is not founded on Reason and that cannot be rationally accounted for." "Throw the Bible overboard and you lose nothing." "There is an anterior Scripture older than the Old Testament, newer than the New, writ in the 'nature of things.' "Drop Inspiration even, and religious truth stands independently on axiomatic foundations." And so, throughout his lectures, this life-blood of reason and nature flows through and pervades his entire scheme of thought. Again we say, this is well.

But is this what the world has been taught as historic Orthodoxy? Listen; Princeton says: "That knowledge which the human mind is competent to deduce from nature, is the theology of the modern rationalistic school of philosophers." The Andover oracle declares: "We should be left without any safe guide had we not the infallible word of God. If any man receive not the Bible as the perfect and only guide and authority in faith, he is an *Infidel*." Here comes out the issue. The two authorities are contradictory of each other. Both cannot be true. We seem to be shut up to just this: Is Mr. Cook rationalist and infidel according to Orthodox pronouncement? or is Orthodoxy a false witness? Does Orthodox authority classify Mr. Cook with Calvin, Knox, the Westminster Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles? Or with Baur, Strauss, and the heterodox wing generally? He lays down a new theology, new Bible, new God, to wit: — science, philosophy and the "nature of things." "The 'nature of things' is my God," he says. Is all this which Mr. Cook so ostentatiously parades, this new theology which he plants on rationalistic foundations, casts in rationalistic moulds, and enforces by rationalistic methods and authority, the language, the Bible and the God of Orthodoxy? Orthodoxy has filed its own answer in the emphatic No.

Mr. Cook is retained for a special service. That conglomerate of oriental mysticism, Greek metaphysics and Roman law, commonly called theology, concocted by men who believed in witchcraft and astrology, and burnt Bruno for teaching the science that Mr. Cook stands on, is fast coming to naught. Exposed to the action of modern intelligence, the entire mass thereof is *slacking* like lumps of lime in open air. Nobody understands this better than Mr. Cook and his employers. Something must be done, and what better than to make friends of the theology of unrighteousness, that when the old fails they may have a habitation to be received into? The movement is strategic, by which a new paternity shall be trumped up for the putative heir to the throne; a new link of legitimacy furtively slipped into the line of succession; an old conclusion by a kind of inverted logic unknown to any of the moods or figures from Aristotle to Mill, hitched on to new premises; and thus the final catastrophe be delayed.

So the Monday lecturer goes into court with the verdict already in his pocket. By a license of the advocate, he summons all the rationalists, and skeptics, and semi-infidels of note to testify on his side; and when he has picked their pockets for the means of carrying on his suit, he hands them over to their orthodox tormentors. *Et tu Brute!* After stealing the thunder of Parker, Arnold, Carlyle, Bushnell, and the whole genus whom Orthodoxy has notably denounced, he proceeds, by a kind of "Esau" method, to make the voice appear to issue from the lips of the old dumb effigies; and the cheat, he tells the credulous people, is the voice of God. In the name of honor and "sound scholarship" the ruse is indisputably mournful. The

question is not whether Mr. Cook's premises of science, philosophy, and the "nature of things" are a sound basis for religious truth in contra-distinction from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; of course they are. Neither is it under discussion as to whether these Scriptures themselves are accordant or discordant with the "nature of things;" but specifically and only the matter in hand is whether that compound of mysticism, metaphysics and Pagan jurisprudence known as the mediæval theology, commonly called "Orthodoxy," is identical with the system of Nature. Mr. Cook says it is; Orthodoxy, speaking for herself in her own vernacular, indignantly denies it. Repeating and confirming this *denial*, science and philosophy and the "nature of things" stand together unquestionably "Orthodox." Ptolemy is not the logical outcome of Copernicus. Grapes are natural, and so are thistles in their place; but neither fruit grows on the branches of the other. The "Esau" raiment of science and the "nature of things" may be stolen for the "Jacob" of Orthodoxy, but when the cunning deceiver speaks in his own "voice," it will always be "Jacobian." Maternal instincts are strong and fertile in resources. The theological Rebeccas of Boston are not all dead. We hope they may not prove Delilahs for this our Samson.

Religion is one and the same forever and ever, and so is science, in the "nature of things;" and between them there is no conflict. But as well claim that the last thoughts of Faraday, Davy, and Huxley are but reissues of the dreams of the Alchemists, as to tell the nineteenth century to its face that the "freshest results of German, English, and American scholarship" are in harmony with the conceptions of God, man, and the universe, in times called the "ages of faith." As well tell Washington and Wall Streets that the shekels of Nebuchadnezzar and the denarii of Cæsar were stamped by the dies of the United States Mint, as to inform Boston and Cambridge, or even Oxford, that the grand scheme of nature as it stands in cosmic law, was concocted in Monkish cells. The "transcendental" breezes of Mr. Cook may fly the kite across this chasm, but the transcendentalism of Kant, Jacobi, Jesus, or Paul has nothing to do with it. Rhetorical flights on borrowed heretical wings may bring down the house in Tabernacle or Temple, but in the silent tents of thoughtful men, God still whispers his secrets.

All thanks to Mr. Cook for the good he is doing, and that is not small. His word is "Transcendentalism" as the antithesis of "Materialism;" and that word will stand for it in the "nature of things." He has overcome an orthodox prejudice against the discussion of religious questions on the authority of science and reason. He has propitiated the "evangelical" ear to this modern necessity. But a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." It is mournful to see a great faith that for ages has held the convictions and furnished the solace of mankind, passing away. Mr. Cook may stand as the Swedenborg to trim the flame of a dying ecstasy, or the valiant Proclus to the last hours of a vanishing dynasty of the world's thought. But he is at best but the "Stonewall Jackson" to a "lost cause." The onward sweep of the "nature of things" is against him. His legitimate premises will sweep away his illegitimate conclusions. He throws the light of reason upon the screens of superstition. He is the "Trojan horse" to the doomed city.

Mr. Cook has the scientific premises, the poetic insight, and the requisite audacity to start the genesis of a theology the world is waiting to receive. Let him, without prescriptive bias, from his "oldest Scriptures" the "primal word," the everlasting root in the "nature of things," throw up the bloom begotten by the Eternal Planter, and the summer of the ages to come will be but the growing and the ripening of the fruit.

J. L. DUDLEY.

MEARS'S LIFE OF KIRK.*

IN outward appearance this volume is the peer of any of its class with which the American press has lately made us familiar; and by a very large set of readers its contents will be found to have an interest not below that of any biography of a year unusually rich in such literature. Few words can be needed to refresh the memories of our readers respecting Dr. Kirk; whose character and career made him one of the remarkable men of his time. He was born in New York, of Scotch Presbyterian parentage, in 1802. His childhood, as depicted in this memoir, was unusually fruitful in those incidents which are prophetic of the coming man. "In his waking hours, this merry boy could never have been called a saint. He was always cheerful, even under punishment; always bounding with life; sometimes heedless, and sometimes willful. He was a happy, romping, mischievous boy. His uncle Voorhees used to say, 'Edward will occupy no middle ground; he will be either a very bad man or a very good man.' The logic was perfect." And, we may add, the prediction was true. "Edward" did prove "a very good man," but as we read the story of his college life it seems as if he barely escaped becoming "a very bad" one. The college was "Nassau Hall," at Princeton, where he joined the Sophomore class at the age of fifteen. Here, however, in the midst of convivial associations, and when fairly entered in a path of wrong doing, his attention was arrested and fixed upon religious subjects; and by that sudden and mysterious moral revolution which is called "conversion" he began the Christian life. His determination to the ministry followed, and he studied thereto at the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1825. This step brought him to the threshold of his life-work at the age of twenty-three; and after a brief service as agent for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he settled as a Presbyterian pastor in Albany. His residence here covered eight or ten years, and was a decidedly stormy one. Driven out of one church by the opposition to his pointed preaching and "revival measures," his friends formed for him another; and with this to support him he held his ground until he had conquered prejudices and peace was declared.

Dr. Kirk became best known to the American religious public, perhaps, by his pastorate of the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, which was formed for him in 1842, and in whose service he continued till his death. The organization of this church, and the acquisition of Dr. Kirk, meant distinctly an enlargement of the forces of "Orthodoxy" in the war with Unitarianism; and the memoir from this point on is most intimately related to the inner religious history of Boston for the quarter of a century from 1845 to 1870.

But Dr. Kirk belonged to a broader field than that of Boston, and did a larger work than that of a church minister. As a "revival" preacher his services were in wide request. Under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union he founded the "American Chapel" in Paris. The civil war in the United States gave him opportunity to exercise his Christian patriotism in many ways. Of every wisely humanitarian and truly philanthropic movement he was the fervent and faithful friend. Yet throughout attention to all these diverse interests he maintained his pulpit as a towering beacon light to his denomination. We shall not say that Dr. Kirk was perfect, for his weaknesses appear with his strength even in this friendly revelation of his personality; but he was a man whose sincerity none could question, whose courage never quailed, whose heart never lost its freshness; and whom men loved and trusted and admired in spite of the fault they found with him.

The value of the present memoir is largely in its copious use of correspondence, diaries, etc., of which material Mr. Mears had an abundance at his disposal, and which he has used with discrimination and to good effect. Barring a little tendency to sermonize from the subject, a feature inevitable probably in the writing of an active minister, the direct, biographical narrative is interesting, clear, and strong. The proportion of anecdote is large, and its quality excellent; while the

*Life of Edward Norris Kirk, D. D. By David O. Mears, A. M. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

story of no such man could be told without an almost infinite suggestiveness to all who are following in his steps, and a very personal concern to all who were associated with him in life. Mr. Mears, as a former theological pupil of Dr. Kirk, and the most intimate youthful friend of his later years, enjoyed peculiar facilities for this composition, promoted indeed by Dr. Kirk's own assistance in some of its parts a short time before his death; and the responsibilities devolved by these facilities have been very acceptably discharged.

PRIME'S POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.*

IF almost anybody else should say, as in the preface to this beautiful and instructive volume Dr. Prime does say, that "ten years ago there were probably not ten collectors of Pottery and Porcelain in the United States," while "to-day there are perhaps ten thousand," we should have been disposed to regard the remark as an exaggeration. Doubtless the ceramic taste has undergone rapid development within the period named, and especially so since the Philadelphia Exhibition; but ten thousand are as many as ten are few, and one would have said each extreme were open to a little moderation. However, Dr. Prime, himself understood to be one of the most indefatigable of collectors, and perhaps the most successful one in this country, must be regarded as an authority on this as on other points, and his statement we accept without further question. The publication of such a volume as this, certainly, means the existence of a large and enthusiastic constituency; and its circulation must inevitably multiply their numbers. "Every man and woman should have a hobby," says Dr. Prime, and one cannot turn many of his fascinating pages without feeling that the collecting of "old china" is a very good hobby to have.

GREEK VASE:
Fine style: red on black.

"Pottery [he says] is the oldest, the longest, the most widely diffused of human arts. Its recorded history begins with the building of Babel; and great cities in all ages, notably all great American cities, are vast structures of pottery."

These words at once open the subject to a breadth which the unlearned reader will not be prepared for; the word pottery being taken to include "everything made by baking in fire or furnace, into the composition of which clay enters." Starting from this point, and following out the technology which our author explains in his opening pages, it is easy to construct the following table, which maps out the whole field under examination to the eye:

- FAIENCE . . . . . (French use of the word.)
- POTTERY. (Faience, English use of the word) . . . . .
  - SOFT, made of common clay (house brick.)
    - UNGLAZED.
    - GLAZED, ...
      - Common glaze.
      - Salt glazing.
      - Lead and silex.
    - LUSTROUS . . . .
      - Ancient Phœnician and Greek Wares.
    - ENAMELLED . . .
      - Tin, the essential ingredient of the enamel.
  - HARD, mixed clay and sand (fire brick.)
    - Stone Wares,—jugs, dishes, and drinking vessels, known as GRES.
    - Wedgwood "Cream Wares."
- PORCELAIN, or translucent pottery . . . . . .
  - SOFT PASTE, (*pate tendre*)
    - NATURAL SOFT PASTE . . . . .
    - ARTIFICIAL SOFT PASTE . . . . .
      - A French distinction, but not a common one.
  - HARD PASTE, (true porcelain) kaolin, an essential ingredient with feldspar.

This classification is not of rigorous application. Writers differ. The French, as intimated, use the word *faience* to signify all pottery and porcelain; in English usage it excludes porcelain, and some authorities extend it only to potteries decorated with colors. So, too, the difference between hard-paste porcelain and soft-paste porcelain is one of theory rather than of fact, and is often not easily to be discerned. The word *majolica*, which we hear so much these days, is generally used to signify Italian enamelled potteries of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

To describe in detail the various processes of pottery and porcelain manufacture is no part of Dr. Prime's plan. His book is not for the artisan, but for the art-loving and art-studying public. Accordingly, after the very brief technical introduction which we have epitomized above, he proceeds to give an account, in succession, of the ceramic wares of ancient times; of the modern pottery of the nations of continental Europe; of the porcelain of China, Corea, Japan and Europe; and finally of the pottery and porcelain of England and America. The treatment is historical and descriptive; and minute in its analysis of forms, styles, and artistic qualities. In studying the development of the art each nation is taken by itself; so that, within certain limits of geographical and chronological order, the method is encyclopedic rather than that of narrative. The pages abound, however, with anecdotical allusion, with bits of biography, and with larger recitals of a personal character; of which latter the story of the famous Palissy is a good example. A very interesting episode of the same sort is that relating to the Portland vase.

FAIENCE OF OIRON.
Height 14 1-2 inches.

The Portland vase was discovered in the seventeenth century in a tomb near Rome. It contained ashes, at first supposed to be the remains of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus. For a hundred years the vase remained in the Barberini Palace in Rome, the perplexity of all the antiquaries. On the sale of the Barberini Library it was bought by Mr. Byers, of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and by him sold to Sir William Hamilton, who brought it to England in 1784. There it excited the cupidity of the Duchess of Portland, an enthusiastic collector, who succeeded in acquiring it. On her death, a few months after, it was bought at the sale of her collection by her son, the Duke of Portland, who paid for it upwards of a thousand guineas. He sent it to Mr. Wedgwood, the celebrated potter, for the purpose of copying. In

DRESDEN VASE.
King's period.

* Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations. By William C. Prime, LL. D. Harper & Brothers.

1810 the precious relic was deposited in the British Museum, where the following fate befell it:

"On the 7th of February, 1845, while several visitors were in the room, a young man (one of the visitors) took up a piece of stone, an ancient sculpture, and hurled it into the case containing the Portland vase, breaking both case and vase to fragments. He was arrested, made no resistance, declined to give his name, was taken to prison, and on being brought before a magistrate, still declined to give his name. He was an Irishman, about twenty-one years of age, of respectable appearance. He confessed the act, expressed profound regret, stated that he had been indulging in intemperance for a week previous, was suffering under nervous excitement, a continual fear of everything he saw, and 'it was under this impression, strange as it may appear, that I committed the act for which I was deservedly taken into custody.'"

Upon a technicality the prisoner escaped with the payment of the paltry fine of three pounds for breaking the glass case, the sum being furnished in a few days by friends. "It was afterward stated that he was a student, of a good family, and that he concealed his name on their account as well as his own." The shivered vase was skillfully repaired by a restorer, and in due time Mr. Wedgwood produced his copies. "It is not known that more than twenty copies were made during Wedgwood's life," says Dr. Prime.

"The collector who seeks an original will do well not to pay a high price until he has familiarized himself with one or more known copies. The color should be nearly black, with a blue tint, the white reliefs soft as velvet, delicate in color, cut carefully under the edges like a stone cameo, and the height from ten inches upward. Some originals are numbered."

In 1872, at the Parnell sale, an undoubted original copy brought £180; another, in 1875, was sold for £191, the highest price yet known to have been paid for the work.

Dr. Prime's volume is more than history, and more than description; it is a hand-book for reference, concerning an endless variety of details upon which the collector must be in constant need of information. For instance, in the course of the section on Pottery and Porcelain in England we have a list, almost equal to a mercantile directory, of the principal potteries, with their respective characteristics, specialties, and grades; and an alphabetical list of names and initials found on English wares. In such forms as this an immense amount of very practical information is given in a very narrow compass; and when one looks at the table of "authorities consulted," wherein some fifty learned works are mentioned by title, one cannot fail to appreciate the assiduous labor which has accumulated such riches in such a convenient form.

This feature of the work finds the fullest emphasis in its concluding part, which is devoted to a reproduction in *fac-simile* of the marks found on pottery and porcelain, with explanations. Three classes of these marks are of special importance, namely, those denoting the factory, the artist, and the date. They may be either painted, printed, embossed, scratched, or otherwise produced in the paste. A full knowledge of them is almost a science. These *fac-similes* alone occupy about fifty pages of plates, and the marks counted separately must number many thousands.

NORMAN GREEN-GLAZED PITCHER: Thirteenth Century.

We shall not have done justice to this book until we have spoken warmly of the illustrations, which lack but one of being three hundred in number, and which have been mostly drawn from specimens in public and private collections — Dr. Prime's among others. A few samples have been sprinkled through this article. All add greatly to the interest of the work for the general reader. In every respect the book is one of beauty, and to a limited but growing class must prove exceedingly useful.

BYRON IN SPANISH.*

TRANSLATIONS of Byron into Spanish prose have been made, some directly from the English, others from French versions, and in Spanish poetry there are to be found fugitive imitations of Byron; but in the small work before us we have a versified translation of "Parisina," the "Prisoner of Chillon," the "Lament of Tasso" and the "Bride of Abydos." This is more than any one Spanish poet has attempted before.

The difficulty of rendering into Spanish verse the terse and idiomatic English of Byron has been met and overcome in a way that reflects credit upon the translator. This is no translation at second hand through the French. A comparison of it line by line with the original, and its literalness, show that Sr. Sellen's mastery of English idiom is beyond question. Only six lines in the four poems have been passed over. The spirit of the original has been caught and crystallized in a new form. The exceptions are few; the most noticeable is the passage in "Parisina," in which the tragic self-repression of

> He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,
> But sheathed it ere the point was bare,

is melodramatized into

> Azo vibrió el puñal con mano fuerte,
> Mas el golpe suspende.

Then we should object to the additions in rendering the last lines of the "Prisoner of Chillon,"

> —even I
> Regained my freedom with a sigh,

by

> —que un suspiro
> Lancé al abandonar mi cautiverio,
> Y saludar del sol la hermosa lumbre.

Scattered through the whole are passages of peculiar excellence, whether regarding the true rendering of the spirit and form of the original, or the verse itself as a specimen of Spanish poetry. We would particularize the opening stanza of "Parisina," the third of the "Lament of Tasso," the thirteenth, canto I, of the "Bride of Abydos," and the following, the thirteenth of the "Prisoner of Chillon;"

> Yo los vi! Yo los vi! y eran los mismos!
> Cambio no habian como yo sufrido. . . .
> Y vi sobre sus cimas, elevadas
> Las nieves seculares, y debajo
> El lago extenso y las azules ondas
> Del Ródano miré. . . y vi furiosos
> En su lecho de rocas los torrentes
> Saltar, mugir, y entre las toscas breñas
> Despeñarse; y miré los blancos muros
> De la ciudad distante;
> Y bajar á merced de la corriente
> Más de una blanca vela;
> Y alli una verde islita
> Dibujarse á mis ojos, sonriente:
> No era mayor que mi prison oscura,
> Pero elevarse en ella se veian
> Tres árboles gigantes; en sus hojas
> La brisa de los montes suspiraba
> Y la onda azul en torno murmuraba.

Indeed, the whole work is fairly up to the standard set by José Antonio Miralla, in his translation of Gray's Elegy.

The "Lament of Tasso" is dedicated to "mi buen amigo," Antonio Lopez Prieto, without a reference to whose introduction this notice would be incomplete. From it we gather by inference that the translator, D. Antonio Sellen, is a Cuban. We are told that he has published translations from Longfellow, Byron, Bryant, Heine, etc. Sr. Prieto discourses upon true translation and the estimation that is its due; he reviews quite fully the labors of his friend, in terms that give us an idea that mutual admiration societies flourish under the tropics as they are said to do nearer us. Yet when we close the book after one more look at the introduction, we would fain ask for an honorary membership in theirs, so much have we found that is worthy of admiration.

The thraldom, centuries old, under which Spanish thought has struggled, seems to be waning, when lines penned in Havana can be printed in New York. Could we have seen otherwise Sr. Prieto's criticism of Castelar's neglect to give due prominence to Byron's labors and death for the freedom of Greece

* Cuatro Poemas de Lord Byron. Traducidos en Verso Castellano por Antonio Sellen. New York. N. Ponce de Leon.

The two friends seem animated with a spirit that has no sympathy with the despondent words of Mariano José Larra: "Lloremos, puez y traduzcamos."

The whole book, introduction as well as translations, gives us most encouraging prospects of the intellectual vigor which now animates our near neighbor, the island of Cuba, and which will be better known and recognized when peace and tardy justice shall have banished thence war and political animosities.

JOSE FRANCISCO CARRET.

SCHLIEMANN'S MYCENÆ.*

DR. Schliemann's greatest success has been his capture of the late prime minister of Great Britain. Mr. Gladstone has actually given his vote for Agamemnon, Cassandra and all the royal family of Mycenæ, though he uses a hesitating way in casting it.

Undoubtedly Dr. Schliemann has found marvelously interesting treasures, both archæological and fiscal, in the ruins of the old capital of Eurystheus and Atreus, but as Mycenæ was destroyed by the jealous Argives in B. C. 468, eleven years after the battle of Platææ, there are many centuries between the period of the Trojan war and the limit of Mycenæan history, in which the deposits now discovered by Schliemann may have been made. The attempt to fix them in Agamemnon's day and to determine minutely the identity of the bodies disentombed is a brave one, but will scarcely establish conviction.

Mr. Gladstone's preface is good reading, with an order and symmetry that are utterly wanting in the rest of Schliemann's magnificent volume. Mr. Gladstone makes these points of argument for Schliemann's notion; (1) the cow representations illustrating the Hera worship; (2) the Poseidonian (Cyclopean) style of building; (3) the copper lining of the "treasury;" (4) the absence of iron; (5) the style of the chariots; (6) the circular *agora* and smoothed horizontal slabs bounding the circle on which the elders sat; (7) the ornaments discovered, to wit, copper for large utensils, gold head-dresses, *kredemna* with lappets, the representation on the signet-ring as compared with the first compartment of the shield of Achilles, the goblet as compared with that of Nestor, and the bosses on the sword-sheath; (8) the tombs in the situation chosen for interments, in the number of the persons simultaneously interred, in the dimensions and character of the graves, in the partial application of fire, in the masks, and in the deposits of characteristic and valuable objects.

It would take a volume to answer all these points in detail. It is enough to say that a careful examination of each only makes for an early date, but by no means carries us back to Agamemnon.

The bodies found in the five sepulchers number fifteen; three in the first, three in the second, three in the third, five in the fourth, and one in the fifth. Besides these a number of skeletons were found nearly destroyed by the moisture, that had never been on the funeral pyre. These sepulchers are all in the *agora* (which forms a circle less than a hundred feet in diameter), and are cut deep in the solid rock. The bodies were evidently burned as they lie, and a vast quantity of ornaments

GOLDEN DIADEM.
Found on the head of a body in the Third Sepulcher.

were buried with them, twenty-five thousand dollars worth of material having been left for Schliemann to discover, notwithstanding clear evidence that some of the tombs had been rifled.

Certainly in all this there is a grand field of investigation opened to the archæologist, and the world owes Dr. Schliemann all praise for his enthusiasm and heroic perseverance. His work both in Mycenæ and in Hissarlik (Troy?) will give his name undying luster as an indefatigable explorer. Mycenæ lies at

SWORD HANDLE.
Plated with gold, richly ornamented. Sepulcher I. Half size

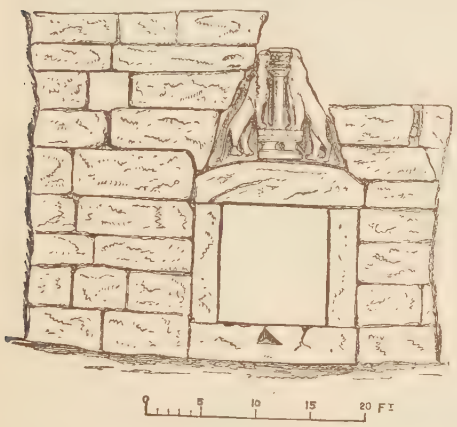
the northeastern boundary of the Argolic plain on the foot hills of the Eubœan mountain, whose highest summit rises 2500 feet above the plain. The plain itself is about twelve miles long to the mouth of the Inachus; or, if we measure it as far as Lerna, we may add six miles more to it. At its broadest portion it is about seven miles in width, but at Mycenæ it is contracted, and soon terminates in the pass to Nemea, and so either to Sicyon by Phlius or to Corinth by Cleonæ. Argos is not far from the center of this plain, Lerna is at its southwestern extremity, Tiryns near its southeastern corner, and Mycenæ not far from its northern extremity.

A pre-historic connection of this celebrated district with Egypt is undoubted. The old myths of Inachus, Nilus, Danaus and Egyptus show that intercourse between Argolis and Egypt was intimate and constant. It may have been in the days of Phœnician maritime supremacy, especially as the names of Cadmus, Phœnix and Belus are mingled with Europa and the others in the mythic genealogies. It is very possible that instead of finding the origin of the name Mycenæ in the Greek *μυχός* or *μύκης*, we are to explain it by reference to an Egyptian root. The only things in the Mycenæ ruins that suggest Egypt are the size of the stones by the Gate of the Lions (one being fifteen feet long and eight feet broad) and the inclined sides of the gateways. There is nothing in the carvings to indicate Egyptian culture. The civilization of the Argolic plain may have been derived from Egypt; and yet

* Mycenæ; a Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. With Preface by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

when the present structures of Tiryns and Mycenæ were erected, but faint traces of the Egyptian origin may have been preserved. If Egypt's close connection with Argolis was at the time of the famous nineteenth dynasty, we may put the date of the buildings now existing at B.C. 900, and still have nearly 400 years between the two epochs.

Mycenæ's history is almost all mythic. Homer, and the poets of the 5th century B.C., are those that tell the tale of Agamemnon; and these latter vary the story, often doubtless inventively, that they may claim some originality in its rendering. According to Homer, Agamemnon, on the capture of Troy, obtains Cassandra, the prophetess, daughter of Priam, as his prize. On arriving at Mycenæ, after the war, he was invited by his cousin Ægisthus to a repast, where he was slain, Clytemnestra his wife, and now the paramour of Ægisthus, slaying Cassandra on the same occasion with her own hand. Æschylus represents Agamemnon dying in the bath, entangled in a net, and receiving the



GATE OF THE LIONS.

fatal blows at the hands of his wife. Pindar even puts the scene near Sparta. The subject is a favorite theme of the poets, affording every variety of incident adapted to the Greek taste. The Oresteia form the appendix to the story, which Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides all use with admirable effect.

After the Dorian settlement, Argos becomes the great city, and Mycenæ disappears, except in sending eighty men to Thermopylæ ages afterward, and a number of combatants to the field of Platææ. Eleven years afterward, Argos destroys Mycenæ. Now it is perfectly possible that after the Dorian settlement the town was a prominent one, and the present remains may date from that later period. Until Dr. Schliemann made his excavations the principal wonders of the ruins were the Gate of Lions, so called from the two lions in breccia above the gateway, and the Treasury of Atreus (called in the Argolid "The Tomb of Agamemnon.") Dr. Schliemann has now made the interest to centre on the Agora and its sepulchres. He has opened several other subterranean buildings like the Treasury of Atreus, (called *Φοῦρνοι*, or furnaces, by the natives) and we are compelled to believe they were religious shrines, perhaps connected with the tombs of the great. My friend, Dr. Maury, suggests that the former lining of these chambers with copper (of which there is evidence in the "Treasury") may explain the *χαλκίοικος* of the Spartan Athena (Eur. Hel. 228. Thuc. 1, 128.) Pausanias, the author of the *Περιήγησις*, in the second century after Christ, explored the ruins. He notes the Gate of Lions, and calls it (by report) the work of the Cyclopes. He also notes the subterranean buildings, and counts them as treasuries of Atreus and his sons. He also speaks of a sepulcher of Atreus, a tomb of Agamemnon, and of Eurymedon, and a common sepulcher of Teledamus and Pelops, children of Agamemnon and Cassandra. He also states that there is a sepulcher of Electra, and that Clytemnestra and Ægisthus are buried at a little distance from the walls. His testimony is only good as showing the early date of Schliemann's hypothesis.

Whatever may be the truth as to these details, let Dr. Schliemann be crowned with the laurels he has won, and let his success encourage new efforts to dig out the mythic ages from the soil of Greece.

His book is a splendid volume, and his publishers have put him before the public in most worthy style.

HOWARD CROSBY.

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.
II.

It is doing excellent service to the young to attract their attention, from time to time, to the honored foundations on which our English literature is built, and which, in contemplating its lighter superstructure, we are apt to overlook. This service Mr. Mitchell most agreeably renders by his chronicles of the *Old Story Tellers*.[1] They are written with peculiar finish and refinement, and have, beside, that pleasant, quaint crispness, which catches the attention of children, very much as the lilt of a Scotch tune catches the ear, fastening itself on memory because it must, rather than because we will.

Beginning with a delightful bit about Gütenberg and the early printers, Mr. Mitchell proceeds to deal with the Arabian Nights, Goldsmith, Swift, Defoe, Miss Edgeworth, Bunyan, Madame Cottin, Bernadin St. Pierre, and the Brothers Grimm, making, as it were, a symmetrical though compact monograph of the author and his times, and giving abstracts of one or more stories from each; so skillfully framed as to whet the appetite of the little reader for the fuller meal awaiting him in the books themselves. Nothing in its way could be better done; and we hope that this charming volume, whose print, binding and illustrations are worthy of their context, may prove a seed of stimulating thought in many and many a nursery.

[1] About Old Story Tellers. By Donald G. Mitchell. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Miss Alcott has written nothing for a long time past which strikes us so agreeably as her bright little Christmas greeting, *My Girls*,[2] fourth in the Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag Series. There is hardly a chapter in this small collection which does not wake the impulse toward unselfish service for others, and sweet and wholesome kindliness. "Major" will appeal more to the hearts of children than half a hundred reports of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, while no one who knows, even by report, the author, and that united home over which so sad a shadow has lately fallen, will be able to read, without a throb of sympathy, the tender little sketch called "One Happy Birthday."

The scene of *A York and a Lancaster Rose*[3] is laid in England, but its interest goes much farther, and its teachings apply equally well to all lands where there are homes to be brightened or tempers to conquer. Don't let the word "teachings" frighten you from reading the book, dear boys and girls! "Teachings" in this case does not mean anything dull or disagreeable; only the natural progress and evolution of a very absorbing story, and if after finishing it you find yourselves set to thinking a little more about truth and helpfulness, and the beautiful chances which are in the world for doing good womanly and manly work; a little more about others and a little less about yourselves, and all without having been bored or preached at for one minute, why then I am sure you will feel like thanking Miss Keary for her book, and me for calling your attention to it!

The Cuckoo Clock[4] is a fresh fairy tale, which has for principal actor that pretty toy, the wooden cuckoo of a Swiss clock. A fairy cuckoo he proves to be, and at night, when all are asleep, he comes from his small house and flies about the world with a girl named Griselda on his back, a little girl, sent from India to live with some elderly aunties in England. Griselda's age is not stated, but I guess her to be about nine, and there are many girls of that age who will like to read about her journeys with the cuckoo.

One Happy Winter[5] is the chronicle of a Florida journey, told in the diary of a young girl. It is brightly told, and there is a good deal of information of a kind which will be valuable to travelers; but the information is skillfully mixed in, and marmalade and pill are so adroitly incorporated each with the other, that no youthful palate will find fault with the result. We like the merry little Maggie who keeps the diary better than Greta who is the saintly invalid of the party, and uses the very finest language in the bosom of her family; and best of all, we like the old servant Hannah, who is a capital hit. This is the way in which she receives the present of a stuffed alligator. "Maggie" is speaking.

"I knew it wasn't handsome, but I wanted to know what she would say, and she didn't say. She just took it to the light, sniffed, turned it over, sniffed, turned it back again, sniffed, held

[2] My Girls. By Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers.

[3] A York and a Lancaster Rose. By Annie Keary. Macmillan & Co.

[4] The Cuckoo Clock. By Ennis Graham. Macmillan & Co.

[5] One Happy Winter. By Mrs. S. S. Robbins. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

it up by its tail, sniffed, held it up by its head, and then said 'cur'us!'"

Lottie's Visit to Grandmama[6] is a simple, well-bred English book which tells the tale of a small maiden and her innocent small doings. The illustrations of this little volume are very nice. Some of them, as for instance, Lottie being carried up to bed, on p. 42, have unusual grace and merit.

Another book of the same type, with the American flavor instead of the English, is *Real Boys and Girls*.[7] These books will be particularly enjoyed by *little* children, who like plenty of detail and to be led from point to point, with each step of the way clearly explained, and whose imaginations weary of enforced "jumps" even more quickly than do their small feet.

One occasionally sees a gingham-clad child, noble-looking enough to be a princess, and now and then we hear of a princess whose appearance befits grogram rather than royal ermine; the singular good-fortune is to find the royal mien and the royal robes combined. It is therefore with a pleasure enhanced by surprise, that we descry our old favorite *Hans Brinker*,[8] best and most charming of all juvenile stories which have appeared on this side of the sea, glittering in the brave garb with which the Messrs. Scribner have lately provided it, and in which it stands confessed, a real prince of holiday volumes, properly dressed at last, but no more bewitching (how could it be?) than when it shone in plain gingham, and only *deserved* the royal robes at last accorded it.

We wish all little people possessed just such a nice grandfather as old General Weitzel in the pretty story called *Wor'h a Threepenny Bit*.[9] For, whenever Dolly, or Jenny, or Rob, or Dick, misconduct and get into trouble, which it must be confessed they do often and drolly, he stands their friend, and begs them off from the reminiscent naggings of Bounce the housekeeper and the afflicting tendency to retrospect evinced by gentler grandmama. On the one occasion when he is forced to scold them himself, this is the way he does it, and it must be confessed an effective one:

"You are not to get into a boat alone, that is fixed," the General said; "and don't get into any more such scrapes for the rest of the time we are here. You have made your grandmama and me very anxious. I am sure you are sorry for it, and so you ought. Mind, I shall trust you that this shall not happen again. *I could have you looked after, but I don't think anything of people who have to be looked after, and can't be trusted; mind that, I don't think anything of them.* Now go, and wish your grandmama good-night, and off with you."

The *Picture Story Albums*,[10] one for Girls and another for Boys, are all pictures, save for a brief explanatory paragraph appended to each, and will be particularly enjoyed by the lesser lights of the nursery. *Narrative Poetry for the Young*[11] is a well-chosen and illustrated collection of ballads and lyrics, arranged so as to include a wide range of subject and merit, from "Lord Bateman" and "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Butenal Green," to "Coo, said the little Dove" and "Pussy-cat Sat in the Servant's Hall."

Jack O'Lantern[12] is a story about Daisy and Artie and their happy summer in the country, and the goat carriage they saved money to buy, and the little boy who was made happy by the gift of it in the end. It is freshly and pleasantly written, and keeps, honestly and thoroughly — as, it is worth observing, do most of the children's books of this year — to the safe and legitimate sphere of a juvenile book, without resorting to sensation or love-making to produce an unwholesome interest.

A very admirable tale for older boys and girls is *Moore's Forge*,[13] which turns on the experiences of a young husband and wife who begin their married life in a rough mining village hidden away in the Adirondack region. It is a spirited story, full of a hearty Christian teaching, and so interesting that one can venture to predict that the winter at hand will hear numerous petitions for leave to "just sit up and finish this chapter," — petitions to which papas and mammas who have peeped into the pages themselves will listen indulgently.

The Jimmy Johns[14] are a pair of very amusing little twins, so like one another that no outsider can discriminate Jimmy from Johnny, and they themselves might be at loss were it not for their mother's wholesome precaution of sewing blue and red "peppermints" on their respective underclothing, as a clue to identification; a plan which would answer admirably unless the twins happened to be changed at wash! The book which their history opens is full of the quaint humor and comprehension of the ways of little folks for which Mrs. Diaz is distinguished.

It is droll to find two stories so nearly alike in subject, and yet so different, as *Robert and Frederick*[15] and *Jack Granger's Cousin*.[16] Both are stories of school life, and of the influence of one boy over another, and in both cases the boys are relations; but one pair of cousins are English, the other American, and while *Robert and Frederick* has an old fashioned quaintness which reminds one of the days prior to Miss Edgeworth, *Jack Granger* is eminently a book of our own period. A hearty, sweet-natured book it is, and full of good lessons, and as the same can be said for its English pendant, either is recommendable as pleasant and wholesome reading for boys.

The Quinnebasset Girls[17] is no less entertaining, and a good deal better written, than Miss Sophie May's previous fictions of this class. It is a fresh little book, and its heroine, Emily Howe, is a really winning and natural creature, who does not use more slang than is inevitable at her age and under her circumstances. There are one or two points at which the story rises into true pathos, and a great many others amusing enough to excite a hearty laugh, as for instance, when the grandmother falls ill, and a distant Dr. Rideout is sent for as cheaper than Dr. Prescott, close at hand, the messenger carrying out this spirit of laudable economy by telegraphing to the amount of a dollar and nine cents, as follows:

"Dr. Rideout is dead and cannot come! He died suddenly, but has been suffering for some time with a nervous debilitary derangement of a functional character, accompanied by a cough. He leaves a wife and three children. I advise you to call in Dr. Prescott. Susan Giddings can go for him when she fetches this.

DOZEM PAGE."

The idea of *Six Little Cooks*[18] is a capital one, and the book itself, which is the record of a class of girls learning to cook under the superintendence of an aunt, contains a good deal of valuable instruction. We should have preferred less sweet and more solid in the way of recipes: forty-seven kinds of cake seems a good many, even for an American family; and lemon pies and meringues might with advantage be replaced by rules for soup, savory-made dishes and nice preparations of plain food for every day consumption. The authoress is wise in insisting on extreme and dainty care in all processes of cookery, and it is satisfactory to notice an ample list of articles for sick-room diet.

The appropriate motto for Miss Andrews's book about *The Seven Little Sisters*[19] would seem to be "God hath made of one blood all nations on earth." This seven-fold sisterhood is composed of children of different countries, a little Esquimau girl, a little Arabian, a little Chinese, and the threads which bind them into indirect relationship are very cleverly and prettily indicated and twisted together.

One of the most diverting tales of the year is *Betty and Her Cousin Harry*,[20] whose only fault is that some strict people may consider it too diverting for its destined use in a Sunday School Library. We predict that a good deal of secular giggling will take place over the chapter entitled "Betty's Seven Secrets."

Another diverting story is *Child Marian Abroad*,[21] — the record of a tiny American maiden in Europe, whose experiences are droll enough, from parlor-skating on the floors of the Quirinal to stuffing a pink-parasolled doll into a frigate's cannon, and presently seeing her fly into space like a rebellious Sepoy on the wings of a "salute." "SUSAN COOLIDGE."

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[6] Lottie's Visit to Grandmama. By Brenda. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[7] Real Boys and Girls. By Mary C. Bartlett. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

[8] Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. With 60 original illustrations. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[9] Worth a Threepenny Bit. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[10] Picture Story Album for Girls. By Mrs. Sala Barker. Picture Story Album for Boys. By Henry Frith. George Routledge & Sons.

[11] Narrative Poetry for the Young. George Routledge & Sons.

[12] Jack O' Lantern. Robert Carter & Brothers.

[13] Moore's Forge. Robert Carter & Brothers.

[14] The Jimmy-Johns. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. James R. Osgood & Co.

[15] Robert and Frederick. By Mrs. Sherwood. George Routledge & Sons.

[16] Jack Granger's Cousin. By Julia A. Mathews. Roberts Brothers.

[17] The Quinnebasset Girls. By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard.

[18] Six Little Cooks. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

[19] Each and All; or, How the Seven Little Sisters who live on the Round Ball that floats in the air form their Sisterhood. By Jane Andrews. Lee & Shepard.

[20] Betty and her Cousin Harry. By Miss S. E. Chester. American Tract Society.

[21] Child Marian Abroad. By Mrs. M. F. Round. Lee & Shepard.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

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RESPONSE.

Beside that milestone where the level sun,
Nigh unto setting, sheds his last, low rays
On word and work irrevocably done,
Life's blending threads of good and ill outspun,
I hear, O friends! your words of cheer and praise,
Half doubtful if myself or otherwise,
Like him who, in the old Arabian joke,
A beggar slept and crownèd Caliph woke.
Thanks not the less. With not unglad surprise
I see my life-work through your partial eyes;
Assured, in giving to my home-taught songs
A higher value than of right belongs,
You do but read between the written lines
The finer grace of unfulfilled designs.

J. G. W.

12th mo., 1877.

THE Whittier tribute, in its several forms, is seemingly completed. Of its outward features, none, we venture to say, has given a finer impression to the attending public mind, than the gladheartiness of the general participation in it; and especially the participation of *him* whose place we all acknowledge, but whose sincere pleasure in the honors paid to his friend and junior has been obvious, both in public and private, from beginning to end.

THE "Whittier Dinner," given in Boston by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to its contributors, upon the poet's seventieth birthday, and in honor of it, was the literary event of the present season. The full account of it which we had hoped to publish in this number is unavoidably crowded out. The illustrious company, headed by Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Mr Whittier himself, numbering in all some sixty persons; the poems and speeches of congratulation, which followed the repast, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, Hon. H. O. Houghton, Mr. Howells, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, and others; and the letters of affectionate tribute to the honored guest of the evening from Mr. Bryant, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Aldrich and many more of like distinction, who were unable to be present, combined to give peculiar dignity and beauty to the occasion. We reprint elsewhere some of the poems.

THE DIDACTIC NOVEL.

I WOULD like to see the relative character and standing of the "artistic" and "didactic" story more clearly defined. It is now a practical fact that when a critic says of a book: "This story is not artistic but didactic in its character," the great majority of those who read his criticism think that he means to say virtually that since this book is didactic it therefore belongs to a very much lower class of literary work. I have not the slightest objection to the term "didactic fiction," but I have yet to learn why a story with a good or a noble purpose is inferior *per se* to a story that has no purpose at all. I have the utmost respect for a story that is told for the sake of its own beauty or interest. I delight in the flower that simply blooms and fulfills its mission in blooming. But am I to despise a fruit tree because its beautiful blossoms and exquisite fragrance are to result in a useful fruit, and have that *purpose?* As a matter of fact are not the plays, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth, didactic in their character? In some aristocratic and fashionable circles you can scarcely say a worse thing against a man than that he works. It seems to me that just such a slur is often suggested against a story by stating that it aims to be useful.

The writer of the above is the well-known author of some of the most popular "didactic novels" of the day, and his views are entitled to great respect. But we think he entirely misses the point which has lately been raised in these columns, and elsewhere, respecting the artistic quality in didactic fiction. The *Literary World* certainly has no slurs to cast against stories simply because they aim to be useful. On the contrary we are prepared to maintain that, high as that art may be which ends self-satisfied in its own perfection, that art is still higher which offers itself as an instrument of moral intentions, and seeks to do good while it strives to be true. If our readers have not learned already, they will learn sooner or later, that we have no tender words for novels that debase a fine literary method in the delineation of vice. But on the other hand we cannot heap praise upon novels that in the recommendation of virtue do not rise above a literary method that is poor. We must estimate a work of fiction on all its sides, as a whole, and not be blinded by any merits of its motive to the defects of its form.

We do not think there is one reputable critic, scarcely even an intelligent reader, who believes, as our correspondent intimates there are those who believe, that "a story with a good or a noble purpose is inferior *per se* to a story that has no purpose at all." It is an equally broad mistake, we hold, to suppose that there is any necessary incompatibility between the artistic and the didactic in fiction. At the same time, to combine these two qualities in the fashioning of one fabric is a difficult performance, requiring the rarest association of intellectual and spiritual gifts. To be wholesomely didactic and not fall into coarseness of art, to be truly artistic and not miss the governing aim, is a feat calling for the nicest balance of powers.

Were it not for making invidious comparisons it would be easy to specify in the last year's list, not to go further back, novels representing each of the three classes suggested by these remarks; namely, those that are artistic without being didactic, those that are didactic without being artistic, and those that are both artistic and didactic in the best sense. The latter are decidedly in the minority, but we are happy to believe that their number is increasing. The field is one which the highest talent should not disdain to occupy. The artistic sense is universal, and in proportion as it is cultivated it becomes a ready medium by which to reach the moral nature. There can be no loftier aim than to address and influence that nature, lifting it to higher ranges of activity and helping it on to nobler attainments. To do that clumsily and imperfectly, with crudeness of outline and rawness of color, is better than not to do it at all. But to do it skillfully and powerfully, in outlines the truth of which all recognize, and in colors the harmony of which all feel, is better still.

We therefore beg our correspondent and others who read these words with him, not to misunderstand us. When we say of a story that "it is not artistic but didactic," we do not mean that it is unartistic simply *because* it is didactic; or that simply because it is didactic "it belongs to a lower class of literary work." *We* have not "the slightest objection to the term 'didactic fiction,'" but we "have yet to learn why a story with a good and noble purpose" is on that account to be accorded the first rank, when it has missed some of the first principles of fiction, and is lacking in the essentials of a really artistic product. To point out what these principles and essentials are would be easy, but we must leave that till another time.

SPELING REFAURM.

It is eezi eenuf to assurt that our speling aut too bee maid moer simpl and moer neerly foenetic, but it iz bie noe meenz eequali eezi to sai hou it aut too bee chaingd. Faur mie part Ie am shuer that a refaurm wil bee efektid, but hou it wil bee dun Ie am bie noe meenz preepaird to profesie. Aftur egzamining ai numbur of proepoezd alfabetz Ie hav thaut best of the wun hwich Ie am nou yoozing, az thee moest simpl and eezili comprehended. The vouelz aar reprezented thus:

a	as	in	at	o	as	in	on
aa	"	"	father	oe	"	"	foe
ai	"	"	aid	oi	"	"	oil
au	"	"	august	oo	"	"	ooze
e	"	"	met	ou	"	"	out
ee	"	"	eel	u	"	"	bun
i	"	"	in	ue	"	"	hue
ie	"	"	pie	*u*	"	"	bull

c, ch, and g, always hard.

It wil bee seen that in this skeem the vouelz and diegrafs aar aul yoozed with thee sound that thai nou moest aurdinairily hav. Ie thingk that noe wun wil egzpeerienz eni dificulti in reeding hwat Ie hav nou ritn.

AARTHUR GILMAN.

THE INDEX SOCIETY.

JUST after the close of the international Conference of Librarians in October, Mr. Robert Harrison, the librarian of the London Library — which is the working library of the London *literati*, the use of the British Museum, whose books are not removed from the premises, being supplemented in this lesser institution by the privilege of using the books at home — in considering in the *London Athenæum* the work which the American Library Association, and its new-born affiliated society for the United Kingdom, were contemplating in a continuation of *Poole's Index* to periodical literature, threw out the idea of an Index Society. The thought found a variety of responses. It seemed something like the endowment of research. It seemed as if many a short cut was made clear, and a sort of royal road to a great deal of learning, which was lying lost, was opened. Everybody knew of some book he was constantly resorting to under necessity, but with recurring dissatisfaction at its want of an index. Everybody knew of some minor monograph he had long searched for in vain. Everybody knew of some scientific paper he hoped to find, but the Royal Society's list with its arrangement by authors failed to guide him. Everybody knew of some items of use to him, buried somewhere in Allibone's padded volumes, whose indexes were only an aggravation, and were capital examples of what indexes should not be.

To no one did the thought come home as to Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, who, as assistant librarian of the Royal Society, lived in daily cognizance of the want of just the clues as such a society could furnish. Accordingly, when at the call of Mr. Harrison, a score or more of people interested in the project assembled in St. James Square, the secretaryship of the new organization naturally fell to Mr. Wheatley. This took place while the American delegation to the library conference were on their way home, otherwise the preliminaries of a similar society here might have been under consideration at the same time. The English Society has got the start, and it seems best to let it get fairly into operation, so as to profit by its experience, before a like organization is attempted in this country; and in the meanwhile, it behooves all friends of varied learning to offer all the encouragement in their power to the transatlantic society, which finds in the Dunciad, its amusing and suggestive motto:

> "How index-learning turns no student pale,
> Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

The work seems to be in good hands with such names on the list as Professor Jevons, of Owen's College, Mayor and Newton, of Cambridge, Ashbee, the fac-similist, Francis Galton, Samuel Timmins, the Birmingham Shakespearian, and various others equally well known. The work they contemplate doing divides itself naturally into classes. In the first place there is the making of indexes to well-known books, which, at present, either lack or have incomplete keys of this kind; as for example, many of the English County histories, which also need a consolidated index of the entire series; the volumes of the Annual Register since 1818, that repository of contemporary historical data; the *Gentlemen's Magazine* from 1819, when its old index ceases, to the time of its changing its character, in 1872, after having been for nearly one hundred and fifty years the storehouse of so much that is curious and recondite in almost every department of knowledge. The next kind would be indexes of subjects or of classes of literature, like miscellaneous essays, ballads, political poems, etc. After such a book as *Poole's Index*, there is probably no similar work so much needed now as a record of clues to the great variety of miscellaneous essays, which at present lie almost unfindable in single volumes of composite character, and in the collected works of authors. Almost equally important is the marked treatment of special subjects, component parts of greater themes, which exist in separate chapters of extended works, and which are so often lost sight of, as for instance, the chapter on Myths in Grote's *History of Greece*, and certain chapters in Buckle. The more extensive labor to be done in this way admits, of course, of selections and abridgments into hand-lists for this, that, or the other subject, which may become useful in the furthering of popular education. Then, again — and this is by no means to be lost sight of — every item gathered for any one of these purposes will naturally find its way into the grand consolidated catalogue of the bureau, so that in the end the society may become a general Inquiry Office for all kinds of literary material.

It is apparent that so broad a scheme cannot be compassed at once; and in order to give an earnest of what is to come, some of the lesser projects should be attempted first, that the subscribers may judge from tangible results as early as practicable, what they may have a right to expect from their encouragement. If ever a corresponding society is formed in this country, there is sufficient scope for it, quite independent; and the affiliated bodies, by the exchange of stereotype plates, may help each other in many ways.

Within the present century, a large part of that publication, which has given permanence to valuable material of little popular interest, has been done by societies, and they have done it well, because they could command a chosen constituency much better than the ordinary publishing houses. Halliwell — now Phillipps — the Shakespearian commentator, who has printed a large number of tracts and books privately, has explained that this process of publication is not followed because of any exclusiveness of feeling; but because the custom of small editions and a definite patronage has enabled him, at the least risk and trouble, to secure permanence for the material which he wished to have preserved. It is doubtless true that but for this select system, a very few of the valuable publications would have appeared, which we now owe to such clubs in Great Britain, as the Roxburghe, the Bannatyne, the Maitland; to the oriental Translation Fund; to such societies as the Hakluyt — whose material would be greater, if competent editors could be found; the Surtees, the Camden, the Parker, the Percy, the Caxton, the Arundel, and the rest. In this country we know how our historical annals have been benefited from the varied publications of the Massachusetts and other historical societies, and from such clubs as the Narragansett and the Bradford, and from the Prince Society.

The Index Society will appeal to a clientage for support of wider limits than any of these; and its range of subjects seems likely to be inexhaustible. It is to be hoped its management will inspire the confidence that will encourage its labors for many years. Nothing but mismanagement, it would seem, could make it fail of success. The people engaged in its organization, from their associations with libraries and acquaintance with the habits of investigators possess a knowledge of the general want, and the methods with which that want can be met, to a degree that is necessary in the conductors of such an enterprise; and these circumstances give ground for the belief that the project will not stop with the inception.

There is something fitting in the close connection of libraries with methods of publication for certain kinds of books; for those which are keys to knowledge, and those which appeal to certain classes of specialists. The publications of the British Museum and the Bodleian get an imprimatur that creates confidence. The library of Harvard College is about to make the press of the University something more than the producer of administration blanks and examination papers.

A few representatives of the principal libraries of Boston and Cambridge instituted a plan, a year or two since, of forming a combined list of serial scientific publications, whether journals or the memoirs and transactions of learned societies, which could be found in the chief libraries of this neighborhood — the Boston Public, the Athenæum, the American Academy, the Natural History, the College Library at Cambridge, and the several departmental libraries of the University — arranged in such a way that the consulter could see at a glance to which library he should resort for the paper of this or the other serial, which he might need to examine. The scheme broadened as the work of gathering the items went on; and it was finally remitted to the sole charge of Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, to make a complete list of *all* the scientific serials in whatever language, which have ever been published, or are now in course of issue. Such a list it was thought at first approximately existed in the preliminary catalogue, given in the Royal Society's Index; but Mr. Scudder, in his study of all attainable catalogues, and in his own work in the libraries not only of this vicinity, but in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, soon discovered how inadequate that list was, even for the serials of Great Britain; and his labors have resulted in a catalogue considerably greater in extent than any heretofore made. This list the Library of Harvard College now proposes to print. It will make an octavo volume of three hundred pages, and a portion of the edition will be printed on one side of the leaf only, so that the entries can be cut apart for insertion in the catalogues of libraries and learned societies. The project is one akin to those which the new Index Society, and the allied library associations on each side of the Atlantic, are now entertaining. They are all indications that the increase of the registry of knowledge in printed form demands new methods of treatment to prevent that waste of human application which comes from a neglect of existing resources, quite impossible to avoid in the present scattered and overlaid condition of accumulated knowledge.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

☞ *Errata*, December number: p. 128, notes and queries, No. 40, for "Olive" read *Clive;* p. 128, 3d column, for "Announcements" read *Publications Received.*

THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS.*

THERE are no tales that will better bear re-telling than those of the mythical heroes of early Greece. Especially is this true of those of Hercules and Theseus. Endowed with courage, strength, enthusiasm, love of adventure and martial prowess, ever the victor, never vanquished, and always on the side of the oppressed, Theseus stands forth the ideal hero of the young of all ages, bearing alike in literature and art the stamp of eternal youth. So in this new volume, by an author unknown to us, we take up the old story, and are beguiled by the power and the freshness of its telling, as well as by the beauty of its illustrations, into continuing to the end.

The illustrations indeed would excuse a much less delightful rendering of the tale. They are by J. Moyr Smith, who illustrated *The Pearl Fountain*, and we are told in the preface that, in their preparation, "use has been made, amongst other better known antiquities, of the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann in the Troad: and of the early sculpture and Pottery in the British Museum," while "the architectural adjuncts are chiefly founded on the remains of the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ." Hence they are archaic in style and treatment, yet full of vivacity, rich in detail, free and vigorous in grouping, and exceedingly graceful where female figures are introduced. These illustrations are one hundred and three in number, besides the representations of "ancient Argive initials, and Lydian and Trojan ornaments and devices," scattered on almost every page, and their historic value alone is worth twice the price of the volume, to say nothing of their unique beauty as works of art. Considered in respect to the latter, the most noticeable are the frontispiece representing Theseus as he holds aloft the cup just taken from the hand of the slave, while Medea fixes her eye upon him and Ægeus rests his head upon his hand, having recognized his own sword; and the two banquets, one at Trœzen, the other at Athens. The first, where Æthra places a chaplet of flowers upon the head of Ægeus, is the most charming composition in the book, unless we except the exquisite head-piece which introduces the chapter recounting Ægeus's wooing, and which in grace, movement, and balance of arrangement strikes us as the perfection of art.

With such accompaniments, one most happily moves through the ever-varying tale, which opens with the journey of Ægeus to Delphi, and closes with his recognition of Theseus as his son before the assembled Athenians. The secret wooing at Trœzen, the young hero's ambition to rival his cousin Hercules, the vision calling him to Attica, his successive victories over Periphetes, Phæa, Sciron, Cercyon, and Procrustes, slaying each with the weapons by which he had destroyed his victims; all these are related in a manner lively and entertaining enough to make one forget he has heard them before.

The volume is richly bound and handsomely printed on tinted paper, making a choice holiday gift, especially for the classical or art student; and not a "juvenile," as in some quarters, we notice, has been hastily assumed.

RECENT POETRY.

The new poem by "Stuart Sterne"[1] seems to be the counterpart of a book of verse which appeared under the same name two years ago. That was the broken, passionate utterance of a woman's love, which, though unreturned, followed its chosen object beyond the grave. This is the story of a man, noble and gifted, who pours his love at the feet of a woman too devoted to her dead lord to have more than friendship for any other, and who, after her death, can say,

> "It was sufficient joy for mortal heart,
> Sufficient cause for never-ending praise,
> That thou wast lent me for a little while!"

That man is Michael Angelo, and that woman, Vittoria Colonna, the beautiful and brilliant Marchioness of Pescara. Her name is forever linked with the sculptor's, and the main facts of her life — her early and happy marriage, her husband's death and her devotion to his memory, the songs in which her grief found solace, and her queenship in the world of letters and art — all are well known. The artist's love for her has been often regarded as purely Platonic, but our poet thinks his *fiero ardor* meant more than this. And the poem traces the growth of his love, his rash confession and its repulse, and the slow return of friendship with more than its former calmness. Condivi's accounts, the conversations reported by Franceco d'Ollanda, and Angelo's own sonnets are freely woven into the verse. One common fault mars the book, the insertion of an adverb between the preposition and its infinitive; and that, too, where the rhythm would be better kept by a careful construction. But the style, though often rugged, is passionate and strong, and the poem, as a whole, leaves an impression of unusual power.

Of Mr. Putnam's poem[2] we cannot speak so highly. He has wrought over, in a somewhat novel way, several of the myths about Prometheus, and given the fables an allegorical turn. The characters are only personifications: Prometheus, of moral insight; Jove, of free will centered in self; Venus, Asia and Apollo, of love, reverence, and imagination, each without moral insight; and man, of free will, learning the lesson of unselfishness. The story is fairly told, but with wearisome repetition, and in a style overloaded and artificial. We see no reason for the invention of such uncouth and anomalous words as *godlihood*, and *involitive;* while instances of misspelled words, such as *annointed*, *burried*, *lovliness*, and *mineret*, are too common to be charged to the printer's account.

Mrs. Moulton's little book[3] is made up for the most part of verses she has published in the magazines. Some of them, such as "The Spring is Late," and "Like a Child," have already become favorites, and the new ones will find an easy way to the heart. Their tender and thoughtful beauty is only heightened by the shade of sadness that plays about them all. Some tell of a love made sad by separation, unfaithfulness, or death; others are songs of thankful and happy love, while a few are voices of prayer and trust. But beneath them all is heard a monotone of pensive longing. "A Life's Loss," and "The House in the Meadow," are among the longest pieces, but none of them reaches a hundred lines. The charm is too fine and subtle to be prolonged, and her shortest pieces, such as "If," and "At the Last," are rich in feeling. The lines with which she prefaces the book, for delicacy and grace, alike of sentiment and expression, are worthy of Landor. We quote them:

> "Dear eyes that read these lines of mine,
> As you have read the heart,
> Forgive, since you the one divine,
> The other's lack of art."

Our readers, doubtless, remember the long-lost literary treasure which has this year been re-discovered: a book of poetry for children, by Charles and Mary Lamb,[4] of which we gave some account in our number for August, pp. 51, 52. Twenty years after its publication, one of the authors could not get a single copy; and a Boston reprint, nearly complete, disappeared entirely. But the book was found in Adelaide, a few months since, and so Australia restored what England and America had lost. The subjects are such as children can understand, and are chosen with care. The style is simple and the tone healthful, and in spite of occasional "cockney rhymes," the verse is far above that to which children are generally treated. Anything that Charles Lamb wrote is of course worth reading, and it is high praise for his sister to say that her work cannot always be distinguished from his. A number of Charles Lamb's poems of a personal nature are included in the book, with a humorous tale in verse, called "Prince Dorus, or Flattery Put

* The Prince of Argolis. A Story of the Old Greek Fairy Time. Illustrated by J. Moyr Smith. Henry Holt & Co.

[1] Angelo. A Poem. By Stuart Sterne. Hurd & Houghton.

[2] Prometheus. A Poem. By S. P. Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Roberts Brothers.

[4] Poetry for Children. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

out of Countenance." The little folks may well be delighted with these verses, and older people will like to guess which poems came from the brother's, and which from the sister's, pen.

BRIEF NOTICES.

On Poetic Interpretation of Nature. By J. C. Shairp, LL. D. [Hurd & Houghton.]

The new professor of poetry at Oxford here vindicates the wisdom of his selection for this unique and responsible position. Something is lacking in the literary finish and compactness of the essay, which may be due to the fact that it first did duty in a series of lectures before a popular audience, at the college over which Prof. Shairp presides; but the subject is well thought out and is one to which the large number of young persons just graduated from our high schools and ambitious of riper culture are strongly drawn. The author attempts to show that so far from science having entered the domain of poetry and robbed it of its charm, there is an aspect of nature, a further truth regarding it, with which science does not interfere:

"The truth on which especially I wished to fix attention is the relation which exists between nature and the sensitive and imaginative soul of man, the result or creation which arises from the meeting of these two. That is a true and genuine result which it does not fall within the province of science to investigate, but which it is one peculiar function of poetry to seize, and as far as may be, to interpret. That the beauty which looks from the whole face of nature and is interwoven with every fiber of it, is not the less because it requires a living soul for existence — as real a truth as the gravitation of the earth's particles or the composition of its materials — that careful noting and familiar knowledge of this beauty reveals a new aspect of the world which will amply repay the observer, and that the poets are, in a special way, kindlers of sensibility, teachers who make us observe more carefully and feel more keenly the wonders that are around us; these are some of the truths which I wished to bring before my hearers."

The volume is admirably adapted for this end, and we know of few books which will be found more healthful or instructive for those who desire to acquire a correct literary taste. The only work which can be placed before it is Prof. Henry Reed's *English Literature* — one of the few books which have taught the present generation how to understand and appreciate English authors; but even this does not show how the poets have treated nature by liberal extracts from their writings and by judicious comments on their various methods, a feature which constitutes the peculiar excellence of Prof. Shairp's little treatise. To us the first seven and the last chapters are the best. Any one tolerably familiar with the British taste knows how they deal with nature, and this feature gives special value to Prof. Shairp's treatise as a guide for young persons, but the chapters indicated set forth the principles of poetry justly and fairly, and the final chapter on "Wordsworth as an Interpreter of Nature" is all which the most enthusiastic admirer of our greatest contemplative poet could desire. Its usefulness as a higher guide-book will be very great, and if we could see a copy in the hands of every bright young person of either sex who is on the way to a liberal education, we should take courage for the better appreciation of what is best in our literature.

The Methods of Ethics. By Henry Sidgwick, M. A. Second edition. [Macmillan & Co.]

The first edition of this scientific treatise on Ethics was published in 1874. It is a sufficient proof of the interest it awakened and of the hearty reception accorded to it, that it has so soon reached a new edition. It is not in any sense a popular book. It is preeminently a book for thinkers and those of metaphysical tastes. It claims, and makes good its claim, to be an examination at once expository and critical of the different methods by which we may reason out convictions as to what we ought to do; the methods which are discernible in the moral consciousness of mankind generally, and which from time to time have been developed by individual thinkers and worked up into systems. Of the origin of the moral faculty, the author has nothing to say. In successive order he takes up Egoism and Self-love, of which he defines the end to be the sum of pleasures valued in proportion of their pleasantness. Intuitionism, the method of which recognizes rightness as a quality inherent in some kinds of actions, independently of their conduciveness to any end; and utilitarianism, the principle of seeking the greatest good of the greatest number.

For this new edition Prof. Sidgwick has made such extensive alterations and additions, as to publish them in a separate form for the purchasers of the first edition. This separate publication we have not seen. Among the changes to be noted, in comparing the two editions, the opening paragraph of Chapter iv, Book 1, on Pleasure and Pain, has been so re-written as to directly contradict the corresponding passage in the first edition. The chapter on Free Will has also been substantially modified. More importance is given to the theory of evolution than previously. The author's view of "objective rightness" has been altered though not materially. The concluding chapter of the treatise has been so reconstructed as to give it a new aspect. A more instructive and minute account of the mutual relations of Ethics and Politics is given in the new edition. The chapter on Reason and Feeling has been re-written, in order to explain the author's view of the Practical Reason. The chapter on Philosophical Intuitionism has also been recast and expanded. After all the changes the total pages in the two editions are the same; in the first edition, xxiv, 473; in the second, xxviii, 469.

The Beginnings of Christianity. By George P. Fisher, D. D. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

Prof. Fisher's works on *The Reformation* and *The Supernatural Origin of Christianity*, together with his long and faithful service in the chair of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College, have won him a wide reputation for comprehensive and animated scholarship, trained skill in letters, and an exceptionally catholic temper. Though a Congregationalist, we believe, at least an officer of a Congregationalist divinity school, his broadly-cultured mind, love of historic truth, and quick sympathies have kept him from narrowing into a sectary, and established him as one of the most accomplished servants of the church at large. The volume before us, expanded from a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, in 1876, entitled "The Rise of Christianity and its Historical Environment," is one of large dimensions and valuable character. It is not, however, so much a presentation of fresh historical discoveries as a rearrangement in admirable form of facts already known, compacted by a philosophic method, and made vivid and impressive by a dignified and forcible style. Without formal division the work is really in three parts, of which the first relates to the political and religious environment of the Advent; the second to the evangelistic records in which the history of the Advent is preserved; and the third to the principles and practice of the early Christian church, as it received its start from its founder, and during the years immediately succeeding. Externally viewed, this central portion appears to be mismated, but its logical relevancy will become evident to the reader. The chapters on "The Roman Empire as a Preparation for Christianity," on the "Popular Religion of the Greeks and Romans," on "The State of Morals in Ancient Society," and on "The Characteristics of Christianity in the First Century" we have found exceptionally interesting, and we could not at this moment turn to fuller, clearer, and on the whole more satisfactory expositions of the subjects thus indicated than these chapters afford. Such a work as this concerns theological students not only, but a large class of intelligent minds for whom a review of the sources of Christianity never loses its charm.

Thoreau: His Life and Aims. A Study. By H. A. Page (Alexander Yapp). [James R. Osgood & Co.]

This book will be a disappointment to the reader who expects to find in it anything new about "the poet-naturalist." It is a very slight outline of biography, filled in with extracts from Thoreau's writings — which make up two-thirds or more of the entire matter — accompanied by a running commentary, in which the chief aim of Mr.

"Page" is to account for Thoreau's peculiar power over the wild creatures of the woods, to reconcile his seeming egotism with a wide philanthropy, and to prove that he was not a "morbid hermit" and "sentimentalist." Following this out, in the first part of his "study" he finds grounds for interpreting some of the legendary miracles relating to animals, particularly those of St. Francis of Assisi, hinting at the "dim but real brotherhood" between man and the "brute creation," and touching on the Darwinian theory. In dealing with the other points he appears as special pleader; having changed his own opinion of the man, whose name once stood to him "for morbid sentiment, weak rebellion, and contempt for society," he is very anxious to set him right with others who may in like manner have misconceived his character. And the result is an ingenious defense, perhaps hardly called for, although this pleasant mosaic will be gratifying to those already familiar with his "life and aims," while those who know him less will find here good evidence of Thoreau's sincerity, humanity, rare humor, simplicity of nature, and originality. In speaking of the influence of Emerson's teachings, the author gives excellent characterization of Thoreau:

"When Thoreau is telling his own story—what he saw, what he heard, what he did — he is simply delightful. His pantheism, so far as it was a conscious thing with him, is not inviting, and would often be very hard and unattractive, were it not that his instincts were far truer than his mind was exact on the logical side, and saved him from the natural effects of such vagary and paradoxical assertions. But we can dissociate Thoreau's merits from these adhesions."

The volume is in "little classic" style, red-edged, closely packed with interesting matter, and has for illustrations the hut in Walden woods, and a portrait of Thoreau, against which we must protest as being hardly better than a caricature, a wooden representation, which contradicts this fine description:

"The eyes soft and thoughtful, yet wondrously penetrating, expressive of sharp mother-wit and kindliness, and generosity without stint; the nose full and yet sensitive in the nostril; the mouth expressive of resolution and self-respecting calmness; and the forehead a round, rising arch, bespeaking fervid emotion. 'Such,' says the author, 'was Thoreau — one of the most vigorous, independent, and true-hearted of Americans.'"

Among the Turks. By Cyrus Hamlin. [Robert Carter & Brothers.]

Dr. Hamlin, who is now temporarily occupying a professor's chair in a theological seminary at Bangor, Maine, was for thirty-five years an American missionary in Turkey. This work can hardly fail to have a host of interested readers at this time when so much attention is directed toward the East. It is of the nature of a retrospective view of actual experience, and has all the charms of such a relation. The author covers a wide ground, is very freely communicative, and is as positive as one well acquainted with the facts in hand is apt to be; and his narrative is marked in some passages by an inimitable piquancy. In carrying on his work, Dr. Hamlin evidently used much more common sense than care for precedents, and for this he encountered adverse criticism at times. Incidentally in this volume he now shows that he was right in the measures which those away from the scene of action, and less venturesome in spirit, eyed askance. He gives an outline of the history of the Turkish empire, and emphasizes the signs of progress that he sees in its affairs. Dr. Hamlin is evidently a sympathizer with Turkey, a fact which need not surprise anyone who is aware of the cordial relation he has so long had with its government. We wish that he had exercised a more severe criticism upon the literary style of his book. It is in many places quite careless, the preface, for instance, being marked by some very awkward constructions.

The two bound volumes of *Scribner's Monthly* for the year just ended are a striking illustration of the solid values and glittering riches of this magazine, which is in every respect an honor to American letters and art.— The *Uniform Trade List Annual*, issued from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, F. Leypoldt, New York, is a bulky volume, which, as a business record of book-making in this country for 1877, is simply indispensable to every publisher, librarian, and literary editor, as a book of reference; and in that capacity would be very useful to every person having much to do with literature. The volumes of the "Handy Volume Waverley" are tiny 32 mos., of about 600 pages each; but so thin is the paper that they come easily within the "vest pocket" standard, yet so clear is the type that they are safe to be read by eyes of ordinary soundness. The twenty-five volumes are sold for $20. [London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.] — In *The Beauties of George Herbert*, [W. B. Mucklow.] Rev. Dr. Bostwick Hawley has collected upwards of fifty of the choice hymns of this quaint writer, well representing his various moods; together with some prose extracts, including a few pages of the *Jacula Prudentum*; making of the whole a convenient and useful little book for either the general reader or the devotional hour. —*Every Day* [E. P. Dutton & Co.] is a book of the familiar "Daily Food" character, having, however, this familiar feature, that each page of text and verse, for its day, is extended at the bottom by the addition of nine lines ruled in blank for the inscription of "Births," "Marriages," and "Deaths." We have known of family records being kept in the margins of little volumes like this until they become treasure-houses of fragrant associations. The idea is a pleasant one; but we are not sure that this formal, and in a sense mechanical, provision for it is the happiest.

Four picture books from J. B. Lippincott & Co., *The Budget*, *My Own Book*, *My Pet Book*, and *My Primer*, are among the brightest and best of their class; wholesome reading matter, large type, plenty of good engravings, and parti-colored covers, making up a striking combination of attractions. The prices are $1, .75, .50, and .30 respectively.—The *Original Mother Goose Melodies*, as published by Lee & Shepard, with illustrations in silhouette, by J. F. Goodridge, are well enough in themselves; but the illustrations are a failure.— *The Table of Plenty*, [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.] is a gathering of fifty loosely knotted leaves, making about a hundred pages, filled with an arrangement of Scripture texts designed to illustrate the fullness and richness of divine blessings. It is the work of an invalid, who hopes that what has been a source of spiritual strength and joy to herself, may prove the same to others.

In lieu of the fuller notice which the pressure upon our columns forbids, we enumerate below the titles of those articles in the January periodicals, which, for their relation to purely literary topics, or otherwise, are of special interest to our readers.

"Paris Revisited." Henry James, Jr.	*Galaxy*
"Hook, Thackeray, and Dickens." Walter Cary.	"
"The French Enchantress" [Mad. Recamier]. Junius Henri Browne.	"
"Duplication in Literature." N. D. S.	"
"Americanisms." Richard Grant White.	"
"Charlotte Cushman. Woman and the Drama." Lawrence Barrett.	"
"Poetry of India. A New Literature."	
"Pidgin English." A. A. Hayes, Jr.	*Scribner's.*
"After Many Days. A Study of Keats." II. R. H. Stoddard.	"
"The Result in South Carolina." A South Carolinian.	*Atlantic.*
"An Episode in the Life of an Artist." [Berlioz.] W. F. Apthorp.	"
"Open Letters from New York." Raymond Westbrook.	"
"Edward Gibbon." W. D. Howells.	"
"Three Old Bibles." Frank P. Woodbury.	*Sunday Afternoon.*

ART PUBLICATIONS.

The Gathering of the Lilies, following upon the somewhat similar *Violet with Eyes of Blue*, of last year, is a noticeable book of the class that best fulfill their mission by reposing in elegant abandon upon the parlor table. Books these are to be looked at, and admired, so far as they justify admiration, and then left to do their part with other pieces of furniture for the adornment of the room. This particular volume is large and thin, and embodies in artistic form a pretty poetic idea. The lily is the subject. With a number of poems of his own, the author, L. Clarkson, has combined several judicious selections from other writers, including a piece by Whittier, describing the several varieties of the flower, and setting forth the sentiments and qualities of which it is suggestive. All this, for reading matter, is embellished by some fifteen plates, nearly all of which occupy a full page, and are lithographed in flat tints, one or two in colors. Most of these plates depict one or another of the lilies, and the female form, sometimes childlike, is generally joined with them. In one or two cases the display in this respect is rather freer than should be made. The book as a whole is better fitted to gratify a taste which is just awakening to a sense of the beautiful, than one already educated into some degree of refinement; but it is not without pleasing features, one of which is the song of "Fast Little Miss Crocus," which is very good indeed. The picture of the Easter lily strikes us as a remarkably successful color-print. [J. L. Sibole.]

Mr. Bryant's poem, *The Flood of Years*, is

issued by the Putnams, in holiday dress, with ornamentation in silver, and illustrations by W. J. Linton. The poem is itself a panorama, or rather a dissolving view, for, though each line suggests a theme for the pencil, the scenes fade one into another so imperceptibly, that none of them can be easily detached and studied by itself. Yet the artist has chosen his subjects well, and sometimes, as if unable to mark the subtle divisions, has connected them by glimpses of the flood which is "poured round all." Perhaps the most striking scene is that which represents "a funeral train" winding down the cliffs, while the lurid glare of torches lights up the darkness, and the torrent dashes madly over the rocks. The last two scenes are noteworthy also; one of the

> "Green islands fragrant with the breath
> Of flowers that never wither;"

and the other, of the glad meeting of severed friends above in

> "An ampler ether, a diviner air."

The poem is an extremely difficult one to illustrate, and Mr. Linton has probably succeeded with the task as well as any artist could. We do not think, however, that silver produces so good an effect in cover and edge ornamentation as gold. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

Conforming to the above-named in size and proportions, and in these respects, as well as in other qualities, resembling the *Abide with Me*, noticed under this head last month, is *The Ninety and Nine*, a richly printed and tastefully bound edition of the hymn which has become so familiar in some quarters of the religious world by the singing of Mr. Sankey. The selection for this purpose was a happy one, for the composition is pretty and touching, and lies near to many hearts; and it is evident that the publishers had the truest and best intentions in the manufacture; but the result is marred by a lack of unity in the designs presented for illustration. These show a confusion of ideas, which breaks in two, as it were, a picture that should have stood complete to the eye; to say nothing of some details which fail to explain themselves in connection with the verse. The drawing, however, is often very good, and the engraving generally so, and to an eye not over-critical the effect may be pleasing. [D. Lothrop & Co.]

The volume bearing the title of *Gems of the Centennial Exhibition* is a large flat portfolio-like collection of engravings and letter-press descriptive of various objects of an artistic character, displayed at Philadelphia in 1876. The book is very handsomely made, and the interior work, we have no doubt, is conscientiously and truthfully done, but there is a suggestion of the show-case about it which we find it impossible to avoid, and which in some measure lowers the estimate which we put upon it. Perhaps the explanation of this prejudice, if such it be, is found in the fact that the engravings are largely devoted to furniture, with prominent mention of the maker's names. [D. Appleton & Co.]

☞ A Pennsylvania subscriber, forwarding his own subscription for the ensuing year, adds another which he has been at the pains to obtain, saying:

"The *Literary World* is so good and so useful that it is a pleasure to assist in extending its circulation; and if every present subscriber would only 'double up' how soon we would have a fortnightly."

We cannot forbear repeating these kind words to our readers generally. To such of them as will help to signalize the month of January in this way we shall be under great obligation.

RECENT FICTION.

The first problem before us under this head is set by an inexorable printer; namely, how to compress some eighteen pages of copy into one column of type. There is no help for it; in the ruthless spirit of the dry-goods dealers, we must enter upon an "unheard-of slaughter," in order to make room for "new goods."

The Cross Above the Crescent. By the Rt. Rev. Horatio Southgate. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.] A romance of Constantinople, founded on the abduction by a Mohammedan family of a Christian youth; interesting as a picture of interior Oriental life, with which the author has been long familiar; peculiarly pertinent at the present juncture of affairs in the East; a little too much drawn out, and expatiating at too great length on some points of local custom; but rich and glowing in color, more so, in fact, than would naturally be expected from an Episcopal bishop; and with rather more and better work in it, on the whole, than any other book of which we have now to speak.

The Queen of Sheba. [J. R. Osgood & Co.] Mr. Aldrich's last story, first printed as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Scene laid partly in New Hampshire and partly in Switzerland. Actors few, but entertaining. Structure slight, and, save the opening episode of the escaped lunatics, formed of common materials. Design graceful, workmanship delicate, finish perfect. Will effectually serve its purpose, which is simply to furnish innocent entertainment for a passing hour.

A Knight of the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. E. P. Roe. [Dodd, Mead & Co.] In this religious novel we have a fast young man reclaimed from actual disgrace and imminent ruin by the faithful and unfailing effort of one Christian woman. The excellence of the work is in its motive, which is to show how hard is the way of the trangressor, to awaken charity for him, and to provoke people who bear the name of Christian, to show the spirit of Christ. The defect of it is the sermonizing tone of the author, the sameness of surface throughout, and the untruthfulness to life in details. It is the latest of Mr. Roe's books, but we do not consider it his best.

Pauline. By L. B. Walford. [Henry Holt & Co.] A "Leisure Hour" novel which, barring the unnaturalness of its heroine, is as good as, if not better than, its predecessor from the same hand, *Mr. Smith*. Subordinate characters not unagreeable, conversation bright, environment like a landscape, fresh and clear; but the end is a disappointment.

Diana. By Susan Warner. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.] A story of New England life with unusual developments. Some of the situations are to be wondered at and deplored, but no reason is given to fear that evil will finally prevail over good. Characters strongly defined, and nature faithfully portrayed. A distinct religious purpose makes the book one to do good.

Lil. By the Hon. Mrs. Featherstonehaugh. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.] A bit of an Irish story, adorned with the gushing sub-title of "Fair, fair, with golden hair." A very good story. Fresh, clear, pleasing. The theme is a hopeless attachment springing up between a young man and a young woman who are both "otherwise engaged."

That Wife of Mine. [Lee & Shepard.] This sketch, a companion piece to *That Husband of Mine*, is decidedly inferior to that, and without any particular claim upon the reader.— *Something Better.* [Lee & Shepard.] Another of the same series, anonymous like the other two, and better than either.— *What a Boy!* By Julia A. Willis. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.] A wise, strong, helpful story for parents who have sons difficult to manage; in externals liable to be classed with the singular procession of family books which have been filing before us this last year, but better than any five of them put together.

Harry Holbrooke of Holbrooke Hall. By Sir Randall Roberts. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.] A story of fast life in England, which might attract momentary attention as the work of a roving English baronet now or lately in the United States; not without some cleverness of style; but coarse and low-toned, and wholly unworthy of a place in the "Wayside Series," to which, we venture to guess, it was admitted by mistake.

The Tower of Percemont. By George Sand. [D. Appleton & Co.] A novelette fairly illustrating this author's manner; thoroughly French in method, scenery, and sentiment; and free from any objection on the score of immorality.

A Song and a Sigh. By Rose Porter. [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.] A well-intentioned religious tale, but very crudely written, notwithstanding the practice of its author, who has lessons yet to learn in the simplest rules of healthy composition. Full, however, of an earnest and simple piety.

Her Sacrifice. By X. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.] An English novel with a wholly improbable plot, and no specially redeeming merits of purpose or style.

TABLE TALK.

. . . An extract from Passavant (*Vie de Raphael*, Vol. II. p. 355) contains the only information to be had respecting what are known as Raphael's "Hours" of the Day and Night:

"These are twelve isolated female figures on a black ground, etc. In 1805 and 1866 they were engraved by Fosseyeux, Berard, and other engravers, and published in colour by Michel Angelo Maestri, with Raphael's name. These engravings seem to have been executed by one of Raphael's pupils from the paintings which existed in the interior of some palace at Rome. One of these figures is an imitation of the Galatea of Raphael."

The Hours are not mentioned at all by Quatremère de Quincy in his Life of Raphael, nor by Mr. Gruyer in his important work on Raphael—(7 vols., Renouard, 1859.) In the list of illustrations in outline from Raphael's works, published in France, they are spoken of as in the Vatican.

C. C. P.

Boston.

☞ Hurd & Houghton have bought the *Galaxy*, and that bright and interesting magazine is merged with the *Atlantic Monthly*.

ECHOES TO THE WHITTIER TRIBUTE.

Your friendly letter asking me to join in the tribute to Mr. Whittier was curiously and unhappily delayed, by no fault of the post, so that I received it only yesterday—too late for its purpose. I am sincerely sorry that I have thus lost the opportunity of publicly testifying my respect and admiration for the poet whom you have honored. Faithful to God and man, his song and his life have flowed on together, broad and calm and full as his own Merrimac, — a "perpetual benediction." Should you have occasion to write to Mr. Whittier, will you kindly explain to him the reason of my silence when I should so gladly have spoken. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

4th December.

Not to enrich thee with my praise, I come,
Poet, so rich already in renown:
I could not plant one jewel in thy crown,
Nor add a unit to the princely sum
Of thy repute: and yet, amid the hum
Of all these sweet acclaims, that well may drown
My slender note and sing its music down,
My thought of thee will not be wholly dumb.
O, Singer of the gentle heart and brain!
Recalling how thy words consumed of old,
When Wrong was rife, the riddle Samson told
To us thou solvest; since we see again
How, from the strong, comes forth, to serve our need,
Sweetness, — and from the eater, meat indeed.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

For wedding poesy to faith and truth,
As few have done since first the world began, —
For clothing saddest scenes with pitying ruth,
In love to all the brotherhood of man, —
For giving fading hopes perpetual youth,
And thus obeying God's paternal plan, —
For these, our eyes with grateful tears bedewed,
For these we tender thee our gratitude.

For proving, day by day and year by year,
That power need not give birth to vanity,
That tenderest feeling need not bow to fear,
That love may hold from blinding passion free,
That sharp upbraidings for some sin severe
Conjoined with all a father's love may be,
For these sweet proofs of Nature's better part
We bless thee, poet of the generous heart!

The world is better, that thy friendly tread
Has traversed, seventy years, its vales and hills.
The frost that crowns thy gray and honored head
But Nature's law of compensation fills:
The snow on highest peaks is earliest spread:
Rich gifts there are, that mortals reckon ills;
And so our gratitude and love are given
To one so far above as nearer heaven.

HENRY MORFORD.

FROM THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Unbidden to the feast where friends have brought,
To greet thy seventy years, their wreaths of rhyme —
For that thy form erect such weight of time
Should bear, was never present to my thought —
Whittier! I bring my offering, though unsought.
Thou! first of all our bards, hast rung the chime
Of souls, with zeal against a nation's crime.
Thy fire, intense yet soft, from heaven was caught,
Thou, too, the dear neglected chords hast wooed
Of plain New England life, and earned a fame
From whose wide light thy modest nature shrinks.
Long shall the Land revere and love thy name;
Long find among thy songs the golden links
That bind the world in peace and brotherhood!

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

FROM THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

The sun that slow descends toward the west,
As brightly shines as when its radiant light
Rolled back the somber curtains of the night,
And full of glory passes to its rest.
Thus thou, O poet of the heart! hast blest
Our souls and homes with songs of love and might,
Giving each year a feast of new delight;
So dear each one, we call them all the best.

Ah, strong and fearless has thy manhood shone:
A richer love can to no soul belong;
No life of kindness has a greater store;
Thine is a fame the land is proud to own,
Built as it is on hatred of all wrong,
May it grow brighter as thy years grow more.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

FROM THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I believe that the copies of verses I've spun,
Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thousand and one, —
You remember the story — those mornings in bed —
'Twas the turn of a copper — a tale or a head.

A doom like Scheherazade's falls upon me
In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's decree:
I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* people say
If I came to a banquet without my bouquet?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company knows
Just the look and the smell of each lily and rose,
The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I bring,
And the shape of the bunch and the knot of the string.

Yes, — "the style is the man," and the nib of one's pen
Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-score and ten —
It is so in all matters, if truth may be told;
Let one look at the cast he can tell you the mould.

How we all know each other! no use in disguise;
Through the holes in the mask comes the flash of the eyes.
We can tell by his — somewhat — each one of our tribe,
As we know the old hat which we cannot describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw you write,
Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of Night,
Though in buskin or slipper your song may be shod,
Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

We shall say, "You can't cheat us, — we know it is you," —
There is one voice like that, but there cannot be two,
Maëstro, whose chant like the dulcimer rings;
And the woods will be hushed while the nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,
Whose temple hypœthral the planets shine through,
Let us catch but five words from that mystical pen
We should know our one sage from all children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance can dim,
Through a hundred disguises we can't mistake him,
Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the edge
(With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting wedge,

Do you know whom we send you, Hidalgos of Spain?
Do you know your old friends when you see them again?
Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,
But Sancho that wielded the lance of the Cid!

And the wood-thrush of Essex — you know whom I mean,
Whose song echoes round us while he sits unseen,
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze from the hill.

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,
We hear but one strain and our verdict is sure —
Thee cannot elude us, — no further we search, —
'Tis Holy George Herbert cut loose from his church!

We think it the voice of a seraph that sings, —
Alas! we remember that angels have wings, —
What story is this of the day of his birth?
Let him live to a hundred! we want him on earth!

One life has been paid him (in gold) by the sun;
One account has been squared and another begun;
But he never will die if he lingers below
Till we've paid him in love half the balance we owe!

BY MR. R. H. STODDARD.

Long have I known, in books, this Friend of Friends,
Our Quaker Poet whom we feast to-night,
Whose life hath been a battle for the right,
Fought out for public good, not private ends.
By me to him his old-time hater sends
Greeting and love — I represent the South;
She puts her heartiest words into my mouth,
And through a Democrat makes she amends.
Brave Whittier, whom I never met till now,
Accept my homage for thy honest song;
Receive a winter chaplet for thy brow —
Oh may that brow, time-honored, wear it long!
New England prides herself on manly men.
And much on thee, true follower of Penn.

FROM MR. JOHN J. PIATT.

A Voice in Ohio. December 17, 1877.

By my quick firelight, raft and till,
High on this bleak Ohio hill,
I think of him who crossed to-day
The old snow-roofed boundary of our way,
(His book upon my table lies,
Look from my wall his grave, sweet eyes),
The poet who, in many a song,
Quickening unnumbered hearts so long,
Has breathed New England spirit forth
From East to West, through South and North —
Not the witch-burning bigot's rage
That soiled her first heroic page,
But that sweet, tender, warm and good —
Confirming human brotherhood;
Religions with diviner scope:
Wide-armed with charity and hope;
Lighter of fires that bless
The fast-withdrawing wilderness,
(Keeping old home-stars burning clear
In Memory's holy atmosphere);
Sowing the waste with seeds of light;
Righteous with wrath at wrongful might;
Such is thy better spirit known
Wherever Whittier's songs have flown: —
Thy gentler, larger, nobler air,
New England thus is everywhere!

What though no kith or kin of mine
Came with the Mayflower o'er the brine,
(I know not — the dear Lord only knows:
No wide-branched family record shows.)
Grudge me not local pride — aye, much,
In him, New England! French and Dutch,
(We also fled, for conscience sake,
From zealot sword, revival stake,)
Was I not taught by thy wise rule
In the great Western Yankee school?
Was I not shaped by thine and thee
In almost all that now makes me?
So, while my pulses warm and stir,
I truly am a New Englander!

Blessings be with him — praise, less worth,
Why ask long-added hours of earth?
Grateful, if given, these shall come.
Birds, sing to the reaper going home,
Singing himself, his work well done;
Shine on him, slow, soft-setting sun.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(43.) In what part of France does the author of *Round my House* live? G. A. R.

Bath, Me.

At Autun, which is an ancient and picturesque city on the river Arroux, in the department of Saône-et-Loire, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Paris.

(44.) The *Literary World* for December gives the preference (N. and Q. 41) to the expression "six thousand million dollars." To change the subject, wouldn't it be more in accordance with *American numeration* to say "six *billion* dollars?" D. H.

Brockport, N. Y.

It *is* in accordance with "American numeration" to say "six billion dollars" rather than "six thousand million dollars," but as the word "billion" has a different value in different countries we should prefer the expression first named, as being more explicit. See titles *Billion* and *Numeration* in Webster's "Unabridged."

(45.) I notice in one of Joseph Cook's late lectures, that he mentions Hugo's *Les Miserables* as one of the "six greatest works of fiction of this century." Can you tell me what the other five works are? W. W. B.

The six works in Mr. Cook's mind were these: Richter's *Titan*, Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Hugo's *Les Miserables*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Thackeray's *Newcomes*, and Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in the order named; with "a great gap" between the first three and the last.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new novel bears the title of *Ruby Grey*. — Rumor has it that Dean Stanley is at work upon an ecclesiastical novel. — Mr. John Bennett, late of Lambeth, was so delighted with Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Keramos," in the December *Harper's*, that he sent the poet one of his choicest vases. — Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jr., of the famous Harper & Brothers, has been visiting in London, having a fine time of calls upon George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, William Black, James Payn, and others. — M. Zola, the French novelist, author of the

somewhat notorious *L'Assommoir*, is at work upon a new story, illustrative of the domestic life of the bourgeoise class.— Mr. Gladstone has in press a collection of "Essays, Letters, and Addresses," classified as Personal and Literary, Ecclesiastical and Theological, European and Historical.— The conflict of Capital and Labor will be treated at length in a volume by Mr. George Howell.— Mr. Thomas Hardy's new story, which begins in the January number of *Belgravia*, is entitled *The Return of the Native*. Its scene is laid largely in the open air among the hills, to the west of the New Forest.

— Mr. George Parsons Lathrop has completed a novel which will be published the coming season by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Mr. Lathrop is now the American correspondent of the London *Academy*.

— The sketch of "The Personality of Poe," in the *Independent* of Dec. 13, 1877, by the late Charles F. Briggs, gives a not very attractive idea of the author of "The Raven." Mr. Briggs knew Poe intimately, and probably judged him fairly. "But he was not a pleasant person," says Mr. Briggs, "to know well."

— It is some forty years since Dr. Gray's first text-book in botany was published, and nearly twenty years since the last edition of his *Structural and Systematic Botany* was prepared. He is now at work upon a new edition of this valuable text-book, incorporating with it the latest discoveries in the science.

— Young writers often feel the lack of a comprehensive, practical and recent work on rhetoric. Much of Campbell is antiquated, much of Whately is puzzling or theoretical, and no modern work covers the ground fully. Prof. A. S. Hill, however, is preparing a book, covering all the required study in rhetoric at Harvard, which promises to be both an excellent text-book, and a handy work of reference for every young writer.

— A very interesting and important feature of the Paris Exposition of 1878 will be the collection of the educational works published in France since 1867. To make this as complete as possible, the minister of public instruction has issued a circular to all engaged in education asking for copies of such works, however small, which they may have written. A full catalogue will be prepared, and the library, which is to be given to the University, will be open for consultation and study every morning during the Exposition.

— When Mr. Bryant's poem, "Thanatopsis," first appeared, which was in the *North American Review*, in September, 1817, it was printed in unbroken sequence upon the following stanzas:

> "Not that from life and all its woes,
> The hand of death shall set me free;
> Not that this head shall then repose
> In the low vale most peacefully.
>
> "Ah, when I touch Time's farthest brink,
> A kinder solace must attend;
> It chills my very soul to think
> On that dread hour when life must end.
>
> "In vain the flattering verse may breathe
> Of ease from pain and rest from strife;
> There is a sacred dread of death
> Inwoven with the strings of life.
>
> "This bitter cup at first was given
> When angry justice frowned severe;
> And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven
> That man must view the grave with fear."

It has been often supposed that the two fabrics were originally one, and that these stanzas were subsequently cut off from their connection. Mr. Bryant has lately explained that they "were not written as a preface to 'Thanatopsis,' but constituted a separate poem. His father carried both poems to Boston and placed them in the hands of Mr. Dana, who put them into the *North American Review*, where they were coupled together by some mistake, and their separation in all later editions was simply the correction of an inadvertence."

— Under the title "Men of Letters," Messrs. Macmillan & Co. propose to issue a series of Short Books, edited by Mr. John Morley, which shall tell people what is most worth knowing as to the life, character, works, and position in literary history of some of the greatest writers in English. Among the contributors will be the Dean of St. Paul's who will write on Spenser; Mr. J. A. Froude, on Bunyan; Principal Shairp, on Burns; Mr. Mark Pattison, on Milton; Mr. Goldwin Smith, on Wordsworth; Mr. R. H. Hutton, on Scott; Mr. Leslie Stephen, on Johnson; Mr. J. A. Symonds, on Shelley; Mr. J. C. Morison, on Gibbon; and the Editor, on Swift.

—*Athenæum.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

The Ladye Chace: A Ballad. By the author of "Christian Ballads." Edited by Francis Philip Nash. Cabinet Edition. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Ext. S., pp. 150.

The Paradox and Other Poems. By J. Albert Wilson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 226. $1.00.

Boheme. By Charles Stuart Welles. G. P. Putnam's Sons. S., pp. 70. $1.00.

Firm Ground. Thoughts on Life and Faith. By George McKnight. Published by the Author, Sterling, N. Y. M., pp. 131.

Poems of the "Old South." By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, and James Freeman Clarke. Illustrated. William F. Gill & Co. Sq. M., pp. 35. $2.00.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse. First American from the Third London Edition. J. R. Osgood & Co. Sq. M., pp. 78. $1.00.

Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems. By Charles F. Adams. With Sixty-five Illustrations by "Boz." Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 147.

Poetry for Children. By Charles and Mary Lamb. To which are Added Prince Dorus and Some Uncollected Poems by Charles Lamb. Edited, Prefaced and Annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. S., pp. 224. $1.25.

British Poets. The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. With a Memoir. Ten Volumes in Five. M. Riverside Edition. Hurd & Houghton. Vol. I, pp. xxxv, 306, 274; Vol. II, pp. 278, 379; Vol. III, pp. 490, 276; Vol. IV, pp. 372, 295; Vol. V, pp. 454, 417. The Set in a box. $8.75.

Angelo. A Poem. By Stuart Sterne. Hurd & Houghton. S., pp. 104. $1.00.

The Ninety and Nine. By Elizabeth C. Clephane. Designs by Robert Lewis. Engraved by Wm. G. Dana. D. Lothrop & Co. Sq. M. $2.00.

Poems. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Roberts Brothers. S., pp. 153. $1.00.

Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Germany. In Two Volumes. J. R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 248, 254. $1.50.

Single Famous Poems. Edited by Rossiter Johnson. Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 285. $2.00.

Apple Blossoms. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. Jansen, McClurg & Co. M., pp. 195. $1.25.

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The Methods of Ethics. By Henry Sidgwick, M. A. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co. L., pp. 469. $4.00.

The Lectures of a Certain Professor. By the Rev. Joseph Farrell. Macmillan & Co. M., pp, 325. $2.00.

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DARWIN ON FORMS OF FLOWERS.*

THIS book, of about the size of the preceding one, *On the Fertilization of Orchids by Insects*, or of that on *Cross and Self-Fertilization*, is not so readable or generally interesting, partly because its bearings upon Darwinism are remote and incidental. Nor would the title give to most readers much idea of the contents. But to those who can appreciate exquisite adaptations in nature for their own sake, and see in these adaptations evidences of a superior wisdom, the story which this book tells will be instructive.

All are familiar with the fact that while some flowers are both male and female, others, such as of oaks and birches, have the two sexes in different flower-clusters on distinct branches, and still others, like poplars and willows, bear them on different trees, these depending upon the winds or sometimes upon insects to carry pollen from the one to the other. But few are aware that there are many plants bearing perfect and complete blossoms, quite alike as to all but the stamens and pistils, and these different only in relative length and the nature of the pollen; and that this length is so regulated as to ensure the transport, by insects, of the pollen of the long stamens of the one to the long pistil of the other, and from the short of the one to the short of the other, so as to bring about reciprocal cross-fertilization; also that the pollen of each sort is nearly impotent as to the pistil of its own flower, but prepotent upon that of the other form. Through this arrangement such flowers retain all the benefits as to crossing of those with separated sexes, along with the great advantage that both forms are seed-bearing and prolific. The hop flowers are in separate sexes; so it is necessary to plant some sterile vines among the fertile sort, which alone produce the cross. But this "dimorphism" subserves the same end with greater economy. We are not sure that this case, of long and short stamens and pistils, occurs in any plant cultivated for man's use; but it is exemplified in some of our familiar wild flowers, such as Houstonia and Partridge-berry.

Two-thirds of the present volume is devoted to the complete elucidation of this sort of reciprocity. The book on *Orchids* shows that the same result, in the way of preventing breeding in-and-in, is attained with only a single sort of perfect flower; and in the book on *Cross and Self-Fertilization*, the benefit of all such crossing is explained and proved. So it might well be inferred that cross fertilization is the plan in the vegetable kingdom, or, at least, that it plays some important part. But, strangely enough at first sight, there is a considerable number of plants which bear, along with others capable of being crossed, a set of flowers which must be close-fertilized, and which are evidently constructed for this very purpose. Truly, "great and *manifold*" are the works of — Nature, as we are pleased to phrase it, and if not "past finding out," they are far from being all found out yet.

* The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the Same Species. By Charles Darwin. D. Appleton & Co.

LÜBKE'S HISTORY OF ART.*

DR. Lübke's high and well-deserved reputation in his own country, rests on his histories of Architecture and Sculpture, his able contributions to the complete editions of Kügler and Schnasse, and his *Outlines of the History of Art*, which, after passing through seven successive editions in Germany, and being translated into English by Miss Burnett, has now received the honor of a new and more correct translation in America, edited with notes by Mr. Clarence Cook, and published in the two very handsome and profusely-illustrated volumes which form the subject of this notice.

The work is a lucid and well-sustained narrative of the History of Art from ancient to modern times, so much generalized necessarily that those who turn over its pages will find themselves rapidly hurried onward, like travelers by an express train, with but momentary glimpses of many interesting objects. This unavoidable result of the attempt to treat a subject so vast in so limited a space, is not a defect in a book whose nature is clearly indicated by its title, though it may be questioned whether the dissolving views of men and things which it offers, would not have been invested with a higher interest by an author of a more æsthetic temperament than Dr. Lübke, who, even when discussing works whose beauty has roused enthusiasm in every age, rarely indulges in a reflection which any one would recall or quote in their presence. The great success of his book in Europe is partly due to the fact that it is the only one of its kind, from which those who aim at general culture can obtain a sufficient idea of one of the broadest fields of human activity, concerning which everybody is now-a-days expected to know something. This will undoubtedly ensure it an equally favorable reception in the United States, where the number of readers interested in art-history is constantly on the increase. They will find in it what they want, while special students of ancient art will turn to Schnasse, Brunn and Overbeck for more profound discussion and deeper views of its periods and schools.

Considered as a book of "Outlines," it deserves the high praise which has been bestowed upon it, and yet like human works in general it offers opportunity for criticism. The peculiar features of art in Egypt and Greece, for instance, would have been better accounted for, and made more clear to the general reader, if the author had laid greater stress upon the influences of race and physical geography, which acted so powerfully upon it in both countries. So also the phases through which art passed in Egypt might have been separated, and thus impressed upon the mind, if they had been severally connected with the Ancient, the Middle and the New Empires — each of which historical periods had its peculiar characteristics. This would scarcely be inferred from Dr. Lübke's text, and yet the art of the Ancient Empire which produced the early wooden statues and the delicate and flatly-treated bas-reliefs, and which dealt with agricultural subjects and ignored religious dogmas, is of a very different character from that of a later period, when chapters of the Ritual became the obligatory decorations of all tombs, and royal scenes of battle and triumph of all palaces.

The editor's notes upon matters which the author, intent upon giving an unobstructed narrative, has perhaps designedly passed over, are so valuable that their paucity is to be regretted. The value of the book would have been increased by notes upon the Proto-Doric Order in Egypt; the Proto-Ionic in Assyria; the development of stone from wooden architecture, suggested by certain architectural details about Egyptian pyramids and tombs, as well as by Lycian and Etruscan monuments; and lastly upon the alternate influence of Egypt and Assyria in Phœnicia, which worked through her upon Asia Minor and infant Hellas.

As bearing upon the early development of Greece, and its relation to the Homeric po-

* Outlines of the History of Art. By Dr. William Lübke. Edited by Clarence Cook. In Two Volumes. Illustrated Dodd, Mead & Co.

ems, these oriental influences are of the deepest interest, but we cannot hope to have them correctly estimated, until the complex questions to which the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Schliemann and General Cesnola have given rise, shall have been freely discussed in all their bearings. Future writers upon ancient art, having the advantage of light from Troy, Mycenæ, and Cyprus upon the early history of the arts in Greece, and from Olympia upon the period of their highest development, will be able to explain much which is now wholly or partially obscure. Dr. Lübke renders a faithful account of present opinions upon the first of these points, and also upon the last with these exceptions, that in his description of the perfected Greek Temple, he omits to speak of that application of the Pythagorean system of numbers to architecture, which made such a building as the Parthenon a musical unit; that he says nothing of those subtle curves which invested it with a long inexplicable grace, or of the inclination of its walls to a common center, which gave it an otherwise unattainable strength.

In the last part of Dr. Lübke's first volume and the whole of the second, the art of Christian times is skillfully treated in all its phases and branches. Here, too, frequent occasion is given for notes calculated to increase the value of the book, as for instance, upon Bonanno of Pisa, Roger of Amalfi, Nicholas of Beneventum and other early workers in bronze; upon Byzantine, Saracenic, and Norman influences on sculpture and architecture in Apulia; upon Giotto's work both as architect and sculptor; upon Omodeo, the greatest north Italian sculptor of his time, and his share in the construction of the cathedral at Milan; upon Arnolfo. del Cambio as sculptor and originator of that Pisan type of tomb, which was adopted by Giovanni Pisano and made the tour of the peninsula; upon the sculptors of the basreliefs on the façade of the cathedral at Oveido, and lastly upon the question as to how much of the Loggia de Lanzi was completed before the death of its architect, Andrea Orgagna.

A long note by the editor placed at the end of the second volume very justly draws attention to Dr. Lübke's very incomplete treatment of certain modern schools of art. Germany comes off best, certainly not because it deserves to, and France next best. The English school of painting is dismissed with but little show of appreciation even of such great artists as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, all of whom will live when Cornelius and Kaulbach are forgotten; and America is mentioned in a way which makes one wish that she had been passed over in absolute silence. The few words devoted to her art-history show that Dr. Lübke knows nothing of past or present efforts on this side of the Atlantic, and fully explain his brevity. Mr. Clarence Cook designates this as black ingratitude toward a country which once opened its arms to the Dusseldorff School, though it may have been meant as a rebuke to us for having cast off our former allegiance to Germany, and taken up with French methods and masters as present guides. Munich has lately attracted some of our young painters, such as Duverneck, and has sent us back one young sculptor of great promise, Dengler, but as a rule France is the favorite place of study for American artists, and French pictures alone are in general demand. We care little for German art or English art as a rule, and buy and study Gallic master-pieces almost exclusively. So far as the pictures of those really great landscape painters whose ranks are every day growing thinner is concerned, this is a change for the better, but it may be questioned whether the influence of the "impressionist" school, which seems to be getting the upper hand in France, is likely to be equally beneficial.

In conclusion I may express the opinion that Dr. Lübke's book is remarkably free from errors, and marked by sound judgment upon the relative merits of art-schools and artists. It has the great merit of freedom from bias and sentimentalism, and forms a welcome contrast to the uncritical and half-digested books upon art which are daily issued from English and American presses in gaudy and pretentious bindings, whose bad taste is calculated to make serious readers shy of their contents.

CHARLES C. PERKINS.

THE MEMOIR OF JOHN WOODBRIDGE.*

THE Rev. John Woodbridge, D. D., the central figure of this volume, was many years the Trinitarian Congregational minister of Hadley, Mass. Though the writer of the book has had it for his care to unfold Dr. Woodbridge's life and character, yet, as his title indicates, he has kept before himself a broader purpose. He has sought to trace the course of theological thought in our New England history, and to depict the character and habits of the ministers of a former generation, as a class; thus putting his subject to a typical use.

The town of Hadley lies near one of our great theological centers. It is only three miles from Northampton, where the venerable Solomon Stoddard labored for fifty-seven years, followed by his illustrious grandson, Jonathan Edwards. In the middle of the last century, the eyes of men, even from other lands, were turned towards what was going on in and around this neat and quiet village on the Connecticut river. Here a great conflict was then in progress, between ideas and practices long current in the churches, and the new ideas of which Edwards was the champion. Edwards, though seemingly defeated, was the conqueror in this high debate. He was driven from his pulpit, which he had occupied for twenty-three years, into the wilderness of Stockbridge, where he wrote the great works which have given such celebrity to his name. He lost his pulpit, but gained his cause, though he did not live to see the day of full triumph.

Dr. Woodbridge, by his ancestral associations, as also in his pastoral labors, was enclosed in that circle of influences, flowing downward from the times of Edwards. He was a native of the quiet town of Southampton, always small in population, but wonderfully prolific in educated men. His father was, for fifty years, the physician of the town, invited by the people to come and settle there in his profession, just as they would have invited a minister. This Woodbridge family, dating back into English history a hundred and thirty years before the settlement of New England, and reaching down to the present time in twelve successive generations, has furnished *eleven* Rev. John Woodbridges, besides a multitude of other ministers, with other Christian names.

Hadley, where the chief part of Dr. Woodbridge's ministerial life was passed, had its own rich historical associations, and its marked characteristics. Here John Russell, the first minister of the place, concealed the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, and took care of them for some fifteen or sixteen years. Here, when Dr. Woodbridge was settled in 1810, he was the successor of Dr. Samuel Hopkins, cousin to that Dr. Samuel Hopkins from whom the "Hopkinsians" derive their name. The very atmosphere, in and around, was charged with theology.

The author has done his work well. The book is no hasty production made to be pushed suddenly upon the market. It has had the seasoning of years in manuscript. The style is crisp and sententious. The paragraphs have been weighed and carefully considered. As one reads, the picture of the old days rises before him.

As to Dr. Woodbridge himself, there would be quite a variety of opinions. He was a man of marked character, strong in his prejudices and strong in his friendships. He held the olden type of theology, and held it with a Scotch-like vigor and tenacity. But there was a warm, genial side to his nature. He bound his friends by a strong cord. After twenty years' ministry in Hadley, he left, and sought other fields of labor, but after an absence of twelve years he was called back to his old home. This fact alone would serve to indicate that he was a man beloved by those who knew him intimately. Moreover,

* The New England Ministry Sixty Years Ago. The Memoir of John Woodbridge, D. D. By Rev. Sereno D. Clark. Lee & Shepard.

the very boldness and positiveness of his character make him a good subject for biography. The story of his life never lacks for salient points. Among his ancestors was Thomas Dudley, one of the early governors of the Massachusetts Colony — a tough and stern old Puritan, and Mr. Clark thus describes Dr. Woodbridge's character in one passage, from which we copy a few sentences:

"With these robust, hickory qualities, these Dudlean traits, which had come down to him through the several links of the ancestral chain, were united the bland and gentle spirit of his loving mother; her unselfish desire to do good; her quiet, patient temper; her quick and tender sympathies. . . . Like her he was noble-minded, generous, affable, courteous, unostentatious, simple as a child. . . . This almost equal fusion of parental traits forms the key to his character, which seemed to some the blending of incompatible elements. He was a two-sided man without the least dissimulation, simply because he had no dissimulation, and carried in his breast a heart as open as the sun."

EGYPT THROUGH VARIOUS EYES.

THE title of Mr. De Leon's volume[1] is carefully chosen, and indicates its unlikeness to other books upon Egypt. It is a political view of the country and its rulers. Our author mentions in a modest apologetic preface, why he comes before the public, and his reasons are very good ones — "his exceptional advantages of many years' residence in Egypt in an official capacity, his intimate public and private relations with the last three rulers, including the present khedive, and his recent return from that country, in April last." Mr. De Leon has made a fresh and valuable contribution to Egyptian literature, spiced with a good deal of personal gossip about the viceroy, his predecessors and his family; individuals of whom the world in general knows little. We have an account of the curious system of "mixed judicial tribunals," the management of the Suez Canal, the method of levying revenues, the resources of the country, the army, and the extension of the khedive's dominion into the Soudan — topics upon which the average traveler in Egypt is prepared to throw but little light.

Among the author's acquaintances, of whom he gives fascinating sketches, are the English explorers, Burton and Gordon. Of the latter, who is known as "Gordon Pacha," we are told:

"All the world knows the incidents of his earlier career, and how and why he received the *sobriquet* of 'Chinese Gordon,' when in conjunction with two American officers he rescued the 'flowery empire' from its rebels, and gave the army they commanded the title of the 'Invincible Army.' Surviving his comrades Burgwin and Ward, Gordon reaped a rich harvest of renown, and was invited by the khedive to aid him in his Central African designs; with what results is well known. On his return to Cairo, early in 1877, he was given all and even more authority than he demanded, leaving shortly to assume his new functions as governor-general for life of all the khedive's actual or potential equatorial possessions. His work in Central Africa, thus far, has been simply. . . . to weld together under one government the scattered outlying provinces, and more recent acquisitions loosely termed the Soudan — a territory larger and more populous than Egypt proper. . . . The object of Gordon Pacha's ambition, and the chief incentive to his taking his life in his hand and returning to his province, is the suppression of the internal slave-trade. Neither he, nor those who know him best, believe that he will fail, although he has indeed a thorny path to tread, and a most difficult task to accomplish."

As to the reason for styling his book "the *Khedive's* Egypt," our author remarks:

"Under the present reign it has been that and nothing else. Proprietor, in his own name and that of his family, of *one-fifth of the best land in Egypt*, the sweat and blood of the fellahs has fertilized it."

The attractiveness of the volume is increased by illustrations, of which one, the frontispiece, is a bird's-eye view of the Isthmus of Suez, with the various points of interest designated by numerals 1 to 22. But by an aggravating oversight no explanation is furnished in the book as to what the numbers indicate. Copious indexes are given at the end. The noble print is a luxury to the eyes, and such as we are seldom blessed with.

The upper region of the Nile is fast becoming a familiar land to the general reader. Lane's *Modern Egyptians* first made known the facts about their life and manners, and the work by Wilkinson on the *Ancient Egyptians* is a singularly faithful record of what the people were three thousand years ago; but no book has heretofore been written which described with the fidelity of an eye-witness, the manners, customs, superstitions and occupations of the people of the Nile valley, the desert, and the Red Sea coast, at the present day. Dr. Klunzinger[2] has had a new field. He began his work as a naturalist at Koseir, where he enjoyed, from 1863 to 1869, the position of government doctor, and had every facility for understanding the life of the common people. His opportunities were wisely improved, and the result is a volume in which, for the first time, we can feel that we know Egypt as it is, and especially that portion of it which lies beyond the ordinary traveler. It is curious here to find that life is now what it was when Joseph sat on the throne of the Pharaohs. The volume is quite full in regard to the region of the Thebaid, the religious life of the people, the methods of living and traveling in the desert, and the natural treasures of the Red Sea. The author does not obtrude his special studies upon the reader, nor is the story of his experiences given in the first person, but his book is everywhere crammed with facts, and is written in a pleasing narrative style, free at once from pedantry and from license of statement. It is a book which will give persons more information about a part of the world which is rapidly coming into notice than any other work yet issued. It is specially valuable for a household of bright boys and girls, and one can glean from it a great amount of material which can be profitably used. Egypt has now got its Baedeker. The work has had an immense sale in Germany, where it was published a year ago, and the present translation has been prepared by arrangement with the author and with his active coöperation and assistance. The illustrations reproduce the descriptions of the texts and are a substantial addition to a volume which we have read with great interest, and with an ever-increasing sense of its value and thoroughness.

Dr. Field's volume[3] completes the narrative of his recent voyage around the world. A portion of it only relates to Egypt, which the author reached toward the close of 1875. He proceeded from Alexandria to Cairo, of both of which cities he gives entertaining descriptions, and from Cairo ascended the Nile to the first cataract by one of the fortnightly steamers, making the round trip in twenty days. His point of view toward the country was manifestly different from that of either Mr. De Leon or Dr. Klunzinger, and his narrative has merits and defects accordingly. We do not set the highest value upon it, while it is not without elements of interest. From Egypt Dr. Prime proceeded to India, China and Japan.

[1] The Khedive's Egypt. By Edwin De Leon. Harper & Brothers.

[2] Upper Egypt. Its People and Its Products. By C. B. Klunzinger, M. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[3] From Egypt to Japan. By Henry M. Field, D. D. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE SERMONS OF JOHN JAMES TAYLER.*

IF the Unitarians have sometimes failed to impress men with the full strength of Christian teaching, and have come short, as men always must in their influence, when they speak negatively where the hearts of men desire at least reasonable affirmations, they are to be commended for having given us the best examples which this generation has known of high, clear, reasonable and effective ethical preaching. The last volume of Dr. Martineau's sermons, *Hours of Thought on Sacred Things*, takes this rank, and Mr. Tayler, who was Dr. Martineau's predecessor in the same English Unitarian parish, is hardly less prominent as an ethical teacher. Indeed, in some respects we prefer him to Dr. Martineau. He expresses with greater breadth the thoughts which link religious belief with spiritual experience. His sermons are always statements of personal revelations of the truth, and no more thoughtful discourses have been published for many

* Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. Discourses by John James Tayler. Roberts Brothers.

a day. An extract from the sermon on "Access to the Father through Christ" illustrates the prevailing quality of his writing:

"It is by putting the mind in a certain position or attitude toward the system of things, visible and invisible, that we catch, as it were, the point of view under which spiritual truth reveals itself. If that position be not assumed, if that point of view be lost, if the mind, from whatever cause, be wanting in reverence and trust, all the science in the world will not make it religious, and demonstration will be lavished on it in vain. Perhaps, when the understanding has been fruitlessly assailed for years by logical proofs, and has stood out hard and obdurate, some deep sorrow, some wounded affection, something that touches and softens the heart, will open a passage for the spirit of God to the inner sources of the moral being, and the man will feel what he never felt before. Love and gentleness, ever waiting for God's seasons — never obtrusive and assuming, never wanting in a brother's genial sympathy, when there is no moral distaste or disqualification for the highest truth — will always be found more effectual in the conflict with unbelief than hard, pertinacious argument or the overpowering eagerness of a polemical theology. The favorite studies, the predominant modes of thought, the habitual frame of mind, the aspects under which the universe is constantly surveyed, have far more to do with belief and unbelief on these momentous topics than strength of understanding, or range of sentiment, or even purity of life. There are truths of sentiment, if we may so call them, as well as truths of intellect; and the truths of religion are preëminently those of sentiment. If the understanding be not stimulated by the right feeling, it will not grasp the object sought. We are startled to painfulness when we first learn that so comprehensive an intellect, so pure and noble a spirit, as that of Alexander Humboldt, should have had no clear assurance of the great truths of religion. But we remember that his brother William, his equal in learning and genius, and still more profoundly versed in the history and nature of man — whose studies had been moral rather than physical — was a firm believer in the being of God and the immortality of man."

This passage has just that ethical quality which thoughtful people like, and which must be found in the sermons which the people of to-day are willing to listen to; and in no respect has this volume seemed to us more useful than it can be to the men who have to preach to the curious, half-informed, restive, intelligent minds which are found in city and town congregations. It is full of seed truths. It never goes far from the facts of our moral nature as seen through an unusually ripe experience. It is always wise. It does not contain a full statement of what we conceive to be Christian truth, does not profess to do this; but every religious man will be immensely strengthened in his best convictions by reading it through. It contains only twenty-six discourses, but the reader will wish it contained twenty-six hundred if they could all be as helpful as these are. The volume, in our estimation, goes on the same shelf with Martineau's, Robertson's, Newman's, Mozley's, Liddon's and Bellows's Sermons, and is everywhere luminous with the thoughts of a profoundly religious mind and an unusual spiritual insight. Cannot Roberts Brothers give an eager, if a somewhat limited, public the first series of these discourses, uniform with this work?

JULIUS H. WARD.

MISS MARTINEAU'S HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.*

THIS work, originally published about thirty years ago, has been brought out in a new edition, in consequence both of its intrinsic merits and of the renewed interest felt in respect to the writings of the author awakened by her death. The reader might, perhaps, naturally imagine that by the term "Household Education" the author refers especially to the household education of children, and that the object of the work is to instruct parents in the principles and methods proper for their guidance in the early training of the young. This subject is, indeed, in a measure involved in the scope and comprehension of the work, but it is by no means its special design. The term "Household Education" is so used as to include the general improvement and progress, moral and intellectual, of all the members of a household, old and young together, on the ground that the capacity for progress and improvement in all those qualities on which the power of receiving happiness one's self, and of imparting it to others, depends, is not at all confined to the season of youth, but extends to all portions of life, and that special progress should be made in it at every age. The education of children finds, of course, its proper place in such a work, but it does not form its special, and far less its exclusive, design. There is a peculiar charm, for most readers, in the writings of Miss Martineau, arising, in part, from the candor and good sense which most of them manifest; but also, in a great measure, from a certain clearness and intelligibleness of the thoughts enunciated, arising in a good degree from her method of presenting her ideas in what the logicians call a *concrete form:* that is, one in which *distinct images* are brought to the mind as elements of thought, and the qualities under discussion are presented in sensible forms, in which case they are more vividly conceived and are more impressive in their character than if brought to view as mere abstractions. After expressing her conception of the various powers and characteristics of the human soul, with their capacities for indefinite extension and improvement, Miss Martineau goes on to show by what means the progress may be carried on, rapidly and successfully, by every member of the household, old and young, at every period of life. This is done by the consideration of such topics, in the successive chapters, as Care of the Frame, Care of the Powers, Hope, Fear, Patience, Love, Veneration, Truthfulness and Conscientiousness. The last eight or ten chapters in the volume are devoted more particularly to the young, and treat successively of the training of the Perceptive, the Conceptive, the Reasoning and the Imaginative Faculties, and the Formation of Habits, both Personal and Family. These subjects are all presented in a free and outspoken manner, and if there are sometimes passages from which the reader will dissent, there is everywhere much that is new, striking, and valuable.

JACOB ABBOTT.

* Household Education. By Harriet Martineau. James R. Osgood & Co.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS.*

THIS interesting little book is dedicated to Mr. Herbert Spencer, whom its author calls "the greatest of living philosophers," and it professes to carry out in a single direction the leading principles which Mr. Spencer has laid down. Most people associate æsthetics, as they do metaphysics, with volumes of high-soaring, yet dry and fruitless, speculation. The title of this book alone is sufficient guarantee that such will find nothing of the sort here. The author does not endeavor to enter the more abstruse and complex regions of the science. "I shall be satisfied," he says, "if I can account physiologically for the common pleasure in bright-colored objects, elementary paintings, easy melodies, and popular poetry." More particularly, his object is "to exhibit the purely physical origin of the sense of beauty, and its relativity to our nervous organization." He begins, therefore, with a general discussion of pleasure and pain, showing how they are related to our nerve-tissues. The differentia of æsthetics are next considered, distinguishing æsthetic from non-æsthetic pleasures; and then follows an examination of the pleasures afforded by the different senses, in the order of their value as the foundations of the various arts. The genesis of pleasurable and painful states of sense is due to a consensus between the organism and its environment, gradually established in the course of evolution. There is such a close correspondence and sympathy between the different parts of an organism that what is injurious to the stomach or the lungs, for instance, association tends to make unpleasant to the senses, in order to prevent its introduction into the system; while natural selection and hereditary transmission help to strengthen this correspondence. Apparent exceptions, such as the sweetness of the poisonous sugar of lead, are easily explained by the fact that such substances do not occur with sufficient frequency in nature to enable our senses to adapt themselves to them. A man will die from eating a plant or fruit which an animal, with a more delicate sense of taste and smell, will reject.

This general principle Mr. Allen uses to show why we like smooth surfaces and regular forms, fragrant odors, harmonious sounds and colors, on the one hand, while on the

* Physiological Æsthetics. By Grant Allen, B. A. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

other we dislike rough and gritty surfaces, malodors, discords of sound and color, and inartistic forms. A painful sensation is accompanied by an excessive destruction of nervous tissue, while a pleasurable sensation is one which affords "the maximum of stimulation, with the minimum of fatigue;" and when this occurs in processes not directly connected with vital functions, nor necessarily limited to one person at a time, we have the æsthetically beautiful. For illustrations and details we must refer to the book, which is quite easy to read.

So far we see no occasion for differing with the author, who, it should be remembered, does not argue that all æsthetic pleasure *comes* from the senses but merely that all *begins* with sense. But Mr. Allen is not an artist, as he freely confesses, himself; and hence, when he tries to apply his views to music, sculpture, and painting, he does not succeed in commanding our full assent. To mention only one point: he places Sight above Hearing, in the æsthetic hierarchy, because (1) in nature there are more beautiful objects for the eye than sounds for the ear; (2) while music is the only art based on hearing, three, sculpture, architecture and painting, are based on the sense of sight; and (3) in poetry, too, the larger part of the *ideal* sensuous elements are of visual origin. We know what the musician would answer to this. He would say that the question is one not of extension but of intension, or rather of intensity. Music is the most emotional of the arts. It has greater influence on the feelings than even poetry. Hence it should entitle hearing to rank first in æsthetics, the science of the emotions, just as sight ranks highest in the intellectual sciences.

In the chapter on poetry the author seems to be more at home. This chapter will be found the most interesting one in the book to the general reader, who, among other things, might like to know the reason given why Boston, New York, and such objects as a steam-engine or sugar are not yet fit subjects for poetry. An iconoclastic spirit is shown in regard to ancient poetry. A short extract will illustrate this:

"The first poets deal only in a few stock æsthetic objects, to which they merely allude without special description. . . . There is a conventional epithet for every noun; the white-armed, the cloud-compelling, the laughter-loving, the grey-eyed; and these are always employed, *however incongruous the context.* The colors are almost as primitive and unshaded as those of the Egyptian paintings. Homer knows only three or four, . . . while the modern poet subdivides by all the known tints, by all the precious metals, and stones, by all the flowers and leaves, by sky and sea and human features. . . . So, too, with natural scenery: the early poets give us only a few broad touches; Wordsworth works up with minute care every vein in a leaf, every petal in a flower. . . . Indeed, unpopular as the opinion may be, I do not hesitate to say that Poetry, as an imitative art, has advanced as far above the Homeric level as Painting has above the Egyptian.

We quote these passages, without at all implying our assent, but merely to show that the author is not afraid to express an opinion of his own. If the last sentence quoted should come before the eyes of Mr. Gladstone, we are afraid that Mr. Allen will be pelted with half-a-dozen polemic magazine articles. H. T. FINCK.

THORNBURY'S LIFE OF TURNER.*

ALL lovers of landscape art will gladly welcome a volume which will tell them more of him of whom Ruskin has told so much. How he looked upon sky and stream and woodland; how he interpreted the motion of cirri and cumuli, of swaying branches and roaring cataracts; how he, above all others, made the canvas radiant with golden sunlight; all this we have learned long ago, from the great critic; but so learning, have been rendered only the more desirous to know something of the man himself; how he attained such power, how he lived, who were his friends, what was his social position, and his influence upon those around him. Those who have known the general reputation of Turner, the good qualities which Ruskin so eagerly praises, and the faults for which he would fain apologize, will probably find him a man not very different from what they had supposed, inasmuch as Mr. Thornbury has evidently written, as stated in his preface, "with a stern and undeviating regard for truth." But let no one presume that, taking up this book, he will accompany the great artist into private life, stand at his elbow and see him paint, or learn the thoughts from which grew his great works.

Turner was a recluse, fond of secrecy and of mystery, so that his best friends, at times, knew not where he lived, as they did not know where he was dying or when he died. His private life was as sad as it was solitary, and the little we know of it makes us wish that little were less. Yet, as his biographer remarks, "this character is full of contradictions." When visiting his friends, "of whom," we are told, "he had a large circle, including noblemen and gentlemen of education and refinement, who loved him sincerely," his better qualities shone out, and he appears an affable, genial man, fond of children, heartily enjoying the fun and amusements of the hour, and ever mindful of the gratitude due for any past favor. Yet in his personal appearance he was unprepossessing, slovenly in his dress and habits, and parsimonious even to meanness in business transactions, though sometimes aiding those he liked with liberal sums of money.

Turner's artistic career began when he was a mere child. He first colored prints, then copied the drawings of Paul Sandby, his drawing master, and later added skies and back-grounds to architects' designs. All of this brought money to his father, who kept a barber's shop in Maiden Lane, London, where young Turner's first drawings were exposed for sale. At the age of fourteen, after being at school at Brantford and Margate, attempting the study of perspective with Thomas Molton, and halting at the Pons Asinorum, Turner entered the Royal Academy as a student; but still he continued to devote his evenings to architects' and printsellers' work. Among his friends, at that time, was Thomas Girtin, to whom Mr. Thornbury devotes a chapter, considering him and Turner the real founders of modern water-color. Turner's admiration for his friend is best expressed by a remark made after his early death in 1802. "Had Tom Girtin lived," said he, "I should have starved." In 1795, when Turner was twenty years of age, he made his first essay in oil. In 1800 he was elected associate of the Royal Academy, and five years later Royal Academician. He had already brought his method of water-color to great perfection, and produced many drawings of English scenery remarkable for atmosphere, purity of color, and high finish. In 1802 he first crossed the channel, yet of his experiences, impressions and observations of foreign lands we know but very little. A few letters treasured by friends, and his paintings, are all the records we have of his several tours, which extended only to France, Switzerland, Italy, and the Rhineland.

As early as 1793, Turner, who had already exhibited in the room set apart for drawings, sent to the Royal Academy a painting which attracted the notice of the critics, as evincing true poetic genius. Yet until 1820 Ruskin considers him a student and an imitator of the old masters, especially Vandervelde and Claude. Still to this period belong his "Crossing the Brook" and "Dido Building Carthage," the latter, "a splendid dream," in which the artist "aimed to show the rise of a maritime empire typical of England."

In the second period of his art life, which extended to 1835, this great artist freed himself entirely from all restraints of precedent and theories, and launched boldly into that brilliancy of coloring and poetic ideality of composition which are the distinctive marks of his genius. In his Italian pictures, and in many of his English subjects, he now sets aside all topographical truth and allows himself the same liberty of detail and arrangement as in those which are entirely idea The most celebrated picture of this era is the "Polyphemus," which, we are told, "for color, for light and shade, for composition, seems the most wonderful and admirable of Turner's compositions."

From 1835 to 1844 his genius still preserved its power, yet his color, losing something of its "mustard hue," became more ten-

* Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. By Walter Thornbury. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co.

der and pensive, and his compositions, though more careless in execution and less truthful, were often grand and brilliant, betraying the depth of thought and feeling which pertain to ripened years. To this period belongs "The Old Temeraire," exhibited in 1839, and prized by the artist most highly of all his works.

"We place it first [says Mr. Thornbury] because it excels in *color*, and it was as a colorist that Turner excelled almost all painters. It is wonderful for all the qualities of color, for brilliancy, contrast, breadth, tone, transparency and light. . . . From the broad horizontal vermilion splash that is the core of the sunset to the palest blue and pearl of the moon region of the picture, is a grand compass for any painter's brush, and needed a hundred-fingered man and a ten-horse power of brain to attain it. . . . In no picture we have ever seen can you pass through so far, and yet come to no wall that forces back the impatient and forth-flying imagination. Through a thousand semi-tones and half-notes of gray, we reach the sovereign colors that rule the picture. The very relaxations and freedoms of the drawing seem true to the aërial witchery and beguilement of such an hour and such an evening."

This picture Ruskin considers as the last which Turner executed in the full plenitude of his genius, while he says the beginning of Turner's best period of ten years dates from the Temeraire. "Singularly enough," remarks his biographer, "while the picture of 1829 is a sunrise, the picture of 1839 is a sunset."

The style of Mr. Thornbury is characterized in this volume by the same grace and vigor that mark his delightful contributions to the *Art Journal*, with an added familiarity and simplicity that make us feel as if we were hearing the words from his own lips. The arrangement adheres but slightly to chronological order, and a great deal of delightful information is interwoven which the subject does not actually demand. Thus we have a sketch not only of the rise and growth of water-color in England, but also one of oil-painting, and another of engraving. Then he often allows those from whom he sought additional information to give it in their own language, both in regard to Turner and to his fellow-artists. Especially interesting is the account of Mr. Trimmer, whose father was a clergyman, an amateur artist, and an especial friend of the great painter. As a child Mr. Trimmer was one of the few who gained an inside view of Turner's home.

"Yellow," Turner said, was his favorite color, for pictures wanted color. Mrs. Wheeler, daughter of Mr. Wells, the artist, writes most enthusiastically and says:

"In early life my father's house was his second home, a haven of rest from domestic trials too sacred to touch upon. Turner loved my father with a son's affection; and to me he was as an elder brother."

She also gives an account of his visits to Mr. Fawkes of Farnley Hall in Yorkshire, a seat which can boast "some ten thousand pounds' worth of his water-color drawings and oil pictures." She adds:

"The Farnley portfolios abound with his sketches of the house and estate, all rapidly and beautifully wrought."

Also, of a series of drawings, representing a complete Rhenish tour:

"These Rhenish drawings are most exquisite for sad tenderness, purity, twilight poetry, truth, and perfection of harmony. They are to the eye what the finest verses of Tennyson are to the ear; and they do what few things on earth do: they satisfy the mind. Few of them are gorgeous in color; most are in a minor key, somewhat subdued and regretful, as if the present Rhine were not quite the Rhine of his earlier days."

One stormy day at Farnley, Turner called out to his friend: "Come here! come here! Look at this thunder-storm. Isn't it grand? Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it sublime?" all the time making notes on the back of a letter. He refused any better drawing-block, but remained absorbed in his work until the storm had passed, when he said: "There, Hawkey, in two years you will see this again, and call it Hannibal crossing the Alps."

Turner's squabbles with his engravers, and the later squabbles over the £140,000 which he had bequeathed to the nation, we will leave to the reader, with many other things which space does not allow us to even touch upon, but which we are certain will make him feel that seldom has so much knowledge been combined in a manner so entertaining and delightful. Not least to be valued is the appendix, which contains a complete catalogue of the artist's engraved maps with their dates; a catalogue of all his pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy for sixty-three years, and the year of exhibition; another of the pictures given by him to the National Gallery; and a fourth of all other works of his and the places where they are to be found.

This volume forms the fourth of Henry Holt & Co.'s amateur series, and so far may be considered the gem of the series, both for its matter and its beautiful colored illustrations — fac-similes of the artist's original drawings. CAROLINE W. HORTON.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES.*

THE design of this new series of miniature volumes is to furnish in compact form, clear, accurate, and comprehensive sketches of the great painters of history, with some accompanying descriptive and critical account of their works; presenting thus the gist of a treatise within the proportions of a magazine article, but without sacrifice of essential fact, and with due attention to important detail. Each volume may be regarded as a "Vest-Pocket" portrait of some famous artist; a "Condensed Classic" of critical biography; a "Little Classic" of truthful and entertaining personal narrative. The editor of the series is Mr. M. F. Sweetser, whose American guide-books, also published by J. R. Osgood & Co., have given a most favorable impression of his abilities for work of this kind. The several volumes so far published admirably fulfill their intention, and give promise of an excellent and useful little library. It is remarkable that with such great condensation there should be such fullness of detail and freshness of narrative. In the account of Titian, for example, the reader will find all that is needed of the particulars of the famous Venetian's life; while the student will quickly see its value, as containing the most accessible descriptions of the scattered paintings of this great colorist, and the varying estimates of their place in art.

For the life of Murillo more of Mr. Sweetser's pains and patience must have been needed than for some other subjects in the series. No memoir of this artist can be found in our language, and even the Spanish writers have paid him little attention. But his simple history does not lack interest, from his street painting in the market-place of Seville, through the successive periods of imitation and eclecticism, to the independent work which gave him a master's rank. Among Spanish artists, Murillo is second to Velazquez (to follow Mr. Sweetser's spelling) alone, whom he surpasses in softness of color, though he has not the latter's imagination. His subjects, like those of his fellow-artists, are mainly from the Virgin's life, and he is called the Painter of the Conception. The French conquerors, though they robbed Spain of his works, have thereby spread his fame more widely over Northern Europe. Mr. Sweetser distinguishes clearly his three styles, *frio*, *cálido*, and *vaporoso*, and appends a list of his paintings.

In turning from Murillo to Raphael, the biographer meets difficulties of a different nature. The very abundance of materials is bewildering. For the artist's life, his character, and his work have been treated repeatedly with fullness and detail. But the accounts are somewhat contradictory, and on many points controversies have arisen. Mr. Sweetser has executed his delicate task well, and has shown much skill in selecting, arranging and condensing his facts. The chief events in Raphael's life are given with so much of contemporary history as is needed for explanation, while his great works, the Frescoes of the Vatican, the Tapestries of the Sistine Chapel, the Madonnas, and the Transfiguration are clearly, though briefly described. And the reader, as he closes the little book, feels his wonder renewed that so much should have been accomplished in a life of only thirty-seven years.

* Artist Biographies. Titian, Raphael, Durer, Murillo, etc. J. R. Osgood & Co.

YOU cannot easily strip a postage stamp from an envelope without tearing the stamp; but you can very easily strip the envelope from the stamp and leave the latter uninjured. How many people know of this convenient little trick?

THREE STORY BOOKS.

The first of these story-books,[1] in handsome style, with several full-page illustrations, beside the small vignettes, typical in design and beautiful in execution, is made up of fourteen selections, from the Chinese, French, German, Hebrew, Hindostanee, Hungarian, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Swedish and Turkish. They are announced as "characteristic," and have the merit of being new; but in interest they are very unequal, and several of them are undeniably common-place, such as that from the Japanese, and one from the Irish, which are so prosaic, that one is led to wonder at their existence in the lore of a people so odd as the first-named, or so nimble-witted as the last. The story from the Italian has something of the charm of the "Arabian Nights;" that from the Russian, "The Bride of the Wind," is, perhaps, the most ingenious; "The Herdsboy," from the Swedish of Upland, the most pleasing; and the weird, wild, intensely dramatic and sanguinary narrative of the destruction of the Huns, from the Hungarian, is by far the most vivid and powerful.

It is with a little affectation, bordering on the fanciful, that Mr. Forestier[2] announces his prose rendering of the ancient epic of the North-land, "The Nibelungen Lay;" but he seems to have brought an earnest and respectful spirit to his work, and it is not his fault if his readers fail to understand the characteristics of that famous production as given in the language of modern times. While recognizing the fact that it is impossible to render in "simple, English prose" the spirit of the original, or even of the metrical translations, he hopes to stimulate the curiosity of those not familiar with it to investigate for themselves; and, as a preparation for such study, his narrative with its concise but comprehensive introduction will prove valuable.

The "Tales from Ancient Greece"[3] are sixty-five in number, classed as "The Gods and Heroes," "Tales from the Trojan War," "Tales of Thebes," and "Miscellaneous Tales;" compact in a neat and handy volume, introduced by an explanation of each legend, and made more useful by a table showing the pronunciation of the proper names, and some sixty pages of notes. It is the work of a scholar, who, looking upon them as something more than mere idle stories, sets himself reverently to trace through them the form of society and condition of thought of men and women of like joys, sorrows and interests with ourselves.

[1] Wonder-World Stories. Collected and Translated by Marie Pabke and Margery Deane. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] Echoes from Mist-land, or The Nibelungen Lay. Revealed to Lovers of Romance and Chivalry. By Auber Forestier. S. C. Griggs & Co.

[3] Tales of Ancient Greece. By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M. A. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

In those which were originally prepared for the use of young children — though modified for the present purpose — the author made the common mistake of thinking he must write down to the level of his readers: and what he gained in simplicity, he lost in force and flavor. As a sample, the story of Orpheus and Eurydice shows how tame and insipid an eventful narrative may become under such treatment. It is, however, ungracious to specify this fault in a book so useful and praiseworthy.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Ways of the Spirit and Other Essays. By Frederick Henry Hedge. [Roberts Brothers.]

In the fourteen essays comprising this volume, one of our most cultivated Christian scholars gives his views of the "Origin of Things," of "Dualism and Optimism," of "The Mythical Element in the New Testament," and of other affiliated topics having deep interest for thoughtful minds, related to History, Religion, Christianity in its larger historic aspects, and the profounder problems of a truly spiritual philosophy. The stream of Dr. Hedge's thought widens and deepens as it progresses, so that the latter essays of the collection are, to our mind, richer and more satisfactory than the earlier, though none of them are wanting in learning, wisdom, freshness and force; while the style is clear and eloquent in a remarkable degree. Some of his views are striking for their form if not for their substance. Speaking of the human soul he says:

"I am persuaded that dying is not migration, that this earth is man's future and eternal abode. . . . We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us."

Again:

"The head and protoplast of liberal Christianity is Paul."

Dr. Hedge holds that "a new and bodily organism" will be "a part of the soul's destination," but he adds:

"Whether the soul in that new organization will retain the memories which belong to this, is a question I am well content to leave as I find it, involved in impenetrable light. . . . Whether dear friends who were parted by death shall meet again, the answer is still the same."

There is a chilling doubtfulness in this last remark with which we could not ourselves feel wholly content.

Monday Chats. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Selected and Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by William Mathews, LL. D. [S. C. Griggs & Co.]

From the fifteen volumes that compose the famous *Causeries du Lundi* of the great French critic, Dr. Mathews has selected and translated the eleven essays which occupy the principal part of this book. Guided in his selection by the two considerations of choosing "themes of intrinsic and permanent interest" and of giving "a due variety," he presents the essays upon Louis the Fourteenth, Fenelon, Bossuet, Massillon, Pascal, Rousseau, Madame Geoffrin, Joubert, Guizot, The Abbe Galiani, and Frederic the Great. Dr. Mathews contributes an introductory essay upon the life and writings of Sainte-Beuve, the interest of whose biographical facts is far superior to either the acuteness or the depth of its criticisms. Its conclusion, however, regarding him who has been called the "epitome of the finest culture of modern times," is very just:

"In summing up his qualities, we know not which most to admire, his geniality, vivacity, and catholicity of nature, his Parisian delicacy and *finesse*, his profound knowledge of men and books, or that calm, penetrating wisdom, — that uncommon common sense, — which is so conspicuous in all he wrote. Two crowning qualities he had in a degree rarely seen in a critic — insight and disinterestedness; a faculty of penetrating into the secrets of the most opposite natures, and a power of detecting and appreciating whatever is good in the most opposite schools."

Dr. Mathews's translation, though literal, retains much of the grace of the original. His volume, therefore, will, we doubt not, be appreciated by those to whom these noble essays of "the finest critical spirit of our time" might otherwise remain a sealed book.

Voltaire. Foreign Classics for English Readers. By Col. E. B. Hamley, C. B. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

Whatever doubts some may feel of the good effect to be wrought by the attempt in other numbers of this series to introduce Dante or Goethe to English readers, there can be no question of the utility of the method when applied to prose writers like Voltaire. Concerning that notable enemy of the craft of priests and the tyranny of despotism, the popular understanding is largely a *mis*understanding — which Col. Hamley's little book should do much to dissipate. He has written the story of Voltaire's life in a friendly but not eulogistic spirit, inserting chapters which will give the unlearned reader a conception, limited, indeed, but by no means superficial, of the chief literary works of that wonder of versatility and wit. Telling a straight-forward story, the author sufficiently exposes, without unnecessary argument, the long-current misconception which made of Voltaire an arch-enemy of religion. In point of simple fact, he was only an enemy of the priesthood, bigoted and immoral, that controlled his country; and "the Infamous," which he labored to crush, was the persecuting Roman Catholic Church. Voltaire's chequered experience and his brilliant wit have afforded Col. Hamley an opportunity which he has well improved for a very entertaining biography. We think it a deficiency in series of books of this kind, however, not to refer the reader, who may wish to go farther, to the standard literature of the author treated. In the present case Carlyle's famous essay, and Mr. John Morley's very able biography, should by all means have been mentioned.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

What satisfaction there must be in the habit of reading! The power to give one's self up graciously to a book is the wealthiest habit, I imagine, that one can acquire. It is fullness itself, or an endless and ever ready resource. — CHAUNCEY WRIGHT.

No young and unknown writer should hesitate, simply because of youth and obscurity, to offer his work, in a suitable quarter, for publication. There is a popular impression, amounting almost to a superstition, that there is nothing which the editor of a newspaper or a magazine detests quite so heartily as the approach of a contributor who needs an introduction. And they are the most likely to be repressed by this fear who are the best entitled to rise above it. The editor who has just waded through two hundred and forty-nine worthless manuscripts, hails the advent of the two hundred and fiftieth with the hope that it may prove the literary treasure long sought for, but not yet found. No article, carefully and neatly prepared, and opening in a salient fashion, even though it be signed by a wholly unfamiliar name, will fail of proper attention even in the stateliest sanctum. Trash is what the editor tosses into the waste-basket; "real property" never.

We should unhesitatingly class the late Mr. Samuel Bowles with James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond and Horace Greeley, as being the leading journalists in the history of the United States to the present time. Many other men, among the living and the dead, might be named as adorning the profession; but these four combined to create it as it exists to-day.

We must beg the indulgence of our readers toward the leanness of our editorial columns proper. The accumulation of books awaiting notice has been so unprecedented, and the space required for the adequate treatment of some of them so great, that we have had no choice but to crowd departments that can better wait for more generous attention. Next month we may be able to restore the balance which should be preserved.

The month of January has brought large and greatly encouraging additions to the subscription list of the *Literary World*, which never, we believe, has grown so rapidly as it is growing now. Scores of letters attest that the paper is also gaining in the favor of its readers and the public. We believe that the present year will witness its substantial improvement in many respects; but as heretofore we refrain from making promises.

In an early number we shall devote one or more pages to an account of social literary clubs in different parts of the country. Members of such clubs will greatly facilitate our purpose by furnishing us with facts and suggestions in compact form, covering especially these points: locality, character of community, name of club, composition and size, important rules and regulations, nature of meetings and their frequency.

Mr. T. W. Higginson is doing an important service in fostering the "Intercollegiate Literary Association," an agency for bringing American colleges into closer fellowship and coöperation with respect to their common end.

HULSIUS AND DE BRY.

BIBLIOPHILES are glad to know that the administration of the Lenox Library has given an earnest of what they intend doing toward a contribution to bibliography. The libraries of the country of the most importance for elucidating the age of discovery and the colonial period of American history, through first editions and the rarest of what are commonly termed Americana, are probably the Lenox Library in New York, the Brinley collection in Hartford, and the Carter-Brown collection in Providence. Of the latter library there is an annotated catalogue in part printed, and made what it is through the scholarship of the Hon. John Russell Bartlett, who since the death of Mr. Brown has had the care of the collection. It is not known that it will ever become more accessible to students, than the courteous attention of its present custodians are able to make its essentially private stores. It will not be long, probably, before the publication of the catalogue of the Hartford collection will cause that extremely valuable and interesting amassment of books to be known, and the direction of its inventory is generally understood to be in the charge of Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, who is the possessor of much of the curious and valuable lore necessary to make the annotations worthy of the books they illustrate. Of the Lenox Library but little has been definitely known, and that little was in the highest degree appetizing. The simple L attached to an occasional piece of critical research, has marked unobtrusively the careful and accurate hand of its owner, when he has quietly put in the way of those most interested, the results of his inquiries, and the proofs of his acquisitions, as a book lover. It is well known that the collection, which for years and with great scrutiny he has gathered, has now been confided to trustees, for the public use. There are the same unmistakable traces of Mr. Lenox's hand in the little brochure now put forth by these trustees, as Number One of "contributions to a catalogue" of their library.

This precursor of what we may reasonably hope to be a long series of valuable chapters of bibliography, is given to a description of the set of Hulsius's Voyages, which is possessed by the Lenox Library. This great rival of De Bry as a gatherer and translator of original narratives of the early explorers and discoverers, is probably a little more than a name to all but a few. There are, nevertheless, indications in the greater number of editions of the several sections of his great work, that with their contemporaries Hulsius was more popular than De Bry, and scholars of later days have pronounced him much more careful and trustworthy as a compiler and translator. The fact that it is far more difficult now to meet with perfect or nearly perfect sets of Hulsius than of De Bry, would also indicate that the vernacular rendering of the former subjected his volumes to more wear and dispersement than fell to the Latin of De Bry. The issuing of the several parts of Hulsius and their reissuing extended over the long period of sixty-two years, 1598–1660, which naturally diminished the chances of continuous preservation of the successive sections.

Whether it be that collectors have paid more attention to De Bry, or that there is a greater frequency of sets, it is certain that, as an editor, he is far more widely known. De Bry as well as Hulsius presents just the attractions that make the pursuit of a collector so zestful. They are what the gaminess of a fish or the shyness of a bird are to the sportsman. There is always an eagerness of search in the passion of the genuine book-hunters, when the game though hard to find has a known existence. But the pursuit of De Bry and Hulsius is always undertaken with the chance that the reward will be the discovery of something bibliographically new. Sobolewski, a Polish collector, was thought to have paid more attention to the acquisition of De Brys, with a view to forming a perfect set, than any one else. He is said to have furnished the collation for Brunet's Manual, which Mr. Cutter, of the Boston Athenæum, has translated for Mr. Sabin's dictionary of books on America, and he was held to have added to the knowledge which De Bure and Camus had possessed. Accordingly, when a few years ago, at his death, his set of De Bry was thrown upon the market, there was not a little stir in the very small but not insignificant circle, where De Bry was a name and an aspiration. The set went, where so many good books dear to the lovers of Americana had gone before, into the catalogue of Frederick Muller, of Amsterdam, but not to remain long. It soon found its way to a shelf beside another copy in the Lenox collection, when a comparison revealed the fact that each contained material not possessed by the other, and that a combination of the two would make some new bibliographical revelations. It is to be hoped that Number Two of these contributions will commit this new collation to the cognizance of those interested. Portions of a set, particularly those sections which pertain to the early discoveries of this continent, are not infrequently found in American libraries; but there are sets approaching completion in greater or less degree, in the Carter-Brown Library, in the Astor Library, and in the Boston Public Library, which has a set in its general collection, and another and a better one in the Barton collection. Sets, having such a degree of completeness as to be answerable for most cases of research, can be bought at prices ranging from $750 to $1000, though the rarest of the single parts, like the English text of Hariot's Virginia, brought at auction in Boston in 1870, the sum of $975. This part is, however, so extremely rare that only about half a dozen copies are known to exist, and of these the Lenox and Carter-Brown Libraries are among the possessors. The library of Harvard College has an imperfect copy. It would be difficult to set any limits to a price, which would be commanded by a *perfect* set in both languages.

Of Hulsius, Asher doubted, when he printed his latest study of the subject in 1839, if a perfect set of all the parts in all the editions had ever been got together, and certainly of the twenty-six parts which constitute a complete set, the last three of them are among the most difficult of books to find. As with De Bry the sections relating to New England and Virginia, being translations in German of John Smith and Hamor, are sometimes found in American libraries, and they are in Harvard College Library; but the set described in the Carter-Brown catalogue, and which had belonged to Ternaux, and that in the Lenox Library are, as far as is known, the only complete sets in this country. Beside the account by Asher already mentioned, Bohn and Quaritch have printed collations of sets, the former that of Lord Lyndsay. Muller, of Amsterdam, in the second part of his admirable contribution to Dutch-American bibliography, his "Books on America," has also described a full set; and the Lenox Library possess for the advantage of scholars, manuscript collations of the Grenville and other sets in the British Museum, and of the sets in the City Library at Hamburgh and in the Royal Library at Berlin.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT'S LETTERS.*

IN this volume of exceedingly tasteful and attractive exterior we have a package of the choice letters of a genius tied together with a thread of slender biographical narrative by a friend. The genius ceased to live in Cambridge, Mass., on the 12th of September, 1875, and now pursues his inquiries into the laws of the universe — where? The friend is one who was a former college-mate, continued a companion in manhood, is now a professor in the Harvard Law School, and was one of a little company who stood gazing up when its leading spirit was taken away. The book has the effect of an apotheosis.

Chauncey Wright lived in Cambridge, including his college course, more than quarter of a century; he had, probably, a stronger and more marked intellectuality than any other person who lived in that city during that period; yet when he died there could not have been a thousand persons out of the forty thousand constituting its population who had ever heard of him, and it is doubtful if there were one hundred out of the thousand whose minds were in the least affected by his death. So dense was the obscurity in which lived and moved and had his being the man whom the London *Academy* of February 24th, 1877, described as "one of the finest philosophical minds which America or any country has produced." Just this he was, a *mind;* a mind rather than a man; for, though he had a very palpable physique, and shared affections which brought him into very tender relations with a few men and women somewhat after his own kind, yet his life was so purely intellectual as to have almost a ghostly semblance only for those who can see him only through the medium of this posthumous record.

Mr. Wright came of old New England stock, and was born in Northampton, Mass., September 20, 1830. As a child he was precocious and singular. As a youth he was diffident and reflective. He entered Harvard College in 1848, where he did little studying by ordinary methods, but developed rapidly in certain directions, and compelled tribute to his remarkable mental gifts from all who knew him. On graduating, he became a computer in the office of the Nautical Almanac, just then established at Cambridge, and supported himself by service in that capacity till 1870. A private pupil or two, a short term of instruction in a private school, a brief lectureship in the college, and one or two similar avocations, diversified his labors. He wrote much, chiefly upon philosophical subjects and with a critical purpose, for the *Nation* and the *North American Review*. He was less a student than a thinker. If not strictly an original investigator, he had an extraordinary capacity for absorbing the results of investigation by others. The favorite expeditions of his thought were into the boundless realm of abstract philosophy, though he was entirely at home among the more tangible problems which underly the material universe. His intellectual discipleship began with Sir William Hamilton and ended with Mill and Darwin. He talked pure metaphysics as ordinary men talk local politics; and to women wrote page after page on the abstrusest topics of pure reason. His nature was simplicity itself, his disposition was affectionate, his truthfulness and purity were never questioned, and the unhappy indulgence of a single appetite seems to have been his only moral weakness.

The letters which enter so largely into the composition of the present volume are chiefly to Professor and Mrs. J. P. Lesley, Professor Charles Eliot Norton and his sisters Grace and Jane, to Mr. Francis E. Abbot, and to Mr. Darwin. They range from the pleasant trifles of experience upon his vacation rambles to the largest and most formidable themes of philosophy; are enlivened with many curious observations of fact, are made impressive by frequent profound remarks upon moral truth and duty, and are softened by great amiability and occasional pleasantry. They are instinct with a large and powerful personality, in which the masculine and feminine elements strikingly combine, and reveal a character and life in which there is much to love and revere. Their interest is largely for students of metaphysics, but not wholly so, for their subjects touch common things at many points, and are marked by much that is attractive to ordinary intelligences. The volume, which is privately printed, contains a list of Mr. Wright's contributions to the *Nation*, and is enriched with brief contributions of an appropriate sort from many of his friends — including a fine piece of character-estimate by Prof. Gurney; it has a good index; and has been prepared with great good judgment and taste throughout. Looking upon it in connection with the volume of Mr. Wright's *Philosophical Discussions* issued a year ago, it can be said that his fitting monument has been reared.

* Letters of Chauncey Wright. With Some Account of His Life. By James Bradley Thayer. Press of John Wilson & Son.

THE BRITISH POETS.

A COMPLETE set of "The British Poets" is becoming daily more and more of a desideratum, if we could only settle the question, who are "The British Poets?"

More than three hundred years ago English poetical collections began to be made; but the first one of much moment was by Dr. Blair, published in 1773. This, however, represented only seventeen names, though they were of considerable eminence. In 1776 Mr. Bell began the publication of a collection comprising those of Blair and thirty-two others. In 1779 was begun the publication of the collection to which Dr. Johnson contributed the biographies. This proposed to give all the English poets of reputation, from Chaucer (1328) to that time (1779); but it contained only fifty-three names. In 1793 Anderson published a collection in thirteen volumes, containing the writings of one hundred and seventeen poets. In 1810 Chalmers published an edition in twenty-one volumes, containing one hundred and twenty-five names. The celebrated Aldine edition contains only twenty-four names; and that of Little & Brown, by Child, but forty-four. Jacob's *Historical Account*, published in 1720, contains two hundred and seventeen names; and Ellis's *Specimens*, published in 1810, third edition, contains extracts from and notices of one hundred and sixty-one poets, extending from Robert of Gloucester, born 1230, to Sir Francis Fane, born 1650. From all of these compilations many names are excluded, equally worthy with many of those which are included. A list of them, well known and much read, would be curious and instructive. If we begin at 1650, where Ellis leaves off, we begin with Dryden at the age of nineteen, and can easily see what a wealth of English poetical literature lies before us.

It is evident from all this that hereafter we must have *selections* of the British Poets instead of *collections*. And the more evident this becomes, the more pressing is the question, what names and poems should be included in a selection of The British Poets?

The "Riverside Edition," now going through the press of Hurd & Houghton, ought very fairly to answer that question. It would be a great pity if the edition should contain nothing more than that of Little & Brown, upon which it is based; because it is so handsome and so cheap that it will be found in every library. It certainly should comprise the completed works of Chaucer, Daniel, Mickle, Drayton, Addison, Blair and Rogers. And in Mickle may be included his translation of the Lusiad. There should be also a few volumes containing selections from

the older poets, whose works, for obvious reasons, could not be included entire. Many exquisite poems are to be found among those of Suckling, Mennes, Raleigh, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Sam Johnson, Carew, Quarles, Waller, Dyer, Blair, A. Phillips, Logan, Shenstone, and others still less known to fame. And even then, hundreds of names, the owners whereof once thought to send them worthily freighted down the stream of time, have stranded by the way. Notwithstanding, poetry and literature are their own exceeding great reward; and beautiful books, full of beautiful thoughts, expressed in beautiful language, are most surely things of beauty, and a joy forever. JOHN G. FREEZE.

RECENT FICTION.

Daudet's latest [1] stands easily at the head of the new novels called up for present notice, being a work of large dimensions, not only, but of elaborate workmanship. Judged as a piece of art, the canvas is broader than that presented by either his *Sidonie* or *Jack;* contains more figures than they; and shows a stronger *technique*, with, however, the same deep purpose of exhibiting the hollowness of certain phases of French character and life. Peculiarities of style appear which we have not before noticed in Daudet, and which in some measure justify the title which has been applied to him of "the French Dickens." *The Nabob* has obviously grown out of the lessons learned by the author while serving as private secretary to the late Duc de Morny, the noted French statesman, speculator, and political lieutenant of Napoleon III, who died in 1865. From the intimacy thus gained the novelist brings forth a variety of materials belonging to high life in France under the Empire, and the story may be accepted as a picture of realities, though doubtless exaggerated in some aspects. We are led to observe just here, that if this fidelity to fact be not one of its qualities, then the novel loses half its value; while if it be, we wonder a little at the free use made by the author of his confidential relations. The Duc de Morny is presented in the guise of a Duke de Mora; the "Nabob" is an enormously rich banker from Tunis, resident in Paris, who comes to an inglorious financial end; a prominent figure is that of Jenkins, a successful Irish physician, of large practice among the nobility; there is also a Felicia Ruys, a sculptress, a sort of French "Avis"—to borrow and degrade Miss Phelps's latest heroine; and a number of other people, good, bad and indifferent, revolve around these. A very charming group is the Joyeuse family, the portraiture of whose home and life is a bright relief to the coarse, selfish and vulgar crowd with which they are associated. The story proceeds upon a grand panoramic scale, presenting a series of detached scenes, partly historical in character, vivid and life-like in execution. There is no obvious social vice in the book, though suggestions of it are not wanting. The author's purpose is distinctly to teach, and the teaching is good. As a whole the novel is solid and somber, one to be read with care and reflection; and to mature minds it will bring both moral profit and intellectual pleasure. We are forced, however, to complain of the translator, who, as it seems to us, too often sacrifices clearness and ease to the necessities of a stern literalism.

Compared with the foregoing, the latest of the "No Name Series" [2] seems a slight affair, yet we presume that to the majority of people it will prove quite as agreeable reading. It is a Boston story, through and through, about Boston "folks" and Boston life, written manifestly by a Bostonian, and well written too. Without great pretensions to either originality, strength, or sharpness of outline, it is at the same time free from the commoner faults, and after detaining the reader for its hour will suffer him to go on his way with a pleasant impression. The interest turns on the love-fortunes of a young heiress, whose figure is very cleverly sketched, and toward whom one finds a pleasant feeling growing up in his mind. By the "wolf at the door" is meant the loss of her large property through the manipulation of a pair of villains of the type too prevalent just now; a disaster from which relief comes to her in the person of a faithful and worthy lover, whom she had nearly lost through a misunderstanding caused by the treachery of an acquaintance who professed to be a friend. Much of the action takes place amid the brilliant scenes of a Boston charity "Bazaar," which are described with a relish and spirit begotten of familiarity. We should place much confidence in any suggestion as to the authorship of this pleasing story, in which any three or five ladies concerned in the recent "Old South Fair" should agree. The author, if not actively engaged in that commendable undertaking, we venture to guess was was not far off.

The author of *Gianetto* makes no attempt to repeat the unusual and supernatural effects of that story in her second novel. [3] It has the somewhat hackneyed plot of a nameless and disowned orphan, kept fraudulently from her rights, and gaining them at last after much complication and heart-break; but there is a grace and freshness in the telling of the tale which makes up for its lack of originality, and secures the attention of the reader till the end. Furthermore, the story offers the counterbalance of an entirely novel situation, something noteworthy now-a-days. We refer to the scene where Dita and her lover, sufferers from the same accident, one with a broken arm and the other with a broken leg, quarrel from the sofas to which they are respectively confined, and are forced to make up again, neither being able to leave the room in offended dignity, and remaining at variance being too awkward a position for endurance. There is some good character drawing in the book—light, graphic and distinct: the delightful Dick, for example, who reforms an inhuman little butterfly-collector of German extraction by threat of impalement on a bonnet-pin; Nannie and Andrew; and, best of all, perhaps, Jacques the odd bibliopole.

The plan on which Mrs. Prentiss has built her story of *Pemaquid* [4] is novel, certainly, but we do not like it. Each of the several characters is made to tell his or her own part in it. The result is a disjointed fabric, over which our mind has passed with a sensation somewhat analogous to that of a rider upon a corduroy road. To the date and locality of the action there is scarcely any further hint than is contained in the sub-title. A passing reference to Kittery Point, and one or two allusions to noted revivalists of the last century, help the reader a little in this regard; but, practically, the *locale* goes for nothing. The interest depends solely on the intercourse of the persons concerned, and chiefly upon the development of religious character in one or two of them. Mrs. Pickett, who is the central figure, and a very disagreeable one at the outset, seems to us an unnatural sort of body; and naturalness is sacrificed at many other points. The vacillation and general unsatisfactoriness of Frank Weston are carried to an unnecessary extreme. The motive of the work is, of course, excellent, as in everything Mrs. Prentiss writes.

A confirmed novel-reader will probably find a great deal of pleasure in such a book as *Souci*, [5] which is extremely dramatic in plot, abounds in incident, and has a heroine who is passionate, impulsive, and a marvelous singer; appearing first as a pitifully-forlorn child in the streets of Paris, but becoming, eventually, the brilliant queen of the opera-house. The romance of several lives is interwoven with hers, although the plot is by no means skillfully wrought out. It comes under the head of the "sensational," and the tone is not healthful. It is, however, written with spirit; and the constancy of Souci, which is the praiseworthy feature of her unique and undisciplined nature, is so well sustained that one would judge the author to be capable of better work.

Of what remains we have little to say, and that little not very favorable. Mr. William Black's *Green Pastures and Piccadilly* [6]—preposterous title!—reads as though it were written to a publisher's order, and is quite unworthy the fame of the author of *The Princess of Thule*, albeit the narrative of American travel woven into it has a certain interest for American readers. A *Young Wife's Story* [7] is characterless and weak. The young wife is a second wife, with a cool husband, an exacting and disappointing uncle-in-law, and two step-children, one of trying temper. In *The Modern Minister* [8] we have a singular social mess, in which evil in great variety gets the better of good; and, worse to relate, a second volume is yet to come. *The World Well Lost* [9] teaches these lessons of peculiar importance just now, that "honesty is the best policy," and that some things conduce more to true happiness and prosperity than riches and "position;" but the manner of the teaching is rather sensational. None of the books mentioned in this concluding paragraph are worthy of any very serious attention.

[1] The Nabob. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. By Lucy H. Hooper. Estes & Lauriat.

[2] The Wolf at the Door. Roberts Brothers.

[3] Dita. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Henry Holt & Co.

[4] Pemaquid. A Story of Old Times in New England. By Mrs. E. Prentiss. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

[5] Souci. By Mrs. J. H. Twells. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[6] Green Pastures and Piccadilly. By William Black. Harper & Brothers.

[7] A Young Wife's Story. By Harriette Bowra. Harper & Brothers.

[8] The Modern Minister. In Two Volumes. Vol. I Harper & Brothers.

[9] The World Well Lost. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Harper & Brothers.

RECENT VOLUMES OF POETRY.

To the poetry of Germany are devoted the two latest volumes in Mr. Longfellow's *Poems of Places;*[1] a field, perhaps, as rich in material as any yet traversed by this skillful collector, yet for obvious reasons less familiar. Besides the German poets whose names will instantly occur in this connection, a large number of English and American writers have found in German scenery, and the history, romance and tradition associated with it, full inspiration for their verse. Byron, Wordsworth, Procter, Campbell, the Brownings, Allingham and Kingsley, and Longfellow, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Bret Harte and Aldrich, are among the names represented here. The river Rhine, of course, is the most frequent theme, there being no less than thirty-two poems upon it in the early pages of the second volume, though we miss from the list Lowell's lines on a "Pressed Flower." Aix-la-Chapelle has seven poems, Strasburg six, Cologne and its Cathedral five, the Hartz Mountains five, etc., etc. Mr. Longfellow's own contributions are less than a dozen. The twenty-eight or thirty "Miscellaneous" poems at the end include several which have no special meaning of locality, but one of them is as good as the best. It is an anonymous translation from the German of Franz Dingelstedt, as follows:

THE WATCHMAN.

The last faint twinkle now goes out
  Up in the poet's attic;
And the roysterers, in merry rout,
  Speed home with steps erratic.

Soft from the house-roofs showers the snow,
  The vane creaks on the steeple,
The lanterns wag and glimmer low
  In the storm by the hurrying people.

The houses all stand black and still,
  The churches and taverns deserted.
And a body may now wend his will,
  With his own fancies diverted.

Not a squinting eye now looks this way,
  Not a slanderous mouth is dissembling,
And a heart that has slept the livelong day
  May now love and hope with trembling.

Dear Night! Thou foe to each base end,
  While the good still a blessing prove thee,
They say that thou art no man's friend,—
  Sweet Night! How I therefore love thee!

In his *Single Famous Poems*[2]—a somewhat ambiguous title—Mr. Rossiter Johnson has sought to gather those pieces which have been, each to its own author, the only basis of poetic fame. It is a delicate task to decide what poems belong in such a collection, especially since the word "famous" includes, in our author's use of it, not only universal favorites, but poems loved by the few as well. It seems a little presumptuous to say that Sir John Suckling is known as a poet by his "Ballad upon a Wedding," (here called "The Bride") alone; or John Logan by his lines to the "Cuckoo;" at least it would be as easy to find a single famous poem of Carew, or Lovelace, or Sir Henry Wotton. While, on the other hand, we look in vain for Marlowe's "Milkmaid's Song," Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison," and, above all, Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." With so vague a principle of selection, the merits of the pieces differ as widely as their subjects. The arrangement, also, being chronological only, brings out more strongly the lack of unity and purpose and makes the incongruities more apparent. Verses grave and gay; tragic, pathetic, comic; ballad, sonnet and hymn, are mingled indiscriminately. For instance, we find in direct succession, "A Visit from St. Nicholas" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Widow Malone" and the "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," "There is a Happy Land" and "Gluggity Glug;" and even the chronological order is sometimes broken, notably when "Nearer, My God, to Thee," written in 1848, comes a dozen pages after some verses on the "Battle of Balaklava," which was fought in 1854; and also when "Maryland, My Maryland" occurs some sixty pages after Tom Taylor's Eulogy on the murdered Lincoln. We have noted some other errors, but these are enough to show that the book is an addition of no great value to the list of collections of English verse.

Omar Khayyám[3] was a Persian philosopher and poet, who "died within the first quarter of our twelfth century." He was a pupil of the Imám Mowaffak, a famous wise man of Khorassan, and in his later years lived at the court of the Vizier Nizám-ul-Mulk, a fellow-student of his youth. He did much to advance the science of his time, and aided in the adjustment of the Persian calendar. For some reason, however—perhaps because of his freedom in attacking the Súfis, his poems were never popular in Persia, and, therefore, have been little known abroad. Carlyle despises him as an "old Mohammedan blackguard," but in temper and genius he has been compared with Lucretius, while his appreciation of the pleasures of life and the charm of his verse remind one of Horace. It is to the credit of American readers that Mr. Fitzgerald's translation met with an earlier and wider reception in this country than in England. Of the merits of the translation, it is enough to say that, while its authorship was unknown, Mr. Ruskin deemed it worthy of the highest praise. A life of the poet precedes the poem, with a discussion of his relation to the Mystics; and the notes at the end are full and clear. This first American edition is issued in a beautiful and inexpensive style, and we hope will make the poem more widely sought and read.

Mr. Charles Follen Adams, whose initials have led to some confusion of his name among the uninformed with that of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, is a young—and to judge by his portrait—a "good-looking man"—of Boston, and a lineal descendant of Samuel Adams; who adorns mercantile circles, and at the same time relieves the tedium of business by modest indulgence in literary avocations. His poem of *Leedle Yawcob Strauss*, written in an amusing strain of a Dutch-English dialect, has gone the rounds of the newspaper press, and been so pleasantly received as to embolden the author to publish it, with a number of companion pieces, in book form.[4] Of the thirty or more poems contained in the volume, about ten are in this same mongrel dialect, which is capital, and quite worthy of Hans Breitmann. In "Shonny Schwartz," "Der Drummer," "Fritz und I," and "Dot Baby off Mine," not to mention others, we find the same clever combination of a fine truthfulness, genuine humor, tenderness and even pathos, and excellent versification. These several poems seem to us among the best of their kind, and the kind is rare. The remaining pieces lack the peculiar charm of the Dutch personality, and count for much less, except to swell the contents to a convenient thickness. Mr. Sweeney's illustrations are a distinct feature by themselves, and are admirable in their way. They show an unusual degree of artistic appreciation, and are comic without scarcely ever being vulgar. If Mr. Adams will confine himself to working the vein which yielded "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," he may make his literary fortune.

The *Poems of the "Old South,"*[5] which have been so prettily published in company for the benefit of the Preservation Fund now accumulating in behalf of Boston's historic meeting-house, are only six in number, namely, Mr. Longfellow's "A Ballad of the French Fleet," the one which celebrates the tradition of Rev. Thomas Prince's prayer for the destruction of Admiral D'Anville's expedition; Dr. O. W. Holmes's ringing appeal for "The Brave Old South;" Julia Ward Howe's "The Old South;" Mr. Whittier's "In the Old South Church;" Rev. E. E. Hale's "The Old South Meeting-House;" and Rev. James Freeman Clarke's "The 'Old South' Speaks." The poems are embellished with initial letters and a number of illustrations, and the paper, printing and binding are such as to make the book a very pretty one, attractive for other reasons than simply the service it is designed to render.

We cannot place a high estimate upon the work in either of the other three volumes upon the present list, which we sum up, therefore, in this concluding paragraph in the order of their size, beginning with the largest. Mr. Wilson's poems[6] are upwards of fifty in number, and the one which gives title to the volume is nearly fifty pages in length, being an exposition of the incongruities and contradictions which the author finds in nature between the attributed beneficent character of the Divine Being and the undisguised tragedies of human experience and life. There is a rugged strength to much of what Mr. Wilson writes, but his thought seems often crude, and his sense of rhyme is seriously defective. Mrs. Griswold's *Apple Blossoms*[7] is a collection of about eighty fragmentary poems, on a great variety of subjects, generally grave, sometimes serious; always gentle and tender in tone, and generous and glowing in spirit, but without marked character or definiteness of intent. The book *Bohême*[8] is a very little book indeed, with less than fifty pieces in it, all of them short, on topics the range of which is suggested by such titles as these: "May Morning," "Un Souvenir de Paris," "Love is a Fay," "A Statuette," "Monaco," "A Beautiful Morning," "A Wounded Spirit Who Can Bear." In a greater or less degree it is true, we think, of each of these three

[1] Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Germany. Two Volumes. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[2] Single Famous Poems. Edited by Rossiter Johnson. Henry Holt & Co.

[3] Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Rendered into English Verse. J. R. Osgood & Co.

[4] Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems. By Charles F. Adams. With Sixty-five Illustrations by "Boz." Lee & Shepard.

[5] Poems of the Old South. Illustrated. Wm. F. Gill & Co.

[6] The Paradox and Other Poems. By J. Albert Wilson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[7] Apple Blossoms. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

[8] Bohême. By Charles Stuart Welles. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

volumes, that it belongs to that class of poetry which may be aptly described as "printed for the author."

BRIEF NOTICES.

Substance and Show, and Other Lectures. By Thomas Starr King. Edited with an introduction by E. P. Whipple. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

Encouraged by the great success attending his selection of T. Starr King's sermons, Mr. Whipple has put into a volume of uniform style a dozen lectures by that famous preacher, who was deservedly an equally famous lecturer. Twenty-five years ago the lyceum platform had not been largely appropriated to the exhibition of every fleeting notoriety, and of the tricks of low comedians calling themselves orators. Lecturers were then, far more than now, in the habit of presenting to their audiences solid thought in an attractive dress; and people went to learn, to be inspired, to be profited, not simply to be tickled and "entertained." These lectures are noble in their tone, warm and beautiful in their natural rhetoric, and full of uplifting counsels. The high qualities conspicuous in Mr. King's sermons are still here. The fact that these addresses were delivered from a platform, not from a pulpit, did not avail to make them trivial; it served only to introduce their witty, wise, and earnest thoughtfulness in a somewhat more familiar manner. Through "Substance and Show," "The Laws of Disorder," "Sight and Insight," and "Existence and Life," runs the golden strain of a reasonable idealism most needful in these days when such close attention is paid to physical scientific studies and laws. The lecture on Socrates is probably the best popular account of the great son of Sophroniscus in the English language. Mr. Whipple is right when he calls it "a masterpiece of its kind." "Books and Reading" deserves the attention even of those who have read widely on that much-bewritten subject. The classification of books into three classes is very good — "books of fact, books of life, books of art." We hope that this volume will have as wide a circulation as its predecessor, and do a good work in raising the idea of lecturers and lecture-goers in this degenerate age of the lyceum. In addition to the subjects named, it contains addresses on "The Earth and the Mechanic Arts," "Music," "The Privilege and Duties of Patriotism," "Hildebrand," "Daniel Webster," and the "Intellectual Duties of Students in their Academic Years."

The Principles of Science. By W. Stanley Jevons. Second edition, revised. [Macmillan & Co.]

Since the publication of the first edition of this work it has come to be recognized as an acute and exhaustive treatise on logic and the methods of scientific investigation. It neither is nor pretends to be psychological or philosophical. It is not concerned with the nature and limitations of either the human mind or human knowledge. But its five books consider "Formal Logic, deductive and inductive," "Number, Variety and Probability," "Methods of Measurement," "Inductive Investigation," and "Generalization, Analogy and Classification." The third book, the most important of its scientific part, is a full and much-needed discussion of the methods and units of measurement of various phenomena. Though neither as original in theory and suggestion, nor as rich in literary excellences, as Mr. Mill's *Logic*, it deserves to stand on the library shelf by the side of the great work of that great thinker.

History of French Literature. Vol. III. By Henri Van Laun. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

The third and last volume of Mr. Van Laun's history confirms the judgment, based upon a careful examination of the first two volumes, which we expressed in our May number. Its prevailing defect is the lack of clear-cut, definite opinions regarding the periods and works of which it treats. Its chief merit is that it provides a short and an easy way for obtaining a general knowledge of French literature, from the songs of the troubadours to the novels of George Sand and Victor Hugo. The volume before us covers the hundred and fifty years from the end of the reign of Louis XIV to the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, are the great lights of the first years of the period. Of them and of their works, as well as of the historians, poets and novelists of the present century, the author writes always with vivacity and gracefulness, though seldom with either depth or careful discrimination.

Natural Law. An Essay in Ethics. By Edith Simcox. [J. R. Osgood & Co.]

This book is intended to show what are the ethics of Positivism. In her last chapter Miss Simcox says:

"The above pages have been written in vain, unless we have shown that just laws do not exclude unequal fortunes; that the constancies of relation prevailing among the heterogeneous facts of nature are the condition not only of natural stability, but of all natural life, growth and enjoyment; that the law may be 'holy, just and good,' while the imperfection of the things subject to the law may — by virtue of the general laws which it were a loss to repeal — work pain and evil, not only to the imperfect thing itself, but to its unoffending fellow-creatures. The laws of human life are not unjust to individual men, though the administration of the law in an imperfect world may bear with unequal severity upon some; and though nature, as a whole, does not acknowledge a responsibility towards the human species in the matter of rewards and punishments, it cannot be said that man, in his merely human relations, is the subject of unjust laws because obedience to the just laws to which he is subject is not always for his temporal advantage."

The author is always suggestive but not always clear, and her work can hardly be said to advance the object which she has at heart, which seems to be to state the laws of morality and society in such a way that a personal God can be eliminated. Its value to the thoughtful reader consists in this, that she brings to the discussion of morality and of its relations to society, a vast number of facts and suggestions which ought not to be overlooked.

Historical Biographies. Life of Simon De Montfort. By M. Creighton.

Life of Edward the Black Prince. By Louise Creighton.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Louise Creighton. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

General history must naturally be uninteresting to most young students, whatever attempt may be made to remove its tediousness. Such an attempt has produced these Historical Biographies, which group around the life of some one prominent man the leading events of his time, thus giving the interest of biography to the whole. This interest, however, is seriously marred by the constant interruptions and explanations demanded by the general history; and the biography is often lost sight of in the midst of other important details. The attempt to follow two separate lines of history at once wearies the reader's attention and exhausts his patience; and the books prove hardly more interesting than the text-books they are intended to displace. In other respects they deserve praise. They give due attention to the development and workings of the English constitution, to England's connection with foreign matters, and to similar points which are often neglected for more striking but less important matters. A few maps prevent the student from disregarding geography — a thing too often done; and a good index adds much to the practical value of each little volume.

Through Rome On. By Nathaniel Ramsay Waters. [Charles P. Somerby.]

This is an honest, manly recital of religious experience, which will interest all who are concerned with the controversies of sects, the claims of this "church" and that, and the ventures of a sheer "liberalism." The author was bred an Episcopalian, was led by his convictions into the Church of Rome, became dissatisfied with its position and character, and passed on thence into a simple individualism of belief akin to what is sometimes denominated "free religion." He writes in the main intelligently, with much passing comment upon the wide reading accomplished in the course of his ecclesiastical pilgrimage, and in a way that is often instructive. The book is in many respects a suggestive one.

The Story of Creation. By S. M. Campbell, D. D. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

Dr. Campbell has attempted what is generally considered the difficult, if not impossible task of reconciling the facts of science with the record in the first chapter of Genesis. He finds that a more exact translation of the

Hebrew brings them into striking accord. Throughout the work a spirit of judicial fairness is exercised, and only in places are the author's views open to adverse criticism. In the closing chapter twenty-five of the many points of agreement between the two records are given, from which the conclusion is drawn that the Mosaic account of the Creation was inspired of God.

Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet. By Jules Verne. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

At the beginning of Jules Verne's new book, we have the young French officer, Servadac, with his orderly, suddenly borne from Algeria to an unknown land. After various Crusoe-like adventures, they find several companions in exile, one of whom, an astronomer, discovers that they are on the comet Gallia. The comet, with its startled inhabitants, passes dangerously near several planets, and finally approaches the earth, and the officer and his friends, by means of a balloon, succeed in reaching Algeria again. The book is fully illustrated, and, like all this author's works, is curiously fascinating.

Persons, Places and Things. By Popular Writers. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Wanderings in Four Continents. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In these two heavy and handsome volumes, companions in feature and character, are gathered a variety of papers which have appeared of late in serial form in *Lippincott's Magazine*. The contents are of that miscellaneous sort which would be gathered by such ramblers over the earth as Edward C. Bruce and Edward King, who are two of the contributors to the first volume. This volume, if anything, is a trifle lighter than the latter, which is more rigidly held to the purpose of a description of travels in South America, India, European Turkey, interior Asia, Lapland, and Africa. In the two together a vast amount of information is given in a manner always entertaining and sometimes amusing, with touches of the romantic in adventure if not of the thrilling. Both works are of substantial value, and their form is such as to make them attractive to the eye.

The Origin of the World According to Revelation and Science. By J. W. Dawson, LL. D., etc. [Harper & Brothers.]

This is a reconstruction, with enlargements and improvements, of a work published by Principal Dawson nearly twenty years since. The author's intellectual position is well known. He is a scientist of attainments and authority, but at the same time a believer in the Bible as a divine revelation. This volume is substantially an exposition, in the full light of scientific fact, of the early chapters of Genesis; a harmonizing of the record of creation, as the author reads it, both in nature itself and in the Hebrew Scriptures.

The Wild Flowers of America. Illustrations by Isaac Sprague. Part II. [H. O. Houghton & Co.]

These beautiful plates are pronounced by competent judges to be the most perfect flower-portraits ever produced by chromo-lithography; indeed, it would be hard to believe that they have never been touched by the colorist's brush, except that the brush could not be expected to do the work so delicately. Each part consists of four plates, with from one to four pages of letter-press by Prof. Goodale, of Harvard. It is a work for the parlor table.

The wants of all Sunday school teachers and pupils, who follow what are known as the "International Lessons," are well and variously provided for in a number of volumes issued by Henry Hoyt, Boston. *Peloubet's Notes* is probably the best of the critical, explanatory, and illustrative "helps" to be had. The *Question Books* accompanying present the same subjects in the old-fashioned catechism style. The *Sermons by the Monday Club* are forty-eight in number, one for each lesson, contributed by the members of a small private association of Trinitarian Congregationalist ministers, resident mostly in Boston or vicinity. They are fair specimens of the preaching in the denomination they represent. *Gold and Gilt* is a story after the manner of so much of Sabbath school literature, but with this peculiarity, that each chapter is shaped to illustrate one or two of what are called the "golden texts" connected with these lessons for the coming year. The plan is manifestly artificial, and the story is as unlike real life as Sabbath school stories usually are.

There is no more elegant and convenient *General History* than that prepared for the use of schools by Miss M. E. Thalheimer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., author of other historical works. It is a volume of less than four hundred pages, well illustrated with engravings and maps, and furnished with a good index. We think Miss Thalheimer is more familiar with ancient and mediæval times than with modern history, and the main fault we find with this volume is that the modern period, and especially the history of the United States, is not treated with sufficient fullness. Miss Thalheimer does not attempt to arrange her subject in philosophical periods, but follows the old fashion of taking up the reigns of sovereigns and families of sovereigns as historic divisions. Children ought, on the contrary, to be trained to think of the grand march of civilization in history, and not confined to the entrances and exits of kings and queens, which may or may not have important bearings upon the progress of civilization. We have examined the story with some care, and, so far as we have noticed, it is told with clearness and accuracy. [Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co.]

The *Five Problems of State and Religion*, discussed by Rev. Will C. Wood, are the relation of the State to the Sabbath, to the taxation of religious property, to the church; the relation of State schools to religion; and the relation of State institutions (prisons, etc.) to religion. The volume manifests much logical acuteness and extended historical research, but some crudities in its style will forbid it to many readers; and there are critics who will say that the author takes quite too much for granted, and so puts forth conclusions which are untenable. [Henry Hoyt.]

Rev. Dr. H. C. Haydn's *Lay Effort* [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.] is a little volume made by the expansion of several lectures given by the author, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1874. Its eight chapters severally define the relations and division of responsibilities between the ministry and the laity in the Christian church, establish the claims of lay-work as a legitimate province of church work, define its range and end, discuss the qualifications for it, point out some of the mistakes liable to be made in it, and describe the self-culture which the lay-worker needs. The train of thought is sensible, practical and useful.

The Physiology of Mind [D. Appleton & Co.] comprises the first half of Maudsley's well-known work on *The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*, but is so fully rewritten and enriched with additional illustration and more profound discussion of the bearing of physiological facts on psychical phenomena, that, from comparison with our copy of the former edition, we feel sure that every one who prizes that will wish to replace it by a copy of this last. — The contents of the third volume of *Atlas Essays* [A. S. Barnes & Co.], comprising selected papers from the *International Review*, have for their general theme Labor and the Republic; the several writers being Thomas Hughes, Thomas Brassey, and Edward A. Freeman, all of England; and Dr. Francis Wharton, General Sigel, Prof. A. Walker, E. D. Mansfield, and Judge Cooley, all of the United States. The virtual unity of the volume gives it a certain value. — Among the late numbers of Harper's Half-Hour Series are two essays of Macaulay — *The Life and Writings of Addison*, and *Warren Hastings;* and *A Primer of Mediæval Literature* by Eugene Lawrence. The latter traces briefly the progress of literature, and with it of Church, State, and society, from the twilight of the ninth to the full dawn of the fourteenth century — from the court of Charles the Great to Dante. — The History Primers, of which Mr. Wilkins's *Roman Antiquities* [D. Appleton & Co.] is one, are similar in form and purpose to the Science Primers which have been already noticed in these pages. The present volume is a capital one for those who wish a brief but interesting description of Roman life and customs, and is especially valuable to young students who need to be taught by such works that the characters of ancient histor were real men and women, and not vague abstractions.

NOTES ON THE PERIODICALS.

— The February number of *Harper's Monthly* which is heralded by the remarkable statement that "there has been no year since 1870 when its circulation has not been larger than during any year of the previous decade," brings the first chapters of new novels by Mr. Black and Thomas Hardy. The latter's, entitled "The Return of the Native," opens upon Egdon Heath in one of the Wessex counties of England, the description of which, and of the figures grouped upon it, is as powerfully distinct a piece of word painting as we have met with for many a day, and in Mr. Hardy's peculiar vein. The four chapters are a good subject for those of our readers who are interested to study the secret of "art in fiction."

— The February number of *Scribner's Monthly* is called a "Midwinter Number," but beyond the

cover, which introduces a picture of an open fire and is flecked with snow-flakes, there is no special flavor of winter to the contents, unless it be in the article on "Moose Hunting," which is, indeed, highly seasonable. The illustrations, some sixty in number altogether, include a new and strong portrait of Abraham Lincoln, striking scenes depictive of mining life in California, and a few exquisite cuts showing "the Humming Bird of the California Water-Falls" at home. The more important papers are one by Charles F. Thwing on "The College Rank of Distinguished Men;" one of "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln" by Noah Brooks; and two on matters of a domestic sort by "Mary Blake," from whom something is likewise to be found in this number of the *Literary World*. Fine as the number is we think it would be unjust to *Scribner's* standard to say that it is *much* above the average, always so high. The opening chapters of Edward Eggleston's new serial, "Roxy," have been issued in an "Extra," we may add, with Mr. Stockton's two "Rudder Grange" sketches.

— For a brief study of Keats, the man personally and the poet critically, that is a good one which Mr. R. H. Stoddard has published in the December and January numbers of *Scribner's* under the very vague title, however, of "After Many Days." "I think," said Keats in a letter to his brother George in 1818, "I shall be among the English poets after my death." "Great Poet," adds Mr. Stoddard reverentially, "the world thinks so too, after many days." With this essay in one hand and Lord Houghton's edition of Keats [Roberts Brothers] in the other, one may acquire by a few hours' careful reading a very satisfactory general knowledge of Keats and his work.

— The first number of D. Lothrop & Co.'s *Boston Book Bulletin* was issued in December, and well met the expectations raised by the announcement of its proprietors, who are an enterprising publishing and book-selling firm in Boston. The editor, Mr. C. A. Nelson, has just gone West to a professorship in a Missouri College, but this arrangement, it is said, will not affect his relations to the *Bulletin*, — the second number of which is promised for March.

— We are glad to add to the list of periodicals coming to our office, the unique and elegant *Portfolio*, whose series for 1878 is likely to surpass that of any previous year, and concerning which our readers may expect to hear henceforth with some regularity. Mr. J. W. Bouton, of New York, is its American Publisher, and the reduction of its price from $12 to $10 a year, just announced, signifies how rapidly it is coming into knowledge and favor in this country.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.

VOCAL.

Ave Maria for Soprano and Alto, with Organ Accompaniment. By Carl Richter. pp. 6. 50 cents. [E. Schuberth & Co.]

This is not a very melodious duet, but it bears evidence of musician-like workmanship. The monotony of the sixteenth-note accompaniment is varied by judicious changes in the harmony. In style it leans to the healthy side of musical art.

O Salutaris. By B. G. Fontana. pp. 4. 35 cents. [S. . Gordon & Son.]

A solo of the Italian school for soprano or tenor, marred at the close by a long operatic *cadenza* sadly out of keeping with the spirit of the text.

The Sailor's Wife. Ballad. By A. Stones. pp. 3. 30 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

A fair setting, in the Sullivan ballad style, of Mr. Whittier's sweet poem, and effective in that part which interprets the prayer of the sailor's wife. Despite some modulations uncalled for by the sentiment of the poetry, this ballad is refreshingly free from vulgarity.

Rolling Swiftly Down the Stream. Quartette for Male Voices. By C. Coe. pp. 5. 40 cents. [S. Brainard's Sons.]

A flimsy composition, and no acquisition to quartette music. The words, too, are weak.

One Christmas Tide. Ballad. By Marion. pp. 2. 25 cents. [S. Brainard's Sons.]

The composer of this ballad evidently aspires to be a second Claribel — a song-writer for the people; but folk-songs should be born, not made. The melody of the trifle before us might have been written a year or two in advance of the words; we fail to find much relation between the two.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Air. By G. A. Hasse. No. 2 of Selections from the Old Masters. By N. F. Auerbach. pp. 3. 40 cents. [G. Willig & Co.]

A stately, old-fashioned melody, carefully fingered for the piano, and written in a pure style which will commend itself to all conscientious teachers of the art.

Canon en Forme de Marche. Par F. Dulcken. pp. 4. 50 cents. [E. Schuberth & Co.]

Nothing is gained by the absurd habit of printing in French the titles of American issues of new music. This canon in march form is well defined by melodious and uninterrupted imitation, and is a solid piece of writing, proving that its composer possesses an artistic soul as well as a cunning hand.

Funeral March of a Marionette. By Gounod. Arranged for Piano by F. Dulcken. pp. 6. 50 cents. E. Schuberth & Co.]

A clever arrangement from the orchestral score of this comically lugubrious composition. The burlesque element peeps slyly from every note of the music. The orchestral characteristics are reproduced as vividly as possible in this piano copy.

The Evening Bell. Descriptive Piece for Piano. By Mendelssohn. pp. 5. 40 cents. [C. H. Ditson & Co.]

A light composition, but bright and beautiful; therefore, Mendelssohnian. An engraver's error leaves the first E in the tenth measure on the fourth page flat instead of natural.

I'll Think of Thee. Waltz. By E. H. Sherwood. pp. 7. 50 cents. [S. T. Gordon & Son.]

Tuneful, and correctly written, but of no decided musical value.

TABLE TALK.

. . . We have found Newman Smyth's little book, *The Religious Feeling, a Study for Faith*, instructive, far from commonplace, and uncommonly well written. There are ideas in it and pregnant sentences which, if the limits of "Table Talk" would allow of the presentation, might be thought to justify this favorable opinion. The writer seems to have a clear apprehension of the actual state of the scientific mind, and of the importance of the adjustment of faith to its new surroundings; and withal, a rational confidence that religious belief "may prove itself able to survive vigorously even in the midst of those theories of evolution which constitute, undoubtedly, the general environment of thought in our generation." He modestly expresses the hope that his essay may contain, under one point of view, "a restatement of the evidence of things not seen, somewhat more in harmony with the present condition of our knowledge" than usually prevails, and which may, in some degree, "help on the general movement towards a faith at once simpler, more rational, and more assured." That he is, philosophically, a pronounced intuitionalist should not prejudice a Christian believer against his line of argument for the validity of the idea of God; and this argument is worked out in such accordance with the doctrine of development and with such insight into modern scientific ideas, as to commend it to the consideration of the evolutionist. If these few words show that we read the book with other eyes than those of the November reviewer, that may also appear from the fact that we find one hundred and seventy-one pages where he found only one hundred and fifty.

A. GRAY.

Cambridge.

. . . However much the critics may differ concerning the truth of the theory of married life on which Miss Phelps has based her novel, they must agree that the book is a genuine work of art, and shows great skill in the delineation of the inner springs of human life and thought. It is full of delicate and suggestive touches. A word sometimes is a picture. The subtle delineation of a mother's feeling for her daughter is an unusually beautiful touch of nature. Avis's mother "looked into her eyes for a long moment, with that instinctive assurance of sympathy and impulse of confidence which from the hour when the baby's face is first upturned to hers, a mother feels at times in the presence of a woman-child." Avis instinctively knew "what her daughter was like, before the child was a week old." The appearance and re-appearance of a *bird*, always in subtle accord with the pathos or tragedy of Avis's life, runs like a golden thread through the whole fabric of the book, and explains its quaint title. Thus the birds are irresistibly and blindly drawn toward the cruel glare of the light-house, just as Avis herself is drawn toward Philip; the wounded blue jay she gives into Ostrander's keeping, "lies dead upon his breast;" a robin builds her nest in the elm-tree outside Avis's window "with an eye that withdrew itself like a happy secret," in the spring before Avis's baby comes; and a bird, after that pathetic and final parting under the live-oak, rises like Philip's departing spirit, in the day-break out of the depths of the Florida forest. Those husbands and wives who, consciously or unconsciously, are letting their priceless married love slip out of their hearts, might read with quickened insight the story of those days when they too seemed to be alone in a new and strange world, and were gradually winning back their lost love. The scene where Avis hears the petty squabbling of the "Smiths," on the other side of the thin partition, and her heart cries out to them,

"You — it is not too late for you — save your love! Oh! save your married love!"

ought to startle more than one sluggish conscience. The last chapters are disappointing. The prospect that Avis's daughter will succeed where the mother has failed is as unsatisfactory as it is uncertain. Neither is it natural that troubles so patiently and courageously borne should leave Avis with nothing but "a barren brain, and broken heart, and stiffened fingers." We feel rather that she might have seen again the vision of "a face, dim, brightening, blinding beneath a crown of thorns," and that now she might have reverently said, "I am no longer unworthy." MARY BLAKE.

. . . I enclose some verses which have struck my fancy, and which you may possibly think worth preserving. They purport to be a version of the original and well-known "Jim Crow," and may interest those of your readers who only know that droll thing in English. In this dress, the piece has never, to my knowledge, appeared in print; it is believed to have been composed by the late Lt. Col. Auchmuty R. Wainwright, U. S. A., brother-in-law of Adjutant Gen. E. D. Townsend. The *MS.* of which the enclosed is a copy, is in the possession of Mr. W. E. P. French, of this city. ELLIOTT COUES.

Washington, D. C.

"JIM CROW."

En Amérique j'ai fait des sauts,
En Angleterre aussi;
En France j'irai, s'il le faut,
Pour sauter quand je cris—
Je tourne, retourne, je caracole,
Je fais des sauts—
Chaque fois je fais le tour,
Je saute "Jim Crow."

Depuis mon émigration
J'ai vu des choses si drôles,
J'en ferais la relation,
En faisant mes caracoles—
Je tourne, retourne, etc.

En Angleterre on aime la bière,
En France on aime la danse;
En Irelande les pommes-de-terre,
Et "visky" à l'outrance—
Je tourne, retourne, etc.

Parmi toutes les nations
Si j'ai une préférence?
(On a fait l'interrogation),
Voici la différence—
Je tourne, retourne, etc.

Je dis sans hésitation,
Je sens la vérité—
J'adorerai la nation
Qui me donne la liberté—
Je tourne, retourne, etc.

J'ai bien des vers à chanter,
C'est pour demain au soir;
Des contes que j'ai inventé—
Adieu donc!—au revoir!
Je tourne, retourne, etc.

. . . Your birthday testimonial to Whittier received a prompt and fitting response in Memphis. The anniversary was celebrated here, on the night of the 17th inst., by the "Social Union Literary Society," which devoted the entire evening to the Quaker Bard. The hymn which closes the "Tent on the Beach" was sung by a quartette choir. Col. L. B. Eaton read an analytical essay on "Poetry," and J. B. Clough spoke of "American Poetry" in historical retrospect, from the revolutionary days down to Whittier. Rev. David Waek, of the "Christian" church, read "At Port Royal" with touching emphasis; and Mrs. Ada B. Pierce read from the *Literary World* the anniversary tributes to Whittier of his brother-poets, Longfellow and Holland. Charles Kortrecht spoke of the Quaker origin of the poet, and of the distinctive principles of the Friends concerning the equality of all men, as reappearing in Whittier's poetry. Judge J. O. Pierce read an essay on "Whittier as a Poet," giving some analysis of his poetry and its peculiar beauties, illustrated with frequent quotations from the poems, and ascribing to him the highest qualities of the imagination. The unassuming poet was described as "America's 'Man of Airlie,' the sweet and gentle-hearted singer of our folk-songs along the whole country side, who does not wait till he is infirm with extreme age, or crazed by years of neglect, before discovering that he is appreciated by his people." All the exercises of the evening's entertainment were devoted to the honor of the modest "Hermit of Amesbury."

* * *

Memphis, Tenn.

. . . It is pleasant to know that Mrs. Barbauld's lines on Life, so much admired by Wordsworth and Rogers, were favorites with Dr. Kirk. But his biographer (Life of E. N. Kirk, p. 420.) has first ascribed them to Mrs. Browning, and then so misquoted them, losing both rhythm and meter, that the poetess herself would scarcely recognize them. Of eight lines quoted, only two are given correctly. Such carelessness is hardly excusable in the case of a poem so widely known and so easily found. P.

Andover, Mass.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(46.) Can you inform me where I can find the lines:

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

E.

New York City.

They are part of a beautiful hymn by Mrs. Waring, entitled "My Times are in Thy Hand," which may be found in *Hymns for the Church Militant*, and in other collections of sacred poetry.

(47.) I would like to know the author of the following:

"Fair Fancy's visions all are fled,
And all those forms that often led
The circling, shadowy dance;
Reality usurps the place
Of mystic forms that lent their grace
To dreams of wild romance."

F. E. H.

Bangor, Me.

(48.) Is it *savants* or *savans*? More frequently of late the first than the second, in the use of our periodical literature; but the *Congregationalist* of Dec. 26, gives it editorially *savans*, dropping the *t* in the plural; yet Webster says *savants;* but again, on the other side, Soule and Wheeler's Manual pronounces this an incorrect English usage. Then, which is it anyhow? J. T. T.

Boston.

We claim no authority in the adjudication of such a point as this, but we suppose *savant* to be the correct word. Its plural is *savans*; hence is not *savan* an obvious corruption?

(49.) Can you give me any information concerning a book called *Self Training*, by Mrs. H. O. Ward, of New York, a compilation from the best English, American and French authors on etiquette and good breeding? J. M. G.

Zanesville, O.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Hon. Elihu Burritt, of New Britain, Conn., who is just recovering from a severe illness, is said to have inaugurated, in the town where he lives, a series of evening entertainments for the people, consisting of readings, recitations, dialogues, essays, singing, etc., to which an admission fee of two cents is charged, merely to cover expenses, and, perhaps, to save a little self-respect on the part of such as attend. Such a plan, with features varied to suit the locality, is an excellent one, and might well be imitated generally. As one result of it we should probably have in time more "learned blacksmiths."

—The last list of civil pensions granted by Queen Victoria includes £150 each to the widows of Mr. George Smith, the Assyrian archæologist, and Mr. Edward William Lane, the Arabic scholar; £100 to the widow of Dr. Bleek, the linguist and South African scholar; and £75 to each of three maiden ladies, Miss Mary Ann, Miss Jane Amelia, and Miss Sarah Frances De Foe, the last lineal descendants of the author of *Robinson Crusoe.*

—L. Prang & Co., the noted lithographers of Boston, seem about embarking in a regular publishing business. They announce an American edition of Prof. Overbeck's work on Pompeii, brought down to date, and including all the views and plans of the third German edition, some three hundred and fifty in number; *Illustrations of the History of Art*, a chronological collection, indexed, of about four thousand of the best woodcuts from Lübke, Overbeck, Rosengarten and others; a short *Handbook of Industrial Art;* and Mr. C. C. Perkins's illustrated edition of Fake's *Art in the House.*

—One of the best uses made of the Whittier Tribute in the December *Literary World* was that by the High School, Winona, Minn., Mr. Irvin Shepard, principal. The various poems, letters and sentiments composing the Tribute, were distributed among the pupils for recitation, and the exercises thus provided were extended and enriched by a variety of addresses, music, etc., all relating to the occasion. A full account appeared in the *Winona Republican* of Dec. 18, occupying several columns of that paper.

—The old New York publishing house of J. B. Ford & Co. has passed out of existence, but reappears in a reconstructed and enlarged form as Fords, Howard and Hulbert. The most famous of the assets of the old firm, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's *Life of Christ* (namely, books, plates, contract, etc.) was sold at auction for $1000 to a Mr. Wright; whose use of it remains to be seen. The new firm will occupy itself chiefly with the publishing of subscription books. Its first issue of importance will be Mrs. Stowe's *Poganuc People*, now running in the *Christian Union* as a serial under a little different name.

—"Ouida" has a new novel about ready. —Dr. George Ebers, the German Egyptologist, is at work upon a novel, *Homo Sum*, dealing with the times of Constantine. —Jules Verne

promises a biography of Christopher Columbus. — Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the well-known London correspondent of the New York *Times*, is the editor of *The Week*, a new weekly journal in London. — Mr. Thomas Wright, of England, lately deceased, was one of the founders of the British Archæological Association, and an industrious contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, the *Art Journal*, and other periodicals. — Mr. T. Edward, the shoemaker-naturalist of Banff, Scotland, whose life by Samuel Smiles was one of the most interesting publications of the past year, has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, a unique and signal honor.

— Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, whose *Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex* is one of the richest and most delightful volumes of New England antiquities, has in preparation an elaborate history of the same Massachusetts county, which will be published by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, in two large volumes at $7.50 each, provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained. Subscribers are also wanted, at $2.50 each, for a complete index to the *North American Review*, from its commencement, which has been written by Mr. William Cushing of the Harvard College Library.

— The next publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons will be as follows: *The Conquest of New Mexico and California*, a historical and personal narrative, by Gen. P. St. George Cooke; *Over Mental Work and Emotional Disturbance as Causes of Cerebral Congestion*, by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond; *A Manual of Nursing*, compiled for the N. Y. Training School for Nurses, by Dr. Victoria White, and revised and edited by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi; *Canoeing in Kanuckia*, by Col. W. L. Norton and John Habberton, illustrated; *Pottery:* How it is made, its shape and decoration, by Col. Geo. Ward Nichols; *A Handbook of Ceramic Art*, by W. S. Lockwood; A Series of Art Manuals, edited by Mrs. Robert Carter, principal of the Cooper Union School of Design, of which the first will be *The Art of Sketching from Nature; The Elective Franchise in the United States*, by D. C. McMillan; a volume on *Railroads and Railroad Questions*, by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; and the first volume of *Pulpit Teachings*, containing twelve sermons by representative New York preachers on the Nature and Work of Christ.

— Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce for immediate publication a *Dictionary of English Literature*, by W. Davenport Adams; *Bits and Bearing Reins*, an essay for horse-owners and drivers; and *Dogs in their Relation to the Public*, by Gordon Stables, an English writer.

— The revived interest in the subject of future punishment — on which some people seem to be sensitive! — has occasioned a demand for new and improved editions of Dr. Whiton's *Is Eternal Punishment Endless?* and Dr. Townsend's *Lost Forever*, both of which are announced for immediate appearance.

— The *Literary World* is indebted to Thomas Todd, who does its composition, and to Alfred Mudge & Son, who do its press work, for tasteful and convenient calendars for 1878. One form which the latter issue is called the *Porte Monnaie Calendar*, and is of thumb-nail proportions.

MARRIED.

In Cambridge, Jan. 10, at the Appleton Chapel, by Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., and Rev. Charles C. Grafton, RICHARD HENRY DANA, 3d, of Boston, to EDITH, daughter of Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge.

At Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, Jan. 23, Dr. T. STERRY HUNT, F. R. S., of Boston, U. S. A., to ANNA, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Justice GALE, of Montreal.

DIED.

In Springfield, Mass., Jan. 16, SAMUEL BOWLES, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, aged 51 years.

In England, Jan. 26, Dr. JOHN DORAN, aged 70 years.

In England, Jan. 27, Sir EDWARD SHEPHERD CREASY.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

ROMANCES OF THE EAST (Nouvelles Asiatiques). From the French of Comte De Gobineau. D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 327. 60c.

AN AMERICAN GIRL, and Her Four Years in a Boy's College. By Sola. D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 269. $1.25.

YOUNG MUSGRAVE. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 144. Paper. 40c.

A JEWEL OF A GIRL. A Novel. By the Author of "Queenie," etc. Harper & Brothers. L. pp. 137. 35c.

THE DEVOTED BRIDE; or Faith and Fidelity. A Love Story. By St. George Tucker. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 370. $1.00.

BESSIE HARRINGTON'S VENTURE. By Julia A. Mathews. Roberts Brothers. M., 368. $1.50.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND. A Novel. By Florence I. Duncan. J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, pp. 336. $1.50.

GREY ABBEY. A Novel. [Star Series.] By the Author of "Jack Blake," etc. J. B. Lippincott & Co. S., pp. 328. $1.00.

TOO RICH. A Romance. After the German of Adolphe Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 370. $1.50.

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SELF-DECORATION.*

TRULY, the mania for decorative art has found, at last, an inexhaustible field! If woman fails to satisfy the innate longings of her artistic nature by ornamenting blacking bottles, ginger jars, and drain pipes, why, there is her own sweet self, "the beauty and adornment of which," according to Mrs. Haweis, is "of the first interest and importance, . . . the natural right and duty of every woman."

"Shall bird, beast or worm be cleverer than we? Is it not our need, too, to be seen and loved, to give pleasure to our fellows, and to embellish the world we live in?"

Nor does the author (who, by the way, is herself young and attractive) hesitate to advise her fair sisters how to make themselves still fairer.

"Every woman has points of attractiveness, and no woman need be ugly if she knows her points."

Even green eyes, a squint, square eyebrows, and whitey-brown complexions are not left out in the cold.

"Take [she says to the plain girl] the utmost care in selecting good and indescribable colors and graceful forms, whether fashionable or not — study your countenance, and dress your hair as best becomes it, whether gibes pursue you or applause. Take pains with your manners, be patient with scoffers, yet inflexible, and in a very short time, a merry harvest will be yours!"

While "women have no right to injure their health in order to enhance their beauty," the author very frankly and naïvely expresses her opinion concerning the "absurd and inconsistent 'crack' of modern, middle-class society" in regard to harmless cosmetics, etc.

"Critics should discriminate. . . . The girl who plucks her eyebrows hurts no one but herself. . . . The woman who ruins her fine head of dark hair in making it yellow to follow the fashion, is — I would say, a goose, but that it libels the bird, but if she does not injure it by the process, and she prefers to wear it yellow, it is nobody's business to criticise her. Let them leave her alone, and be more wise themselves."

Taken as a whole, *The Art of Beauty* is, certainly, a very entertaining and suggestive book; but if, as the writer herself asserts in one place, "Woman is most beautiful when she is most herself, and *least conscious* of it," — is there not a little danger of her losing this sweet unconsciousness while thus attempting to perfect the graces of her person, dress and surroundings? Many of the chapters will be recognized by readers of *Harper's Bazar*, where they were reprinted from *St. Paul's Magazine*. The subject-matter, however, has all been re-arranged and amplified in the present volume, which has also the added attraction of numerous illustrations from the author's own sketches. The exquisite typography of the book, and the unique, tasteful binding are especially noteworthy; indeed, so perfect is the fit of dress to form, that it would seem as if the author herself must have had a finger in the printer's "pi!"

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.*

IN the composition of this volume a selection seems to have been made from the letters to the London *News* of a number of correspondents accompanying the Russian and Turkish armies in the field. The letters are cleverly strung together with links of editorial narrative, the fabric, as a whole, forming a connected historical account of the war with special attention to its more important passages, such as the crossing of the Danube and the Balkans, the struggle for the Shipka Pass, the battles for Plevna, the defeat of Mukhtar Pasha at Aladja Dagh in Asia, and the fall of Kars. The narrative is brought down to the last-named event, which occurred in the middle of November, when Plevna was still holding out against the Russians. Instead of giving the name of each correspondent in connection with his letters, which would have been most satisfactory to the reader, an arbitrary sign for each writer is used instead; so that the letters can only be distinguished as Star's, Dot's, Triangle's, Dagger's, Square's, Cross-in-Circle's, Crescent's, etc. The Star will readily be guessed to be the mark of Mr. Archibald Forbes, and his letters hold the leading place in the collection, both for their number, their intellectual power, and their graphic portraiture of scene and event. Mr. Forbes, always able, is occasionally a little pompous, but much may be pardoned to a correspondent who, having despatched a sharply critical account of an ill-fought battle, can record this professional triumph:

"I have been sent for by General Nepokoitchitsky, and formally told that telegraphic instructions had been sent from the headquarters to the official newspapers in Russia, to the effect, that, pending the preparation of the official report of the Plevna battle, the telegram in question was to be reprinted by them, and accepted as substantially accurate as regards details and results."

By use of a very thin paper, upwards of six hundred closely-printed pages have been packed into the compass of a book of ordinary size; and as far as it goes chronologically, it is as comprehensive, accurate and interesting an account as could be asked for. Four days spent upon it, map in hand, will make one master of the details of a war which will long be memorable; but the work cannot be read in a hurry. The wonder is that letters, so elaborate and careful in their workmanship, can be composed amid the distractions of an arduous campaign and the din and horror of the battle-field. We know of no more finely-drawn battle-pieces in literature than some presented in these off-hand sketches. Here is one in which young Skobeleff, the "stormy petrel of the Russian army," as Mr. Forbes calls him, is the conspicuous figure:

"Putting himself at the head of these, he dashed forward on horseback. He picked up the stragglers; he reached the wavering, fluctuating mass, and gave it the inspiration of his own courage and instruction. He picked the whole mass up and carried it forward with a rush and a cheer. The whole redoubt was a mass of flame and smoke, from which screams, shouts, and cries of agony and defiance arose, with the deep-mouthed bellowing of the cannon, and above all, the steady, awful crash of that deadly rifle fire. Skobeleff's sword was cut in two in the middle. Then a moment later, when just on the point of leaping the ditch, horse and man rolled together to the ground, the horse dead or wounded, the rider untouched. Skobeleff sprang to his feet with a shout, then with a formidable, savage yell, the whole mass of men streamed over the ditch, over the scarp and counterscarp, over the parapet, and swept into the redoubt like a hurricane. Their bayonets made short work of the Turks still remaining. Then a joyous cheer told that the redoubt was captured, and that at last one of the defences of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians."

The letters are quite as remarkable for their descriptions of more peaceful scenes; this, for instance, of the entrance of a Russian detachment into Bjela:

"We rode away up the green slope and over the breezy uplands, where the yellow barley waved ripe in the wind. . . . We passed the beautifully-situated village of Burunli, lying in a deep, grassy hollow, and the Bulgarian inhabitants crowded out with joy in their faces and words of welcome on their lips, carrying brimming pitchers of clear, cold spring water, which in the boiling heat was preferable to nectar. . . . Our way lay up the steep slope of a ridge which shut out from us the view beyond. As we topped it, the rich valley of the Jantra, waving with golden barley, lay at our feet, intersected by the sparkling river, and in the mouth of a little cross valley on the other side of the Jantra, were the red-tiled roofs of Bjela, half hidden in foliage. But we were not yet in Bjela. It was a smooth slope

* The Art of Beauty. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Harper & Brothers.

* The War Correspondence of the "Daily News," 1877, etc. Macmillan & Co.

down through the barley to the river brink from the ridge on which we stood. . . . It was a sight to stir the deepest interest — the loveliness of the scene, the gleaming river with the overshadowing masses of dark verdure above Bjela, the dusky red roofs recessed in the little valley, the golden slopes, the country village of Stirmana across the river on our left, where the marl steeps softened into green slopes — all this delighted the eye of him who looked at it in the spirit of the love of a sweet scene."

He who reads these letters from the Bulgaria and Armenia of 1877 will feel that he has been there in person, and has seen the events to which they relate with his own eyes.

THE NORTH AMERICAN RODENTIA.*

THIS work forms a most valuable contribution to the knowledge of American mammals. In its preparation the extensive collections of the National Museum at Washington, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and of several others have been carefully studied. Thousands of specimens have been examined and measured, and the results tabulated and explained by Dr. Coues and Mr. Allen. The preparation of an extensive work like this is, from its nature, beyond private means, and great credit is due the Government for undertaking it, and for selecting two such eminent naturalists, the leading ornithologists in the country, to carry it through.

The order *Glires* or *Rodents* is divided into two sub-orders. The first, *Simplicidentati* (ordinary rodents), comprises nine families arranged in three series, and the second sub-order, *Duplicidentati* (hares and the like), comprises but two families.

Dr. Coues writes the monographs on the families *Muridæ* (mice), *Zapodidæ* (jumping mouse), *Saccomyidæ* (pouched mice), *Geomyidæ* (gophers), and *Haplodontidæ* (the Sewellel); while the monographs on the families *Sciuridæ* (squirrels), *Castoridæ* (beavers), *Castoroididæ* (fossils), *Hystricidæ* (porcupines), *Leporidæ* (hares), and *Lagomyidæ* (pikas), are written by Mr. Allen.

The monograph of the *Muridæ* (mice), by Dr. Coues, is the most fully elaborated of any. This family is divided into the sub-families *Murinæ*, containing four genera, and *Arvicolinæ*, containing six. The first genus in *Murinæ* (*Neotoma*) contains five species, one of which, *N. magister*, is fossil. They all agree in having the dental formula: I. $\frac{1-1}{1-1}$; C. $\frac{0-0}{0-0}$; P. $\frac{0-0}{0-0}$; M. $\frac{3-3}{3-3}=\frac{8}{8}=16$ teeth. But they have specific differences, highly interesting to the naturalist, as showing the influence of geographical distribution. Dr. Coues considers the four living species as probably the descendants of the fossil species *Neotoma magister*, remains of which are found abundantly in caves in Pennsylvania. One species, *N. Floridana*, is abundant in the Southern States, and most nearly resembles *N. magister*; while on the other hand *N. cinerea*, the Northern form, is very different. In common with other Arctic animals its pelage is densely hairy, and it has undergone other modifications to fit it for its changed surroundings.

Preceding the description of each genus is its synonomy, while at the end of the monograph is a very complete bibliographical appendix.

The monograph of the *Leporidæ* by Mr. Allen is very interesting. The author, besides giving a most careful description of the various kinds of hares, or rabbits, as they are sometimes incorrectly called (the term rabbit applying to an English burrowing rabbit), discusses quite fully the question of geographical distribution. The scarcity of hares in some years is attributed by Mr. Allen to their destruction by epidemics.

In the monograph on the beavers it is stated that, while beavers formerly ranged throughout the United States and British America, they are now generally confined to the latter, being quite rare in the United States except in portions of Virginia, where, in the year 1875, they were so abundant that by the destruction of grain fields they proved a great pest to the farmers.

Throughout the work great attention is paid to anatomical descriptions, particularly of the cranium and dentition, and little or none to the habits, as these are fully described in other works. But in the monograph of the *Haplodontidæ*, containing the little-known Sewellel, the one existent species, Dr. Coues describes the habits quite minutely.

The work has two appendices; one, by Mr. Allen, being a Synoptical List of the Extinct Rodentia of North America. The other, covering one hundred and twenty-nine pages, by Theodore Gill and Elliott Coues, is modestly called by them "*Material* for a Bibliography of North American mammals."

* Monographs of North American Rodentia. By Elliott Coues and J. A. Allen. Government Printing Office.

THE SILVER COUNTRY.*

THE real purpose of this book is not quite clear. Evidently it is not written for the entertainment of the general reader, for it lacks any sparkle of originality, and is much given to statistical tables which the general reader will be tempted to skip. It does not seem designed to give to the world the benefit of the author's observations in the region of which he tells, for no line bears witness that he ever set foot within its boundaries. It does not come under the head of a critical presentation of the inducements and drawbacks which meet the settler in the Southwest, for it is *ex parte* throughout, and reads like a prospectus of George Law's mad scheme for colonizing Louisiana. The author speaks in the preface of "making out a case." He has done it; we recognize the advocate but not the impartial critic.

The Silver Country, as here described, comprises Mexico and the States and Territories southwest of a line running from Texas to Oregon, — being the tract known to the old geographers as New Spain. Of this land one gets a very false notion from Mr. Anderson's book, because of an apparent purpose, extending from title-page to finis, to make out what an insurance commissioner would call "a favorable exhibit." After setting out, in minute detail, the mineral wealth of this region, and discussing with fervor its characteristics of climate and soil, the author leaves his reader with the idea that railroads and settlers alone are wanting to make it the seat of the densest and richest population on the globe. In the hypsometric map, which serves as a frontispiece, we find depicted in gay colors the warm ocean currents which, under other circumstances, would give to the whole tract the fertility enjoyed by California; while for the Sierra Nevada and other ranges of mountains, which totally neutralize this climatic influence and form an impassable barrier to the clouds loaded with moisture from the Pacific and the Gulf, we look in vain. The deserts which make so large a portion of Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas useless wastes are also omitted.

Instead of being corrected, the same misconception is enforced in the text. To find that, in fact, the interior of New Spain is nearly destitute of vegetation, that through nearly the whole region farming is impossible except with irrigation, that where the soil is naturally fertile the abundance of the harvests is frequently diminished by drought, that even the working of the mines, which are the chief glory of the land, is seriously obstructed by the dryness of the soil and the lack of trees, we must go to Humboldt and Maury. Mr. Anderson has nothing to say of these things; it would seriously mar the Paradise which he is anxious to paint in the imagination of his readers. With his statistics of silver production we have no fault to find; they appear to be from reliable sources.

The chapter on agricultural wealth displays, as well as any, the straining "to make out a case." It is based on the statistics of California and Texas, two States which, owing to their peculiar situation — the one west of the Sierra Nevada, the other on the Gulf — are the only exceptions of garden-like fertility in a section of country which was said by Jefferson Davis, in a report made by him as Secretary of War, to be "a region of general sterility." This objection is anticipated by a piece of logic as amusing as it is impudent:

"If the reader thinks it unfair to select these portions as representative of the agricultural capacity of the Southwest, as a whole, we beg leave

* The Silver Country. By Alex. D. Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

to call his attention to the above-quoted under-estimate, twenty-seven years ago, of the capacity of *California*."

The under-estimate referred to is a remark of Webster's to the effect that, though California might have a large city or two, her agricultural products would not amount to a tenth part of those of Illinois. Webster erred concerning the future of California; *ergo*, let no dog bark when our author predicts a like prosperity for the arid table-lands of Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona, or poor, misgoverned Mexico. Such is the Silver Country through Mr. Anderson's spectacles; he finds but one thing lacking to make it the abode of wealth and luxury, and that is, railroads.

We have not closed this book without a suspicion that in what is here said, "more is meant than meets the ear." As we remarked above, of just what public want or private interest the work is *apropos*, is not at all clear. The Southern Pacific subsidy scheme is seeking consideration from Congress; according to Mr. Blaine's Woodstock speech, plots are on foot for the annexation of Northern Mexico; perhaps the insane enthusiasm for the dollar of the fathers needs just such a rosy picture of our mineral wealth to carry us to still greater lengths. An author who dates his preface from Washington must be aware of these things, but we will not say that we can read any of them between his lines.

CHARLES H. BARROWS.

A STUDY OF OLD PAINTERS.*

IN choosing Raphael and Michaelangelo for his subjects, Mr. Perkins sets his feet in a well-worn track. So much critical biography and analysis have been expended during the last decade upon the life and works of these preëminent masters, that a fresh chronicler must, of necessity, take up the task rather as a gleaner than a harvester, and his voice fall on our ears laden, as it were, with echoes from other voices which have spoken before upon the same theme. Next best to new material, however, is a novel and lively presentation of the old. And to so much of originality Mr. Perkins in this scholarly and refined treatise can lay claim. No one before, if our memory serves, has given a sketch of these two great artists set side by side like the double profile on an antique coin, one shining in the sunshine of youth and love and divine achievement, the other somber with the mighty shadows of his own stormy power. Two fates, or rather two characters, more strongly contrasted, save in the one respect of abounding genius, it would be hard to find; and the contrast is recognized happily and skillfully by the author. It begins with their beginning:

"To understand the artistic growth of Raphael without an intimate knowledge of his predecessors and contemporaries, is impossible; but it is much less necessary for the comprehension of Michaelangelo. Not that his art was uninfluenced by the past, or that he disdained the use of these appliances and discoveries which it had brought within his reach, but that from the first he stood on his own ground, and made use of all things in his own peculiar way. It is for this reason that, while we can trace the influences which shaped Raphael's development to their source, and follow those which led him on from style to style, we cannot do so with his great rival who, though revealing fresh phases of genius and unlooked-for capacities as he grew older, started almost on the level which he was to keep, and showed the hand of power which was by-and-by to paint the Adam of the Sistine Chapel and sculpture the Day at San Lorenzo, — in the Taunton Madonna at the National Gallery, and the Faun's Head at the Uffizi."

"Recognizing what separated him [Raphael] from complete excellence, and ever aiming to attain it, he gradually rounded out his being until it had attained the figure of a perfect sphere. The marvel was that being so receptive he could yet remain original. *Great men acted upon him as the sunlight and the rain, the moonlight and the dew act upon goodly ground*, causing it to bring forth abundantly."

"Where other artists would have used a lump of clay, he [Michaelangelo] used a block of marble, and if his idea did not afterward seem worth working out clearly, turned from it with as little thought as if the material had been equally worthless. This reckless indifference to the value of a substance which had been quarried and brought within his reach at a great expense, shows a mind disposed to rise above those reasonable but somewhat vulgar considerations by which most men are influenced. At the bottom of it lay that love of overcoming obstacles which was natural to Michaelangelo. The soft and ductile clay wearied him by its very obedience to his will, whereas the resistance with which the solid block met his vigorous attack was an excitement and a stimulus to exertion, in itself a joy to his strong nature."

"Raphael possessed this Protean power in an eminent degree, while Michaelangelo, shut up within himself as in a strongly-walled fortress, was wholly wanting in it. His artistic sympathies were dead to works, however excellent, which were produced by modes of thought different from his own, and even his appreciation of beauty in man was limited to one period of life. Enamored of the adult human form, he lost the perception of those differences which distinguish man at different periods of life, and gave the same muscular forms to the bodies of young and old. Raphael, on the contrary, had a true standard in his mind for each type of beauty. His children are the very essence of childhood, with all its graces and charms, even when as in Him of the San Sisto, the tender face is freighted with Divinity. His young men are ideals of manly strength and beauty; his virgins of purity and delicacy; his matrons, like Juno, of nobility and dignity; his old men, like the sages of antiquity, of venerable wisdom. His lyre was fitted with many strings, and he played it like one who was master of all its infinite resources, while that of Michaelangelo gave forth but one sublime, unvarying strain."

A good deal of minor information as to contemporary personages and incidents is woven into Mr. Perkins's essay, which is further enriched by a number of fairly good heliotypes and photographs, and by Mr. Longfellow's beautiful, and hitherto unpublished, translations of some of Michaelangelo's sonnets.

In so carefully revised a book it is hazardous to suggest an error, but should not the title of Vittoria Colonna's husband (p. 248) be given as Francesco rather than Alfonzo D'Avalos?

* Raphael and Michaelangelo. A Critical and Biographical Essay. By C. C. Perkins. J. R. Osgood & Co.

SULLIVAN'S NEW IRELAND.*

MR. Sullivan, the author of this volume, has been for many years the editor of the Dublin *Nation*, and one of the leading politicians of Ireland. He is, therefore, well qualified to describe those events of the last thirty years which have so thoroughly changed his country as to justify the term "New Ireland." He has not attempted to write a critical history; but, having borne "an active part in some of the stormiest scenes of Irish public life for at least a quarter of a century," he has given us a striking sketch of these scenes. Although he presupposes on the part of his readers an acquaintance with the topics he discusses, few will ever find him obscure; and his true Irish eloquence and enthusiasm will prove irresistible. Mr. Sullivan's insufficient training in journalism shows itself in his careless and verbose style, in the loose connection between the parts of his book, and in the sensational headings of his chapters; but although the book may be faulty in form, it is valuable, as giving the views upon Ireland of an earnest yet candid Irishman and Roman Catholic.

A novel, marked, and sudden change in the condition of Ireland was caused by the terrible famine of 1846–7. The despair of the people, as in both years that "curse of Ireland," the potato crop, failed; the growing madness of hunger, and the horror of pestilence; the slowness of England to realize the need of her sister island, and her noble labor of relief when at last she was aroused; and when the famine was checked, the crowds of sorrowful emigrants leaving the land which could not support them; all this Mr. Sullivan describes most vividly. The famine was almost a fatal blow to the country, yet some good has come from it:

"With the greater seriousness of character which the famine period has imprinted on the Irish people, some notable changes for the better must be recognized. Providence, forethought, economy, are studied and valued as they never were before. There is more method, strictness and punctuality in business transactions. There is a graver sense of responsibility on all hands. More steadiness of purpose, more firmness and determination of character, mark the Irish peasantry of the new era."

Education, again, has caused many changes. It has been hindered by the conflict of religions, by the aversion of the Roman Catholics to the Protestant supremacy in schools; but much has been done:

"There is now scarcely a farm-house or working man's home in all the land in which the boy or girl of fifteen or the young man or woman of

* New Ireland. By A. M. Sullivan, M. P. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

twenty-five cannot read the newspaper for 'the old people' and transact their correspondence. For public news the peasant no longer relies on the Sunday gossip after mass. For political views he is no longer absolutely dependent on the advice and guidance of Father Tom. He may never find counsellor more devoted and faithful; the political course he may now follow may be more rash or more profitable, more wise or more wrong; but for good or ill it will be his own."

This withdrawal of political power from the priests Mr. Sullivan, though an Ultramontane, strongly emphasizes; and he points with pride to instances where Roman Catholic voters have rejected the priest's candidate, and have elected a Protestant who better represented their political views. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Sullivan is an earnest advocate of Home Rule, and so looks with favoring eyes upon Ireland's ability to govern herself.

Other causes of change in Ireland, such as the Encumbered Estate Act and the Disestablishment, are discussed at length; and much of the book is devoted to the details of the Fenian movement, of which Mr. Sullivan was an earnest opponent. While the book has faults which would deserve more censure if they were less open and confessed, it is a most interesting and valuable contribution to popular literature upon Ireland.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S NOVEL.*

"M. E. W. S." will be recognized by many of our readers as the initials of a lady of New York City, distinguished for her beauty, her culture, and her high social position — Mary Elizabeth Wilson Sherwood. Mrs. Sherwood is the daughter of General Wilson, of Keene, N. H., familiarly known as "Long Jim Wilson," an ardent politician of the Whig party, and one of its most popular orators forty years ago, noted alike for his unusual stature, his powerful voice, and his great success as a stump speaker in the famous Harrison Campaign of 1840. His daughter married Mr. John Sherwood, an eminent lawyer of New York, where she has long been noted among the most brilliant of the leaders of fashionable society. For several years she has contributed, under her initials, tales, sketches and essays to the magazines, especially to *Appletons' Journal;* but *The Sarcasm of Destiny* is, we believe, her first attempt at a regular novel.

Like most first literary efforts, even when the writer has strong natural talents, it exhibits some very obvious defects, especially in the point of construction, the point in which novices in the art of novel-writing are most apt to fail. To the inexperienced novel-writing seems one of the easiest of arts. It is really one of the most difficult of all, and in these days requires for its successful achievement, not only high powers, but long practice, and above all that wholesome discipline of the faculties which can only be acquired in literature at the expense of many failures. In the plan of her work at the very outset, Mrs. Sherwood has made a false step which has given her obvious embarrassment throughout, and which has never worked well even in the hands of novelists of the highest power, like Scott and Dickens, both of whom have tried the method to which Mrs. Sherwood has resorted; namely, that of narrating the story in the first person, by the mouth of an imaginary character, like Esther Summerson in *Bleak House*, or Francis Osbaldistone in *Rob Roy*. *The Sarcasm of Destiny* opens with a soliloquy by Caroline Brown, an elderly maiden dwelling in Urania, a country village, apparently in the interior of the State of New York. As the scene of the novel changes frequently from Urania to New York City, to Washington, and even to France and England, the result is that Miss Caroline Brown, who relates the story and has to follow the characters, is whisked about with uncomfortable celerity, and has to resort to the most awkward expedients to account for her change of base, which was sometimes as unexpected as that of the army of the Potomac during the civil war. This radical defect, of course, affects the plot of the book, and could have easily been obviated if the author had chosen to write in the first person herself, omitting all reference to Miss Brown, who, indeed, is not at all necessary to the story, and does not in the least improve it.

Apart from this and a few other defects, *The Sarcasm of Destiny* has merits quite sufficient to distinguish it from the common run of novels. It has many passages of well-written and shrewd and thoughtful observation on human life and character, and especially on the follies and shams of the day. The heroine, Nina Fitzgerald, whose experiences are the chief topic, is very well depicted, with her radiant beauty, her high principle, her cleverness, good sense and *esprit*, and her courage and fortitude in the difficult emergencies into which she occasionally falls. Her lover, Dr. Derwent, is also a well-drawn character, the mystery of whose life and history is well preserved until near the close of the novel, when a turn of fortune suddenly transforms the American country doctor into something as remote as can well be imagined.

Many other characters — too many, indeed, for a novel of less than four hundred pages, are scattered throughout the book, some merely sketched with a rapid pen, others elaborately delineated, and all exhibiting traces of the author's familiarity with the highest circles of American society as well as of her keen observation of life and character. The sketches of fashionable life and people in New York city are the best part of the volume, though perhaps equal praise might be given to the description of Washington society in war time, with its attendant counterparts of graver and sadder character, of scenes in the hospitals and among the victims of rebel prisons. The book glows with strong patriotic and religious feeling, and we are confident that a second effort in the same direction, avoiding the errors of this, and enriched with the unrivaled social experience of Mrs. Sherwood, will result in giving her a high place among our novelists.

ROBERT CARTER.

* The Sarcasm of Destiny; or Nina's Experience. By E. W. S. D. Appleton & Co.

MR. APPLETON'S ESSAYS.*

WE take Mr. Appleton to represent a class not yet very numerous in this country, but certain to develop as the tastes which culture promotes come into association with the means for their exercise. Had we more elegant leisure as a people, we should have more such thoughtful and pleasant volumes as this. The trifling ambiguity in its title the author justifies by these two explanatory quotations:

> Fruit that is blown down from the tree. — *Evelyn.*
>
> A tree that has been prostrated by the wind. — *Webster's Dictionary.*

The volume contains eleven essays, reflective, sketchy, instructive and ethical by turns. "Something About Our Good Things" is a moderately optimistic review of the homelier advantages of an American residence above a European, especially as respects the larder and cookery. Mr. Appleton is plainly a "good liver" in a good sense, and believes it to be a duty to try and reach the national kitchen and teach it improvement. "A Month in the Adirondacks" is an appetizing chapter of camp life in the Northern New York wilderness, after the manner which other explorers have made familiar. "A Plea for Phrenology" expounds in general terms the too often despised system of Gall and Spurzheim, with some wholesome practical explanations. "Three Months in the Shadow" is the recital of a personal experience of sickness, which a convalescent would read with peculiar pleasure. "Spring," says Mr. Appleton, "is the only time one should recover in from any hurt or illness. We and it then both move together, nor feel as in the chill narrow days of winter our elasticity and gaining strength repressed by the season's inclemency." In "The Loom of the East" we have a useful account of those now popular fabrics of which the Turkey rug is the best-known representative.

In "Lavater, or the Two Faces," and "A Broken Heart," Mr. Appleton tries his hand at romance on a small scale, and with good effect, choosing for the first German materials of the last century, and for the second an episode of Anglo-Indian life of a still earlier date.

* Windfalls. By Thomas G. Appleton. Roberts Brothers.

In the remaining essays, "The Kingdom of the Commonplace," "Were the Slave States a Part of the Nation?" "American Good Nature," and "Our Contemporaries," discourse is confined again to matters of fact. The last title conceals a study of some of the more prominent intellectual traits of the present generation. "The Kingdom of the Commonplace" is defined as "the reign of men of low ambition and dull selfishness," the political trend of thought here preparing the way for the essay which immediately follows on the slaves, which is perhaps the most solid and trenchant of the series.

As to "good nature," Mr. Appleton thinks that, as a people, we have quite enough of it, but that without such a trait "a republic would seem impossible." In the essay on this subject there is a curious repetition of thought and even of language; the opening words, "Never did American good-nature show to better advantage," etc., reappearing almost exactly on p. 255.

McKNIGHT ON THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM.*

FEW clauses in the Federal Constitution are so ambiguous as that which is the subject of discussion in this treatise:

"The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, *and the votes shall then be counted.*"

Who "counts" the votes? Who determines what votes are to be counted? Three theories are presented as to this supreme function. The first, which is advocated with copious zeal by Mr. McKnight, is that the function belongs exclusively to the President of the Senate. The second, which is vindicated by Mr. A. H. Stephens in the January number of the *International Review*, is that while the President of the Senate *opens* the certificates, the determination of all moot questions concerning the votes, while belonging in the first place to him as the presiding officer, is vested ultimately in the aggregate body over which he presides, the two houses being for this purpose fused into one, as a joint convention. The third theory is that the "counting" is to be settled by legislation, Congress having power to determine as to its method by statute, in the same way that the exercise of other constitutional powers is determined.

Mr. McKnight's exposition takes a wide sweep. He begins with a rapid historical review of the topic, and then proceeds, in his third chapter, to examine, exegetically, the disputed clause, with its context. From this he diverges, in order, we presume, to illustrate the inherent defects of the hypothesis that the counting is to be by legislation, to criticise the work of the commission established by Congress to determine the late contested presidential election. To this criticism he devotes two chapters, containing about seventy pages. Entering on the examination, he tells us, as a republican, the result to which he arrives is that the majority of the commission not merely, in two of its chief rulings, flatly defied the law of the land, but that one of these rulings, which is wrong, is in direct contradiction of a third ruling, which is right. And, however this may be, it is difficult, in examining the details of the votes, as given by Mr. McKnight, to avoid the conclusion, that by delegating the decision to five judges of the Supreme Court, as umpires, Congress, instead of taking the question out of politics, took politics into the Supreme Court. The judges of the Supreme Court, who formed part of the commission, instead of acting judicially, acted politically.

But however satisfactory may be Mr. McKnight's conclusions on this point, there will be less general acquiescence in the argument in which he attempts to establish the position that the exclusive power of determining what is the rightful vote is vested in the President of the Senate. To this task he devotes the body of his work, giving to it nearly four hundred pages, most of which, however, are occupied with discursive historical investigations, and a portion, the appendix, which is not the least valuable, to a summary of the proceedings of the federal Constitutional Convention, and of Congress, in this relation. We feel bound to say that, notwithstanding several instances which Mr. McKnight brings out in clear prominence, in which the President of the Senate appears from the minutes of that body to be the exclusive arbiter, it is plain that whenever Congress has undertaken to act on this matter deliberately, it has asserted its right to control by legislation the mode of counting, and that in no single case has the President of the Senate asserted, as against Congress, his exclusive power in the premises.

It is ungracious to criticise the details of a work which is, in many respects, so useful as this; but there are one or two observations as to style, which it may not be out of place now to make. Why, for instance, does Mr. McKnight persist, from page to page in his elaborate treatise, in calling the framers of the Federal Constitution "the Fathers?" Supposing that they were really the sole "Fathers," and that succeeding expositors are to be called, as Mr. McKnight calls them, "children," does this, by itself, sustain the conclusion given to us on page 15, that the constructions adopted by the "children" are "the vain imaginings of later times, — that they are impostures and fallacies unworthy the subject, and dangerous to the peace of the nation?" But in point of fact "the Fathers," if we must adopt Mr. McKnight's terminology, are so far from uniting in the opinion he advocates, that they are made responsible for it only by a *petitio principii*, — by arguing that the constitution confines the power of counting to the President of the Senate because "the Fathers" held that view, and that they are shown to hold that view because the Constitution says so. But beyond this, it is to be noticed that we have proof that "the Fathers" were far from holding, as a body, that exclusive jurisdiction of this important question was given to the President of the Senate. Mr. Jefferson may not have been, in Mr. McKnight's view, a "father;" and Mr. Jefferson was certainly not a member of the Constitutional Convention. But Mr. Jefferson was in intimate correspondence with Mr. Madison, whose share in the formation of the Constitution was conspicuous, and Mr. Jefferson was at the head of those contemporaneous expositors of the Constitution who were strict constructionists. And it is well known (though this fact Mr. McKnight does not notice) that Mr. Jefferson, as representing the strict constructionists, prepared a plan by which Congress was by statute to determine the mode of settling disputed presidential counts.

As an instance of inexactitude of expression we may notice the following, which is part of a "Proposed Amendment of the Constitution of the United States," which amendment Mr. McKnight holds to be "necessary in part, to place our elections on a legitimate basis, to shed light on their darkness, and to straighten their crooked paths. In its entirety it offers a vigorous reform; shorn of its third, fourth, and fifth clauses, the sources of its strength, by the craft of a political Delilah, the Philistines of intrigue, fraud and corruption must continue to ravage the system:"

"3. *No nomination for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States shall be made by a convention or party prior to the choice of electors by the States;* and no election of State officers shall be made within three months of the day appointed for the choice or election of electors or representatives of the United States."

How futile would be such a clause as that put in italics it requires but a slight acquaintance with the ways of politicians to perceive. We may safely say that if it be ordained as a condition precedent to a valid election, no valid election could be established without storms far more perilous than that which Mr. McKnight deplores.

It will be seen, from the description given, that the work before us does not entitle its author to be regarded either as a trained lawyer or as a practical politician. At the same time we are indebted to him for calling renewed attention to an important political question, and for collecting, in relation to it, a mass of valuable information.

* The Electoral System of the United States. By David A. McKnight. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.*

THESE two volumes, one English, the other American, the first an original authority, the second a popular adaptation, present in detail the very remarkable hypothesis of recent growth in regard to the origin and character of the Pyramid of Cheops, or Gizeh [Jeezeh]. This unique and majestic structure stands on the west bank of the Nile, a few miles below Memphis and nearly opposite Cairo. Its base originally covered an area of more than twelve acres; its height was 479 feet, and the length of each of its sides 764. These dimensions have been somewhat reduced under the abrading hand of time, or other more violent agents.

The Great Pyramid has always been one of the wonders of the world, though for three thousand years no exploration of its mysterious recesses was attempted. The first scientific survey of it was made by Napoleon's engineers, at the time of his operations in Egypt. Col. Howard Vyse, of England, followed, in 1837, with a thorough examination of it within and without, making it the subject of a magnificent descriptive work. In the light of his discoveries Sir John Herschel propounded the theory that the vast edifice had an astronomical meaning, and on further calculation he found that the inclination of the passage-way leading to the interior had a relation to the stars indicative of the date which, upon independent grounds, had been determined as that of its erection.

This point having been reached, a Mr. John Taylor, a London publisher, undertook an entirely new investigation of the subject. In 1859 he issued a volume embodying views of which the learned Mr. Piazzi Smith, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is now the chief prophet; Dr. Seiss being the latter's American disciple and interpreter. And this, for substance, is the doctrine:

> "Without having seen the Great Pyramid, but on the basis of facts recorded by others, he [Mr. Taylor] gave it as his theory and conviction, that the real architects of this edifice were not Egyptians, but men of quite another faith and branch of the human family, who, by an impulse and commission from heaven, and by the special aid of the Most High, induced and superintended the erection of that mighty structure, as a memorial for long after times, to serve as a witness of inspiration, and of the truth and purposes of God, over against the falsities and conceptions of a degenerate and ever-degenerating world."

This is the view to which Mr. Smith stands committed, and to the corroboration of which his volume is devoted. He has personally studied the Pyramid with the utmost scientific care, and presents here, with great fullness and minuteness, not only his conclusions, but the processes by which they have been reached.

Among the remarkable facts which have been disclosed are these: the Pyramid stands not only in the very geographical center of Egypt, but on the pivotal balance-point of the entire land distribution of the globe as now known; not only has it (including the base) five faces and five angles, but a peculiar system of *fiveness* runs through all its dimensions; the number *nine* is alike conspicuous in many of its structural details; the *cubit* is contained in the length of each of its sides just as many times as there are days in the year; the estimated gravity of the entire mass, multiplied by $10^{5\times3}$, equals that of the entire globe; a simple arithmetical treatment of its dimensions gives the mean distance of the earth from the sun; the capacity of the stone coffer, which is the sole piece of furniture in either of the interior chambers, and *around which the Pyramid must have been built* (the entrance passage being too small to admit it), is precisely that of the Jewish "Laver" and the "Ark of the Covenant" of the Christian Scriptures; and so on. Such coincidences as these exist in great number and variety, and form the premises from which Mr. Smith's argument proceeds; and though we think he sometimes carries it to the point of fancifulness, the striking nature of the facts adduced is not to be denied.

The symbolism theory, so to term it, has found as yet little favor with many of the more eminent Egyptologists, most of whom unite in still maintaining that the Pyramid is only the huge tomb of a departed Pharaoh, and who do not hesitate to laugh at Mr. Smith and his associates; but Mr. Smith gives back as good as he takes. His work is purely that of an original investigator, elaborate in its method, abounding in abstruse mathematical calculations, but relieved by means of a series of finely-engraved plates, which give sectional and other views of the edifice, and are indispensable for a critical study of the subject. Dr. Seiss, with Mr. Taylor's and Mr. Smith's volumes, perhaps, before him, has merely woven the more important part of the materials so furnished into a clear and interesting narrative for the general reader, never very critical to be sure, but free from technicalities, and scarcely ever complicated. For the purposes of an easy and rapid examination of the subject in its outlines his book will answer every purpose, while readers who care to go to the bottom of it will open Mr. Smith's much larger volume with an eager curiosity. The subject itself, we hardly need to say, is one of no small attraction for the archæologist and mathematician, for whose final judgment, if it be ever reached, there will be many to watch with a great deal of interest.

We ought to add that the elements of a universal metric system, after a very different standard from that now offered to the world through the agency of France, are supposed to be an important part of the occult endowments of this Great Pyramid by the Nile.

* Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. Third Edition. By Piazzi Smith, F. R. S. E., etc. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.

A Miracle in Stone. By Joseph A. Seiss, D. D. Porter & Coates.

NEW TESTAMENT INTERPRETATION.*

DR. Immer is Professor of Theology in the University of Berne; and his manual is presented to American students by the translator "as an exposition of the principles that have guided the German exegesis of the present generation."

The work is composed of three parts, the first of which deals with the general principles of interpretation. The second and most important part considers the work of the exegete in respect to the criticism of the text, grammar, logic, geography and history, and in respect to the purpose of the entire writing. In regard to textual criticism the author suggests three admirable and trustworthy rules of procedure: 1. "No critical conjecture is admissible that is not supported by at least one ancient attestation. 2. The most ancient readings, even if accredited by few attestations, deserve, as a rule, the preference over later readings, even though more strongly accredited. 3. The more these readings are supported by attestations of a different kind (as Codices, Versions, and Fathers), or by testimonies of different origin (as, e. g., Oriental and Occidental), the more assured they are." In regard to grammatical explanation he suggests the single essential rule, that the "grammatical explanation must have the precedence of all real explanation, and of all theological explanation"—a rule which it is as difficult as it has been rare for exegetes to follow.

The brief concluding part of the volume is a discussion of the relation of religious interest to the study and interpretation of the Bible.

Considered as a whole, we have only words of commendation for the work. In its design and scope it is essentially elementary; but the rules it lays down are, in the main, accurate, and its elucidations of the principles of New Testament exegesis are full and satisfactory. Its theoretical portions are made clear and definite by reference to numerous passages in the New Testament; and in the course of the volume not less than one hundred and fifty extracts are discussed to a considerable length. To a clergyman who desires trustworthy suggestions in regard to his methods of New Testament interpretation, the volume will be of great value. Its introduction, also, into the course of study of not a few of our one hundred and twenty theological schools would be of advantage to students.

* Hermeneutics of the New Testament. By Dr. A. Immer. Translated by A. H. Newman. W. F. Draper.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Dr. Adler's addresses[1] are published for the "Society of Ethical Culture," in New York, of which the author is the head. The members of this society, chiefly "Reformed Jews," "agree in believing that theology is flourishing at the expense of religion," and that a pure morality is independent of both. In discourses on Immortality, Religion, The New Ideal, Our Consolations, and related subjects, this fundamental thought is expanded and illustrated. Dr. Adler's aims are high and pure; his spirit is earnest and devoted; his knowledge is large, his temper good, and his method chiefly constructive; but the reader familiar with Mr. Frothingham's writings, especially after examination of the latter's latest volume of similar title,[2] will prefer this distinguished preacher's exposition of substantially the same principles. Mr. Frothingham's discourses are twelve in number, and were delivered in the ordinary course of his New York ministry. Their key-note is sounded in the first sentence of the first one: "Conduct is the test of creed." Of Dr. Adler's volume, to revert to it a moment, the most valuable part, perhaps, is the appendix, in which are reprinted from the *Popular Science Monthly* and the *North American Review* three very able articles on the "Evolution of Hebrew Religion" and "Reformed Judaism;" the latter title applying to one of the most interesting and significant religious movements of modern times.

The destructive Biblical criticism so active in our times is well represented in the *Religion of Israel*[3] and the *Birth of Jesus;*[4] the last by an eminent Unitarian minister of Hingham, Mass., the other a translation from the Dutch of Pastor Knappert, of Leyden. Dr. Knappert's volume is a summary, written in a very simple and intelligible style, of the results of modern research into the early period of the Hebrew religion. Its intent and effect is to strip the Old Testament Scriptures of all claims to a supernatural inspiration; but not for the purpose of leaving the mind without a faith, rather with the hope of giving faith the sure ground of reason to rest upon. The origin of the several Old Testament books is reviewed in the light of Israel's history, and appended is part of a systematic catechism on the history of religion, drawn up by several pastors of the Reformed Church of Holland. Of this catechism the earlier portion of the book is, indeed, the exposition. Dr. Miles, guided by a somewhat similar purpose, puts the New Testament accounts of the birth of Jesus under close textual examination, to the end of proving, not only that there was nothing supernatural about that event, but that the narratives, honestly interpreted, do not teach that there was. The authenticity of the narratives we do not understand him to question. His concern is with their meaning. The argument is a curious one, but we do not think it is made either sound or conclusive. The *intent* of the Gospels on this point seems to us clear beyond dispute; whether they are to be trusted for what they profess to be, is of course, another question.

The two volumes bearing the names of Robert Collyer[5] and James Freeman Clarke[6] are made up of discourses preached by them to their respective congregations in Chicago and Boston. They carry us back from the advanced ground whither we have strayed above, into and within the limits of a positive and earnest Christian faith. The discourses in neither volume are theological or controversial, but are everywhere true to their common aim of expounding and enforcing "religion in common life." Homely often in form and illustration, every one yet shows the lover of nature, the friend of man, the student of all knowledge, the true Christian. Addressed to no sect, they deal with that broad religion which St. Augustine said had been in the world from the beginning, and which we may be sure will continue to the end; that religion of faith, hope and charity which is the fulfilling of all law. We have not found one of these sermons, of either volume, which has not in it the wisdom of life; but those by Mr. Collyer on "Growing Aged Together," and "Wild Lilies," and by Dr. Clarke on "How to Change Time Into Life," and how "All Things Are For Good," are specially to be commended to the reader.

The volumes of sermons by Charles Kingsley,[7] Bishop Huntington,[8] and Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor,[9] are restricted in their subjects and spirit to the themes known as "Evangelical," and the two first-named are still further limited to the peculiar conception of "Evangelical Christianity" held by the Episcopal Church in England and America; but each, to those in sympathy with its standpoint, will be justly welcome, and for all of us has very much of truth and helpfulness. Kingsley was probably the man of most liberal mind among the three, and his great and varied talents secure him a hearing in quarters closed to the other two; but among the bishops of the American Church none has a more truly catholic spirit than Dr. Huntington, and the fame of Dr. Taylor is in all the churches of the denomination which he so ably serves. Kingsley's and Bishop Huntington's discourses have this in common, that they are keyed to the seasons of the Christian year; and the latter's have the special peculiarity of being designed for public reading by laymen. The bent of Charles Kingsley's mind is seen nowhere more plainly than in the sermon on "Human Soot," which was preached for the Kirkdale Ragged Schools, Liverpool, in 1870; and which is full of his burning indignation over the neglect of the poor by the rich, and his intense purpose for social reform and elevation. These discourses are less remarkable for intellectual power than for freshness and spiritual power. The homiletic method which Dr. Taylor uses in his volume has already been made familiar by his companion series on David and Elijah, and if of a homelier sort than that followed in the works above noted, is, at the same time, distinguished by its close fidelity to the letter of the Bible and its careful literary finish. The title of the first sermon has an odd sound: "Daniel at College."

[1] Creed and Deed. By Felix Adler. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] Creed and Conduct. By O. B. Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] The Religion of Israel. From the Dutch of J. Knappert. Roberts Brothers.

[4] The Birth of Jesus. By Rev. Henry A. Miles, D. D. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

[5] The Simple Truth. By Robert Collyer. Lee & Shepard.

[6] Go Up Higher. By James Freeman Clarke. Lee & Shepard.

[7] All Saints Day, and Other Sermons. By Charles Kingsley. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[8] Christ in the Christian Year. By the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. E. P. Dutton & Co.

[9] Daniel the Beloved. By the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D. Harper & Brothers.

NEW BOOKS BY SAMPLES.

I think there is no English book of the last twenty years which has a better chance with posterity than George Eliot's novels. But when I see the trash which boys and girls have in their hands in street cars; when I see what people buy and devour in traveling; when I see what lies about on people's tables and seashore piazzas and mountain hotels, — I know that I must speak of the worst temptation for young people let loose from school. There is no such enemy to finer and intelligent study, as the unrestricted habit of devouring novels. Hold that in check therefore, from the beginning. From the beginning, determine that for every hour of novel-reading in a day, you will read for an hour something of some worth beside the excitement of the hour. — *E. E. Hale's "What Career."*

It is quite true that Jeremy Taylor has not the rude force of Latimer, the immense erudition of Ussher, the balanced stateliness and perfect equilibrium of Hooker, the flashing wit of South, the occasional intensity of Donne, the careful accuracy of Pearson, the compressed forcefulness of Barrow, the metaphysical profundity of Butler, the tender unction of Wilson, the polished equanimity of Tillotson, — and after these, but few others are worth mentioning; but, as in unfeigned piety and blameless purity of life he stands their equal, so in the combination of genius with eloquence, he towers above the greatest of them all. — *Barry's "Masters of English Theology."*

How long it takes for Providence to exhaust a human character! A great man, a good man, a powerful man is ages upon ages in executing his Providential mission. It is two hundred years since John Milton died, — poet, historian, philosopher, statesman, reformer, character. Age after age, as it comes by, makes a fresh study into his life and quality, understands him better, draws out some new lesson from his experience. John Milton is not exhausted yet. — *O. B. Frothingham's "Creed and Conduct."*

I think there are some quiet souls which drink in the light, and mirror it, as the still sea drinks in the sunshine, — men like Hawthorne, who, for doing things, as we understand the term, take so poor a place that they are like to starve. Hawthorne had a brain, they say, as large as Webster's; but because he had a still soul and kept it still, there were times when he could hardly get bread for his wife and children. — *Robert Collyer's "The Simple Truth."*

The true province of poetry is to embellish and dignify this life, and throw a light over the future, and the poet who employs his art in blackening and degrading human nature, and throwing the darkness of eternal death over the prospect before us, runs counter to the purposes of his high calling. — *Tom Moore's "Notes for a Life of Lord Byron."*

I can hardly conceive of a more wholesome discipline of the human understanding than an interested study of Hamilton's Philosophy, followed by a reading of Mill's criticisms of it; but I think Stewart's book [Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind] the best to begin with. — *Chauncey Wright's Letters.*

It is a somewhat notable fact your true mountaineer or your gentleman who has been obliged to honestly "rough it" does not, as a general thing, write books about its advantages, or implore their fellow mortals to come and share their solitude, and their discomforts. — *Bret Harte's "Story of a Mine."*

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1878.

Whatever may be said about the dissipation of intellectual energy incurred by the attempt to read all the books that other men are talking about, I am convinced that we ought to keep up a fair acquaintance with contemporary literature. — R. W. DALE.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

WITH this number closes the first year of the present management of the *Literary World.* When we assumed control of the paper, it was with these words:

"We have no promises to make. . . . We make no important changes of plan or form, and we shall earnestly strive that there be no deterioration of aim or spirit. Of course . . . a change of editors involves some change of countenance and manner. The new voice cannot sound like the old. We can only say that neither the wish nor the effort shall be lacking on our part, to keep the paper true to its best traditions and associations, while we shall neglect no opportunity nor means within our reach, to develop its strength and usefulness."

As we recall these words, there is not one of them we would wish had been otherwise. We are glad that no promises were made, for we believe the readers of the paper have better enjoyed the slow development of new plans for its improvement, without the sharp and exacting expectations which are always raised by loud announcements. The change of countenance and voice, incidental to a change of editorship, could not have been avoided or concealed. But while it may have cost the paper some of its old friendships, it has gained for it many new ones. To keep the paper "true to its best traditions and associations" has been our constant endeavor, and we have done what we could "to develop its strength and usefulness." The particulars under this latter head must be left to our readers to supply.

We are happy to bear witness that our efforts of this first year have met a gratifying measure of reward. Beside the innumerable kind words of approbation and encouragement which have poured in upon us, enough to show that in public estimation the paper has really taken a new departure, there has been a substantial gain in our subscription list, and the publishers have given a generous support to our advertising pages. To all who have contributed to this result our hearty thanks are offered.

If it were the policy of the *Literary World* to parade its resources and herald its provisions, it could probably offer as alluring bait to the public as any of its contemporaries. But we remain firm in the preference that it continue to be judged by what it does, rather than by what it promises, by what it *is* rather than by what it *may be;* and that each succeeding number be taken as the prospectus of those that are to follow. It must be enough to say here that its columns have been enriched the past year by contributions from some of the most eminent of American scholars and writers, whose names have been withheld, and that our arrangements for the future are such as to ensure the constant improvement of our work. The more the friends of the paper can do for it, the more may it be expected to do for them.

AMPLE as are the contents of this number of the *Literary World,* our readers must know that the stock in hand is far from exhausted. The publications of the past month or two include some of the ablest and best of works, a large number of which await our immediate attention. Ex-President Woolsey's elaborate treatise on Political Science, and Prof. F. A. Walker's on Money; the story of Gen. Di Cesnola's explorations in Cyprus, and Mr. Elliott's study of Pottery and Porcelain; Mrs. Spofford's history of artistic furniture, and Mr. Gardner's exposition of interior decoration; Mr. Cook's third volume of lectures; Mr. Jennings's picturesque narrative of rambles in Old England, Mr. Lecky's history of the England of the last century, and Sir Thomas Erskine May's history of Democracy in Europe; the literary remains of Thomas Moore, and the love letters of John Keats; Mr. Hale's capital book of good advice to young people on preparation for their career; Mr. Frothingham's life of Gerrit Smith; Mr. Newcomb's popular hand-book of Astronomy; and the novel, well-executed and invaluable dictionary of literature, edited by Mr. W. Davenport Adams; these are a few among the many good things in store.

AMONG Thomas Moore's Notes for a Life of Lord Byron, now first published, we find the following:

"In general the lives of poets have but little to do with their works — their habits, affections, peculiarities, are but faintly reflected in them. We therefore seldom feel much interest in them."

And he goes on to say that to this rule Byron's case was an exception. "He has not left a scrap of writing upon which he did not stamp an image of himself." We think what is given here as the exception is the rule. We do not believe it is true that "in general the lives of poets have but little to do with their works." On the contrary it is the personality of any true poet which inspires his poetry, and into that personality his habits, affections, and peculiarities all enter.

WE are happy to note a steady development in the variety and ingenuity of journalism in the Interior. One of our exchanges in that quarter now appears with a "Supernatural Department," and another speaks of one of the current magazines as rich "in what may be called the *émeutes* of literature and art." There is nothing like putting an old word to a new duty.

THE nomination of Bayard Taylor as United States Minister to Germany is something to be thankful for, and not on general grounds only, glad as we ought all to be for the just recognition of these.

CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, loved the De Senectute so well as to write to a friend: "After the Bible read Cicero."

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

THE literary chronicle of the countries of Continental Europe for the past few months has been marked by no important event. In France the political crisis, extending from the middle of May to the middle of December, has had the tendency to check all literary enterprise. Singularly, however, it has contributed in great measure to the success of the latest works of Victor Hugo and Alphonse Daudet. The uncertainty whether the morrow might not bring an attempt to reëstablish the empire made every one eager to read the *History of a Crime* by which it was established in 1851. Victor Hugo's work (which has been republished by the Harpers) treats of the events of that fateful 2nd of December in such a manner as to lend an air of romance to the narrative somewhat at variance with the soberness of style ordinarily characterizing a historical work. Daudet's novel, *Le Nabab*, we have already described in its English translation. Mr. Charles Yriarte has published two works which promise to be of permanent value. They are *Venise*, and *Les Bords de l'Adriatique, et le Monténégro*, beautifully and profusely illustrated, and produced in that sumptuous form which characterizes the publications of the great house of Hachette. The latter work is especially interesting, since its author climbs the steep hights which overhang Cattaro, and gives us graphic pictures of the heroic Montenegrins and their mountain-fastnesses. Viollet-le-duc, the famous architect, has added yet another to the long list of his works, a valuable illustrated monograph on Russian Art. To one comparatively ignorant of the subject it is a revelation to see what striking architectural effects the Russians have obtained, but still more what gorgeous combinations of color are to be found in their mosaics. The French government has recently published the first volume of a descriptive catalogue of all the works of art belonging to the nation. The completed work will include all the noteworthy churches, ancient or modern public buildings, Druidical and Roman remains, and the vast collections in the various galleries and museums throughout the country. This first volume is devoted to about thirty of the churches of Paris, giving brief historical and architectural accounts of each, and detailing the various sculptures, paintings, mosaics, etc., with which they are decorated. To the future historians of art this will prove a work of inestimable value.

In German Literature there is nothing of special interest to note. Von Ranke's *Life of Frederick the Great* has followed very closely his *Memorials of Prince von Hardenberg.* The most striking novel is, perhaps, Prof. Eber's *Uarda*, an ancient Egyptian romance, in which the learned author has been successful in giving an air of reality to scenes laid in times most remote. The study of Shakespeare is prosecuted by the Germans with unabated eagerness. Several editions of his works are in process of publication, and the books illustrative of them are very numerous. In this connection we may add that the Portuguese language is at length to be enriched by a

translation of the great English dramatist, the translator being the king himself. If we are not mistaken he is the first of his nation who has undertaken this work, Rebello da Silva's *Othello* being professedly an imitation only.

The Rubens tercentenary has given occasion for several important works both in German and French, illustrating the life and works of the great Flemish painter. The interest in the controversy over the trial of Galileo, which has been excited by the recent publications of various French, German and Italian writers, seems to be on the increase, and a flood of light is being poured upon this, in some respects, greatest of ecclesiastical trials.

The heretical Father Curci, who has been expelled from the Society of the Jesuits for his liberal views in regard to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, is the well-known editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, the ablest organ of the Church in Italy; and he has now ready for publication the present year a work on "the modern dissension between the Church and Italy considered on occasion of a particular fact." It is divided into eight chapters, and is said to contain passages of great eloquence. The recent literature of Russia well characterizes the somewhat feverish life in the great empire. There are innumerable political treatises and works advocating all kinds of reforms, social and political. Works about Bulgaria, especially, and the countries affected by the war, are numerous, and intensify the universal desire to see the whole Slav race united in one great empire.

THE INDEX TO THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE Index to the *North American Review*, which Mr. Cushing of the Harvard University Library has just completed (whose publication is conditioned upon obtaining a certain number of subscriptions to the volume), reveals for the first time the names of those to whom, for more than half a century, we have been indebted for whatever is best in our periodical literature. The articles in the first seventy-seven volumes are unsigned; and the Index, therefore, is a treasury of information regarding the work of scholars and literateurs, the personal character of which has never been publicly recognized.

One of the most remarkable features indicated by the Index is the comparatively small number of the pens that for sixty-three years have written for the *Review*, and also the very large number of articles that have flowed from a few of these pens. The largest number of articles supplied by any one have been contributed by Edward Everett. During the period of his editorship, from 1819 to 1824, and at other times, Mr. Everett furnished no less than one hundred and sixteen articles, or sufficient to fill the *Review* for four years. Next to Mr. Everett, the contributor of the largest number is Professor Bowen, who, owner and editor of the *Review* from 1842 to 1854, has written one hundred papers; and next to Professor Bowen stands his present associate in the philosophical department at Harvard, as well as his successor in the editorial chair, Dr. Peabody, who has contributed seventy-seven. Among the contributors who have furnished over fifty articles are President Sparks, editor and associate for a time after the establishment of the periodical; Alexander H. Everett, editor, from 1829 to 1834; and President Felton. William Tudor, the founder, Dr. J. G. Palfrey, the editor from 1835 to 1842, and Caleb Cushing, have contributed more than thirty articles apiece; and more than twenty each have been contributed by William Hickling Prescott, by James Russell Lowell, the editor from 1864 to 1872, and by Charles Eliot Norton, the associate of Mr. Lowell for the first year of his term.

The *North American*, until the present editor, Mr. A. Thorndyke Rice, assumed charge, has been preëminently a Harvard College quarterly, edited and supported by Harvard professors. Of the members of the present College faculty, in addition to those already named, Professor Torrey has contributed seven articles; Dr. Asa Gray and John Fiske six each, Professor Dunbar six, and Dr. Hedge two.

Another interesting feature of the Index is the frequency with which members of the Adams family appear in the list of contributors. In its pages three generations of the family are represented. John Adams has two articles; Charles Francis Adams, thirteen; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., thirteen; and Henry Adams, also the son of Charles Francis, and the editor from 1872 to 1876, has eighteen. John Quincy Adams does not appear among the contributors.

Of the other writers whose work deserves special notice are, among the historians, Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Francis Parkman; among the poets, Bryant, whose "Thanatopsis" was here first published; Dana, Longfellow and Emerson; and among the statesmen of the last generation, Lewis Cass and Daniel Webster.

CHARLES F. THWING.

A BIT OF CHAT.

H. — I am sorry, Mr. Editor, that you should say "We claim no authority."

Editor. — Where and when?

H. — Last month, when you claimed "no authority" to decide between the words "Savants" and "Savans."

Ed. — We do not like to "*claim* authority."

H. — Just what the *World* is for is to *make* itself an authority in such things. And as I understand editing, this is just the difference between *we* and *I*. The reason you do not say *I* in an article is that as *we* you have an authority which as *I* you are too modest to claim.

Ed. — We wish the *World* to become such an authority, very true; but you, and those like you, must help us do it!

H. — When I edited the *Microscope* my sub-editor, J., who really knew everything, said of a Chinese grammar: "Of course we are not judges of its value." I wrote to him: "Speak for yourself; acknowledge your own ignorance; but do not debase the *Microscope*. The *Microscope knows everything*."

Ed. — Well, good friend, perhaps you are right; but we have the feeling after all that it is not the journal which most loudly professes infallibility which is most commonly accorded it. In your sense, however, the *Literary World* shall henceforth "know everything." And to begin with we may say that we "know" *Bourbon Lilies* to be one of the best novels of the season. Also, we "know" who wrote *Marmorne;* his name begins with "H!"

A CHOICE OF SHAKESPEARES.

I AM sometimes asked which is the best Shakespeare to buy. The question is not easily answered without a knowledge of the inquirer's habits of reading, and of the condition of his purse. Perhaps the ideal edition is not yet produced, though it has been not a few times in the opinions of various editors. There may be thirty editions, each with its distinctive qualities, and each having its friends and upholders; with others almost innumerable, which are mere re-impressions or reprints of some of the commoner texts. Perkins, for instance, in his *Best Reading*, names eighteen editions, which can readily be found in the market at prices ranging from one dollar to fifty.

The *edition de luxe*, fit for the cultured gentleman, is, of course, Halliwell's, in sixteen folio volumes; an edition which it took twelve years to pass through the press, which has fac-similes of early manuscripts, and of titles, and various archæological helps, and for which you may pay four hundred dollars, more or less, according as you have a fancy for India proofs or not, and then have the satisfaction of knowing that there are only, say, a hundred possessors of it beside yourself; for I believe the edition is not all scattered yet, and there were only one hundred and fifty copies in all.

If your pocket admits its purchase, and your shelves can accommodate it — this last consideration is often a stay to the acquisition of books — you will be hardly content with it alone. You will want, with the rest of us of humbler aspirations, a convenient little edition, which will allow you physical comfort as well as intellectual elevation when you read; and for such an edition, provided the book has been well read through the press, the question whose text it is, or what it is, is really (except you are making a study) not of great importance. I do not know among recent editions one which combines more nearly the best size and print for a lounger on a couch than what is known as "Valpy's." The whole book has a gentleman-like air, and the recent impressions of it may cost twenty-five dollars or more for the fifteen volumes. The critical reader will be more content with the earlier impression of forty-five years ago, because he will find the outline prints in it, after Boydell's pictures, sharper; but he will have to pay dearer for it. The Chiswick edition of 1826 — not that of 1814 — is a rival of the Valpy with such a purchaser, but the volumes of this are somewhat thicker, and are only ten in number. Hudson used this edition as the basis of his original edition, but it is not so handsome a book, though looks are counterbalanced by some note-worthy introductions, which the reader cannot but prize. I once heard Gervinus praise them highly.

Textually considered, certainly the best American edition is that edited by Grant White. It is handsomely printed, with notes at the end of each play; makes twelve volumes; and ordinarily sells for eighteen dollars. It is of good shape for the library, but is solidly made and too heavy for the single hand. Compared with Hudson, it costs a few dollars more, but not more than an early impression of Hudson before the plates were worn.

Cheaper than any of these, and small enough for the pocket, while still legible for good eyes, is what is called the "Handy Volume" edition, of

fair English print, and not costing over ten dollars. The best investment for little money, however, looked upon as a one-volume edition, regard being also had both to ease of reading and to the text and its notes, is what is known as the "Globe" edition, into which Messrs. Clarke and Wright packed very conveniently the results of their long work on their Cambridge edition, now unfortunately out of print, and to be picked up only at high cost; but indispensable to any one making a critical study of the text; for its notes give a history of that text. This is *the* edition for a Shakespeare student pending the completion of Mr. Horace Howard Furness's edition, of which only three plays, Romeo, Macbeth and Hamlet (the latter in two volumes), are yet printed; Lear is now in the editor's hands. This is a stupendous work in its collation of readings and its segregation of illustrative material. The volumes are large, handsome octavos, and sell now for three dollars apiece, certainly not half the cost of manufacture, to say nothing of the labor which the editor, day and night, is bestowing upon it.

The latest of the one-volume editions—the "Leopold Shakspere"—follows the text of Delius, the best of the German textual critics, and exemplifies the critical tests which of late the "New Shakspere Society" has made current under the directorship of Furnivall, who supplies an introduction to it. The plays follow each other in the order of their composition, as the new school determine it; and the volume includes "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Edward III," two plays which it is now the fashion to ascribe in part to Shakespeare.

If good, large type is a prime consideration, you cannot do better than get Dyce's nine-volume edition. This text is a creditable one; but his successive editions have considerable changefulness of purpose. It will cost, say $25 to $30; but it is cumbersome except for the lap or the reading desk. The Boston edition, edited by O. W. B. Peabody, in 1836, and following pretty carefully the first folio, is, in its original impressions, very legibly printed, and, for an octavo, not unhandy. It has been often reproduced from the same plates, and copies offered need to be looked into to secure an impression free from imperfections. Public readers, who require very large print, fair margins for making marks, and open lines, find the 1744-46 quarto edition of Sir Thomas Hanmer about the best; but this is rarely found, and commands a good price. Fanny Kemble always used this edition.

There is no better family edition—if you leave the text untouched—than Knight's Pictorial; for its notes and illustrations have much to instruct, and its biography reproduces the times of Shakespeare more than most of the lives. It is a full octavo in size, and an original copy is costly; but later reproductions, in some form or other, can be got for about forty dollars; Knight's "Stratford edition," smaller in size, and retaining some of the best features of the other, will cost not more than a quarter as much. The Harpers tried to reproduce the earlier Knight under the editing of Verplanck, but engravings of a poorer grade were mixed in, and it is not a desirable edition.

Avoid Collier's editions, as something tainted, though they have a scholarly look; and somewhat of their taint is imparted to Bell & Daldy's imprints of Singer. The "Lansdowne" edition is a pretty rubricated one-volume issue, which would not be bad but for Collier's text, which it follows.

If you wish to pick up the plays one by one with little outlay, but with good satisfaction from the character of the editing, try either Hudson's or Rolfe's single-play editions, the former costing 40 cents, and the latter 70 cents each; but all the plays cannot yet be had in this shape. Hudson has prepared a selection of the plays for reading aloud, expurgated somewhat, which makes a good family book, and costs six dollars for the three volumes.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

POETRY OF GREECE AND TURKEY.

A volume of Mr. Longfellow's collected *Poems of Places*, devoted to the poetry of Greece and Turkey in Europe, is of special timeliness just now, when Turkey in Europe seems likely to become a name of the past, and when Greece, as her Moslem oppressor retires, rises into new faith and energy. Greece, ancient and modern, has been a favorite theme of the poets, old and new, and the two hundred pages of this volume devoted to that land are rich with the romance, sentiment, patriotism, and picturing of Aristophanes, Pindar, Sophocles, Virgil, Hesiod, Homer, and Ovid; of Byron, Keats, Thomson, Praed, Landor, Wordsworth, and Lord Houghton, among the moderns; and, among Americans, of Bryant, Stedman, Halleck, Lowell, and Poe. We find in the collection one contribution at least that is now printed for the first time, namely, a fine poem on "The Last Days of Byron," by Charlotte F. Bates; of which this is a single strain:

> "Greece lives forever in his splendid verse,
> Which, should her relics utter ruins lie,
> Could bound her glory with immortal lines."

Mr. Longfellow has saved not only some of the finest poems of the language, but many obscure fragments, as for instance, this striking couplet:

> "Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread;"

lines which he makes "anonymous" but which have been ascribed to Thomas Seward. The poetry of Turkey in Europe celebrates the natural charms of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; the praise of Leander, of course; the rugged mountain virtues of Montenegro and Servia; and the heroes and heroism of many bloody fields. Mr. Tennyson's recent sonnet to Montenegro is included, and Mr. Stoddard's Servian ode; but we see nothing finer on the whole, than this ringing prophetic hymn, by Edna Dean Proctor, which is new to us:

THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST.

Hail to the glorious morning
When the Cross again shall shine
On the summit of Saint Sophia,
O city of Constantine!
And that day of sack and slaughter
When the wild despairing cries
Of "Kyrie Eleison" fainter
Went wailing up to the skies,
Shall be lost in the splendid triumph
As the Church reclaims her own,
And the Patriarch welcomes our Lord the Czar
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

In the sky of the South, at midnight,
We have seen God's flaming sign,
And we know he will drive the Moslem horde,
As chaff, from his sacred shrine!
Silent will be the muezzin
As the sun on Asia sets:
Folded the crescent banner;
Crumbled the minarets.

There in the grand Cathedral
Victorious chants we'll raise,
While the Saints look down with loving eyes,
And the gems of the altar blaze.
Hail to the day when the Eagles
And the Cross shall gain their own,
As the Patriarch welcomes our Lord the Czar
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

EIGHT NOVELS.

The eight books which are to receive notice in this article may conveniently be grouped under four heads. As a specimen of pure historical romance *The Buccaneers*[1] stands apart and alone; but of character novels, by which we mean such as attempt the delineation of special or local traits, we have a pair, *The Two Circuits*,[2] and Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine*;[3] the artistic novels are again two in number, *Too Rich*[4] and *Marmorne*[5]; and the novel-didactic brings up the rear three strong, under the several titles of *Until the Day Break*,[6] *Rebecca*,[7] and *From Hand to Mouth*.[8]

The Buccaneers is rather a massive and ponderous work, its foundations being laid with some ostentation of detail in Colonial Maryland and the West Indies, toward the close of the 17th century. It takes its name from a band of pirates who infest the Antilles under English and French protection; an attack by whom, upon the Spanish city of Granada in Central America, furnishes an important episode. A pleasanter feature is the opening picture of the ancient Maryland capital of St. Mary's in the time of the Calverts. The author shows a careful study of his materials, but is given to too grandiloquent a style, and his dialogue is overloaded with both sentiment and expression. The book was a costly one to write and is rather a costly one to read, and there are a few things in it which we should prefer not to read at all.

Such stories as Mr. Crane's and Bret Harte's, whose aim is the delineation of local traits fast disappearing, have not only a peculiar present interest, but a latent historical value which will develop as they grow old. Mr. Crane was Chaplain of the 21st Illinois Regiment when ex-President Grant was its Colonel. He has made his book out of experiences encountered in the course of an early itinerant ministry in Illinois. He confesses "a love for the hardy yeomanry of the earlier days for their honest, happy, off-hand manners, modes of thought and speech;" was "at home among

[1] The Buccaneers. By Randolph Jones. Authors' Publishing Co.

[2] The Two Circuits. By J. L. Crane. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

[3] The Story of a Mine. By Bret Harte. James R. Osgood & Co.

[4] Too Rich. After the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

[5] Marmorne. Roberts Brothers.

[6] Until the Day Break. By Mrs. J. M. D. Bartlett. Porter & Coates.

[7] Rebecca. By Mrs. C. F. Corbin. Jansen, McClurg & Co.

[8] From Hand to Mouth. By Amanda M. Douglass. Lee & Shepard.

them for years, enjoying their labor, humor, privations, pleasures and worship;" and has aimed to make his characters "original, fresh and alive with the buoyancy and vivacity of pioneer life." He is not a practiced writer, and his story derives its chief merit from the homely incidents out of which it is fashioned, whose genuineness is evident in their every fiber. As a transcript of real life of a rough sort in a primitive period it is fresh, strong and racy, and will give no little amusement to readers whose tastes are not over-fastidious. Of refinement it has little, either in material or manner.

Bret Harte's *Story of a Mine* shows that he has not forgotten his California acquaintances, nor lost his power of reproducing them to the life, oaths and all; but it does not show that he has yet accustomed his pen to the more delicate circumstances by which he is now surrounded, nor developed those additional talents which are indispensable to his full outfit as a novelist. The story as such is incoherent and feeble, while some of its character sketches and bits of natural scenery are yet as realistic and powerful as anything this writer has ever given to us. The opening chapters, full of the mountains and the miners, are in his best manner. At Washington, whither he transfers the action, he is less successful. One portrait here introduced, in relief to the general array of swindlers, will be readily recognized as that of a revered Massachusetts Senator, whom it is rather painful to find in such a company. The sprite-like Carmen is almost the only human figure upon which the eye rests with any degree of pleasure. All things considered the story is not a very agreeable one.

In the way of purely artistic fiction we have had nothing finer this long time than Mrs. Wistar's *Too Rich*, and *Marmorne*, the latter being the first of the two latest issues in the "No Name" series. *Mirage*, which closely followed it, is of necessity excluded from notice here. Our remembrance of enjoyment over Mrs. Wistar's previous translations led us to open this with considerable expectations, and we have not been disappointed. The name of Streckfuss is new to us, but this novel is certainly one of the very best. For ingenuity and complication, and for the ease with which its intricate knots are untied by the natural development of the story, its plot would do honor to any of the great masters of fiction, while the style has that transparent simplicity and singular brilliancy which with some French and German writers seem so natural a quality. The story opens in a German capital, but is speedily transferred to a retired village in the Tyrol. Out of the chief parties to it three pairs of lovers are curiously evolved, two of the three gentlemen being officers in the German army. The first passages are in the tone of a delightful light comedy, in which an old Uncle Balthasar is a most enlivening figure; but the action speedily takes on a graver character, and in the dismal ruins of Castle Reifenstein sweeps by the verge of a dire tragedy. The narrative is compact; the people are all of an interesting sort, even to the rascal Bertram and the silly Nanette; and while there are one or two glimpses of social impurity, the book is free as a whole from any taint. Its ingenuity will baffle the best guessing as to the issue, and the freshness of its materials and beauty of their treatment will awaken new sensations of pleasure even in the satiated novel-reader.

Purely as a work of art we give an even higher place to *Marmorne*, which is far simpler in its plan, and is certainly one of the most marked volumes in the very remarkable series to which it belongs. We are evidently indebted for it to an English writer of experience, a man we should say, and one closely familiar with the French localities and characters amid which its scenes are chiefly laid. The leading actors are three Englishmen, brothers, by one of whom the story is related. Advantage is taken of the Franco-Prussian war to secure a telling episode, and for the turning point use is made of an incident of a painful and uncommon sort, but one, as we must think, neither impossible nor improbable. In fact, we are assured that it once actually occurred, though in the last century. The narrative is tinged from the beginning with the somber hue of a mystery, which broods over the reader's mind like a cloud, letting scarcely a ray of sunshine in; but a strange spell, like that engendered by some of Poe's romances, prevents all sense of gloom, and holds the attention absorbed to the very end. The writer's power of concentration is wonderful, but is shown less in the dialogue than in the descriptions. These are of singular clearness and strength. The gloomy forests of Boisvipère, the lonely but picturesque chateaux of Boisvipère and Marmorne, the passage at arms between the *francs-tireurs* and the Germans in the little valley, are all depicted with an intensity which leaves them little less than realities. No other than an artist could have written this book, the fascination of which is of a very uncommon quality.

The three novels remaining are not only associated by some community of purpose, but are characterized, to a greater or less degree, by the same elemental theme, man's inhumanity to woman. This sad strain mingles soberly with the harmonies of *From Hand to Mouth*, makes a harsh discord in the not over-musical composition of *Until the Day Break*, and in *Rebecca* is the deep undertone which gives character and pathos to the entire piece. Mrs. Bartlett's story, the second named, suffers in comparison with the other two, being neither so well-written nor having so well-defined a motive. It is a society novel, pure and simple, flavored with some sensationalism, and introducing the reader to a generally loud and vulgar set. Laura Gordon comes from her mountain home in Pennsylvania to see the world with a rich and fashionable aunt in New York. The efforts of a wily governess, who is left behind, to effect an estrangement between her and her father, and those of various suitors, gentlemen and blacklegs, to win Laura's hand, make up the staple of the story. Laura's friend, Annie Phillips, suffers worse than she. The Martin family is a conception of a good deal of originality and power, and perhaps not very much overdrawn.

In Mrs. Corbin's *Rebecca* we have been agreeably surprised. Free from the common faults of current fiction, it has, at the same time, some positive merits, and its outward framework covers a purpose which is quite as distinct as the materials used to effect it. It is a skillful composition, dedicated to the social and political enfranchisement of woman, though the political direction of the author's motive is wholly incidental and unimportant. The characters are well-drawn, several of them extremely so; and the elucidation of the painful mystery of Rebecca's life is very cleverly managed. The tendency throughout is to exalt womanhood in its holiest function of motherhood; to bring out the charms of a well-ordered home; to convict and rebuke selfishness in the marital relation; and to clarify and regulate ideas respecting the mutual privileges and duties of the sexes. Great firmness and strength are shown in the delineation of Rebecca's personality; and Abraham Gladstone, good old Doctor Gaines, and Joel, are not unworthy of artistic companionship with him. Our only objection to the book is the freedom allowed to the rascal Clavering, in one of the closing chapters, to relate in detail the circumstances of his cruel wrong to Rebecca. Her whole sad story stands plainly enough revealed when she first faces the portrait of her betrayer in the old mansion at Wyndham; and it would have been better, for the sake of younger readers particularly, to have let the hint take the place of the story. Barring this conclusion we must give Mrs. Corbin the praise for a large degree of naturalism in her work, the best of ethical intent, and a steady hand all through. Her next novel we shall be glad to see.

But after all there is not one book in all the eight which will give greater and more wholesome pleasure to the majority of readers than Miss Douglass's *From Hand to Mouth*. Less ambitious perhaps than either of the others, it is quite as interesting as any, and is a thoroughly good, true, pure, sweet and touching story. It covers precisely those phases of domestic life which are of the most common experience, and will take many and many of its readers just where they have been themselves. The style is admirable for its nervous compactness, naturalness is nowhere sacrificed for effect, and the whole current runs with the spontaneity and freshness of a mountain brook. There is trouble in it and sorrow, and pain and parting, but the sunset glorifies the clouds of the varied day and the peace which passes understanding pervades all. For young women whose lives are just opening into wifehood and maternity, we have read nothing better for many a day.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Adrift in the Ice-Fields. By Capt. C. W. Hall. [Lee & Shepard.] This purports to be a true narrative of the adventures of a party of English sportsmen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The materials are fresh, and they are skillfully handled, so that the book is thoroughly interesting for an active-minded boy; but we do not like the tone of some passages in it.

His Own Master.

Bound in Honor. By J. T. Trowbridge. [Lee & Shepard.] Mr. Trowbridge is a close observer of human nature, and the master of a direct and forcible style, both in dialogue and description, but we wish he would try to turn his youthful readers away from, rather than toward, the coarser element in boy life. The second of his volumes, especially, illustrates our meaning. It opens with a wicked piece of incendiarism, in which a gang of village ne'er-do-wells are the actors, and settles down into following the fortunes of one of them in his cunning attempts to elude

the sheriff. We do not think this the best sort of mental food for boys, though the cookery is good, we must confess.

The Boy Traders. By Harry Castlemon. [Porter & Coates.] This book is exciting enough, but the excitement is derived from not unwholesome sources. The story is one of sailor life in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and of land adventure in Australia and Africa; and though introducing savages, convicts and cut-throats, is satisfactorily free from slang and vulgarity. For a book of its kind we give it our commendation.

Good Old Times. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. [Lee & Shepard.] This is a sort of book which we are happy to praise in the heartiest terms. It describes the life of an Irish peasant family, who immigrated to this country in colonial times and settled in Maine; and is valuable for its pictures of the primitive landscape and of early domestic and social experience. The thread of story is distinctly preserved, and there is quite enough of hardship, peril, and exciting situation to enchain the interest. The best of the book is that it is substantially true. Girls, especially, will enjoy it.

Bessie Harrington's Venture. By Julia A. Mathews. [Roberts Brothers.] Bessie Harrington's "venture" consisted in taking charge of an unruly class of boys in a New York Mission Sunday School, getting it under control, and so saving it from expulsion in a body. But this venture led to special interest in, and efforts for, John Britton, a chief member of the class, who, through Bessie's sympathetic influence, develops out of a first-class rough into a thorough-going Christian gentleman, and settles down at last into a useful city missionary. He barely escapes being Bessie's lover. Thus, what begins as a Sunday School book of the ordinary type enlarges almost into a novel; but its scope keeps it fairly within the comprehension of young minds, and its character makes it peculiarly suitable for girls. A good deal of rough life is depicted in it, but the handling is managed with good judgment and taste. The intent is distinctly religious, and the moral excellent.

Behaving. By the author of "Ugly Girl Papers." [D. Lothrop & Co.]

Dora's Housekeeping. By the author of "Six Little Cooks." [Jansen, McClurg & Co.] These two attractive-looking books, companions in shape and size, to say nothing of purpose, rise above mere story telling to the work of giving girls advice and instruction respecting behavior in childhood and the domestic duties which come with maturer years. The papers on *Behaving* were first published in *Wide Awake*, and amply deserve collection in permanent form. They are practical, sensible, excellent in every way. A mother could not do a better service to her children than to sit down with them to the systematic reading of this book, throwing in local comment and personal application as she reads. The Dora, whose "housekeeping" forms the subject of the second book, was a girl in her early teens, left, by an exigency, in temporary charge of a household, with a next-door Aunt Jane for tutor, and a succession of new servants among other things for trials. The pleasant story of how she got along in that novel position is set off with receipts for all varieties of kitchen work, and suggestions of a practical sort in great variety.

PERIODICALS, NEW AND OLD.

Science Observer. A Journal for Scientists. Boston: Amateur Scientific Society: monthly, 8 pp., 50 cts. a year. This unpretending little journal seems to be devoted exclusively to astronomical science, a specialty of which it would be well to make some explicit account in the title. Six numbers have been published.

The Western Review of Science and Industry, edited by Theo. S. Case, Kansas City, Mo.: monthly, $2.50 a year. This magazine has considerable body, and is a striking illustration of the rapid intellectual development of the West. It is devoted to the exposition of general science, both theoretical and applied. A large proportion of its contents is selected.

Sunday Afternoon. This is the new monthly magazine started at Springfield, Mass., of which three numbers have now appeared. Edward F. Merriam is the publisher, and Rev. Washington Gladden, the editor. Its exterior is highly creditable, and the subscription price is $3.00. The intent is to furnish "wholesome" Sunday reading, and the character of the numbers before us shows that the need is liberally construed. The flavor is not greatly different from that of *Scribner's*; perhaps the new-comer comes nearly to filling the important place vacated by *Old and New*. We think that the story, pure and simple, occupies a larger proportion of space in it than is called for, either ideally or practically. Among the contributors so far have been Horace E. Scudder, Rebecca Harding Davis, John Habberton, Miss Phelps, "Susan Coolidge," Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, Rev. L. W. Bacon, Rev. W. M. Baker, C. L. Brace, Dr. Howard Crosby, Prof. Borden P. Bowne, Rose Terry Cooke, "Howard Glyndon," and Rossiter Johnson.

The *R. H. S.*, Rockville, Conn.: monthly, 16 pp., 30 cents a year. This is the journal of the Rockville High School, and belongs to the great and growing class of academic periodicals. It looks well. Three numbers have been published.

A "symposium" on eternal punishment is perhaps a trifle unique, but we have it in the March-April number of the *North American*. The parties to it are Pres. Porter of Yale College, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Very Rev. Dr. T. S. Preston, Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Dr. W. K. Williams, and Rev. T. J. Sawyer. Col. Robert Ingersoll ought to have "been there."

We are glad to notice that the prosperity of the new *Radical Review* has attained such a degree as to warrant its appearance after May next, as a bi-monthly. The subscription price, $5.00, will remain unchanged. The *Review* has steadily gained in strength and variety, and is now a leading distinctive organ of independent thought in religion and morals. The February number is remarkable for articles upon "The Decline of Churches," by J. Vila Blake; on "Chauncey Wright," by John Fiske; and on "The Ethics of Jesus," by John L. Stoddard; the latter being, in its turn, remarkable for these conclusions, reached by comparison of the sayings of Jesus with those of Confucius, Buddha, Mencius, Socrates, Hillel, Rabbi Simeon, etc.: of the many noble precepts of Jesus, there are none which have not been substantially uttered by others before his time; some of them had been said in his own nation, and by his own contemporaries; many of them are inferior to analogous teachings, because supported by selfish incentives; some of his doctrines, such as related to the resistance of evil and the community of good, are wholly unsuited to society; taking his instructions as a whole, he cannot be said to have taught virtue for virtue's sake; but finally, as *a* light, though not as *the* light, "he is entitled to the respect and reverence due to all great and good men."

Articles of special interest to our readers in current periodicals are as follows:

Recent Literature. Prof. Morley. Nineteenth Century.	*Scribner's,*	*Feb.*
Parkman's French Colonization and Empire in North America. Geo. E. Ellis.	*Magazine of American History,*	"
Reading Aloud. Kate Hilliard.	*Appletons',*	*March.*
Eighteenth Century England. G. M. Towle.	"	"
A Russian Drawing-room Poet. David Ker.	"	"
Summer Schools. C. F. Thwing.	*Harper's,*	"
Some Unpublished Letters of Washington. B. Phillips.	"	"
Henry Thoreau. "Easy Chair."	"	"
Science and the Exodus. J. W. Dawson.	*Sunday Afternoon,*	"
A Poet We Might Have Had. Rossiter Johnson.	"	"
A French Poet of the Old Régime. W. D. Howells.	*Atlantic,*	"
Open Letters from New York. III. Raymond Westbrook.	"	"
Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln. Noah Brooks.	*Scribner's,*	"
What Our Boys are Reading. W. G. Sumner.	"	"
Kenyon College. W. B. Bodine.	"	"
Last Days of Edgar A. Poe. Susan A. T. Weiss.	"	"
Fiction. "Topics of the Time."	"	"
The Strange Story of Paul Scarron. E. D. Leon.	*Lippincott's,*	"

BRIEF NOTICES.

A Woman's Thoughts about Women. By Miss Mulock. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Womankind. By Charlotte Mary Yonge. Macmillan & Co.

Two books, by two wise, practical, old-fashioned English women, who were moved to write by the sincere desire to be of some service to their own sex; Miss Mulock's, who has since become Mrs. Craik, being a reprint of her popular work, Miss Yonge's of more recent date. The Petersons did a good thing in issuing the first-named in their "Dollar Series," although the taste of obtruding the "Dollar" in such shining conspicuousness in two places on the cover is to be questioned. The range of subjects in the two collections of essays is somewhat similar, and the "thoughts" of the different writers are sound and wholesome, and will serve as correctives for some modern ideas; and, notwithstanding some strong assertions in the outset, in both books, with regard to the "rights" of women and the "equality of the sexes," it must be acknowledged by even the most radical on these subjects that the counsel of these writers is, in general, judicious, and helpful toward the culture of true womanhood. Miss Yonge, who addresses herself to women of the Episcopal Church, is pedantic in style;

and Miss Mulock, whose mission is solely to the unmarried, is often inclined to flippancy; but the little sermons of both are as kind and safe as the intuitions of the writers are clear and their conclusions correct. Neither of the two, however, shows with distinctness any method for meeting the great question as to what unemployed women shall do, though Miss Mulock starts with the very theme itself. Being offered to her own countrywomen, her suggestions are not always available this side of the water. One of the best chapters is that on "Happy and Unhappy Women," which contains a good deal of painful truth of universal application.

Music and Musicians. Essays and Criticisms by Robert Schumann. Translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter. [E. Schuberth & Co.]

It is now generally known that Schumann was the founder, and for ten years the editor, of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. The various articles and criticisms which he published in this periodical were afterwards issued in two volumes; and about one-half of them have now been translated by Mrs. Ritter, who deserves the thanks of all lovers of good music for having so ably performed a laborious, but very useful, task. We are sure that all who read a few pages of her book will unite with us in hoping that before long a second volume will follow, containing the remainder of Schumann's essays. Good musical criticisms are so rare that it is a standing reproach that these essays should not have been translated long ago. They mark the beginning of musical literature, properly so called, for before Schumann, critics confined themselves mostly to dry, technical analyses of compositions, and seemed to have no idea that there is an imaginative and poetic side to every good piece of music, which it is the critic's first duty to point out. Schumann was the first to call attention to this side; and although the literary works of Wagner show a deeper insight into the subject of the evolution of music, as an art, yet Schumann is a far more attractive writer; and we know of no book better adapted to form a correct musical taste than these essays.

The Bride of the Rhine. By George E. Waring, Jr. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

From Metz, on the upper waters of the Mosel, to Koblenz, where it joins the Rhine, is only about a hundred miles, as the crow flies. By the winding course of the river, it is more than twice as far; and every turn of the river, every mile of the two hundred, brings some new charm of landscape and rural life. The quaint villages have not been invaded by Cook's excursions; the little country inns have not learned to double their charges to tourists. Drifting with the current, or rowing, as best suited the mood and the place; tying up at any time for a short excursion, on foot or in some primitive country calash, to out-of-the-way castles, quaint villages and Roman remains; studying at leisure the common life of the people in its almost mediæval simplicity, Col. and Mrs. Waring evidently had a delightful voyage in their little craft, the "Nancy." But to make it worth while to construct a book out of such slight material, one should have rare descriptive powers better than the author possesses. He gives us, here and there, some pleasant glimpses of places and people. But he tells us about his trip; he does not take us with him. In these days of wars and rumors of wars, what he says about the temper of the conquered provinces, and the appearance of the German soldiery, is of special interest. There are sixty or seventy illustrations of quite unequal merit; some of them are very fine.

Elementary Lessons in Physical Geography. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., etc. [Macmillan & Co.]

In this little volume Prof. Geikie has presented all the important facts of Physical Geography, and in such a simple, yet interesting manner, that instruction in this science will be rendered much easier. A masterly introduction on the astronomical relations of our planet prepares the way for a more special study of the earth itself. Meteorology and geology are made to yield their richest data, and the latest fruits of scientific research, stripped of their technicalities, are given in a most attractive form. The chapters on water, both fresh and salt, are particularly instructive. Indeed the whole book, even in its convenient shape and size, as contrasted with the misshapen geographies now in use, is a model of its kind.

There is no better indication of the prevailing popular interest in economic subjects than the frequency with which books and pamphlets on the currency, labor reform, etc., now come from the press. The Putnams alone, who make a specialty of this kind of literature, have on their lists, under this head, nearly a dozen titles of publications of recent date. They have just begun a series of Economic Monographs, consisting of brochures on "subjects connected with trade, finance and economy," the first three of which are before us. *Why We Trade, and How We Trade*, by David A. Wells, and *The Tariff Question*, by Horace White, are strong criticisms on the present condition of the business world, and both agree that the shortest way out of our present straits is in the direction of a foreign market for our manufactures which only the abolition of the tariff can give. Mr. Wells intrenches himself securely behind facts, of which he probably has a greater wealth at disposal than any other American economist. His arguments, however, scarcely carry one beyond the absolute necessity of doing away with the duties on raw material, a necessity which the wool manufacturers, through the memorial lately adopted, are to press upon Congress. Mr. White goes further, and brings some good evidence to show that the time has come when we can successfully enter the markets of Europe with our manufactures, which means, of course, that protection has outlived its usefulness. *The Silver Question* is Mr. Wells's reply to Murat Halstead, as the most prominent defender of the silver dollar. It should be said that all of these essays have been previously printed.

From P. Garrett & Co., Philadelphia, we have *One Hundred Choice Selections in Poetry and Prose*, No. 14, a 16mo pamphlet of 180 pages, whose contents are sufficiently indicated by its title. — *Memory Gems* [D. Appleton & Co.] is a compilation, by Charles Northend, A. M., of choice extracts in prose and verse, from a hundred authors, designed for recitation in schools and families. Appended is a list of Maxims and Proverbs, the rules written by George Washington, when fourteen years old, for his own guidance, and a table of the authors quoted, with places and dates of birth. The book, which is a little one, is well suited to its purpose, and its purpose is good. — Mr. Walter K. Fobes, a teacher of elocution in Boston, is the author of a modest and inexpensive little treatise upon that art which is published by Lee & Shepard. Its title is *Elocution Simplified.* — The American Metric Bureau, Boston, has issued a *Metric Manual* in tract form, containing just the suggestions needed by teachers in putting the new system of measurements into the heads of their pupils.

A. Williams & Co. have published a small pamphlet of thirty-six pages, entitled *Blackstone, Boston's First Inhabitant*, in which a writer whose name is withheld relates the story of Blackstone, first in prose and then in verse, adding some explanatory notes of an historical sort. — Mr. Geo. Houghton, a poet of the magazines, has published in *Album Leaves* [Estes & Lauriat] a very pretty collection of his bits of verse, which are generally in the form of quatrains, and are often marked by a delicate fancy and a musical form. — *Faces and Masks* is the title of a "plea for fidelity in friendship," apparently a sermon by the younger Tyng, published in tract form by W. B. Mucklow, New York. — Roberts Brothers have printed in a little pamphlet of fifty pages, Mr. William Morris's address on *The Decorative Arts, their Relation to Modern Life and Progress*, delivered before the Trades' Guild of Learning in London. The address is philosophical in its tone, though practical in its direction, and was the first in a series of three, the other members of which we trust may appear in due time. It has a value out of all proportion to its small size.

The Life of our Lord in the Words of the Four Evangelists [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.] gives a consecutive narrative of the life of Jesus as afforded by the combined words of the Gospels. It differs in some particulars of arrangement from other harmonies of the same plan, and is very tastefully printed. — From the same publishers, we have a fourth edition of *Who Is He?* a little tract-book by Miss Smiley, the evangelist, in which the Christian Scriptures are sought for proofs of the divinity of the person and work of Jesus Christ, and of the exclusive and peremptory claims of his Gospel as interpreted by the "Orthodox" churches. — In Dr. Godet's *Studies in*

the New Testament [E. P. Dutton & Co.] we have a series of partly exegetical and partly apologetical papers, by a Swiss theological professor, upon the origin of the four Gospels, the person and work of Jesus Christ, the four chief apostles, and the Apocalypse; unpretending, but fresh and interesting. — *The Lectures by a Certain Professor* [Macmillan & Co.] are twenty-three essays, fanciful, sentimental, metaphorical and otherwise, by Rev. Joseph Farrell, upon such topics as Day Dreams, Sympathy, Happiness, Life, Youth, etc. — Prof. F. A. Walker's able exposition of the Philadelphia Exhibition has been reprinted from the *International Review*, by A. S. Barnes & Co., in a neat volume of sixty-eight pages.

Faience. By Madame Brazier de la Vauguyon. [For sale by A. Williams & Co.] The author of this dainty little brochure is well known to art circles on both sides of the water. Thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of ceramic art, and eminently successful as artist and teacher, her practical suggestions are of especial value just now, when so much ignorant amateur work is forced upon the public. The choice of paints, the composition of palettes, the mixing of colors, head, landscape and flower painting on porcelain, with explicit directions for under-glaze, make up this valuable little text-book, which was written at the special request of the author's artist friends, and is dedicated to one of her Boston pupils. The directions are very clearly and concisely expressed, "written as an artist for artists;" and to those seeking thorough, practical information upon this all-absorbing topic of ceramic decoration, we know of no better book to commend.

A Memorial of John S. C. Abbott, D.D., by his son-in-law, Rev. Horatio O. Ladd, has been published in pamphlet form by A. Williams & Co., Boston. It is by far the fullest and best sketch of Dr. Abbott which has yet appeared, and is truly eloquent in its portrayal of a lovable Christian character, and a useful life. — The *Centennial Historical Address*, delivered to the citizens of Washington Co., Ohio, July 4th, 1876, by Pres. Andrews, of Marietta College, appears as a pamphlet of 83 pages under the imprint of Peter G. Thompson, Cincinnati. It is substantially a county history, the materials of which are found almost entirely subsequent to 1800. — The January number of the *Complete Preacher* contains in full the remarkable recent sermons by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, on "The Background of Mystery," and by Canon Farrar, on "Eternal Punishment." — So far as we remember, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the late Theodore Parker are the only ministers of recent date, whose public prayers have been formally published. The prayers of George Dawson, edited by his wife, have now achieved a similar earthly distinction, in the pamphlet entitled *Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer.* [The Milton League.] A brief sketch of Mr. Dawson should have been inserted. That he was "gifted in prayer," is evident, if, as appears to be the case, these compositions were spontaneous and unstudied. — Six pages of *Bulletin* No. 44, Boston Public Library, are devoted to a continuation of the "Check List for American Local History." — All new German publications of presumed interest to American book-buyers, are catalogued promptly in Steiger's *Literarische Berichte;* address, 22 and 24 Frankfort St. New York.

LIST OF SELECT FICTION.

We give below a brief list of recent works of fiction with names of authors and publishers, which we confidently recommend to libraries and the public generally as entertaining, of good literary quality, and wholesome in tone.

Lil. Mrs. Featherstonehaugh.	*Lippincott.*
The Cross Above the Crescent. Southgate.	"
What a Boy! Willis.	"
The Queen of Sheba. Aldrich.	*Osgood.*
The Story of Avis. Phelps.	"
Spirite. Gautier.	*Appleton.*
Samuel Brohl & Co. Cherbuliez.	"
Gerard's Marriage. Theuriet.	"
Nimport. Anon.	*Lockwood, Brooks & Co.*
G. T. T. Hale.	*Roberts Brothers.*
A Woman Hater. Reade.	*Harpers.*
Coronation. Tenney.	*Noyes, Snow & Co.*
Afterglow. Anon.	*Roberts Brothers.*
Marmorne. Anon.	"
A Family Feud. From the German.	*Lippincott.*
Too Rich. Anon.	"
That Lass o' Lowrie's. Burnett.	*Scribner.*
A Winter Story. Miss Peard.	*Roberts Brothers.*
Friend Fritz. Erckmann-Chatrian.	*Scribner.*
The American Senator. Trollope.	*Harpers.*
The White Cross and Dove of Pearls.	*Crowell.*
From Hand to Mouth. Douglass.	*Lee & Shepard.*

TABLE TALK.

. . . A recent lecture engagement took me into the neighborhood of the birth-place of the Rev. Joseph Cook, and his old acquaintances regaled me with many interesting stories of his boyhood. His parents are plain, country people, his father a farmer. Joseph was born some distance out from the village of Ticonderoga, in a section of the town known as "Toughertown," so called — so the local tradition goes — because its first settlers eked out a very scanty living. He was named "Flavius Josephus," and until he became a man was familiarly known as "Flave." When he became older, for some unexplained reason he dropped the "Flavius." He was always a "book worm," and at a very early age wrote a history of his native town, which was first published in a newspaper, and afterward in book form. He delivered his first lecture when about sixteen. He gave frequent talks to the country folk, in the neighboring villages, and was very popular as a speaker.

. . . One of the worst instances of geographical error is found in one of the best poets. Coleridge, in his *Kubla Khan*, associates Xanadu with the river Alph, evidently meaning the Alpheus. The author of the *Age of Fable*, taking it for granted that he does so, yet fails to notice the great blunder in topography, Xanadu, wherein the Khan's magnificent palace was built, being in Chinese Tartary, and the "sacred river" in Peloponnesus! Coleridge, it will be remembered, composed this poem under remarkable circumstances, and well might the error be laid to his dream. If of that it be the veritable transcript, nothing could be more in keeping with it; such is the incongruous nature of dreams that this very anomaly would confirm the truth of the poet's preface, and such was the cast of his mind that he might purposely have retained a recognized error because he found it in his vision. But in that case it seems likely he would have noted the discrepancy; at all events, it is best that we who read it wide awake should not teach that Kubla Khan's domains were watered by the Alpheus.

. . . The assertion on page 2d of Miss Yonge's *Womankind* that "a woman of the highest faculties is, of course, superior to a man of the lowest, but that she never attains to *anything like* the powers of a man of the highest ability," is a daring one to make in an age which boasts, as its greatest living novelist, a woman; which has produced a woman—and a most womanly one—admitted as an equal by the highest scientific authorities of her day; and in which a woman has done more for the understanding and practice of sick nursing, than all the colleges of physicians and surgeons combined!

. . . I see in a Geneva paper just received, a comical case of French mistranslation of German. In the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, M. Bouchitté gives a list of the works of Jacob Böhme, the philosophical shoemaker, among which he specifies *Reflections sur les bottes d' Isaie.* Reflections on the boots of Isaiah might, perhaps, be expected from a cobbler of a literary turn of mind; but Böhme's treatise was really on the theological dissertations of Professor Isaias Stiefel. Now *Stiefel* is German for *boots*, and the Frenchman mistook the proper noun for a common one. It is a good illustration of the mistakes that may arise from the stupid German fashion — once in vogue in English, but wisely abandoned some generations ago — of spelling all nouns with an initial capital.

. . . The poems of J. J. Piatt have been warmly and deservedly praised by American and English critical authorities. But in reading an extract from "The Mower of Ohio" we detected some serious faults of meter. Taking pains to count the number of syllables in each line, the whole number being forty-six lines, we reached this result: There are three lines of eighteen syllables; eleven of seventeen; ten of sixteen; twelve of fifteen; four of fourteen; and two of nineteen, each. Accuracy in meter is one of the essential elements of true poetry; and the defects above noted must be regarded as materially impairing the value of the poem.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

(50.) You will remember it as a fact in literature that during the Middle Ages the peacock was the principal dish at every well-ordered feast; and that the person selected to carve was expected to pledge himself to the performance of some knightly deed. This was called the vow of the peacock. Will you please inform me who wrote a poem entitled "The Vow of the Peacock?"

T. B. L.

Terre Haute, Ind.

(51.) Can you tell me where I will find the line "There is an impulse e'en in suffering," and whether I have quoted it correctly? P.

Trenton, N. J.

(52.) Please tell me where I can find an account of the life of Hawthorne, and his associates at "Brook-Farm." J. W. B.

South Cambridge, N. Y.

The only sources of information we know of are scattered and fragmentary. Some references may be found in Hawthorne's *American Note Books*, and in Mr. G. P. Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne.*

(53.) Will some one tell me the exact wording of a quotation of which the following is the idea: "I hear a bird singing in my heart, and it sings for liberty." My impression is that the author is Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, but I am unable to identify him with the authorship of a thought so beautiful. C. E.

Indianapolis, Ind.

(54.) *a.* Name a few of the best Commentaries on Job, for one who cannot read Hebrew.

b. Name the author of a work on Theology published the last year, written by a Western or Boston professor.

c. I want a good copy of Shakespeare. Would you advise me to get *Hudson's*, or the *Leopold*, or the *Clarendon Press*, or *Rolfe's*?

d. Which volume of Theodore Parker's works is the ablest, and best exhibits his mental power?

e. Name two or three of best books of sermons lately published. A.

Woodbury, Conn.

a. If our correspondent means Commentaries in which no Hebrew words are used, we suppose Barnes and Cowles are the best. But one may be able to follow a Commentary pretty well which does make use of the Hebrew words, though himself entirely ignorant of that language. Lange (tr. by Prof. Evans) is very good; the additions by the editor are considerable in quantity and good in quality. Next to that we should put Delitzsch, in which, however, the Hebrew might be more troublesome. The Speaker's Commentary, including, however, with Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and Canticles, is fairly good.

b. Perhaps Prof. Raymond's of the Methodist Theological Seminary at Evanston, Ill., after Watson's the first systematic statement of Methodist theology.

c. Read Mr. Winsor's article on p. 179 of this number.

d. The best single volume of Parker is his *Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion* (get the last edition, published by the Putnams); but if one would go on from this, the next best is his *Ten Sermons of Religion*. This latter is more purely constructive of religious sentiment than the first, but we are doubtful if it is to be found in print now.

e. See article on Religious Reading on p. 177.

(55.) While looking over Mrs. S. J. Hale's *Biography of Distinguished Women*, I found an article on Mrs. Charlotte Smith, daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq., of Surrey, Eng. Considerable space is devoted to her and her writings, and among the latter was an "Address to a Cricket," which so very closely resembled the one universally credited to Cowper, as to attract my attention. In Cowper's published works, I find the poem in question given in connection with a Latin original by Vincent Bourne, of which it purports to be a translation or paraphrase. Cowper was born in 1731 and died in 1800. Mrs. Smith was born in 1749 and died in 1806. They were consequently contemporary, and as it is well nigh impossible that the two translations (supposing each to have been such) should have so precisely coincided, can you tell me which wrote the little song? Or is the whole matter a mistake of Mrs. Hale?

Mrs. Smith omits the second stanza, and makes no mention of any Latin source. E. M. H.

Sag Harbor, L. I.

We can only say that Charlotte Smith was more than a contemporary of Cowper. When he was visiting his friend Hayley, who was afterward his biographer, at Eastham, in the summer of 1792, she was there also, writing her *Old Manor House*; and she was evidently on familiar terms with both Cowper and Hayley. "It was delightful," says Hayley, "to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace. Cowper too, we are told, was greatly struck with the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Perhaps these circumstances may suggest an explanation of the duplicated translation.

(56.) Who is *Saxe Holme*? H. N. E.

Thornton's Ferry, N. H.

This is a conundrum which we have long since given up.

(57.) Can you give a sonnet by F. W. Bourdillon, the last line of which is,

"O God, how great that recompense must be."

F. A. H.

Melrose, Mass.

ANSWERS.

Answer to 48. In old French you find the *t* retained in the plural. In grammars of the beginning of this century you will find the rule, "*ant, ent, now* drop the *t* in polysyllables." The *now* indicates that this was a novelty. But the best French printing offices and writers have resumed the *t* in the plural. I find *savants* in Renan's *Evangiles* just now printed by Claye and published by Levy in Paris. F. I.

I see that you give *savans* as the correct plural of *savant*. It was so formerly, and old-fashioned people may be found who still adhere to the rule of dropping the *t* in the plurals of nouns ending in *ant* and *ent;* but the French Academy does not sanction the practice. The plural *tous* from *tout* is the only one in which that tribunal now permits this elision. R.

According to the grammatical rule the plural of French nouns ending in *ant* or *ent* is written with or without *t;* however it is always retained in nouns of one syllable. On the other hand the *Academie* decides that the *t* is retained in all nouns ending in *ant* or *ent*. The same rules apply to adjectives having the same termination.

LEON ROGER.

Benicia, Cal.

Answer to 49. Porter & Coates are about to publish the work referred to under the title "Etiquette of our Best Society." Rumor says that Mrs. H. O. Ward is the *nom de plume* of one of the most prominent leaders of society in one of the largest Eastern cities. P. C.

NEWS AND NOTES.

— The consolidation of the two great publishing houses of Hurd & Houghton and James R. Osgood & Co., under the style of Houghton, Osgood & Co., is one of the most important of recent changes in the book trade. Mr. H. O. Houghton, Mr. Osgood, and Mr. G. H. Mifflin are the sole remaining partners, Mr. Hurd and Mr. A. G. Houghton of the first-named firm, and Mr. B. H. Ticknor, Mr. Osgood's former partner, retiring; Mr. Ticknor to take a place in the great paper house of S. D. Warren & Co. The business of manufacturing books will be carried on as hitherto at the Riverside Press, under the name of H. O. Houghton & Co. The new firm starts with an endowment of prestige, success and resources which has rarely if ever been equaled.

— Thirty years ago Mr. H. O. Houghton and Mr. John Wilson worked side by side in a Boston printing office, the one as a proof-reader, the other as a compositor. To-day they are respectively at the head of two of the finest printing establishments in this country.

— At least one important fixture of the old houses of Ticknor & Fields, Fields, Osgood & Co., and James R. Osgood & Co., remains with the new house of Houghton, Osgood & Co., namely, Mr. A. Smith, whose special charge is that of the publication department. Such a man as he makes a place for himself which cannot easily be filled.

— According to Pres. Washburn of Robert College, Constantinople, writing in the New York *Independent*, Achmet Vefik Pacha, the new Prime Minister of the Sultan, is one of the distinct literary men of the Turkish capital. His is the only valuable private library in the city. It contains seven or eight thousand choice volumes and manuscripts, and is housed in a fire-proof building which stands in the owner's garden in the little suburb of Roumeli Hissar. He speaks many languages with fluency, can converse intelligently on almost any subject, and "has probably spent more time and money in preparing schoolbooks than all the other Turks in Constantinople combined."

— A. S. Barnes & Co. desire to call attention to Dr. E. D. Mansfield's *Mexican War* and *Life of General Winfield Scott*, works which they publish, and which may be read with profit by all who are interested in the Mexican question. Of the two, 60,000 copies have already been circulated. — Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce for early March, *Armenia and the Campaign of* 1877, being a collection of the letters of C. B. Norman, late special correspondent of the London *Times*, illustrated by maps and plans. — D. Appleton & Co. have in press Dr. Edward Beecher's *History of Opinions on the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution*. A book answering the question *Is there such a Place as Hell?* by Rev. J. A. Cass will shortly be published by D. Lothrop & Co.

— A Washington correspondent writes that a clever female writer, acting in the interests of the woman suffragists, is collecting materials at the Capital for a work on the immoralities of public men, from the first days of the Republic down. Oh dear!

— Mr. J. H. Ingram's literary "find" in London, an "hitherto unknown romance" by Edgar A. Poe, turns out to be an old article published in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* of years ago.

— The oldest English newspaper on file at the Caxton Celebration was a copy of *The Continuation of Our Weekly Newes* for July 6, 1632; but Robert Clarke, Esq., the Cincinnati publisher, has a copy of the same for May 2, 1623, or nine years earlier. It is a yellow pamphlet of twenty-two small octavo pages.

— The New York dailies are said to be feeling the hard times in an unprecedented degree; but among those least affected is the *Courier des Etats Unis*.

— D. Appleton & Co. have in press a *Latin Speaker* containing dialogues and other selections in the Latin language for recitation; compiled by Pres. Sewall of Urbana University.

— Three of our most distinguished exchanges, the *Boston Herald*, the *Springfield Republican*, and

the *Detroit Evening News*, have moved into new and elegant buildings since our last issue, each especially built for its occupant; and are to be congratulated on this very tangible sign of prosperity.

— Any reader of the *Literary World* who may have, and be willing to dispose of, a copy of *The Religious Magazine* for September, 1837 (Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.), will confer a favor by communicating the fact to this office.

— G. P. Putnam's Sons have in preparation a series of volumes under the general title of "Current Discussions," to be made up of typical papers selected from leading English periodicals. Mr. Edward L. Burlingame will edit the series, and the first two volumes will be *International Politics*, and *Questions of Belief*. The aim will be to present both sides of every subject included. — Henry Holt & Co. have in press Auerbach's *Landolin*, translated by Miss Annie B. Irish. — Roberts Brothers have in press the first of the four volumes of *The Bible for Young People*, a work of great interest, which follows the *Religion of Israel* noticed elsewhere. — One of the earliest publications under the imprint of Houghton, Osgood & Co. will be a volume on Goethe and Schiller by Prof. H. H. Boyesen. — J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce a new "Revised Popular Edition" of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, in ten volumes. — Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready Laveleye's *Primitive Property*. — New novels by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Rev. E. P. Roe are well advanced.

— Mr. L. B. Fifield of Kearney, Neb., announces a new educational and literary periodical, to be published twice a month, at $1.00 a year. — The Centenary of Voltaire's death, May 30, will be celebrated in Paris by the issue of a one-franc popular selection from his writings. — Mr. George Stewart, of St. John, N. B., has published under the title of *Evenings in a Library* a collection of sketches of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Howells and Aldrich, first printed in *Belford's Magazine*.

— Mr. James Ball, of England, has written a biographical and critical sketch of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, which is published by Elliot Stock, London. It is warmly appreciative.

— Smith, Elder & Co. are to publish an *Edition de luxe* of Thackeray, in twenty-two large octavo volumes, copiously illustrated.

— Lee & Shepard have a number of manuscripts under consideration, and, in press, a new story, *Rothwell*, by the author of *That Husband of Mine*. They have also in preparation *A Consul Abroad*, by Prof. Luigi Monti, and *The Fall of Damascus*, an historical novel by a gentleman in Washington.

THE RECORD.

Jan. 14. — Posthumous Publication of a paper by the late Senator Morton, on the Chinese question.

" 23. — Memorial Service at Springfield, Mass., to the late Samuel Bowles.

Feb. 6. — Opening of the new Hawthorne Rooms, Boston, with a lecture on Hawthorne by James T. Fields.

" 6. — Announcement of the consolidation of the firms of Hurd & Houghton and James R. Osgood & Co., into the new house of Houghton, Osgood & Co.

" 15. — Mr. Bayard Taylor nominated U. S. Minister to Germany.

DIED.

In Germany, Jan. ——, JOSEPH HILDEBRAND, successor of Hegel as Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and afterward instructor at Giessen; theologian and statesman; and author of "History of National German Literature from the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century," and other works; aged 90 years.

In London, Feb. 1, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the distinguished caricaturist; aged 86 years.

In Louisville, Ky., Feb. 4, LUNSFORD P. YANDELL, M. D., editor and author of a variety of medical works; aged 72.

In Scotland, Feb. 12, Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER DUFF, author of various religious works; aged 72.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

[The shape and size of books are indicated by initial letters and abbreviations as follows:

M., medium. L., large.
S., small. Ob., oblong.
Sq., square. Ext., extra.

The thickness of books may be inferred from the number of pages.]

SCIENCE.

ANTHROPOLOGY. By Dr. Paul Topinard. With Preface by Prof. Paul Broca. Translated by Robert T. H. Bartley, M. D. With Forty-nine Woodcuts. London: Chapman & Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 548. $2.00.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By Simon Newcomb, LL. D. With One Hundred and Twelve Illustrations, and Five Maps of the Stars. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 563. $4.00

CEREBRAL HYPERÆMIA. The Result of Mental Strain or Emotional Disturbance. By William A. Hammond, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 108. $1.00.

HISTORY.

HISTORY OF BRUNSWICK, TOPSHAM, and HARPSWELL, MAINE. Including the Ancient Territory known as Pejepscot. By George Augustus Wheeler, M. D., and Henry Warren Wheeler. Illustrated. Alfred Mudge & Son. L., pp. 959.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME. The Testimony of an Eye Witness. By Victor Hugo. With Illustrations. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 103. Paper. 25c.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. D. Appleton & Co. Two Vols. M., pp. 626, 699. $5.00.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By John Richard Green, M. A. Vol. I. With Eight Maps. Harper & Brothers. L, pp. 576. $2.50.

FICTION.

LADY ALICE; or Two Sides of a Picture. By Emma Marshall. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 351. $1.50.

TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE. Hard to Bear. By Georgiana M. Craik. A True Man. By M. C. Stirling. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 118. Paper. 30c.

HENRI; or the Little Savoyard in Paris. A Translation. By Mrs. Lizzie P. Lewis. W. B. Mucklow. M., pp. 125.

A LAW UNTO HERSELF. A Novel. By Rebecca Harding Davis. J. B. Lippincott & Co. L., pp. 89. Paper. 50c.

THE STORY OF A MINE. By Bret Harte. James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 172. $1.00.

MARMORNE. The Story is Told by Adolphus Segrave, the Youngest of Three Brothers. [No Name Series.] Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 309. $1.00.

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE. By Hesba Stratton. Dodd, Mead & Co. M., pp. 433. $1.50.

THE PHANTOM WEDDING; or the Fall of the House of Flint. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. And Other Stories by her Sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 370. $1.75.

TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY; or False Pride. A Book for Young Ladies and Gentlemen; as Well as for Mothers, for Fathers, and for All Those Contemplating Matrimony, or in Wedlock. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 265. $1 00.

MIRAGE. By the Author of "Kismet." [No Name Series.] Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 346. $1.00. Paper, pp. 265. 50c.

ERNEST QUEST; or the Search for Truth. By Sallie Rochester Ford. Sheldon & Co. M., pp. 634. $2.00.

BOURBON LILIES. A Story of Artist Life. By Lizzie W. Champney. [Wayside Series.] Lockwood, Brooks & Co. M., pp. 388. $1.25.

RELIGIOUS.

RELIGION IN CHINA; Containing a Brief Account of the Three Religions of the Chinese. With Observations on the Prospects of Christian Conversion amongst that People. By Joseph Edkins, D. D. Second Edition. James R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 260. $2.50.

A POPULAR EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLES TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA. By E. H. Plumptre, D. D. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 218. $2.00.

MASTERS IN ENGLISH THEOLOGY; being the King's College Lectures for 1877. Edited, with an Historical Preface, by Alfred Barry, D. D., Principal. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp 240. $2.00.

ALL SAINTS' DAY. And Other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M. A. Edited by the Rev. W. Harrison, M. A. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 410. $1.50.

DANIEL THE BELOVED. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D. D. Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 245. $1.50.

THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL. A Manual. Translated from the Dutch of J. Knappert, by Richard A. Armstrong, B. A. Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 283. $1.50.

WEIGHTS AND WINGS. By Charles F. Deems, LL. D. W. B. Mucklow. Sq. M., pp. 272. $1.50.

ROME IN CANADA. The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Authority. By Charles Lindsey. Toronto: Lovell Brothers. L., pp. 398.

THE BIBLICAL MUSEUM: A Collection of Notes, Explanatory, Homiletic and Illustrative, on the Holy Scriptures. Especially Designed for the Use of Ministers, Bible Students, and Sunday School Teachers. By James Comper Gray. Old Testament. Vol. II. Containing Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. M., pp. 384.

TOBACCO: its Physical, Mental, Moral and Social Influences. By Rev. B. W. Chase, A. M. Wm. B. Mucklow. S., pp. 90.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Artist Biographies.] REMBRANDT. James R. Osgood & Co. S., pp. 162. 50c.

LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS TO FANNY BRAWNE Written in the Years MDCCCXIX and MDCCCXX And now given from the Original Manuscripts with Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 128. $1.50.

[Poems of Places. Edited by Henry W. Longfellow.] GREECE, AND TURKEY IN EUROPE. James R. Osgood & Co. M., pp. 271. $1.00.

THE WORLD'S FAIR. Philadelphia, 1876. A Critical Account. By Francis A. Walker. A. S. Barnes & Co. L., pp. 68. 75c.

AN AMERICAN ALMANAC, and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the Year 1878. Edited by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. The American News Company. M., pp. 420.

WHAT CAREER? Ten Papers on the Choice of a Vocation and the Use of Time. By E. E. Hale. Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 271. $1.25.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFTH. Edited, with Notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M. With Engravings. Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 191. 60c.

[Harpers' Half Hour Series.] SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR. By Walter Besant and James Rice. pp. 198. 25c. — DA CAPO. By Miss Thackeray. pp. 119. 20c. — JOHN MILTON, LORD BYRON. By Lord Macaulay. pp. 136. 25c. — JOHN HAMPDEN. LORD BURLEIGH. By Lord Macaulay. pp. 133. 25c. — FIELD MARSHALL COUNT MOLTKE'S LETTERS FROM RUSSIA. Translated from the German by Grace Bigelow. pp. 181. 25c.

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THE EARLIER POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1826—1833. Now First Printed in America. James Miller. S., pp. 253. $1.25.

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A DICTIONARY OF LITERATURE.*

[In justice both to this work and to ourselves it should be said that this notice of it was prepared before any thought of the arrangement announced elsewhere had been entertained; and that absolutely no change has been made in the notice in consequence of that arrangement.]

THIS dictionary is unique, and in plan and execution one of the most valuable of recent additions to the class of special cyclopedias and works of reference. It fills, and fills well, a place which no one volume has ever attempted to fill, combining within itself the functions which have hitherto been exercised by separate works. Its contents comprise: (1) standard names in literary biography, with lists of principal works of authors mentioned, and occasional brief critical opinions; (2) titles of important works in various departments of literature — novels, poems, plays, essays, etc., with dates and other particulars of authorship, publication and character; (3) pseudonyms, with explanations; (4) quotations, familiar and otherwise; (5) names of prominent characters in fiction; (6) first lines of many poems, songs and ballads; (7) names of literary institutions, etc., etc. It is as if Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Wheeler's *Noted Names of Fiction*, and some cyclopedia of literature had been mixed in one, the mass wrung out, the pulp passed through compressing rollers, and the result presented in one compact volume of 700 pages, square octavo. No such single work, of course, can contain all that each of the others named contains; so that it does not supersede or crowd either of them; it is rather a distillation of their individual essence into a new mixture. The arrangement of matter is consecutively alphabetical, and the English language is the exclusive field. The standpoint of the compiler is English and not American, and the perspective of his paragraphs corresponds; but he has succeeded remarkably well on the whole with American topics. One or two extracts, reproducing as nearly as possible the exact typography of the original, but necessarily on a smaller scale, will give the reader a good idea of the character and quality of this admirable dictionary.

"Literature is a very bad crutch, but a very good walking-stick."—CHARLES LAMB, in a letter to Bernard Barton.

Lithgow, William, Scottish traveler and poet (b. 1580, d. 1640), wrote *The Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of Long Nineteen Years' Travayles from Scotland to the Most Famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa* (1614, 1623, 1632, and 1640); *The Pilgrime's Farwell to his Native Country of Scotland* (1618); *Scotland's Teares* (1625), (q. v.); *Scotland's Welcome to King Charles* (1633); *The Last Siege of Breda* (1637); *The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow* (1640), (q. v.); two *Tracts on London* (1643); and *The Siege of Newcastle* (1645). *See* TOTAL DISCOURSE, THE.

Little Dorrit. A novel by Charles Dickens, published in 1855.

"Little Ellie sits alone." First line of *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*, by ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Stella, in the poetry of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, is the name under which he celebrates his love for the lady Penelope Devereux. The latter lady is celebrated by SPENSER in his Astrophel (q. v.). *See* PHILOCLEA.

Stella. The poetical name bestowed by Dean Swift upon Miss Esther Johnson, whose tutor he was, and whom he married privately in 1761. The word "Esther," from the Greek ἀστήρ, means "a star;" in Latin "Stella."

Stella. The authoress of some charming verses called *My Queen*, which, allied to a charming melody by Blumenthal, have had and still have a wide-spread popularity. Stella's real name was Mrs. BOWEN-GRAVES.

Village, Our. A series of rural sketches, contributed by MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1786–1855) to *The Lady's Magazine* in 1819, and republished in 1824. A second volume followed in 1825, a third in 1828, a fourth in 1830, and a fifth in 1832. "Every one," says Chorley, "now knows *Our Village*, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and copses, so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighborhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile-Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which the authoress resided for many years."

Of such a work as this perfection is not to be expected. We notice some errors and omissions, which are not to be wondered at, with others which it is less easy to account for. We find no mention of Domesday Book, none of the late George Cruikshank, none of Walter Besant, none of Dr. Stoughton, the Nonconformist historian, none of F. W. Robinson the novelist, and none of the London *Academy*, or of our namesake of the same city, the *Literary World*. A dictionary which makes no account of leading publishers is seriously defective. Such a book as Kenelm Digby's *The Broadstone of Honour* ought to be entered under its title, which it is not, as well as mentioned under its author's name, which it is. Francis Barrett's *Magus* is ascribed to Francis *Bennett*. Bishop Huntington's middle name is expanded from Dan to Daniel. The year of Whittier's birth is given as 1808 instead of 1807. Such faults as these appear on cursory examination, but tried at other points, we are bound to say, the work is accurate, and its general faithfulness and sufficiency we find no reason to call in question. Its value is varied and conspicuous, and we distinctly and emphatically mark it as one of the few books of reference which are essential to every person who takes any interest in English literature.

* Dictionary of English Literature. By W. Davenport Adams. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

KEATS'S LOVE-LETTERS.*

NO man's love-letters — no woman's for that matter — ought to be published without the author's consent, except for very weightily sufficient reasons. Least of all ought the love-letters of such a man as John Keats, in whom the tender passion must have taken a very morbid form and found a most unnatural expression. Keats has now been dead more than half a century; the Fanny Brawne whom he loved has been dead we know not how long also; and with one or the other of them these letters should have been buried. Doubtless the bones of the saints have an interest for the faithful as relics, but does that interest constitute adequate reason for disinterring and exhibiting them?

In the case of letters like these cremation would be even better than burial.

Miss Brawne was a young lady of good family, who lived with her widowed mother and a brother and sister in Wentworth Place, Hampstead, a few miles out of London. Here Keats met her in the summer of 1818. He fell desperately in love with her — "madly" so, as these letters evince, and an engagement of marriage resulted. The marriage however never took place. Keats was trammeled by his circumstances and his health, and in 1820 was driven to Italy in search of a friendlier clime, where, after lingering a few months, he died. Of the letters which he wrote to Miss Brawne during this period thirty-seven are here printed. In date, they fall between the summer of 1819 and the time for his departure for Italy. In length, they range from half a dozen lines to several pages. They were written by turns from the Isle of Wight, from Winchester, from London, and from the house next to the Brawne's at Hampstead, where Keats was at one time domiciled with his friend Charles Armitage Brown. Sparsedly printed as they are here, they fill about one hundred pages;

* Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne. With Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

the rest of the little volume being occupied with an extended historical, analytical and critical preface by the editor, with notes, and with an appendix devoted to the identification of Wentworth Place. For the special student of Keats's peculiar genius and singular character they have of course their value, furnishing new and rare material for delightful employment in the dissecting room of the college of spiritual anatomy. To the general reader they are only interesting as the profuse and extravagant outpourings of a lover's soul; that lover one of the remarkable men of his generation. Except for a certain fiery brilliancy and a very vehement pathos, their literary merit is little or nothing; for they are often faulty in grammar, and careless in expression, punctuation and spelling. But then Keats is not the only man of parts who has spelled yachts *yatchs*. They contain many incoherent passages and inexplicable allusions. The extravagance of their ardor constantly runs into what would be silliness in anybody but a man in love. An occasional rift discloses the poet at his task, or gives us a glimpse of the scenes upon which he looked from his windows, and now and then an attempt at humor produces the effect of a sickly smile; but these reliefs are exceptions to the morbid rule. The mental and bodily ailments of the writer and the sense of his disappointments wring from him sharp cries of pain, which too often deepen into a wail of despair. At one time an unreasonable jealousy makes him almost petulant; at another he is well nigh abject in his prostration before his idol. "A thousand images" are rushing through his mind, which is "heap'd to the full," he tells his mistress, "stuff'd like a cricket ball." In such disordered strain he runs on, to use his own figure, "like the strokes of a hammer."

We cannot think that any good service has been done to the memory of Keats by giving these letters to the public. His fame, if at one time obscured, is now established; and these privacies of personal endearment do not show the man to increased advantage. Ten years after his death Miss Brawne wrote: "The kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him." Later in her life she darkly said of these same letters that they ought to be carefully guarded, "as they would some day be considered of value." Long before this, however, she had been married to a Mr. Lewis Lindo, so that her attachment to Keats had become a thing of the past; yet it is upon this remark, apparently, that the editor, Mr. Forman, founded his belief that she, toward the end of her life, expected that they would eventually be published. Mrs. Lindon [her husband after his marriage changed his name to Louis Lindon] left several children who are now alive; by whom, it is understood, the letters were entrusted to Mr. Forman. Perhaps he takes warrant for the responsibility he has accepted in this bit of pleasantry in letter xxxi: "I had nothing particular to say to-day, but not intending that there shall be any interruption to our correspondence (which at some future time I propose offering to Murray) I write something." To us the act looks very much like a speculation in some of the most sacred remains of the dead.

The book is printed with some unusual niceties of typography, and contains an etching of Severn's drawing of Keats's head, taken as he lay upon his dying bed at Rome; also a full-length silhouette of Miss Brawne, by Edouard, of whose skillful work we have successful examples enough in our own possession to enable us readily to believe that it is an excellent likeness. It hardly suggests the "Beauty," however, over which Keats went so rapturous.

USES OF WINES.*

A SERIES of papers on the uses of wines, originally contributed by Dr. Anstie to the *Practitioner*, an English medical journal, are here republished in a small volume. Dr. Anstie disclaims at the outset any discussion of the advisability of using alcoholic liquors; and assumes it to be "established both by wide-spread custom and by the most recent physiological research that alcohol has a legitimate place in the sustentation both of the healthy and of the diseased organism." Without giving facts or arguments on this topic he enters at once upon an explanation of the leading constituents of the best known and most common wines; of the reasons for preferring, for all ordinary constitutions, wines to spirits or malt liquors, and for recommending the lighter or natural wines rather than the stronger or fortified ones; and of the considerations which may render the various wines appropriate to particular constitutions. These subjects occupy the first half of his book on "the place of wines in ordinary diet;" which is written in an untechnical, lucid style, well adapted to be understood by the general reader, and candid and out-spoken in its recognition of the dangers of excess, and its suggestion of motives to moderation and of precautions against injury. The second part, the uses of wines in disease, is more technical in its methods.

The leading thoughts on the use of wine in diet may be indicated thus:

1. For those under the age of twenty-five years, no wine as a beverage is the general rule; through adult life, from a half bottle for sedentary men, to a bottle for men robust and active, is a proper daily allowance.

2. This should be one of the lighter wines. Claret and Rhine wines appear to receive about equal recommendation on physiological considerations, but the relative cheapness of claret is mentioned as a reason for preference. Burgundy and champagne, not much artificially sweetened, appear to stand next in order; while the strong or fortified wines, sherry, port, etc., should be reserved for old age or unusual necessities.

3. One kind of wine, only, should be the general rule.

The book is entirely silent upon American wines, and its recommendations, even from the author's standpoint of assuming the general usefulness and genuineness of wines in market, must be modified in this country by the avowed and well-known fact that most imported wines receive some addition of spirits. An American edition of the book, giving counsels adapted to the character and qualities of imported wines as they are actually found in our markets, and adding the corresponding information relative to those of native growth, would doubtless find favor with that class of our people who believe that the remedy for the gross and destructive spirit-drinking, so common in our land, lies in the introduction of light wines and the encouragement of moderation in their use. To this theory Dr. Anstie's book gives effective aid.

* The Uses of Wines in Health and Disease. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P. Macmillan & Co.

MAY'S DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.*

DEMOCRACY is the inevitable lot of humanity, said Cavour; and from this assertion of the great Italian few thoughtful men would differ. The study of Democracy and of its development, of its varied qualities, and of its vast capacities for good and for evil, and above all of the methods by which it can be made a blessing and not a curse to mankind, is therefore of the greatest practical value and interest. The high reputation of the author of the *Constitutional History of England* gives him peculiar claims upon public attention in dealing with so vital a subject. But it must be confessed that the book, coming as it does from such a source, is in some respects a disappointing one. The defects lie in the general treatment of the subject. The work is not in the best sense a history of Democracy, but ought rather to be entitled "Studies of Popular Government." In other words the various countries are treated in a detached and separate fashion, and not as parts of a great whole. Yet such a subject above all others requires the most philosophic and scientific handling, and demands as its very first requisite continuity in treatment.

Democracy is the greatest social and po-

* Democracy in Europe. A History by Sir Thomas Erskine May, K. C. B., etc. In two volumes. W. J. Widdleton.

litical force that has ever existed. Taken in its simplest sense, as a government of the people, it reaches back to the dawn of civilization and the twilight of history. Pure democracies have, it is true, been rare, but the principle of popular government, of the rule of the many instead of the rule of the few, from the time when human history begins, has ever been advancing and extending and broadening slowly down from one class of men to another. The democratic principle has had its sudden rises and equally sudden falls; it has been supreme in one place only to vanish and appear in another; but it has never been extinguished, and has always advanced with increased momentum until to-day it threatens to embrace the whole civilized world. The development of such a principle requires the most continuous and harmonious treatment in order to be appreciated, and from the lack of such treatment Sir Thomas May's book loses in force.

Another defect is that the work is too narrative in form and not sufficiently critical. Events are not relegated with enough strictness to their proper office of illustration. This is particularly true of the second volume, in which the chapters relating to the Netherlands, France and England, are little more than condensations of the most striking periods of political development. The lessons of democracy are not in these instances sufficiently taught nor its meaning enough insisted on. The author does not point the moral so essential to such a subject. The first volume, relating principally to the ancient governments and to the dark ages, is by far the best portion of the work, and abounds in penetrating criticism and valuable suggestion. Sir Thomas May brings out with great force that want of checks and balances which was the chief defect of the governments of antiquity, as well as the secret of their failure, and which was largely due to ignorance of the principle of representation. Nothing, again, could be better than the shrewd criticism of the Spartan polity, where "there were two kings of equal power whose chief business it was to thwart one another;" or than the terse judgment upon the Athenian constitution, "which was faulty not by reason of the number of citizens associated with the State, but of their too direct action upon its councils." The analysis of parties at Rome (pp. 156, 157) is a striking and admirable passage.

Sir Thomas May is of opinion that democracy and freedom as well were wholly extinguished during the dark ages. This seems to us a mistake, and one arising from a too ready acceptance of the popular theory that everything worth having was utterly effaced during that gloomy period, and that humanity was obliged to take an entirely fresh start after the fall of the Roman Empire. The dark ages were a period of chaotic reaction, but not of extinction. Freedom and civilization were rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, but they never sank, and only disappeared from view to mount with fresh energy upon the crest of the next great wave of progress. Two instances, which are familiar to every one, and to which Sir Thomas May himself refers, contradict his view of the Middle Ages. These were the institutions of the invading Teutons which were eminently free, and were the foundations of freedom in many European States, and the Church which within its own pale kept alive the democratic principle of a career open to merit alone, and independent alike of armed force or the privileges of birth.

The second volume is, as we have already said, disappointing, stripped as it is of much of the thoughtful criticism which lends so great an attraction to the earlier chapters. The portion relating to France seems to us singularly barren, especially when it is remembered that the French Revolution is the greatest event in the whole history of democracy. In the sketch of the history of his own country the author not only takes the perfectly correct, liberal view of events, but manifests a frank British satisfaction with England and its institutions which, even if it raises a smile at its ingenuousness, is both honest and thoroughly justifiable. This contentment with his native institutions, however, leads Sir Thomas May, we think, to underrate the democratic forces and the democratic progress of English society. To us, who are familiar with representative democracy in its purest form, the signs of its swift advance and impending predominance in England are as plain as the sun at noonday. The popular expressions of loyalty toward the Prince of Wales, to which Sir Thomas May refers with so much satisfaction, cannot hide from our eyes the increasingly rapid growth of English Democracy, nor conceal the near approach of the same difficulties which we are striving to overcome. From this work however Americans may learn many useful lessons, and they may well lay to heart and deeply ponder what the author says of the Athenian government:

> "The ideal of a free State in modern times is that which develops the sound principles of democracy without its evils; which wields its potent forces, and parries its acknowledged dangers."

There can be no better summing up of the controlling political and social forces of modern times than the passage in the introduction on the development of popular influence as a natural law. This introduction is in many respects the best part of the work, and we cannot conclude more fitly than by quoting the advice of the author as to this law of democratic progress:

> "Let us not be too prone to condemn or to dread it as a social danger. Rather let us learn to interpret it rightly and to apply it with careful discernment to the governments of free States."

In the successful application of this principle lies the whole question of the ultimate fate of the government of the United States.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

COOK'S EXCURSIONS.*

THERE is a Cook, of English blood and genius, whose tourists' tickets have gone out through all the earth, and his ticket holders to the end of the world. Cook, Son & Jenkins is his name in full. You pay your money and you take your choice — of routes. On one of his excursions you may visit Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea, to say nothing of all parts of America, with your journey plainly mapped out before you, its several stages appointed, and its hotel-accommodations (first-class) ensured by coupon. You are chaperoned by system. You choose your trip, buy your ticket, see your sights, and get comfortably home again, almost before you know you have gone. So they say. "I was a Cookite myself in the beginning," said old Mr. McMoon to the Thayer party at Jerusalem, in one of the first pages of *Mirage* — "we have all been monkeys once you know — but I left them at the second camp. 'Will ye no come and join us at our friendly chants this evening, Mr. McMoon?' says the head man to me. 'It is our custom here to praise the Lord with pipe and tabor as we move along toward Zion,' says he. 'As we go where?' says I. 'Toward Zion: toward the Heavenly City,' says he, getting rather red in the face. 'Very sorry, but I'm afraid there's been some mistake. I'll complain about it at the office when I get back, for I see my ticket has only been made for *this* world,' I said. And the next morning I left them." That, we believe, is the only proper limitation to one of Cook's tickets, it cannot carry you out of *this* world.

The intellectual excursions which our American Cook is now conducting for the second season, from the platform of Tremont Temple, Boston, are of a somewhat similar character, but are not confined to this sublunary sphere. We know of no limits to which they are subject beyond the capacity of the hall and the hour — and that of the lecturer. In fact, one or the other of the first two conditions sometimes fails; the latter, we believe, never. Once fairly started, you are transported, with no trouble to yourself, along the intricate paths of scientific investigation, or up into the clouds of metaphysics, or away into the spaces of theology, and everywhere alike are made to feel equally at home.

Five excursionists, of as many different

*Orthodoxy; with Preludes on Current Events. By Joseph Cook. James R. Osgood & Co.

minds, have already published in these columns their reports of Mr. Cook's first two expeditions, *Biology* and *Transcendentalism*. With respect to these the general verdict, here and elsewhere, seems to be that in the first Mr. Cook once or twice lost his way, and in the second did not always know where he was going. For ourselves we are disposed to follow him in his present direction with greater confidence than in either of the others. In what he calls "Transcendentalism" he probably is, and in what he calls "Orthodoxy" he certainly is, a specialist, whatever may be his rank in "Biology." We believe he has acted discreetly in withdrawing from the latter to the former themes, and that in the volume before us we have him at his best.

There are eleven lectures and the same number of "preludes;" the "prelude" with Mr. Cook being a sort of soup before meat, which may be relished by many whose appetite would turn from the heartier food, or whose powers of intellectual digestion are not equal to it. The preludes, as a rule, touch upon the uppermost topic of their hour: now it is the Romanists and the schools, or the chaplaincies of the prisons; again it is Moody's work in some one of its phases; at another time it is a turning point in the Russo-Turkish War. The lectures in this volume are chiefly concerned with rescuing "Orthodoxy" from the representations — Mr. Cook would say the *mis*representations — of Theodore Parker, Dr. James Freeman Clarke and Rev. E. E. Hale. The three which are severally made famous by the imaginary encounter between Parker, Carlyle, and Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, by the use of Bronson Alcott's school in illustration of the doctrine of an Atonement, and by the rhetorical flourish of "Lady Macbeth's red right hand," are among them. So is the one that does justice to Theodore Parker as an anti-slavery reformer.

Respecting these lectures, which we will not enter into in detail, as well as the others of Mr. Cook, we hold that the truth lies about midway between the extremes of criticism. Their author is both less and more than he is rated to be. He has vast resources and prodigious energies, but those who travel with him should hold on well to their seats, and mind carefully how their tickets read. Excursion trains are proverbially perilous.

N. B. Mr. Jenkins's part in the preparation of this volume for the press seems to have been the insertion of "laughter," "applause," etc., in the text of the lectures. To this we do not object, as some of the critics have done; on the other hand we thank the publishers for thinking it "advisable to retain them." They are the rubrics of the guide-book. They point out the various "objects of interest" by the way, and enable people whose education has been neglected to indulge their admiration at the right time and place. How shall we rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep, unless we know where and when the rejoicing and the weeping are done?

NEWCOMB'S POPULAR ASTRONOMY.*

THE plan adopted by Professor Newcomb in the preparation of this work has been, as his preface tells the reader, to treat the historic and philosophic sides of his subject with somewhat unusual fullness, and proportionately to condense the purely technical side of it. Under these circumstances, as the book is not a very large one, we must expect many of the explanations it contains to appear incomplete, while some difficulties, especially those which are not likely to occur to the ordinary reader, are left unnoticed. But the author has been on his guard against the fault of condensing all his explanations alike. He has shown, indeed, in other works addressed to the public at large, that he knows how to omit much worth saying in itself for the sake of making room to insist upon the facts which it is his immediate object to bring home to the minds of his readers; and he takes the same sensible course in dealing with the principal facts of astronomy. The topics which he selects for full explanation could hardly be better chosen, considering the class of readers for whom he writes, and the limitations imposed on him by his plan. What he states at length is for the most part what it is especially desirable to have widely and distinctly known, as well as what is likely to be most generally interesting. In his account of the telescope, for instance, although he does not attempt to explain the principles of optics on which the theory of the instrument depends, he takes care that no attentive reader shall finish the chapter without comprehending the absurdity of asking how much a particular telescope magnifies (as if its magnifying power was unalterable), and after an interesting historical account of the improvements which have actually been effected in the construction of telescopes, he sets forth the apparently insurmountable obstacles to any great increase in their efficacy.

Professor Newcomb's treatment of the speculative or, as he calls it, the philosophical side of his subject, is marked by care and by sound common sense. If any of his readers are disappointed with it, it can only be because, in this region of conjectures and of "views," they would prefer a guide who was not so sober. The interesting statements of opinion with regard to the constitution of the sun, which have been contributed to the work by Messrs. Faye, Young, Langley, and the late Father Secchi, taken in connection with the author's own remarks, present a full — it would hardly be possible to give a complete — account of recent theories upon this subject. The history of modern cosmogonical hypotheses is stated and discussed much more clearly and correctly than is usual in popular works.

The reputation of the author as an astronomer and as a mathematician makes it almost needless to add that the book is remarkably free from errors, even in its first edition. The notice of Airy's determination of the earth's density, p. 86, seems to need a slight modification, since the strata reached even by our deepest mines are of a density so inferior to that of the earth taken as a whole, that the theoretical diminution of gravity as we descend becomes in practice an increase. The account of Ptolemy's measure of parallax, p. 171, also requires some amendment, the want of which, however, is not likely to mislead the reader. The date in the note on p. 188 should be 1870, not 1869. To speak of the "velocity of electricity," as is done on p. 158, is not in accordance with the theory which seems to be in favor at present among special students of electrical phenomena. Misprints are infrequent; "Arcturus" for Antares, p. 416, and "strength," foot of p. 155, where length is probably the word intended, are perhaps all which are likely to puzzle any one.

Professor Newcomb's style is simple and direct. In a few sentences, indeed, its simplicity passes over into awkwardness; but if subsequent editions of the book were left wholly unrevised, its language would still be in refreshing contrast to the fine writing on astronomical subjects with which we are too often afflicted. It deserves an extensive and lasting popularity.

ARTHUR SEARLE.

* Popular Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb, LL. D. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.

COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.*

PRES. BASCOM here appears as an opponent of what Mivart calls "biological anthropomorphism," or the tendency to identify the brute mind with the human. It has long been patent to every logical reader that the arguments in support of this view are vitiated by one fundamental inconsistency. The marvelous skill shown by bee or bird in building its home, is referred to instinct; but if a monkey chance to use a stone to crack a nut, the anthropomorphist will have it that this is reason; and if a dog who has often been beaten repeats the offense, and has a slinking look in consequence, no one can fail to see the dawn of a moral

* Comparative Psychology; or The Growth and Grades of Intelligence. By John Bascom. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

nature. But surely if this accidental mimicry of man points to reason, much more must the skill and ingenuity of what we call instinct, reveal reason of a very high order.

The associationalists have done philosophy a good service in showing that all these phenomena can be fully accounted for without assuming either reason or conscience in the brute. Pres. Bascom has discussed this question with great clearness and justice. But while we quite agree with the author's results, we confess to a little difficulty with his method. Animal psychology is all guesswork. Whether the lower animals reason or not, we shall never know. Human psychology can never be understood by any external study. The historical method in psychology has an interest indeed, but it can never decide anything. There is a world-wide distinction between acquirement and development; and the great vice of the historical method is to confound the two. The line between the adventitious and the original can only be drawn by appeal to our present faculties as they have developed and freed themselves from their earlier crudeness. If it were possible to reproduce an infant's consciousness, we should get nothing valuable for determining this line; because there is no more reason for supposing a baby's consciousness to be perfect than for supposing its intelligence or its body perfect. No one would dream of calling hair, teeth and whiskers "products of experience;" and no one would dream of determining what is native to the body by studying an infant's body. But the empiricist's constant recommendation to look in upon the infant's mind is no less farcical. What was in any germ can be known only after we have seen what has come out of it.

Pres. Bascom dwells at length upon the fundamental antithesis of matter and mind, but here also we do not find his usual clearness. Matter and mind are simply abstract words, the reality of which is a multitude of physical elements on the one hand, and a plurality of intelligent beings on the other. Here the author, to some extent, falls into the error of the monists, who, because the name is one, forget that the thing is many, and who overlook the element of individuality entirely. Further, the antithesis between matter and mind is really between materiality and mentality. Whether the activities upon which materiality depends may not belong to a spiritual subject, is not to be decided by appealing to fundamental antitheses of thought or even to the divine veracity. Pres. Bascom himself recognizes that materiality is phenomenal of the immaterial, and this increases our wonder that he should have so emphasized this antithesis as necessary to "mental sanity." The phenomenal antithesis is not denied even by the materialist; he only claims that the same things which manifest themselves in space also manifest themselves by producing thoughts, feelings, etc. It is a noumenal identity only which he affirms.

Pres. Bascom speaks also of matter as a function of force in a way which provokes interrogation-marks. Is an atom = gravity, plus affinity, plus heat, etc., etc.? Of course not, for gravity and affinity are only abstractions from certain classes of atomic action. Again, he does not tell us what is the subject of this force which is said to constitute matter, or what distinguishes one element from another. The factor of individuality is missed entirely. We agree, we are sure, with what Pres. Bascom means; but we find the meaning untenably expressed. It is high time that some one should give us a thorough discussion of our ideas of being, matter and force.

BORDEN P. BOWNE.

COUNTRY WALKS IN ENGLAND.*

THE title of this book, and a single quotation from John Evelyn on p. 162, are the only infelicitous things about it. The book itself is descriptive of rambles in a corner of Old England, chiefly the southeastern counties of Surrey and Sussex. The author will be recognized as the English journalist who was for some time the editor of the New York *Times;* but who is now following his profession in London, in part as correspondent of the New York *World*—not of the *Times*, as we inadvertently stated in a late issue. As presented to us in this very delightful volume he is an enthusiastic lover of the country, a stout walker, fond of exploring out-of-the-way nooks and talking with odd people, equal to a sharp dialogue with a tramp or a gallant parley with a pretty barmaid, with an eye always out for the picturesque, and a true artistic sense for ancient architecture and venerable life in every form. Let us follow him, for example, on his ramble from Petworth to Midhurst:

"There is of course a more direct way of going to Midhurst from Petworth than that which is here described—the turnpike road is easily found, and is not without merits of its own. But the route which I made out, and now recommend to others, is by far the best for those who travel on foot, and who wish to see as much as they can of the country. The walk through Petworth Park is something gained—for although there is a carriage drive through it, yet the upper and more beautiful portion is available only for the pedestrian. From the Prospect Tower the continuation of the road may readily be seen. The woman at the tower will open the gate close by, and the best path to take is that which runs across the common in front of you, nearly due north. You leave an old white-timbered cottage to the left, after passing a pond, and then the path turns west, and runs through a mass of high ferns and furze—a specimen of the wild country through which one may wander for days together in this part of Sussex, and the adjoining districts of Surrey and Hampshire. Very soon the narrow track takes us into the midst of a copse, which at first sight does not look very encouraging, but at the top the path turns to the northeast, and a few yards farther there is a road with several old cottages on each side. One of these, on the left, has a yew-tree before it. This place is called River or River Street, and the common we have just passed over is in part Upperton and in part River Common. We go past three more ancient-timbered houses to the right, and open a gate just before coming to a yew hedge, cut into various shapes."

And so on, into and through "another of the nooks and corners of England which looks as if it might have been untouched for hundreds of years." . . . On Stanton Common, in the region of the Wye, Mr. Jennings fell in with "a very ugly little old man," who treated him to the following choice interview:

He told me that he kept some "ship" (sheep) out at grass, near Monmouth; they had the tick, and he had been to see them. "There's allus summat wrong!" said he; "if it aint the tick its summat else."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Not I," said this scarecrow, with a hideous smile; "don't I live as I've a mind to? Could I do that if I was married? Sometimes I have thought of taking a missis, but there never was a conweniency without an ill-conweniency, and so I don't do it."

"But have you ever had a fair chance?"

"Chance!" said he, stopping short in astonishment; "why lots of women have been after me. They come in offering to help clean up my cottage, but *I* know what they're after. They're after me. I can't abear them, but they *will* come. Would you get married if you were me?" I pondered this question very seriously in my mind, and replied in the Socratic manner, by assuring him that whichever course he took he would be sure eventually to wish he had taken the other. "I can cook my own food, and clean my own things—what more do I want with a missis?"

"Good bye," said I; "you are a wiser man than some people I know; mind you cure your ship of the tick before you get a missis."

The region traversed by Mr. Jennings is not a very extensive one, but it presents the greatest variety of scenery, and abounds with localities rich in present attractions or historic associations. Hurstmonceaux, familiar by reason of its connection with the Hare family; the South Downs; Blackdown, where Mr. Tennyson has a secluded house, but is hardly known to his neighbors; Dorking, forever memorable through the pages of Pickwick; the three ancient estates of Norbury Park, Albury, and the Deepdene; the "Pilgrim's Way" of Canterbury times; and Penshurst Place with its noble old baronial hall of the 14th century, which Lord de L'Isle is now reverently restoring; these are a very few among the very many points touched upon by our rambler. Wherever he strolled Mr. Jennings paid special attention to the old churches and church-yards; and in the landscape which he paints, the "yew tree's shade" is everywhere prominent.

To all who have pleasure in the country and in country life, in spirited sketches of homely scene and character, and especially to those Americans who turn with longing eyes to England's fields and lanes and hedges, this book will afford unmixed delight. As a guide-book to any who might wish to explore

*Field Paths and Green Lanes, etc. By Louis J. Jennings. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.

the district described in person, its value is hardly to be over-estimated.

CERAMICS.*

HERE are four books — three of them "books beautiful" — upon "old china" viewed artistically, historically, technically, and archæologically. Three of the four are for reading and study; the fourth for actual use; and together they may be employed to advance the mind from an outline knowledge of mere principles, along through some mastery of details, into a critical function and a close study of one special historic field; and in the end to give information how to turn all this attainment to some practical and profitable account. The last service is perhaps the best of all.

The first book on the list, Mrs. Lockwood's *Handbook* — the author is a Baltimore lady — is a primer, whose 137 pages would fill about 30 pages in *Harper's Magazine;* but it includes the whole historic field within its ten chapters, enlarges upon salient points of the history, such as the Palissy episode and the mysterious d'Oiron faience, and in few words gives a good general idea of the subject. Appended is a brief and hardly satisfactory bibliography. In such a book as this the bibliography should be made as complete and minute as possible. Only twenty-three works are mentioned in it. We do not understand what Mrs. Lockwood means by saying in her introduction that she has "never found Oriental, ancient, and modern pottery treated in the same work, or by the same author." This statement certainly needs qualification. The book does not offer itself as an original authority, and is not fitted for that, but as a concise, reasonably accurate, and inexpensive essay it is just what a great many people must want.

Mr. Elliott's is a large and showy volume, lavishly illustrated; of the same sort as Dr. Prime's, noticed in our January number, yet less valuable than that, being neither so exhaustive in its collecting of materials, nor so thorough in its working of them up. Yet it has its peculiar merits, which, as we happen to know, no one has been more quick to recognize than Dr. Prime himself. Mr. Elliott begins with a study of unglazed pottery by periods; then turns to the glazed, as found in European, Moorish, and Persian art; and passes on to French faience, Dutch Delft, and English earthern-ware, and the porcelains of the far East and the nations of Central Europe and England; closing with a chapter upon pottery and porcelain in the United States. The author's literary method is his own; and to his style there is a peculiar quality — a glaze — so to speak, which is very charming, but which we find it hard to analyze. It is as unique as Japanese "crackle." His philosophy, too, colors his work, and frequently gives a higher æsthetic, not to say a distinctly ethical, turn to what he says. In the preface, and on page 45, are to be found striking instances of this tendency. Mr. Elliott is at his best perhaps in his critical examination of typical objects, and in his use of the subject at every possible point as a basis for suggestive remarks upon the social life of different periods.

While such writers as Mr. Elliott and Mrs. Lockwood have been engaged in utilizing for us the lore of libraries and the treasures of museums and private collections, Gen. Di Cesnola has been busy digging up the island of Cyprus, and with the vigorous help of pick and shovel studying the subject of ancient pottery and other things on a spot consecrated to it for centuries. He has been discovering the materials for a science out of which others have been doing the work of construction. The volume, which tells the story of his years of labor and records the remarkable results attained, is massive and sumptuous in form; striking by reason of a very large print and profuse illustrations; enriched by extended appendices which tabulate the discoveries, describe the gems and reproduce inscriptions in *fac simile;* and is in all respects one of solid and permanent value. In subject and appearance a worthy companion of Dr. Schliemann's *Mycenæ*, it carries with it a confessed moral weight with which that work has hardly yet been credited. Gen. Di Cesnola's achievements are not illuminated by any such brilliant hypothesis as guided Schliemann to the Treasury of Atreus, but they were pursued with a patient thoroughness and an unostentatious temper which command the highest respect; and their quality is of the most genuine description. Cesnola identified the sites of 28 ancient cities, explored 15 temples, 6 aqueducts, and 65 cemeteries, and entered nearly 70,000 tombs. The resulting collection of antiquities comprised more than 35,000 specimens, fully two-thirds of which are now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Of this number some 14,000 are pieces of pottery. From this enumeration it will be seen at once, apart from the general archæological value of the volume, how great is its special value to students of ceramics. The island of Cyprus is rich in historical associations of Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and moderns of almost every nation, so that its potteries contribute a most important part to an art-history of the old world for many hundreds of years. The introduction upon the history of Cyprus is an essay of singular value, and the book throughout is one of absorbing interest. Its flavor of solid fact, soberly presented, is palpable and assuring.

Mr. George Ward Nichols, to whom we were indebted last year for a suggestive volume on *Art Education and Industry* (see *Literary World* for September, 1877, p. 56), is for developing an American industry out of all this taste for ceramics; to which end his odd-covered little book is directed. It is indeed a specific application of the general principles laid down in his earlier and larger essay. After a brief historical introduction, he gives an exposition of the chemical properties of potter's clay, analyzes by geometrical aid the leading forms of pottery; and then in a series of chapters offers minute instructions in molding, baking, and decorating. A most important feature is an exhibition of the natural facilities enjoyed in the United States for the production of potter's wares. All the clays needed for the work are to be found in the native soil. New Jersey is particularly rich in them, and the clay belt runs far to the westward. An appendix details pottery processes as carried on in England, and a bibliography is furnished much fuller than that given by Mrs. Lockwood. It is pleasant to note that each of these authors compliments the other by mention here. Both professional and amateur potters will find in Mr. Nichols's book a great deal of useful technical information. Its covers, though pretty, are, for a book intended to be handled, about as unsuitable as could be devised. That is too often the trouble with art: it overlooks utility.

* Handbook of Ceramic Art. By M. S. Lockwood. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Pottery and Porcelain. By Charles Wyllys Elliott. D. Appleton & Co.

Cyprus; Its Ancient Cities, Tombs and Temples. By Gen. L. P. Di Cesnola. Harper & Brothers.

Pottery; How It Is Made, etc. By Geo. Ward Nichols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PROF. WALKER ON MONEY.*

PROF. WALKER'S valuable and instructive work is substantially, he informs us, a reproduction of the lectures delivered by him last spring at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. From the nature of the case, its contents are largely historical and critical, and nothing can be apparently more candid, impartial and conscientious than the tone, both of its narrative and its criticism. The work consists of three parts. In the first of these we have the history of metallic money, its origin, its functions and characteristics, the laws of its distribution, and the various methods by which its use has been economized and adapted to the wants of civilized communities. The history of the precious metals is fully narrated, from early times down through the period of scarcity in the Middle Ages, the vast influx of silver from Mexico and Peru and of gold from California and Australia, to the silver plethora and panic of our own time. The question of bi-metallism is fairly, and we think soundly, presented and discussed, and the "battle of the standards," as the author appropriately terms the contest now so vigorously and acrimoniously maintained in the halls of legislation and

* Money. By Francis A. Walker. Henry Holt & Co.

by the public press, winds up this department of the subject.

The second part discusses inconvertible paper money, from the theory in which it did not originate, but which was doubtless suggested and adopted by those unable to grasp the true theory, down through the melancholy examples which history so copiously affords us of the disaster and ruin which false money, like all other falsities, must necessarily produce. The bills of credit of our own early history, the worthless continental money, the assignats of France, the bank suspension of Great Britain, and our own more recent and more inexcusable blunders in the same direction, all tell their own sad story. It is refreshing, in these times of empty and ignorant talk about currency and finance, to read Prof. Walker's calm, vigorous and manly condemnation of the whole legal tender policy of our late war. We wish, however (though perhaps it was not properly in his way), that he could have found time to point out the fact so evident to all who look below the surface, that even the legal tender policy, dangerous and doubtful as it was, might have been so carried out by a wise and prudent administration as to accomplish all that was required, without serious derangement of values, inflation of prices, or interruption to productive industry. Witness the admirable results of the financial policy pursued in France, where the enormous mass of paper credit, created temporarily by the late war, was never allowed to interfere with the steady course of monetary affairs, and when extinguished in name, as it is already in fact, will pass quietly away, with scarcely a ripple to denote its disappearance. But for such a purpose the administration of our financial affairs must have been confided to honest, intelligent, practical statesmen and men of business; not to ignorant, selfish and double-minded politicians.

In the third part of the work we have a full discussion of the subject of convertible paper money, and here we are not surprised to find the views of Amasa Walker, the late lamented father of our author, reproduced and defended. These views, as we understand them, go far beyond those of Lord Overstone and other advocates of the so-called currency theory, taking the ground that no paper money whatever should be issued beyond the actual amount of specie held in deposit for its redemption. Of course this view disagrees with that of Adam Smith and the great majority of political economists; but it has a plausible side, and we need not say that it is well defended. In the copious review of European and American experience which our author furnishes, our readers have at least the materials for forming a full and satisfactory judgment on their own account. Meantime we will give him a little nut to crack on our own behalf. When the old Russian bank notes were called in and cancelled (about 1840), the inconvenience resulting from the absence of a paper medium of exchange became so great that the government temporarily filled the gap by issuing "bills of credit," every one of which was represented by specie actually deposited in the government bank. These deposits became so large that they had to be transferred from time to time to the fortress of St. Petersburg, and as the paper money system became completed they were continually augmented, until it occurred to a shrewd Scotchman to advise the government to invest a portion of this reserve in the English and French funds, which was repeatedly done to the amount of several million pounds sterling, furnishing a convenient little revenue to the state. Now was the industry or were the exchanges of the country in any way injured by this process? And if we suppose, as we may do, that the United States possessed a paper currency of $400,000,000 issued by the government, dollar for dollar against an equal amount of gold coin, and it became evident by experience that of this sum $300,000,000 was never called for, and remained absolutely intact, are there not many ways in which a portion, say one-half of this amount, might be loaned to foreign countries or utilized in public expenditure at home, so as to produce unmixed benefit to the community without even a temporary wave of inflation?

One word more on another point: Prof. Walker refers with approval to the doctrine that with an irredeemable paper currency, gold is not only driven from circulation, but becomes itself depreciated, so that the premium upon it does not correctly indicate the loss of purchasing power sustained by the irredeemable paper. He considers, however, that this irregularity is only temporary, and asks why this result, which unquestionably took place in 1862, should continue in 1865 or in 1873. The answer is surely not far to seek. There can be no permanent adjustment of uncertain values. If the United States legal tender notes, like the old Russian paper roubles, had been simply left to find their proper place in exchanges, without any attempt to contract their volume or to redeem them at par, the whole might have been promptly brought to an equilibrium with specie, perhaps at fifty cents on the dollar, and with little injury or injustice except to creditors. Or if, on the other hand, prompt and judicious measures had been taken to bring about specie resumption, this also might have been accomplished, perhaps in three years' time, with great benefit to the national industry, and without a tithe of the suffering and misery which have since followed. Instead of this, the flood of inflation was allowed to sweep over the land, and while the purchasing power of our paper money was scarcely increased at home, the vast tide of credit, public and private, which set in upon us from abroad, so depressed our foreign exchanges as to make gold very much cheaper than any other commodity. This led, of course, to excessive imports of merchandise from abroad, and to fabulous profits for importers; and it was not until our credit abroad began to fail that the purchasing power of paper and specie began to approximate, not, of course, by any decline in the latter, but by a great and conspicuous advance in the former. During all this period of fluctuation there has been no real adjustment between paper and specie. The excessive issues of the former have kept open the gap which the almost certainty of ultimate redemption has been continually operating to diminish. But even now their mutual relation is full of exceptions, and we have little doubt that for the first year or two after resumption shall have become an established fact, these exceptions will be perpetually readjusting themselves so as perhaps to upset all theoretical calculations.

We had intended to add a word respecting the doctrine of Hertzka, about the impossibility of maintaining two standards; but we notice that this gentleman's translator has taken up the cudgels on his behalf, and we think Professor Walker has shown himself quite able to deal with them both. Certainly it would be folly to assume that commodities, the supply of which is consumed, or nearly so, from year to year, can be kept by any legislation in a definite ratio of value to one another. But the case is quite different with such commodities as silver and gold, which are practically imperishable, and so valuable as to be always and everywhere most carefully preserved. Now, if the existing volume of these metals is already so large that the annual production of each year makes but an insignificant addition to it, and if their mutual relation of value has in fact been so steady and uniform for a long course of years as to make the double standard possible when adopted by only a few nations, how much more practicable would the same standard become if adopted on a permanent basis by all civilized nations? It should be remembered that the present derangement is due to an unprecedented combination of unfavorable circumstances — the great increase of silver production in the United States; the abandonment of silver as a standard by Germany; the suspension of specie payment by three of the principal silver-paying nations of Europe (Russia, Austria and Italy); the interruption of silver remittances to India; and last, but not least, the suicidal folly of American politicians. Let us hope that our country may not be forever given over to their machinations.

In conclusion, we have only to repeat our satisfaction at the publication of this new and valuable help to the study of a most difficult subject, and our hope that it may meet with the reception which its merits deserve.

Joseph S. Ropes.

NOVELS.*

We can well understand why Mrs. Burnett might wish that her *Kathleen*, which first saw light, we believe, in *Peterson's Magazine*, should have been left there buried and forgotten, for, though in no way discreditable to her as the effort of a young writer, it is wholly lacking in the picturesque power which she has manifested in her later work. Of her *Dolly*, however, she has no reason to be ashamed, now or at any time. It is a story of English domestic experience. A group of motherless sisters are the leading characters in it, one of whom, Mollie, is made just to escape the greatest disaster of a woman's life. The weak point of the book is its plot, which is commonplace; but the figure-drawing is spirited, and the dialogue salient and good. Dolly's and Grif's misunderstandings are well portrayed for the teaching of ardent young lovers that they should not be jealous and fall out by the way, and every Mollie in the world may learn from this mirror that all is not gold that glitters, even if its name is Chandos.

Ernest Quest and *An American Girl* are sectarian novels in the worst sense, from all which may our readers be delivered. The first is written in the interest of an "evangelical faith" as pitted against "reason" and "science;" the effect of the second is to glorify Unitarianism at

the expense of "evangelical" religion in general, and Presbyterianism in particular. "Ernest Quest" is a young "sceptic" who is led along the edge of dangerous precipices of modern thought, and guided by means of the cord of love to the "ark of safety." Reports of Tyndall's lectures, discourses on spiritualism, satires on fashionable churches, and other striking means are resorted to, to show the abysmal ruin which yawns at our feet in these degenerate times. The whole style of the book is turgid; its intent is a mistake, and its result as a novel, a failure. The "American Girl" is a tom-boy of a Wilhelmina, called Will, who is introduced in connection with a disagreeably religious mother, and who "makes things lively" while she is at college, and whose career from beginning to end is improved for the enunciation of a good deal of cant "liberalism," and more or less discussion of woman's rights, dress reform, and theology. It is a better planned book than the other, and is intended for girls, but we cannot recommend it to anybody.

Good religious stories, nevertheless, free from sectarianism, cant, and soft sentimentalism, are much to be desired, and in *Through a Needle's Eye* and *Lady Alice* we have two such, the former one of the best of its kind. It is radiant with those indisputable truths of the Gospel which are the common meeting ground of Christians of every name, is written with quiet refinement, and leaves upon the mind an impression of reserved power which makes it all the more impressive. Its scene is English, and the story the old one of the prodigal son, with modern variations. The "elder son" inherits a large property by law, but peculiar circumstances make him feel that it belongs to the "younger son" by right, and he voluntarily surrenders it to him. Justin and Richard are sketched with fine effect, and the analysis of their changing relations is carried out with a consummate art. Diana's is a beautiful character, and her loyalty to an unfortunate father, while beset by the importunities of a longing lover, is very touching. Mrs. Cunliffe is a model of a weak-minded wife and mother, "done to the life," and her eggs-and-chicken trade with old Mrs. Fosse is funny enough. Poor Leah! She did "put her foot in it," but her extrication was satisfactory to herself, and what more could be asked? In all respects the story is a capital one; but Dodd, Mead & Co.'s printing of it is not as careful as it should have been. We notice six errors of the press on page 105. Hoyt's edition is illustrated, and has the better look of the two, though we have not tested it as to typographical accuracy. It would be interesting to know whether the circumstances of its publication are such as to give the other house, which was first ready with the book, any just cause of complaint. The price of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s edition has been reduced to one dollar. Like the foregoing, *Lady Alice* is an English story; slighter in its dimensions and texture, and weakened by the structural defect of being told by jerks, so to speak, the two principal characters contributing each a chapter in turn; but its quality is fine and delicate, its atmosphere pure and fragrant, it is thoroughly interesting, and its relation to mining life gives it peculiar interest just now in this season of repeated colliery disasters over the water.

My Intimate Friend is not without some good work, but it is a double-barreled story, as it were, and too long and heavy. If the author had made two books out of the one, she would have done better. The greater part of the Canadian episode is an excrescence, which should have been either pared away, or cut off entirely and made into something by itself. Its pictures of life among our northern brethren are bright and attractive, and certainly worth saving in some form. The fate of Mona is a sad one, and we do not like to see such a man as Denroche rewarded as he is at the last by Lucia. Nor do we think it safe to leave the impression, or even to suggest it, that such a marriage as his with Mona was a true one. A marriage without a "ceremony" is a very dangerous connection for a woman to form, even with so good a man as Denroche is represented to have been, and under the peculiar circumstances which are offered in extenuation of his conduct.

The latest three issues in Appleton's Collection of Foreign Authors we like less than some others that have preceded. *Meta Holdenis* strikingly exemplifies the unique genius of Cherbuliez, and the adventures of its German heroine and French hero furnish a bewildering series of events and experiences; but the conclusion is unsatisfactory, and the general tone not wholesome. Of a better sort is *Renée and Franz*, which comes warmly commended by the late Madame George Sand. Its aim is to portray the platonic affection. The scene goes for nothing; the interest centers in the analysis of the intellectual and emotional exercises of Franz Tilmann toward Renée. The narrative is marked by singular purity and sweetness of style, but the book is not a weighty one in any sense. In the *Romances of the East* we have a Frenchman attempting to imitate the Arabian Nights, and we must think with rather ill success, though his tales have the merit of being carefully studied and of holding the mirror up to a nature and a life with which we are little acquainted. There are five of them, "The Dancing Girl of Shamakha," "History of Gamber-Aly," "The War with the Turkomans," "The Illustrious Magician," and the "Lovers of Kandahar." The last two are by far the best of the five, and will repay reading. The others may be skipped without loss.

And now we come to *Mirage* and *Bourbon Lilies*, which, as artistic novels, we are ready to rank with the finest of their class. *Mirage*, like its predecessor *Kismet*, is a story of the East, its events occurring in the course of the journey of an American party from Cairo to Damascus. A striking effect is produced by showing the figures and action of a modern romance against this absolutely unique background. And the author is as successful in her pictorial work as in her analytic. Her landscape is everywhere aglow, and her characters are in an uncommon degree alive. As for number, you can count them on your fingers: the Major and Mrs. Thayer, Constance and Stuart, the astounding Aunt Van who comes in at the finish, and the omnipresent but shadowy Lawrence, who loses what he might have had for the asking. We do not like to see a girl quite so ready to throw herself into the arms of her beloved as was Constance, and we think her longing for Lawrence overdone, possibly to the point of being unnatural. But as a whole the story is remarkably truthful to character; its little niceties and exactnesses are constantly appearing; the stage is set for every act with a master's hand; and the conversation is brilliant and witty. The locale of the story will have great attractions for all who have traveled in Syria, and there is absolutely no taint in it of any description.

Bourbon Lilies shows an even greater variety of artistic effect, and is written with an even more delightful simplicity and beauty, and, if it be possible, a deeper naturalism; but it strikes a false note once or twice, and approaches a little nearer to a certain dangerous ground than we like to have young readers especially go. No book of recent days, we think, has exhibited greater ingenuity of plan, or a more dexterous delicacy of treatment in the main. The scene is laid in Ecouen, just out of Paris, and two artists, Van, an American, and Orsovitch, a Russian, with Eulalie, a "model," between them, concentrate the interest. There are many picturesque descriptions in which an artist's touch is plainly seen, and the individuality of the characters is very marked; that of Orsovitch and Eulalie in particular. The device by which the Russian becomes the innocent occasion of Eulalie's first misfortune is a very clever one, though we do not exactly like it; and the end is good. In some of her names Mrs. Champney has been especially happy; in others, she has made a marring mistake; but for a first novel, she has produced one that has many unusual merits.

The *Wreck of the "Grosvenor"* is a sea story, which a Captain Marryatt might have written. It is strong in its delineation of sailor character, powerful in its descriptions of rough life on the great deep, intense in its plan and incident, and useful in the moral it teaches of humanity on the part of ship owners to their men. The "Grosvenor" is a trim and heavily laden merchantman, bound from England to Valparaiso. The provisions are bad, and the original crew revolt and are put ashore before the ship gets fairly under way. The second crew afterwards mutiny for the same reason. The second mate, who tells the story, comes into command of the ship under very romantic circumstances, which develop into a very alarming situation. A safe conclusion is reached, but by a hair's-breadth escape. The narrative is a most vivid one, minute in its detail, and reads more like a history than like fiction. The author, whose name is not given, is not so sure of his footing when he touches the love experience of Mr. Royle and Mary Robertson; but in describing the voyage, and the mutiny, and the storm, and the wreck, he treads the deck with the step of a master; and his picture of the storm which finished the ship is one of the most impressive we have ever met with. In the earlier chapters there is a good deal of sailor's lingo and profaneness; but the last and best impression of the book is one of heavenly purity and peace. We commend it to the boys if they want something exciting which will not hurt them.

Since we read Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* we remember no such graphic pictures of life among the spendthrift class of Irish gentry as is afforded in *The Honorable Miss Ferrard*. It is a singularly original story, told with a pre-Raphaelite fidelity to detail, a steady sacrifice of romantic effect to truth, which make it, like *The Wreck of the "Grosvenor,"* read like a real history. Helena Ferrard, its heroine, a beautiful, tameless, utterly untrained creature, is daughter of

Lord Darraghmore, a decayed nobleman. The ancestral home has long since passed from his hands, and he and his family are, to all intents and purposes, vagrants, living here and there, banqueting with rough profusion when the quarterly stipend is paid in, and starving for the rest of the year. In debt always, solitary as sea mews, cultivating no society, abiding by no law, it is no wonder that one place after another grows too hot to hold them. When this point is reached the Darraghmores take wing and escape by night, like a tribe of gypsies, leaving no clue by which they may be followed, and no effects behind them except unpaid bills. The boys are poachers and idlers. The finances of the family are administered by a half-savage old retainer named Cawth, who alternately abets and abuses his master and his progeny. Very curious are the pictures of life among the Darraghmores; and full of instruction, though a trifle diffusive, the conversations on the subject of Irish affairs in general between Mrs. Really and Mr. Satterthwaite, but the interest of the tale centers in the fortunes of the wayward and beautiful Helena. At one time she is sent to some maiden aunts in Bath; but alas! the process of civilization is too bitter for her, and after a fortnight of regular and decorous living, she escapes again to her own wild brood in Ireland. Continually in hope, we are continually disappointed; and when, at last, she turns from the fairer fortune which might have been hers, and to which the deeper instinct of her heart invites her, and follows her peasant lover to America, it is with a constriction of grief and regret that we see her vanish. Did she really come? It is hard to accept the story as a mere story, and to say this is to offer high praise to the story-teller.

Dosia is a genuine and delightful surprise. Not the most pleasant results were to have been expected from the excursion of a French novelist into the domain of Turgénieff; but Madame Gréville has won a first prize in the very center of St. Petersburg. The story is as pretty and playful as two kittens, and altogether as innocent. What a relief to find a novel in which there is neither crime nor criminal nor sorrow, but only agreeable people and amusing incidents; concerned with a land as strange as Russia, too, and wrought by a hand as dexterous and delicate as a Frenchwoman's! *Dosia* is a *meringue-a-la-creme;* not designed as solid food to be sure, but crisp and fresh and sweet, and melting in the mouth like some delicious after-dinner morsel. There are barely four people in it; Dosia herself and her cousin Pierre, Plato Sourof and his sister, the Countess. Madame Zaphtine stands in a convenient background, and lets the light fall full upon the others. The regatta at Tsarskoé-Selo, and the open-air fête in the skating rink on the Néva, with the thermometer in the low teens below zero, are striking pictures of the Russian interior; but the quartette of figures absorb attention, and deserve it. How cleverly is the pairing off of the lovers managed; and how charming the ungoverned Dosia is made to be under the subduing influence of the lovely Princess! One, too, falls almost as much in love with her horse, Bayard, as with her. It was a noble and spirited act, her plunging into the river to save the peasant. Really, this is a most perfect little piece of light comedy, and our readers will not overlook what is said of its talented author on another page. The translation, however, might have been smoothed a trifle here and there.

To write a romance of the times before the flood, in which Lucifer and Noah should figure, and the flood itself furnish the catastrophe, is a bold undertaking; yet precisely this is what the author of *Seola* has done. The first eight verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis supply the materials, and in the use of them free rein has been given to an almost rampant imagination. The action of the story consists in the wooing "by the sons of God" of the "daughters of men;" Seola, pure and heavenly-minded, resisting the advances of Hesperus, while her mother, Lebuda, dazzled by the person and powers of Lucifer, yields to his persuasions, and is crowned "Queen of the Earth" and "Bride of the Sun." Sippara, "City of Sin," is the chief scene of events, and many of the accessories are suggestive of the sensuous wickedness which is represented in Scripture as having provoked the wrath of the Almighty. Seola, proof against all allurements, becomes the wife of Japhet, and is saved in the ark, into which the animals march in plain sight of the reader. The Miltonic inspiration of such a scheme is evident, and it is enough to say that only a Miltonic hand could do justice to it. The author, who is understood to be the wife of a distinguished New England citizen, has, however, perhaps achieved as large a measure of success as could reasonably be expected. The book is a curiosity, certainly; but for young minds we do not think it offers wholesome food, and we question whether such reading is very edifying for anybody. For ourselves we prefer a more natural atmosphere, and the flesh-and-blood realities of actual life.

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*Kathleen. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Dolly. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. Porter & Coates.

Ernest Quest. By Sallie Rochester Ford. Sheldon & Co.

An American Girl and her Four Years in a Boys' College. By Sola. D. Appleton & Co.

Through a Needle's Eye. By Hesba Stretton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Do. Do. Henry Hoyt.

Lady Alice. By Emma Marshall. E. P. Dutton & Co.

My Intimate Friend. By Florence J. Duncan. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Meta Holdenis. From the French of Victor Cherbuliez. D. Appleton & Co.

Renée and Franz. From the French of Gustave Haller. D. Appleton & Co.

Romances of the East. From the French of Comte de Gobineau. D. Appleton & Co.

Mirage. By the author of "Kismet." Roberts Brothers.

Bourbon Lilies. By Lizzie W. Champney. Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

The Wreck of the "Grosvenor." Harper & Brothers.

The Honorable Miss Ferrard. By the Author of "Hogan, M. P." Henry Holt & Co.

Dosia. By Henry Greville. Estes & Lauriat.

Seola. Lee & Shepard.

THE *Sermons* of Rev. O. B. Frothingham, preached to his New York congregation at the Masonic Temple, are regularly published in simple tract form by G. P. Putnam's Sons, at 10 cents each, or $2.00 for the year's series; and have now reached a sixth series.

PEN PORTRAITS.

[*From the new novels.*]

DIANA.—She carried a light in her hand, and it shone fully upon her face, which was somewhat too worn and thin for her age. It was a noticeable face, with its finely-cut features and low, broad forehead. Her complexion was a clear cream color with no tinge of red except in her lips, while her eyes and hair were dark as night. Mrs. Fosse, the wife of old Jeremy Fosse at Herford—a woman of few words, but of polite instincts—said Miss Diana Lynn always made her think of the moonlight. An expression of care and sadness had grown habitual to her; but as she looked at Justin sleeping in his chair, a smile, mischievous yet sly, stole across her face. Her girlhood had passed, though a melancholy girlhood, for she was already four and twenty; and the reserve and stateliness of a somewhat self-contained, reticent womanhood was growing manifest in her. But just now, with her dark eyes glittering, and her lips melting into smiles, the dignity had given way to a very pleasant mirthfulness. If she laughed, her laughter would be low and sweet; but very few persons had ever heard Diana laugh.—*Through a Needle's Eye.*

MOHSEN.—You ask if he was beautiful? Beautiful as an angel. His complexion was a little tawny, not with that dull cadaverous shade which is the sure result of a mongrel origin; it was richly tawny, like a fruit ripened by the sun. His black locks curled in a wealth of ringlets round the compact folds of his blue turban striped with red; a silken, sweeping, and rather long mustache caressed the delicate outline of his upper lip, which was clearly cut, mobile, proud, and breathing of life and passion. His eyes, tender and deep, flashed readily. He was tall, strong, slender, broad-shouldered and straight-flanked. No one would ever dream of asking his race; it was evident that the purest Afghan blood coursed through his veins, and that looking at him one saw the veritable descendant of those ancient Parthians, Arsacians, Orodians, under whose tread the Roman world groaned in righteous terror. His mother, at his birth, foreseeing what he would become, had named him Mohsèn, the beautiful, and rightly so.—*Gobineau's The Lovers of Kandahar.*

MRS. THAYER.—She was a little woman with many principles, absolutely no passions, and very little digestion. A charmingly pretty little woman, with a placid, affectionate disposition. She was good-natured, clear-voiced, scrupulously truthful in words, devoted to the Anglican Church, novel-reading, old silver, and to Major Thayer. She was both well-informed and intelligent, making it a rule to read every new book praised either in the "Nation" or the "Atlantic Monthly." She believed in "culture," but was also anxious to possess a "liberal mind," for which purpose she eschewed modern furniture, affected gowns of a peculiar make, and read Matthew Arnold—whom as a poet she secretly considered to be far below Coventry Patmore—and she was not incapable of literary self-denial. When it became a social duty in Boston, she was among the first to read and "analyze" the works of Turgenieff. But the novels in which her very soul delighted were those of "Ouida."—*Mirage.*

ORSOVITCH.—Van had often said that Orsovitch had a face which was in itself an argument and a problem. . . . He had studied it carefully, and sketched it from both sides, and he declared that the peculiarity was not in the hair alone, but in every feature, and that Orsovitch was a *two-faced* individual. Certain it was that the two portraits which Van had drawn in profile, of the right and left sides, bore no resemblance to each other, and would have been taken for entirely different persons, with almost opposite mental characteristics. . . . The two young men had talked over this peculiarity among themselves, and Orsovitch had his theory as to what it might mean. "The unlikeness is not superficial," he would say. "It's in the two lobes of the brain; mine are not identical; I am all father on one side and mother on the other."—*Bourbon Lilies.*

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1878.

Our age is full of readers and students who are mere hoverers, who neither fly forward, nor alight, and who think the highest philosophical glory is in never coming to a conclusion. Have you not seen these winged, unresting, spiritual creatures? Reading is of small account when it is thought to be of no account in comparison with that style of action which makes obedience to truth an organ of spiritual knowledge.—JOSEPH COOK.

THE pressure of advertising this month has proved such at the last moment that, to save encroaching on the space allotted to reading-matter proper, it has become necessary to add a form of four pages. If this enlargement should delay us in getting to press, we are sure that the irregularity will be overlooked in view of the gain. This overflowing of our advertising columns in a time of drouth like the present is worth a note by itself; no fewer than *twenty-three* publishers being represented, not to mention other business interests. The number of houses which do not like to be left out of even a single issue of the *Literary World* seems to be increasing.

ENCOURAGED by the steady growth of our subscription list during the past year, gratefully recognizing the disinterested efforts of our readers in promoting that growth, and believing that an increased effort may be properly stimulated by some measure of compensation, we have determined upon the following offer:

To any person sending us the names of three new subscribers, with the money, $4.50, we will give a copy of the DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; *and will forward the same post-paid.*

This new, unique, and useful dictionary is described in detail in other parts of this paper. We look upon it as an eminently suitable object to be used in this way, being a *book*, a book of *striking and substantial worth*, and one which is in a remarkable degree an extension of the very work, in its historical direction, which the *Literary World* is doing. It might be called, indeed, a supplement to the *Literary World;* and we are sure that it is a volume which at least three out of four of our readers would consider themselves fortunate in acquiring. Any present subscriber can of course obtain it by sending three new names; any person not heretofore a subscriber, by sending two names besides his own; and there must be many a one among the smaller public libraries of the country which could easily obtain the book for its own shelves through the instrumentality of some trio of its friends.

ART IN FICTION.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler deeds,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

In this passage of "Keramos" our great poet has given us the text for whatever further remarks are called for on the subject of artistic fiction. Indeed, with this consummate phrasing of the doctrine, it might seem as if no further remarks were necessary.

"He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature."

Here is the secret of your art, O novel writer! "To follow Nature." When you *do* it, we feel the spell. When you *miss* it, we yawn and turn to something else.

The didactic novel, as well as any other, may follow Nature, and it must do so to be a perfect work. There is the more need that it should be strong in this fundamental structure, because of the heavy ethical load it is designed to carry.

When the novelist describes an outward scene, he is painting a picture with a pen, and we judge his performance as we do a picture painted with a brush, by its fidelity. So when he describes a character, or reports a conversation, or analyzes an experience, we instinctively compare his forms and colors with those of ideals which our minds possess, and we demand that the two correspond. The copy that fails in this respect is a poor one.

The novelist is simply a copyist in a broad sense. He gives us ideals, it is true, but his ideals are felt to be most effective when they match what we know to be realities, and so incorporate the truth which belongs to all true beauty.

If, for instance, a novelist should clothe his banker's clerk in broadcloth, we should suffer a disturbance of artistic sensibilities. All the world knows that bankers' clerks do not wear broadcloth in the counting-room.

IN the preface to his volume on *The Beginning of the Middle Ages* [Epochs of Modern History] Dean Church places deserved emphasis on the importance of the use of maps in reading. Not only ought the student always to read with a map at his side, he reminds us, but he needs a special map for each period he is studying. The remark is very pertinent, but the fact is one often overlooked. Publishers would greatly enhance the value of all works having an historical or a geographical bearing by inserting suitable maps; and every reader who will take the hint here offered, will profit accordingly.

THE SUPPRESSED BIOGRAPHY.*

IT is proper now to speak of this work as a book that *was* rather than a book that *is*. Though only a thousand copies of it have been printed and sold, it has suddenly become more famous than many a publication of which a hundred thousand copies have been circulated. It has achieved the distinction of being suppressed. It will henceforth be wanted because it cannot be had. If it were to be had it would be wanted still, for it is one of the best of biographies; a noble subject treated by an able hand.

Its preparation was undertaken by Mr. Frothingham as we understand, at the request of Gerrit Smith's family. Much of it was written at the Smith homestead in Peterboro, N. Y. It was published late in December. By the terms of agreement between the publishers and Gerrit Smith's daughter, Mrs. Miller, the owner of the plates, either party was to have right to terminate the publication upon thirty days' notice. In February Mrs. Miller gave notice for the withdrawal of the plates. In March they were withdrawn. By this time nearly the whole of the first edition had been sold; and the few scattered copies that remained in the city bookstores were promptly bought up, it is said, by a shrewd house, on speculation. The book has now wholly disappeared from public view, except as it may be seen in those libraries which have been fortunate enough to acquire it. Not all have been.

The work is the extremely interesting narrative of a very remarkable life. Its ten chapters divide the subject in terms of striking and beautiful simplicity: Parentage, Health, Religion, Humanity, Temperance, Slavery, The War, The Peace, Philanthropy, The End. Gerrit Smith's father was an early partner of John Jacob Astor in the fur trade. His mother was a second cousin to Chancellor Livingstone. His first wife was a daughter of Dr. Abel Backus, the first president of Hamilton College, where he graduated in 1818. He was by inheritance one of the largest landholders of the country. He gave away immense quantities of land to colored settlers. He was, in the best sense, a Christian man, philanthropist and reformer.

The occasion for offense to Mr. Smith's family in this biography is found in its treatment of his relation to the Harper's Ferry raid of John Brown. That relation forms the subject of Chapter ii. The naked point of it, set in its strongest light, is as follows:

Gerrit Smith.	*Mr. Frothingham.*
"I had not myself the slightest knowledge nor intimation of Brown's intended invasion of Harper's Ferry."	"To the candid, clear, direct mind this looks like subterfuge."

For this seemingly severe judgment Mr.

*Gerrit Smith. A Biography. By Octavius Brooks Frothingham. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Frothingham states his grounds in detail. They are not without weight; but at the same time they are made to support an unnecessary conclusion. We have no doubt that Mr. Smith, in tendering hospitality and pecuniary assistance to John Brown, fully understood that he intended to effect a stampede of the slaves *somewhere;* but that he knew in advance that Harper's Ferry was to be the scene of the attempt does not appear; and we do not doubt that he could truthfully affirm his ignorance. There will be many who will regret that Mr. Frothingham should have impeached Mr. Smith's veracity as he has, and who will not wonder that the family of the latter should have withdrawn the book from the trade.

HENRY GREVILLE.

I DO not know to what extent the readers of the *Literary World* are already acquainted with the writings of Mme. Gréville, but as I see her novels regularly advertised in America, I have reason to suppose that she is unusually popular among that portion of our public which reads French. At any rate she deserves to be, and if she does not already enjoy with us the reputation she has won at home, it cannot be long before she will be in this happy position. For though she has written a good deal of nonsense, filled many hundred pages with mere words — although truth requires us to say that among her dozen novels only three or four are really worth reading, yet of these, two are so remarkably excellent that they will be read, I think, when the Daudets and Zolas, as well as the Flauberts and Feydeaus, will attract the attention only of some future Taine, engaged in putting together a glittering mosaic (as Mr. Howells calls it) of our base and degenerate age. Unfortunately, these two stories, told with a passion, an intensity, a dramatic effectiveness, a self-control in language, equaled, so far as I know, only by Turgénieff himself, and withal of the greatest purity and refinement both in intention and execution, are not tales which could be placed before the American public; while the next best, *Sonia* and *Dosia*, give but a very imperfect idea of Mme. Gréville's powers. My object, however, in writing to you to-day, was not to criticise this lady's works, but merely to give an account (after an article in a recent Swiss journal) of her life and literary career.

Alice Fleury was born in 1842 at Paris, where her father was a teacher. At the age of fifteen we are told, he had already taught her Latin, English and Italian. The knowledge of these tongues must, of course, have been superficial, but the mere fact of her time, as a young girl, having been thus occupied, partially accounts for the intellectual strength which enables a woman to describe such scenes and characters as those of *Savéli* and *Les Epreures de Raïssa*.

At this period, father and daughter went to Russia, where she became at first governess, afterwards instructress in the French language and literature. In 1869 she began to publish short tales, and 1871 she made her bow to the large audience of the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, whose editor, a Hungarian named Horn, was for many years the only literary man who showed any appreciation for her talent. Miss Fleury had married Mr. Emile Durand, a French master, and assistant editor of the above-named newspaper, and in 1872, her fictions having received considerable success from the Russian public, she determined to try her luck at Paris. She found, however, that her reputation had not yet crossed the German frontier. Not even Turgénieff's patronage availed anything in securing her a chance in the magazines or feuilletons, while the publishers not merely refused to consider her MSS., but some of them treated her husband (who acted as her agent) with signal discourtesy and rudeness. The snubs received by poor Mr. Durand recall the story told of a famous Boston publisher, *apropos* of *Little Women*. One of the first literary magnates of France said to him one day: "No sir, never — under no circumstances, will a magazine or journal accept any of your wife's manuscripts. If anything of hers should ever obtain the least success here, just come and let me know." So, from 1872 to 1876, Mrs. Durand was obliged to content herself with what success she was able to obtain in Russia, but in the year last mentioned *Dosia* and *l'Expiation de Savéli* appeared as books, and won at once an enormous popularity. Since then her long-disdained MSS. have found their way into the columns of the most esteemed periodicals, including the world-renowned *Revue*. Her last novel, *Ariadne*, published last year in the *Debats*, has not yet appeared in book form.

ARTHUR VENNER.

Geneva, March 11.

World Biographies.

In accordance with a plan formed some months since, the details for executing which are now perfected, we begin in this number of the *Literary World* a series of "World Biographies." Under this title we intend to give, month by month, concise sketches, one or two at a time, mainly of authors of the day, whose names are not to be found as yet in the cyclopedias and biographical dictionaries. These sketches will present in the briefest form those dates and facts which are essential to a knowledge of the individual, and will be prepared expressly and exclusively for our columns. No pains will be spared to make them complete, accurate and trustworthy, so that they can be depended upon with absolute confidence. We believe that this new feature of the paper, which we have only been waiting for space to introduce, will grow into one of great and unique value. The current interest of such a department will be by no means small, while for purposes of reference its usefulness will be obvious. The accumulation of a year, rendered easily available by the index, will alone make a very respectable biographical dictionary.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. Mr. Boyesen was born September 23d, 1848, at Fredericksvern, a small seaport and naval station in the extreme south of Norway, where his father, an officer in the regular army, was stationed at the time. He spent most of his boyhood at a gymnasium in Christiania; graduated at the University of Norway, in 1868; immigrated to the United States in 1869; edited for about a year a Norwegian paper, *Freenard* (Forward), in Chicago; became in 1870 an instructor in Latin and Greek in Urbana University, Ohio; visited Europe in 1873 for the purpose of studying German philology and literature at the University of Leipsic; returned to this country in 1874; and was appointed Assistant Professor of the North European Languages in Cornell University, and, in 1876, Professor of German Literature. This position he now holds. Mr. Boyesen's English authorship dates from 1870. His first poems were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1872, and he has since been a frequent contributor thereto, as well as to *Scribner's Monthly* and the *North American* and *International Reviews*. His published volumes are, *Gunnar*, a Norse Romance (1874): *A Norseman's Pilgrimage*, a novel (1875); *Tales from Two Hemispheres*, (1877). The contents of these volumes first appeared as serials in the *Atlantic* or the *Galaxy*. Mr. Boyesen's poems are characterized by great sweetness and tenderness, and his prose by a fine artistic quality, his nationality giving a marked and delightful individuality to all his work. He is now engaged on a series of critical and biographical essays upon Goethe and Schiller, to include a commentary upon Faust, which will be published in October by Houghton, Osgood & Co., with the design chiefly of furnishing a text-book for use in colleges. A novel, *Falconberg*, written two years since, will be begun in the August number of *Scribner's*, and run through ten numbers. Mr. Boyesen intends ere long to give up his professorship at Cornell, and to devote himself to literary work.

Mrs. Caroline Fairfield Corbin. [Caroline Elizabeth Fairfield.] Mrs. Corbin was born in Pomfret, Conn., November 9, 1835, being, on her mother's side, of the seventh generation in descent from one of the original proprietors of the township. When she was twelve years old she removed with her parents to what was then Williamsburg, L. I., and for two years attended the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, where she graduated in 1852. Remaining a few months as a resident graduate, she afterwards commenced teaching, and in 1859 returned to the Institute as instructor in charge of the department of Composition. Her marriage took place in 1861, her husband, Mr. C. R. Corbin, being an importer and wholesale merchant of Chicago, where she now resides. Her published works are *Our Bible Class and the Good that Came of It* (1859); *Rebecca, or a Woman's Secret* (1866); and *The Marriage Vow* (1873). *Rebecca*, which was republished in 1877, and was noticed in the March number of the *Literary World*, has had a singular external history. It was written "in the nursery," and first appeared as a serial in a Chicago paper, whence it was reprinted in book form, meeting with a good sale. The publishers failing, the plates were bought by another house, and a second edition was issued, of which about 5,000 copies were sold. Then this firm failed. One of its employés, thrown out of business by this failure, took the plates into his own hands, and printed copies enough to supply the quiet demand which existed. Then came the great Chicago fire of 1871, in which the plates were destroyed; but not the demand for the book. A friend of the author, who had been visiting the homeless temporarily housed in the churches and other large buildings after that great disaster, reported to her husband that "he had found one woman diligently perusing *Rebecca*." A sewing-woman came to the author, saying: "I want a copy of *Rebecca;* but I have no money. I'll sew a day for one." And so she did. A steady inquiry for the book

continued, and this led to its recent republication. The author's last copy had previously been borrowed from Philadelphia and never returned, and she was obliged herself to borrow from a friend in order to supply the publishers with one from which to print the new edition.

RECENT CAXTONIAN DISCOVERIES.

UNDER the careful scrutiny of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the librarian of the University Library, Cambridge, England, a fragment of printed paper, attached to an old book, has yielded new evidences of the conditions under which Caxton pursued his calling at Westminster. This is by no means the first time that this careful librarian has established some important points through means of printers' waste. This "waste" seems to have been ordinarily used for the lining of book covers, or for folding into the center of quires in binding. Not a few of the questions concerning the practices of the pioneer printers can be determined by these preserved bits. Mr. Bradshaw has explored more than one of the ancient libraries of England for such trophies of research; and his success has been enough to encourage every one, whose luck brings him into contact with incunabula, to pass no book, venerable for its age, without sufficient examination. I think no one is giving more attention now to systematize inquiries of this kind than Mr. Bradshaw; and he claims to be but beginning to comprehend the methods that may perchance reward his industry so richly.

The largest collection in this country of *Fifteeners*, as they are called, is probably that in the library of the Union Theological Seminary of New York; but I fear they have never been scrutinized with a view to seeing what revelations of the early history of printing can be gained from them.

It is well known that the early printers were not only compositors and pressmen, but that they made their own type, and bound their own books. Nothing would bespeak their thrift like this utilizing of the canceled sheets and other waste in the way already indicated. The authorities of the Baptist College at Bristol, England, sent last summer to the Caxton Exhibition a specimen of Caxton's work, of no more interest of itself than was generally attached to the hundred or more different works of his, which private contribution chiefly furnished to the committee in charge. This had, however, in the lining of the back cover, subject for study; and when, after the closing of the exhibition, the principal of the college transferred the volume to Mr. Bradshaw for his leisurely inspection, there was hope of new results. Various rough attempts had been made, fortunately without success, to tear the sheet from the board; but a more skillful hand now soaked it off without any difficulty.

This fragment of printed matter proved to be the larger part of the inner sheet of the first signature of a book printed by Caxton, at Westminster, about 1490, called *Fifteen Oes and other prayers*, of which this fragment and a complete copy acquired by the British Museum in 1851 are the only traces now known. The sheet was one that had been thrown aside, because the process of "perfecting," as the printers call it, had been carelessly done. That is, the sheet, having been printed on one side, was placed the wrong way on the form for printing the reverse, and consequently, as it came off the press, it could not be folded to preserve the proper sequence of the pages. By a comparison of this sheet with the same in the British Museum copy, it was found that the composition corresponded for the inner side, but for the outer there were unmistakable signs of its having been printed from type set up anew. From this fact comes an inference, which Mr. Bradshaw seems to be right in drawing, in opposition to a belief generally held, in regard to the considerable extent of Caxton's fonts of type. The sheet showed four pages on each side, and the eight pages being set up, the outer side was printed. When the inner side was put on the press, came the mistake of wrong "perfecting;" but the discovery of the error was not made till the type of the outer side was distributed. A separate ornament for each page of a signature is a peculiarity of the book, which has only twenty-two leaves when complete, and the same ornament appears in the corresponding pages of the second signature. The remedy seems to have been to print the requisite number over again on fresh paper. The outer pages having been already worked on the press, the type had been distributed, and a back-handed process of perfecting required the recomposition of the outer pages. The inference is that, even near the close of his career, Caxton had not fonts large enough to keep more than eight pages in type at the same time; the type of the outer pages being already in use by the compositor of the outer pages of the next signature, as the wood-cuts and imperfections showed.

Other curious evidences of this fragment came from the "set-off," which each side of the paper shows, resulting from the circumstance that the sheet, when thrown aside, rested for a while between other sheets which were fresh from the press, so that the ink was transferred. On one side there is a blurred impression of a form of four octavo pages, seventeen lines to each page, and showing traces of red ink. The type is one of the peculiar cuts used by Caxton, and corresponds, as well as the page in general and the rubrication, with a "Horæ," of which a fragment was found twenty years ago in the binding of another book, which is preserved in the British Museum. The inferences from this confirm the supposition that the Museum fragment is a Caxton, and establish the probability that it was printing at the same time.

The "set-off" of the other side affords a more important revelation. It shows two quarto twenty-two line pages, in one of Caxton's well-known cuts of type, the pages surrounded by borders of wood-cuts. The style of printing does not correspond with any known product of the Westminster press. The impression is too much blurred to make out the text; but it is evident we have in it the earnest of some future discovery of a book of which no other knowledge exists at present.

It is suggested by the printer of the *Literary World*, that these "set-offs" give evidence of the early printers' use of the dry-press, a waste sheet being used instead of a board, as is now the custom.

From such casual results do we widen our knowledge of the early history of English printing. "These are only a very few of the many instances I have come upon in my own work," writes Mr. Bradshaw, "and that is only in its first stage. When applied to foreign early printing, it is evident that if only Dutchmen and Germans could be persuaded to work patiently and methodically upon some such lines, the results would be infinitely more satisfactory and more fruitful than the baseless and frivolous speculations which disfigure the best book at present written on the subject."

JUSTIN WINSOR.

ON "A CHOICE OF SHAKESPEARES."

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

I HAVE read with no little interest Mr. Winsor's valuable article on "A Choice of Shakespeares," in the March number of the *Literary World*, and have made several notes upon it. I was glad in the first place to see that the dramatist's name was correctly spelled, for, though I shall be happy to have a systematic reformed spelling introduced, I do not believe it right to mutilate an author's name by omitting such of the letters as it may suit any man's taste to excide.

The credit given to Mr. Hudson's Shakespearian work is just, though it would have pleased me to have had a little more said about those charming analyses of the plays and characters which give to Hudson's edition its chief value.

It is some time since I have examined the "Handy Volume" edition, but I have a strong impression that I found it faulty in its text, and in consequence of careless proof-reading. I have not recommended it lately, and would like to be informed if it is better than I suppose.

The "Leopold" has no recommendations except its convenient form, its illustrations, and Furnival's introduction. It has no notes nor glossary, and the text is quite poor. The plays are not arranged in the order of their composition, "as the new school determine it," but according to the dates assigned to the plays by Delius, which differ from those of both Furnival and Dowden, who are prominent exponents of the views of the new school.

Are not the editions of Thomas Campbell (one volume, Moxon) and Staunton (three volumes, Routledge) well worthy of places on Mr. Winsor's list? The former derives special interest from its introduction, in which Campbell gives brief analyses of the plays, accompanied by charming critical notices. It is a convenient and elegant edition, and contains a life, a glossary, and an index, in seven sections, of the characters, sentiments, similes, speeches and descriptions.

Mr. Winsor's article is one of the indications that the study of Shakespeare is on the increase, and is welcome on that account, no less than for its real value.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

I have myself, like Mr. Winsor, been often applied to for advice as to what edition of Shakespeare it were best to purchase. It is indeed a difficult question to answer. Many years ago I thought Singer's "Chiswick" edition of 1826 the best for general use. This edition, with several considerable improvements, was set forth again in 1856.

It is liberally furnished with explanatory notes, and these are printed at the foot of the page, which last I hold to be a very desirable arrangement for general use.

As regards the text, I think the late Mr. Dyce's second edition is, on the whole, the best we have. To be sure, the learned editor's change from what may be called ultra-conservative ground was rather abrupt and pronounced; but still I do not think he can be fairly charged with passing beyond the mark of a temperate and judicious, though perhaps liberal, course of emendation. It is but just to add that this edition is to be had only in the English print; that it is in eight rather cumbrous octavo volumes, printed, however, in the best manner of the best English houses; that the explanatory notes, which are learned and full, are all thrown together in an extra volume, entitled *glossary;* and that the price is such as to place it beyond the reach of all but a comparatively few.

Of all our American editions, I am sure that Mr. Richard Grant White's, published by the good old house of Little, Brown & Co., is the best,—certainly the best as regards the text, and perhaps also in one or two other respects. I have long been in the practice of recommending it to purchasers.

As to Valpy's edition, it has indeed the advantages which Mr. Winsor ascribes to it; but, in the matter of text and annotation, it has no particular character, and is, I think, of rather indifferent merit.

The "Leopold" is, in my judgment, one of the worst texts of the poet that have appeared in modern times. I make no question of the ability and learning of Professor Delius; but I think it stands to reason that none but those who are native to the English tongue, and who besides have spent a good many years in close converse with the literature of the Elizabethan age, can be expected to deal judiciously in the ordering of Shakespeare's text — the most difficult and most delicate matter in the whole work of editing modern classics; and even the best English editors have in this point left much that still needs to be done; though, to be sure, they have also left a good deal that needs to be undone.

I am minded to say in conclusion, that an edition of Shakespeare, combining the advantages of convenient form, moderate price, and a liberal, though not profuse, supply of well-considered and carefully-written explanatory *foot-notes*, suited to the wants of the general reader, is still an eminent desideratum in our literature. For the style of annotation required, there needs indeed a great deal of learning; but that learning should be so unobtrusive, and so hidden beneath a sort of *resultant efficacy*, as to be apparent only to the learned. H. N. Hudson.

On the Shakespeare matter I might write some things *currente calomel*, as the doctor said, but there are others on which I should need to refresh my memory by looking up the facts. Halliwell's folio edition is not now in the market, if I am rightly informed. Copies now and then get into the hands of Quaritch, by the breaking up of libraries, but I doubt if you can be *sure* of finding one on sale anywhere. Mr. Gilman is right, I think, in his impressions of the "Handy Volume" edition. The "Leopold" I do not like at all. The "Globe" is by far the best of the small one-volume editions, though not wholly free from misprints; specially valuable to the student, on account of *the numbering of the lines in each scene*. These lines are used by Schmidt in his *Lexicon*, Abbott in his *Grammar*, Furness in his new *Variorum*, and by many other critics and commentators. Dyce's notes are among the best we have, and the "Glossary" to his second edition is of great value. Of "Knight's Pictorial," I bought a copy elegantly bound in half Levant morocco, gilt edges, for $46, several years ago, and could have got a copy in handsome half-calf for about $38, if I remember right. Verplanck's edition was not a mere reproduction of Knight's, but a well-edited, independent edition; out of print, however, since the great fire at the Harper's, when the whole stock in hand and most of the plates were destroyed. Copies of it are rarely in the market, and command a high price. The "Clarendon Press" edition of single plays, edited by Mr. Wright of the "Cambridge" edition, should have been named among single-play editions. They are sold at 75 cents each (except the *Merchant of Venice*, which is 50) and are about as fully annotated as Rolfe's editions, though without the illustrations and the selection of "critical comments" contained in the latter. Moxon's one-volume, octavo edition, mentioned by Mr. Gilman, always seemed to me the best thing in that shape. Staunton's, three volumes, is one of the standard editions, and certainly ought not to be omitted where Dyce's, Knight's, and Collier's are enumerated. Hudson's comments on the characters, etc., forming the introductions to the plays in his edition, are admirable pieces of criticism, and have a European as well as an American reputation. With Mr. Gilman, I adhere to the spelling of Shakespeare's name in the first folio and other editions of the poet's own day; but those who prefer *Shakspere* (the choice is between that and Shakespeare) have a strong point in the fact that the poet himself wrote it so in three, if not four, of the five signatures of his that have come down to us.

*

I am surprised at the recommendation of Valpy. It is to me the most unattractive of all. If I had fifty-two editions of Shakespeare, one for each week in the year, I would not have Valpy. If a man got suddenly rich by a corner in lard, and wished to take on a disguise of literary taste, I should expect him to buy Valpy. So of "Knight's Pictorial" edition — excellent in itself. But the publication of illustrated Shakespeares, Bibles, Dantes, and Homers should be made a penal offence.

I am more surprised at the remark that the beautiful little "Lansdowne" edition is tainted with the Collier forgeries. Why! it does not contain even the most plausible readings: "the *blankness* of the dark" for "the *blanket* of the dark," *Macbeth;* "who *smothers her with* painting," for "whose *mother was her* painting," *Cymbeline;* "a dangerous law against *garrulity*" for "a dangerous law against *gentility*," *Love's Labors Lost*. Good reason. The Lansdowne was published before the Collier forgeries, although in the same year, and was printed long before.

Mr. Dyce's text, I found on examination, to my surprise, very unsatisfactory, — so to speak, inconsistent with itself. He seems to have floated about rudderless in a sea of Elizabethan scholarship. Mr. Aldis Wright, the chief worker of the Cambridge editors, has given his opinion against Mr. Dyce, and so have other English scholars of reputation. The "Clarendon Press" edition of some single plays in separate volumes — about half a dozen in all — is the best that now exists, so far as it goes; the best, that is, for those who do not wish full annotation and essays The "Leopold" edition, except for Mr. Furnival's ingenious and curious introduction, seems to me rather a gimcrack than a sober edition of Shakespeare. Delius is perhaps the best of the German Shakespeare commentators; but why should English-speaking people go to Germans for a text of Shakespeare? Should and would Germans come to us for a text of Goethe, if a critical one were needed? I have been credibly informed that Mr. Furnival preferred Mr. Grant White's text, and intended to use it; but that after the arrangements were made for this, a change was made at the request of the publishers, who wished to have a Shakespeare that they could sell in America without any chance of interference. A compact, handsome, and satisfactory edition of Shakespeare, with brief foot-notes that elucidate dark passages, but do not go into discussion, is still lacking, and much needed. **

Among editions of single plays, it was an omission on my part not to mention Mr. Aldis Wright's "Clarendon Press" issues,— convenient and commendable as they are. I could have extended my list by Campbell's one-volume edition, and by Staunton's three-volume edition, and perhaps they deserved a place as much as some I did mention, but I aimed only at giving indicative editions which might answer different powers of purse and an uncritical taste. I was thinking *primarily* of the externals of the book, in good print and convenient form, believing that almost any text now in the market will answer the needs of an ordinary buyer, provided decent care has been given to the proof reading. For the moment, I regarded but as a *secondary* consideration the text, as critical buyers might prize it, for I know there is a great diversity of views, as witness the treatment of Dyce above, which I did not have in mind to reconcile or explain. What I happened to say of Collier's text had no exclusive regard to his proved forgeries, but to all his work, earlier as well as later, rendered consequently doubtful because of we-know-not-what sins of perversion or mischief. The writer above, who refers to what I said about the "Lansdowne" edition, will find I was more cautious than he thought. I described the "Leopold" edition, to let it fall within the category of single-volume editions without misapprehension. I quite agree with the objectors in what is said of a German's text being taken by English-speaking readers.

Justin Winsor.

The February and March numbers of the *Portfolio* [New York: J. W. Bouton] bring us some of the finest of the etchings which distinguish that periodical; notably Rembrandt's portrait of Ephraim Bonus, reproduced by Durand; Turner's "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," etched by Brunet-Debaines; and one of Mrs.

Helen Paterson Allingham's striking portraits, etched by Dupont. In the February number, Julia Cartwright's account of "A Florentine Bridal Chamber" is a paper of special interest.

BRIEF NOTICES.

What Career? By E. E. Hale. [Roberts Brothers.]

Of the ten papers composing this volume, two are addresses to college societies, and one is a discourse delivered in Mr. Hale's own church. Others have been added to make up the set. It is not evident that they were written with a consecutive hand, but they go as well together almost as if they were. Any ten papers taken out of Mr. Hale's desk-drawer would be apt to make up into an homogeneous and symmetrical book, fused by the constant unity of their purpose, which, in everything he says and does, is always admirable. It is only as to the details of his material that we can ever dissent from him, and this but seldom. The first of these papers, "The Leaders Lead," forcibly expounds the opportunity open to Christian manhood in this land and age. The second, "The Specialists," seems to us unsound and unjust in the impression of a conflict it gives between a liberal education and a specialty; but the third, "Noblesse Oblige," is admirable for its urgent and high-minded emphasis of the value of good work done for its own sake. One local moral of this excellent essay would be that scholars should gladly write for the *Literary World*, when asked to do so, whether paid for it or not! "Our privilege compels us, — *Noblesse Oblige!*" On "The Mind's Maximum" Mr. Hale is again at his best, giving advice as to temperance in study which every intellectual workman ought to ponder. We should like to print this essay in full. The remaining topics are: "A Theological Seminary," "Character," "Responsibilities of Young Men," "Study Outside School," "The Training of Men," and "Exercise." In aim these are all sermons, though their staple is secular, but in tone they are often religious in the best sense — that is, truthful and benevolent. We are glad to find in the closing words a promise that more are to follow.

In addition to a pastorate and his miscellaneous authorship, Mr. Hale is a foremost Professor of the Science of a Wholesome Youth, and he ought to be voted a lectureship thereupon in every family in the land. When the publishers bring out the next volume, we suggest that they give its pages a running title, which would greatly facilitate the steady use to which such reading-matter ought to be put.

The Cyclopedia of Biography. By Parke Godwin. New Edition. [G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

A good biographical dictionary is of course a great desideratum; "every family ought to have one;" but the perfect one has not yet been made. In fact it never will be made, since people will get famous or die away faster than their lives and services can be stereotyped, and every new attempt to catch up with the times must necessarily fall behind. The great merit of the work before us is its compactness and conciseness. It is in a single volume of moderate size, containing 1,150 pages, with about 800 words to a page, and embracing something like 7,000 titles. The print is fine but clear, the paper good, and in all externals the volume is stout and serviceable. So much of it as was edited by Parke Godwin was originally published in 1851, and is here reproduced without change. A supplement of 332 pages, by another hand, brings the work down to August, 1877; so attempting to revivify an old body by a transfusion of new blood. No living person has mention in it from beginning to end, so that to turn its pages is like strolling through a graveyard. The biographical dictionary which *we* need, and which we think most other people need, would make it possible to find the living among the dead. The men we often have most urgent need to know about are our contemporaries. Still, this is fitted to be a very useful book, and we have installed it on our shelf alongside of Putnam's *World's Progress*, of which it is a sort of twin brother.

Switzerland and the Swiss. By the author of "The Knights of the Frozen Sea." [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

The sixteen chapters and twenty-four illustrations comprised in this book suffice to give young readers a very good idea of the subject covered. The chief features of the country, its aborigines and their lake dwellings, the history of the people ancient and modern, the struggle with Charles the Bold, the Reformation of Zwingle's day, the remarkable men of recent times, and the scenery as looked upon through the eyes of the tourist and the mountaineer, are described with fair skill, though rather with an *under* aim, as if the author, who is apparently English, were too conscious of sustaining a responsibility to immature minds. The book would be a very suitable one for Sunday school libraries.

History of Brunswick, Topsham, and Harpswell, Maine. By G. A. and H. W. Wheeler. [Alfred Mudge & Son.]

Town histories deserve indulgent consideration. The poorest of them are objects for thankfulness rather than for criticism. Their preparation involves a kind and amount of labor for which few persons have either the skill or the patience, and it is an exception to the rule if they ever yield any recompense to the producer beyond the satisfying consciousness of a good deed done. The town of Brunswick, Me., if for no other reason than as the seat of Bowdoin College, deserves, with its associates, Topsham and Harpswell, such a work as this. The volume is capacious and well-filled, with due attention to variety, order and perspective. Part I covers the aboriginal period. Part II enters into the history of the three municipalities, each by itself, after a topical plan in chronological order. Part III is made up of biographical sketches of noted citizens, and histories of early families. And there are appendices and indexes. The latter are hardly adequate. The industry and painstaking of the authors are manifest on every page, though they have not secured entire accuracy. Some errors and insufficiencies awaken a fear that the work as a whole is not as trustworthy in detail as it might have been made by more systematic critical revision. A number of portraits and illustrations add to its interest and value, and the typography is good.

Memories of Shaubena, etc. By N. Matson. [D. B. Cooke & Co.]

The subject of this interesting historical memoir was a remarkable Indian warrior, who died at his home on the Illinois River in 1859, at the good old age of eighty-four. His father was an Ottawa follower of Pontiac, and he himself fought with Tecumseh in the War of 1812, at whose very side indeed he stood when the great Shawnee chief fell by the bullet of Col. R. M. Johnson, at the Battle of the Thames. As long ago as 1836 the author of this volume made his acquaintance, and obtained from him the personal facts and recollections which are here presented in narrative form. The story of such a person as Shaubena, contemporary as it was with the larger part of the history of the Republic, and interwoven with some of its most eventful passages, is one of no small interest. He reached Fort Dearborn, the site of Chicago, when the spot was reeking with the dreadful massacre of 1812, and made his first visit to it when its only inhabitant was "a big, raw-boned negro." Through all the early troubles on the frontier he exerted a wide influence on the side of the Government, and was instrumental in averting many disasters. One of his reminiscences relates to an amusing, but not highly creditable, incident in a Kankakee cabin, in which Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant in the army, was a chief actor, and Zachary Taylor, then a colonel, a looker-on. Shaubena had some missionary instincts, and could do service on occasions as a temperance lecturer; but he never professed conversion to any religion of civilization. In both the Winnebago and Blackhawk wars he took an active part; as Gen. Cass said, when introducing him to the President, on occasion of his last visit to Washington, he "is the greatest red man of the West; he has always been a friend of the whites." The book carries us back to the times when

Illinois prairies witnessed tragedies like those which have more recently spread horror throughout Kansas, and Arizona, and Idaho, and it has a value as preserver of traditions and details, otherwise certain to be lost. In style and arrangement it might easily have been improved.

Music in the House. By John Hullah, LL. D. [Porter & Coates.]

The author's purpose in writing this book is, as we learn from the introduction, "to get music into the house." Although in his country (England) music may be heard "out of the house," she has not yet made herself a place within, where she is welcome as an "own familiar friend." The work of accomplishing this end, says the writer, "demands a little method." In spite of his very methodical classification of music into "purely vocal, purely instrumental, or both," and again into "music for the performer, music for the hearer, and music for both," we do not think that Mr. Hullah has been very successful. He has treated his subject much too superficially. As a catalogue to guide one in the study of any of the classes of compositions he mentions, the work is incomplete; as a plea for more "music in the house," it is certainly not strong.

Mr. Spofford's *American Almanac* is intended to fill a gap which has long existed, and, although not so good a handbook of facts as it ought to be, and might have been, is considerably better than nothing, being a decided advance upon the "almanacs" published by some of the metropolitan newspapers, which have been almost our sole reliance in this country hitherto. An attempt was made a few years ago to begin a serial register on the scale of the English *Statesman's Year-Book*, but it never advanced, we believe, beyond a single volume. Mr. Spofford has packed a good deal of valuable statistical information into a small compass, though a number of things have got in which are irrelevant, and might better have been omitted. A calendar, of course, must have the first place. "A Brief History of Almanacs" is interesting reading, and perhaps an allowable item under the circumstances. We would also stretch a point in favor of the table of "Age of Notable Persons," which is something new and serviceable. But the long description of the city of Washington, the historical chapter on the income tax, the narrative of the strikes, and the statement of "How the French Paid the Thousand Millions," are specimens of matter which would be quite as appropriate in half a dozen other places as here. The bulk of the volume is taken up with statistical tables proper, the most important of which relates to libraries, presidential elections 1781–1876, Congress, internal revenue, imports and exports, banking and insurance, railways and manufactures, etc., etc. These tables present the chief results of the last United States census in abbreviated terms, but are not confined to this country, including other nations as well. The work is well arranged, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy. We shall unhesitatingly install it among those indispensable books of reference which we keep at our right hand. [The American News Co.]

Prof. Hepburn's *Manual of English Rhetoric* [Wilson, Hinkle & Co.] is doubtless the result of careful teaching, careful reading, and careful meditation. It is small, containing only 280 12mo. pages, and it is easy to see that it has not been hastily prepared. On the whole, the author is judicious, as well in his plan as in his handling of the subject. Very commendable is the wise conservatism of the book, which is in this respect a protest against the existence of many of our manuals with hackneyed rules that are contradicted on nearly every page of standard literature. The author admits that there may be differences of opinion, and that circumstances will affect the applicability of rules. As an example of wise improvement in this direction, we may call attention to the paragraphs treating of obsolete words and neologisms. The book is, however, not free from defects, such as its definition of rhetoric, which excludes poetry, its account of the difference between prose and poetry, and its mass of puzzling detail. To such an extent, indeed, has this last-named evil grown, that it is possible that the best thing that could be done for under-graduates of all grades—except perhaps for such, if any, as make a specialty of rhetoric—would be to do away with about two-thirds of the details contained in the text-books, and to confine the students to a careful study of the few important rules and principles, leaving them to consult afterwards a full treatise, as they would consult any other work of reference.

For the Cincinnati book-house of Robert Clarke & Co. we have conceived renewed respect since examining its *Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets Relating to America*, comprised in a large octavo of 262 pages. The catalogue of Wiggin's Americana, sold in Boston in 1876, extended to nearly 3,000 titles; and that of the Drake Library, sold in the same year, to more than 10,000; we have here very nearly 7,000 titles, and among them many not to be found in either of the other lists. The classification is in the first instance topical, and under that alphabetical. America, pre-Columbian, leads off. Then come the United States, collectively, with special reference to the three wars in the country's history; then the States, severally; then British America, the West Indies, Mexico, South America, Indians and Antiquities, Travels, Biography, Genealogy and Heraldry, Bibliography, Slavery and Negroes, Religious Communities, Trials, Miscellaneous, etc. Under Bibliography is a fine collection of priced sale-catalogues of great value to collectors. Of Lincolniana there are over 40 titles; of Confederate Publications about 175, of which some 60 are of sheet music; of Indians and Antiquities about 400, and of others in proportion. The collection is especially rich in historical literature of the Interior and the Northwest, and is not without its rarities of a general character, such as Monardes's *Joyfull Newes out of the New-found VVorld*, "Englished" by John Frampton, London, 1596, in black letter; and Ogilby's *America*, London, 1671. Ogilby was a sort of English De Bry, and his work is a curious one. The catalogue is printed with great accuracy, errors being very rare, and is both indexed and priced. We are happy to add that in many instances these prices are remarkably low. Collectors of Americana will be almost sure to find in its pages mention of something they want. Appended is a list of Messrs. Clarke & Co.'s own historical publications, and enclosed is a slip promising for April a *General Catalogue of Choice Books for the Library*, in one volume, 12mo.

Mrs. Browning's *Earlier Poems*, now published and reprinted in this country by James Miller, comprise selections from the volumes of both 1826 and 1833; from the former being taken "The Essay on Mind;" from the latter some of the shorter pieces which accompanied in it the first version of "Prometheus Bound;" making in all a few over thirty compositions, long and short. It is well said in the preface that "all that is best and worthiest in this book is to such a poem as 'Aurora Leigh' as an exquisite day of April is to a fervid day in August." And it is doubtless out of a due sense of this immaturity of Mrs. Browning's earlier work, that Mr. Browning and her friends have earnestly protested against its republication now. The "Essay on Mind" is a ponderous production of stately movement and metaphysical mood, quite after the manner of Pope's "Essay on Man," and remarkable for the bold familiarity with advanced learning which it exhibits, rather than for real poetic quality. The minor poems open with a birth-day address to the poet's father, to whose careful attention the strong intellectual bent of her early years was due. A pair of "Spenserian stanzas" follow; then verses to her brother; lines on the death of Lord Byron; others on "A Passage in Mr. Emerson's Journal," which states that on the mention of Lord Byron's name, Captain Demetrius, an old Roumelist, burst into tears. There are one or two "songs" and "visions;" and a meditation in the Picture Gallery at Penshurst, which Mr. Jennings visited in his walks through Kent, and so pleasantly describes in the volume noticed elsewhere. Taken as a whole, this "Little Classic" volume possesses much the same sort of interest as the cast-off clothing of a child grown-up. [James Miller.]

Revista de Cuba. Periodico Mensual. Director: Dr. José Antonio Cortina. Habana, 1878. This is a monthly periodical of 96 pages, a trifle smaller in the page than our standard monthlies. The January number, the first of the third volume, contains articles on primitive Cuba, natural history, Virgil's Eneid, a visit to a negro burial place on an estate, a translation of Haeckel's address on evolution, vital statistics of Havana for 1877, a translation of V. Cherbuliez's Count Kostia (as a serial), two poems and a miscellany. This list, as well as that of original articles by native authors promised for future numbers, affords a very hopeful showing of the disposition of the Cuban mind to keep abreast

of the best thoughts of our age, and to break through the trammels in which the Spanish intellect has been bound for ages by the intolerance of priests and the cowardice of kings.

Mr. George Stewart, Jr., is a kind of Canadian James T. Fields; and in his *Evenings in a Library* [Belford Brothers] chats gossipingly, descriptively, and, after a fashion, critically, of Carlyle, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Howells, and Aldrich. What he says is talk uttered in the guise of a "Professor" ensconced in a cosy easy-chair before the open fire in his library, with his nephews, Frank and Charles, for listeners and occasional interlocutors. This frame-work will suggest at once the scope and tone of his volume, which we have read with interest. The author knows personally many of the men whom he describes, and has visited some of them in their homes; of the works of all he shows himself a discriminating, but generally admiring, reader. He is a little over-given to the use of such extremities of language as "vast" and "splendid," but allowance is, of course, to be made for enthusiasms, and in a book of this character, which will gratify none more than those who are described in it, there is the charm of novelty. More genial criticism we have not lately met with, and if it be not always penetrating and acute, it is never narrow and captious.

MUSICAL JOURNALS.

The Score. [John F. Perry & Co., Boston.] Monthly, $1.15 a year. This is a 24-page quarto, of just the size of the *Literary World.* In the last number at hand there are 15 pages of music, vocal and instrumental; 5 of advertisements, and 4 of reading matter. The reading matter consists chiefly of news items. The paper is open to improvement, both as respects its editorial quality and its typography.

The Musical World. [S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O.] $1.50. This is a monthly of the same superficial size as the above, but adorned with a tinted cover. It contains 16 pages almost exclusively devoted to reading matter, 16 pages of new music, and 10 or more pages of advertising, and is well made up and printed. It is edited with evident care, judgment and taste, and among its articles upon musical topics are a number that are excellent. Special departments, devoted to Cincinnati, Chicago, New York and Boston, sketch musical life in those cities.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

58. (Answer to 34.) **Brattle St. Church Cannon Ball.** — The ball is in the possession of a member of the parish committee of the old Brattle Street Church, the son and representative of a family long and honorably connected with the church, and it is hoped that at some time it will be placed, with a suitable tablet and inscription, in the building erected on the old site, as nearly as possible in the place where it used to be in the old church front. But neither the author of *Coronation* nor "C. G. W." is correct in calling it a *British* ball. It was an *American* ball, and is generally supposed to have been thrown from Cambridge. See Drake's *Old Landmarks of Boston*, p. 123; Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, p. 328; Lothrop's *History of Brattle St. Church*, pp. 107, 108. "MANIFESTO CHURCH."

59. (Answer to 55.) **Cowper and Mrs. Smith, Longfellow and Motherwell.** — Cowper and Mrs. Smith were, as you say, contemporaries and acquaintances. We may suppose that they together read and admired the Latin poem, and that each, with or without the knowledge of the other, essayed a translation. Cowper's version, we know, was published in connection with the original. Mrs. Smith's may have been included in her works by some posthumous editor who did not know, or at least did not think, of Cowper's translation,— possibly did not know that the poem he was editing *was* a translation. The case, however explained, brings to mind another. While sailing up the Rhine in 1842, Mr. Longfellow was presented by a friend with a volume of German poems. In it he found a ballad by Wolf, apparently original, which so pleased him that he penciled a translation of it in his notebook before he left the boat. This he subsequently published in *Graham's Magazine* as a translation from the German. Not long after he was rudely assailed by some newspaper, for having published as his own a ballad taken almost without disguise from Motherwell's *Minstrelsy.* The facts seem to be these. Motherwell's poem was a new version of one or more old Scotch ballads. Wolf probably translated from Motherwell, and Longfellow, without ever having seen Motherwell's poem, or even the *Minstrelsy*, retranslated into English. The three poems are in the same measure and very similar in structure. And whoever will compare the two English versions will find them so much alike, both in thought and diction, as to well justify a suspicion of plagiarism, if not a charge of absolute theft. The greatest discrepancy arises from the misprint of one German word, which gives a new turn to the sentiment of a single line of Longfellow's version. The story is an old one, and may be familiar. I do not find the poem in any of Longfellow's published works to which I have access, and perhaps he suppresses it because of the history connected with it. The translation was first published in *Graham* I should think in 1843 or 1844. And you will find the three poems with a history of the case in the same magazine for 1845.

Pittsfield, Mass. D.

60. **"Stepping Stones of Their Dead Selves."**— Who is the poet in the following lines of Tennyson:

> "I hold it true with *him* who sings
> To one clear harp of divers tones," etc.

These lines, exactly quoted, belong to the first stanza of the body of "In Memoriam," which is as follows:

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

Who thus "sings" we cannot tell. The sentiment — "stepping stones of their dead selves"— is a strangely familiar one, but we can nowhere trace it in that precise form. The nearest approach to it is probably the thought underlying Longfellow's "The Ladder of St. Augustine," one of his *Birds of Passage;* the first and last stanzas of which are as follows:

> "Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder, if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of fame.
>
> "Nor deem the irrevocable Past
> As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
> If, rising on its wrecks, at last
> To something nobler we attain."

61. **The Mormon Bible.**— About what is the value of a Mormon Bible,— first edition?

Philadelphia. J. B. S.

Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, catalogue a copy of the original edition of the *Book of Mormon* at $35; of the second, Kirtland, O., 1837, at $13; of the third, Salt Lake City, 1874, at $3. The original edition is a 12mo, sheep, pp. 500, and was printed at Palmyra, N. Y., in 1830, by E. B. Grandin, "for the author" and proprietor, Joseph Smith, Jr.

62. **Histories of Greece and Rome.**— Being limited in time for study can I do better than Mommsen's *Rome* and Curtius's *Greece* for histories of those countries?

Romeo, Mich. S. O. G.

Both of these works are of great value, Curtius's particularly; but they are elaborate and voluminous. A reader "limited in time" could do better with either one of several others. Smith's histories of Rome and Greece are excellent compendiums. Puller's one vol. abridgment of Merivale's *Rome*, just out, is highly spoken of, and Cox's *Greece* is one of the best of the one-volume histories, and very full. All of these are to be had in Harper's "Student's Series." Fyffe's *History of Greece* [Macmillan & Co.'s Primers] covers the whole subject in 127 pages. Various periods of Grecian and Roman history are treated with great ability in the several volumes of "Epochs of Ancient History" [Scribner].

63. **The Roman Catholic Church in the United States.**— Tell me what works, especially of recent date, will give me reliable and full information concerning the Papal Church in America. I am studying the subject, and want *facts*, statistical and general, concerning its growth and plans, the influence and power of the Jesuits, Romish schools, influence in politics, etc. What periodical utterances have been made? Is there anything in the Romish publications which reveals their purposes and expectations? Anything recently out in England? T. G. G.

Sycamore, Ill.

There are a number of recent books and periodical utterances which will help our correspondent to the light he seeks. We mention a few.

BOOKS.

Sadlier's Catholic Directory [New York: D. J. Sadlier & Co.] is this Church's official hand-book of statistics for the United States; corresponding to the "year-books" put forth by other Christian churches. Published annually. Price $1.00.

A Treatise on the Catechism (50c.) and the *Catholic Christian Instructed* (50c.) will give information as to the current doctrinal teachings of the Church of Rome. [Cath. Pub. Soc.] Works issued by the same, attempting similar exposition on a larger scale and from different standpoints, are *Fifty Reasons Why the Catholic Religion Ought to be Preferred* (40c.); *Gropings After Truth*, the narrative of a "life-journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic Apostolic Church," by Joshua Huntington (75c.); *The Invitation Heeded*, Rev. James Kent Stone's statement of reasons for leaving the Episcopal Church for the Church of Rome ($1.50); and M. J. Rhodes's argument for the *Visible Unity of the Catholic Church.* This last is an elaborate work in one large octavo volume ($5.00). Other works on the side of the Romanists worth consulting are J. G. Shea's *History of Catholic Missions in North America;* De Courcey's *The Catholic Church in the United States*, edited by Shea; and J. O'Kane Murray's *A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, 1876. Any one of the works

named in this paragraph would be found a valuable help. Still a Roman Catholic of eminent position in New York writes us thus: "If your correspondent is really desirous of knowing the truth about us, let him apply to any Jesuit, and he will tell it to him. Neither full nor *reliable* information is to be had in publications—especially from anti-Catholics."

Romanism as It Is. An Exposition of the Roman Catholic System for the Use of the American People. With an Appendix of Matters from 1871 to 1876. By S. W. Barnum. [Hartford Publishing Co.] This work is an enlargement of material like that found in *Sadlier's Directory*, but written from the Protestant standpoint. It is historical, descriptive and statistical.

Papacy and the Civil Power. By R. W. Thompson [present Secretary of the Navy]. [Harper & Brothers.] An important discussion, also from the Protestant standpoint, of the historico-philosophic principles entering into the subject. Covers a great deal of ground, is learned and able.

Rome in Canada. By Charles Lindsey. [Toronto: Lovell Brothers, just published]. An important local monograph of considerable size. Protestant.

Francis Parkman's historical series, *The Jesuits in North America*, *The old Regime in Canada*, and *Discoveries in the Great West*, cover finely the earlier period.

From Rome On. By N. R. Waters. An interesting and suggestive narrative of the personal experience of one who began as an Episcopalian, became a Roman Catholic, and ended in "free religion." [Somerby].

Church Papers. By Rev. Leonard W. Bacon. Contains a sharp review of Rev. James Kent Stone's defense of his conversion, embodying remarks upon some general aspects of the question.

The text of the *Papal Syllabus* of 1864 may be found in Schaff's *Creeds of Christendom*, vol. II, p. 213; remarks in vol. I, pp. 128, 135, etc. See also De Pressensé's *Le Concile du Vatican*, and *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion* [London, 1875], the latter comprising Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets. Cardinal Manning's and Dr. Newman's replies to Mr. Gladstone have been reprinted by the Cath. Pub. Soc., in a 12mo volume ($1.50), as also Vaughan's and Ullathorne's replies, at the same price.

Among other pamphlets may be mentioned *The Roman Catholic Church and Free Thought*, embodying the controversy between Abp. Purcell of Cincinnati, and Thomas Vickers, and containing the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of Pope Pius IX [Cincinnati]; *The Public School Question*, by Bp. McQuaid on one side and F. E. Abbot on the other, being No. 5 of the tracts published by the Free Religious Association; and *The Bible in the Public Schools* [Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.], which gives a complete history of the late struggle in that city over the subject in one of its phases, to which, however, Romanism was only one party among many. The very freshest pamphlet utterances that we know of are the Very Rev. Dr. Thomas S. Preston's *The Failure of Protestantism* [New York: Robert Coddington, 1878], an Advent lecture, particularly significant as coming from one who was formerly an Episcopalian; and *Catholicism vs. Romanism and Protestantism*, by Rev. G. C. Betts, an Episcopal rector of St. Louis, the argument of which is that Romanism and Protestantism are the two erring extremes of religious faith; that the correct mean is the true Catholicism of the Episcopal Church. This pamphlet is printed in St. Louis, but can be had of A. Williams & Co., Boston. [25c.]

PERIODICALS.

"The Hand on Peter's Keys" is discussed by M. Le Mangis in the *University Magazine* [London] for January. —"Are the Clergy Priests or Ministers?" [*Contemporary Review*, Dec., 1877], by Canon Perowne, is an English [Protestant] Churchman's critical examination of the priestly claims which find their largest expression in the ministry of the Roman Church. —"The Disestablishment of the Church of England" is discussed by Rev. Dr. James H. Rigg [English Methodist] in the *International Review* for May-June, 1878; and by the Duke of Argyle in the *Contemporary Review* for Jan. —In the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* [Philadelphia] for Jan., 1878, Rev. A. J Thebaud writes on the "Actual Situation of the Church in Countries Outside of European Sway;" and G. D. Wolfe on "The Mercersburg Movement: an Attempt to Find Ground on which Protestantism and Catholicity might Unite." — Other pertinent articles are as follows: "The Pope, the King and the People" [*London Quarterly Review*, Jan.]; "The Vatican Council Conducive to Civil Liberty" [*Christian Apologist*, Jan.]; "Christianity as an Historical Religion" and "Confession in the Church of England" [*Catholic World*, Jan., Feb.]; and "The Political Rapacity of the Church of Rome" [*American Church Review* (Prot. Epis.), Jan.] James Parton's "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April and May, 1868, is reprinted in his *Topics of the Time*, 1871; and F. E. Abbot's "The Catholic Peril in America," in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1876, is reprinted with additions in *The Index* for June 8 and 15, 1876. "Notices of the Papal Church in the U. S." may be found in the *Am. Quart. Register*, vol. II, p. 189.

Of course here is very much more material than our correspondent can possibly want to use; but few of the works named are likely to be found in any one place outside of the large libraries, and where one cannot be had another may answer.

64. (Answer to 52.) Brook Farm.—To be more particular in reply to J. W. B. than we had time and space to be last month, we may say that Chap. v. of Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne*, [Osgood] gives quite an account of Brook Farm through the medium of Hawthorne's connection with it. Lathrop was guided probably by passages in Vol. II of Hawthorne's *American Note Books*, pp. 5–54, and by certain elements of reality running through *The Blithedale Romance*, especially noticeable in Chaps. iii, v, and viii. Lathrop has however added some interesting particulars of his own procuring. Frothingham in his *Transcendentalism in N. E.* [Putnam] gives on pp. 157–175 another picture, derived in part from Hawthorne's *Note Books* and in part from other and private sources. He prints the constitution of the community in full, and his narrative is of especial value for its analysis of the intellectual and religious atmosphere in which the movement had its rise. The subject is also elaborately treated in Noyes's *History of American Socialisms* [Lippincott, 1870], Chaps. xi, xxxix–xlii; but an inaccuracy in the index to the volume is likely to throw the inquirer off the track.

SELECT LIST FOR LIBRARIES.

"I like your idea extremely, but *do* be rigid."
—*A Correspondent.*

Mr. Smith. Novel. E. Walford. Holt & Co. $1.00
Pauline. Novel. E. Walford. Holt & Co. 1.00
In Change Unchanged. Novel. Linda Villari. Holt & Co. 1.00
The Honorable Miss Ferrard. By the author of "Hogan, M. P." Holt & Co. 1.00
The "Wreck of the Grosvenor." Story of Sea Life. Harpers. .30
Mirage. "No Name" novel. Roberts Brothers. 1.00
Through a Needle's Eye. Novel. Hesba Stretton. English. Religious in the best sense. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1.00. H. Hoyt. Illus. 1.50
Lady Alice. Novel. Emma Marshall. English. Religious. Dutton. 1.50
What Career? Ethical Essays. E. E. Hale. Roberts Brothers. 1.25
All Saints Day. Sermons. Charles Kingsley. Scribner. 1.50
England in the 19th Century. History. Lecky. A very comprehensive and graphic study of the intellectual, social and political England of the last century. 2 vols. Appletons. 5.00
Popular Astronomy. Newcomb. Harpers. 4.00
Mexico As It Is. Gray. Account of a recent winter's visit. Brief, picturesque. Randolph. 1.00
Field Paths and Green Lanes. Jennings. Appletons. 1.50
Cyprus. Cesnola. Narrative of archæological researches. Harpers. 5.00
Mycenæ. Schliemann. Narrative of archæological researches. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 12.00
Raphael and Michelangelo. C. C. Perkins. A critical biography. J. R. Osgood & Co. 5.00
Reminiscences of Daniel Webster. Harvey. Anecdotical biography. Little, Brown & Co. 3.00
Music and Musicians. Schumann. Critical essays. Schuberth & Co.
Good Old Times. Kellogg. Juvenile. Lee & Shepard. 1.00
Art Decoration Applied to Furniture. Mrs. Spofford. A thorough and instructive treatise. Harpers. 4.00
Outlines of the History of Art Lübke Large and elaborate. Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. 14.00
Dictionary of English Literature. Adams. A very useful reference book. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 4.00
Dosia. A novel. Greville. Estes & Lauriat. 1.50

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Jansen, McClurg & Co. announce *How She Came into the Kingdom*, a romance by C. M. C.; Dick & Fitzgerald, *Dick's Recitations and Readings*, No. 7; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., Prof. W. S. Tyler's *The Teaching of Christ Respecting the Duration of Future Punishment*, reprinted from the March *New Englander;* Sheldon & Co., a military novel by Capt. Whittaker, author of the *Life of Custer;* J. L. Sibole, *The English in Ireland, or People who Live in Glass Houses*, by T. Adolphus; and Robert Clarke & Co., *Legal Maxims*, by James A. Morgan. The following are the latest announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons: a translation of the *Constantinople* of de Amicis, by Caroline Tilton; a new edition of C. K. Tuckerman's *The Greeks of To-day;* the first volume of Prof. M. C. Tyler's *History of American Literature; Poke O' Moonshine*, a story of the French and Indian War by L. C. Strong; *The Bible, What Is It?* by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; and a number of art and science hand-books.

—The *Radical Review* is dead after all.—The name of the new "No Name" volume of original poetry will be *Rococo.*—D. Lothrop & Co. have in press a reprint of Miss Yonge's histories for young people.—Robert Buchanan, the poet, has written a new play for the London stage.—Carleton will soon publish an autobiographic book by Sothern.—Houghton, Osgood & Co. have nearly ready Miss Stebbins's *Life of Charlotte Cushman*, and Messrs. Fields's and Whipple's *Family Library of British Poets.*—Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is writing a life of the late George Cruikshank.—A long list of attractive books is announced for early publication by Lee & Shepard.

—A mysterious case, in size and appearance much like the crate which holds the extra leaves of an extension table, was received early last month by the *Literary World* from Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, "for notice." It proved to contain, not books, but the next thing thereto, namely a book-case, an *Eastlake Portable Book-case*, of which this firm are the patentees and manufacturers. Taking a large view of the subject, a book-case has quite as close a relation to literature as a book-binding; and on a careful examination of this case we are happy to commend it to our readers as a peculiarly excellent piece of library furniture. Its special points are that its joints are so constructed as to allow of its being taken apart or set up in a moment, and, by an ingenious device, without the use of nails or screws; that its shelves are adjustable to any hight; and that it is of very solid, substantial, and tasteful workmanship. It will hold from one hundred and fifty to three hundred volumes.

MARRIED.

In Westminster Abbey, London, February 28, ELEANOR, daughter of FREDERICK LOCKER, to LIONEL, son of ALFRED TENNYSON.

DIED.

In Rome, Feb. 26, PIETRO ANGELO SECCHI, astronomer, and author of a number of important astronomical works; aged 60 years.

In London, March 3, JOSEPH BONOMI, an eminent Egyptological author; aged 86 years.

In Louisville, Ky., March 11, HEW AINSLIE, a native of Scotland, author of Scotch poems and ballads, and known as "the Burns of America;" aged 86 years.

In England, March 14, JAMES HAIN FRISWELL, essayist, novelist, poet, editor and translator; aged 51 years.

In England, about March 15, JOHN WOOD WARTER, son-in-law of Southey, author, and editor of several of Southey's works; aged 72 years.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ART AND SCIENCE.

POTTERY, How it is Made, Its Shape and Decoration. Practical Instructions for Painting on Porcelain and All Kinds of Pottery with Vitrifiable and Common Oil Colors, with a Full Bibliography of standard Works upon the Ceramic Art and 42 Illustrations. By George Ward Nichols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 142. $1.25.

HANDBOOK OF CERAMIC ART. By M. S. Lockwood. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., Sq., pp. 127. $1.00.

THE EPOCH OF THE MAMMOTH and the Apparition of Man upon the Earth. By James C. Southall, A.M., LL.D. With Illustrations. J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 430.

LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGES. Being "Chapters on Language" and "Families of Speech." By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F. R. S. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 411. With Maps. $2.50.

MATTER AND MOTION. By J. Clerk Maxwell. Reprinted from Van Nostrand's Magazine. D. Van Nostrand. S., pp. 224. 50c.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND in Its Origin and Development. By William Stubbs, M.A. In three vols. M. Second Edition. [Clarendon Press Series.] London: Macmillan & Co. I, pp. 638, II, pp. 634, III, pp. 633. $10.00.

CHINA, a History of the Laws, Manners and Customs of the People. By John Henry Gray, M.A., LL.D. Edited by William Gow Gregor. In two vols. Macmillan & Co. L., Illus. I, pp. 397, II, pp. 374. $10.00.

TO THE EAST BY WAY OF THE WEST. Being an account of What the Author saw in Heathen Lands During his Late Missionary Voyage Around the World, etc., etc. By the late Bishop E. M. Marvin, D.D.; With Biographical Sermon by Bishop H. M. McTyeire, D.D., and Introduction by Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D. Illustrated. St. Louis: Bryan, Brand & Co. M., pp. 606.

FICTION.

THE HONORABLE MISS FERRARD. By the Author of "Hogan, M. P." [Leisure Hour Series.] Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 331. $1.00.

JOSEPH BALSAMO. A Novel. By Alexander Dumas. Illus. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. L., pp. 365. Paper. $1.00.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS. A Novel. By Mrs. Newman. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 111. Paper. 25c.

THE WRECK OF THE "GROSVENOR." An Account of the Mutiny of the Crew and the Loss of the Ship when Trying to Make the Bermudas. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 120. Paper. 30c.

SUNDAY ECHOES IN WEEK-DAY HOURS. A Tale Illustrative of the Miracles. By Mrs. Carey Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 442. $1.50.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 224. $1.00.

MARGARET CHETWYND. A Novel. By Susan Morley. J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 456. $1.50.

THROUGH A NEEDLE'S EYE. By Hesba Stretton. Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.00. Henry Hoyt. M., pp. 432. Illus. $1.50.

DOSIA: A Russian Story from the French of Henry Gréville. By Mary Neal Sherwood. [Cobweb Series.] Estes & Lauriat. M., pp. 260. $1.50.

THE BOY ENGINEERS, What They Did and How they Did it. A Book for Boys. By the Rev. J. Lakin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. L., pp. 344. $1.75.

FLIRTATIONS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Catherine Sinclair. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 424. $1.00.

THE BURIED TREASURE; or Old Jordan's "Haunt." By Harry Castlemon. [Boy Trapper Series.] Porter & Coates. M., pp. 290.

BY PROXY. A Novel. By James Payn. Harper & Brothers. M., pp. 158. Paper. 35c.

BY CELIA'S ARBOR. By Walter Besant and James Rice. With Illustrations. Harper & Brothers. M, pp. 216. Paper. 50c.

MR. GHIM'S DREAM. G. W. Carleton & Co. M., pp. 258.

RELIGIOUS.

THE SPEECHES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT; Fifteen Hundred and Twenty-one in Number, Comprising in Classified Form, the Words of our Lord, Addresses to our Lord, Miscellaneous Speeches, and the Apocalyptic Addresses. The Whole Being Numbered and Presented in Two Books; Book First Grouping the Speeches of the First Three Divisions According to their Length; Book Second Giving the Complete Series, under Four Divisions in a Chronological Harmony. With Valuable Indexes, Tables and Analyses. By Rufus Wendell. Albany: Rufus Wendell. L., pp. 576. Sold by Subscription. $3.00.

HISTORY OF OPINIONS OF THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF RETRIBUTION. By Edward Beecher, D.D. D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 334.

ETERNAL HOPE. Five Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey, November and December, 1877. By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co. M., pp. 225. $1.00.

THE NATIONAL HISTORY OF ATHEISM. By John Stuart Blackie. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 253. $1.50.

IS "ETERNAL" PUNISHMENT ENDLESS? Answered by a Restatement of the Original Scripture Doctrine. By an Orthodox Minister of the Gospel. Second Edition. Lockwood, Brooks & Co. M., pp. 113. Paper. 50c.

TEXT BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE. By Leonard Schmitz, LL.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 262. $1.00.

HISTORICAL STUDENTS' MANUAL. By Alfred Waites. Lee & Shepard. L. 75c.

PLATONIS DIALOGI VI. Ex Recensione C. F. Hermanni. Novi Eboraci: Apud Harperos Fratres. S., pp. 327. 65c.

STAR-GAZING: Past and Present. By J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. Expanded from Short Hand Notes of a Course of Royal Institution Lectures, with the Assistance of G. M. Seabroke, F. R. A. S. Illustrated. Macmillan & Co. L., pp. 496. $7.50.

M. TULLII CICERONIS TUSCULANARUM DISPUTATIONUM. Ad Brutum Libra Quinque. Recognovit Reinholdus Koltz. Novi Eboraci: Apud Harperos Fratres. S., pp. 189.

SCHOOL HISTORY OF ROME. From the Foundation of the City to the Extinction of the Empire of the West. Abridged from Dean Merivale's General History of Rome with the Sanction of the Author. By C. Puller, M. A. With Thirteen Maps. Harper & Brothers. S., pp. 390.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M., pp. 150. $1.50.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Detroit: Craig & Taylor. M., pp. 360. $1.50.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Theodore Martin. With a Portrait. Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 432. $2.00.

PASCAL. By Principal Tulloch. [Foreign Classics for English Readers.] J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 205. $1.00.

CLAUDE LORRAINE. [Artist Biographies.] Houghton, Osgood & Co. S., pp. 154. 50c.

MUSIC AND SOME MUSICAL PEOPLE. Containing Brief Chapters on I. A Description of Music. II. The Music of Nature. III. A Glance at the History of Music. IV. The Power, Beauty and Uses of Music. Following which are given Sketches of the Lives of Remarkable Musicians of the Colored Race, with Portraits, and an Appendix containing Copies of Music Composed by Colored Men. By James M. Trotter. Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 152. Sold by subscription. $2.50.

POETRY, CRITICISM, ETC.

CREATION: A Poem by M. Warren. A. Williams & Co. Sq. M., pp. 32.

FAVORITE POEMS. Selected from English and American Authors. T. Y. Crowell. M., pp. 456. $1.00.

CHOICE READINGS for Public and Private Entertainments. Arranged for the Exercises of the School, College, and Public Reader, with Elocutionary Advice. Robert McLain Cumnock, A.M. Jansen, McClurg & Co. L., pp. 422. $1.75.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY. Bits of Gossip about Books and Those Who Write Them. By George Stewart, Jr. Belford Brothers. Lockwood, Brooks & Co. M., pp. 254.

FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS. By Henry James, Jr. Macmillan & Co. M., pp. 438 $2.50.

ON ACTORS AND THE ART OF ACTING. By George Henry Lewes. [Amateur Series.] Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 237. $1.50.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICANISMS. A Glossary of Words and Phrases Usually Regarded as Peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Fourth Edition, Greatly Enlarged and Improved. Little, Brown & Co. L., pp. 813.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Harper's Half-Hour Series]. MACHIAVELLI. Horace Walpole. By Lord Macaulay. pp. 130. 25c.—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. By Lord Macaulay. pp. 143. 25c.—CONSTANTINOPLE. By James Bryce. pp. 70. 15c.—THE SPANISH ARMADA for the Invasion of England, 1587–1588. By Alfred H. Guernsey. pp. 106. 20c.—THE TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF IRENE MACGILLICUDDY. pp. 94. 15c.—THE BRIDE OF LANDECK. By G. P. R. James. pp. 102.—BROTHER JACOB. THE LIFTED VEIL. By George Eliot. pp. 169. 20c.—A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD. By Mary Cecil Hay. pp. 128.—ENGLISH LITERATURE PRIMERS. ROMANCE PERIOD. By Eugene Lawrence. pp. 153. 25c.—DAVID'S LITTLE LAD. By L. T. Meade. pp. 229. 25c.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA, 1878. Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to America, with a Descriptive List of Robert Clarke & Co.'s Historical Publications. Robert Clarke & Co. L., pp. 64. Paper. 50c.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY JOURNAL. [Monthly.] Vol. I. Sept., 1876–Aug., 1877. F. Leypoldt. Sq. L., pp. 457. xv.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. Vol. XV. Scribner & Co. L., pp. 904.

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BRAIN-DISEASE AND ITS CURE.*

ANÆMIA means bloodless; *hyperæmia* means blood-full; and to over-much blood in the cerebral vessels Dr. Hammond attributes the disease becoming so characteristic of the American people, sometimes called nervous prostration. Among its symptoms may be pain in the head, vertigo, and difficulty of articulation; noises in the ears, flashes before the eyes, accelerated beatings of the heart. Sleeplessness follows, and often singular hallucinations mark the course of the malady. The memory becomes deranged, the judgment is incapacitated for duty, morbid apprehensions of impending evil arise, and the whole emotional nature is rendered painfully sensitive. A mischievous tendency to mental introspection is developed, and peculiar physical sensations are often experienced. Headache is sometimes the chief physical accompaniment of the disease, and other manifestations occur which come under the trained eye of the physician only. The senses are likewise affected, especially those of taste and smell, and the appetite is made capricious. Many of these affections are the familiar symptoms of what is called dyspepsia, malarial disease, or other even more specific ailments under which men and women suffer; but Dr. Hammond refers them all to this plethoric condition of the cerebral circulation, and to the same cause traces, with even greater emphasis, some of the peculiar disturbances of the female constitution.

It is not at all maintained by the author that regular and full mental labor is productive of this condition of *hyperæmia*. It is the *excess* which brings the penalty.

"Eight, or even ten, hours of the twenty-four may, in the average individual, safely and advantageously be occupied with brain-work of as intense a character as may be necessary."

More than this is likely to result in disease, and for some persons even this amount is entirely too much.

"Deprivation of amusements, insufficient physical exercise, by which the blood is directed from the brain to the vessels, and above all, using their brains during the hours that should be given to sleep, will speedily result in cerebral hyperæmia, and probably, even in some more serious disease. . . . Few organs in the body can endure as much hard usage as the brain; but there is a limit to its power of resistance and recuperation, in every one, which cannot be passed with impunity."

Dr. Hammond gives it as the testimony of his experience that for the average young woman's mind the study of mathematics is bad on this very account.

Under proper treatment and favorable conditions recovery from cerebral hyperæmia may be confidently expected. It is, however, seldom spontaneous. Unless arrested, the disorder is likely to pass on into something worse, but death seldom results except in this subsequent stage. The treatment here prescribed is partly medical and partly hygienic. Full particulars are given for the use of various remedies, to which, however, no one should revert except under competent advice. The hygienic discipline suggested may of course be followed without reserve. Upon this point Dr. Hammond says:

"The food should be nutritious, digestible and ample, though not excessive in quantity. Alcohol and tobacco, if used habitually by the patient, should be restricted to moderate limits, and the former should never be taken in the form of spirits — whiskey, brandy, gin, or rum. Light malt beverages and the wines of Germany, Italy or France, when used discreetly, are not in my experience injurious; on the contrary, I think that in the latter stage, when tonics are so generally applicable, they are of decided advantage; used of course with becoming moderation. Tobacco I have never seen do harm, unless indulged in to excess. Tea and coffee may safely be left to the patient's own inclinations and experience."

In addition to the above regimen plenty of *natural* open air exercise and baths are certain to be helpful. Amusements which lift the mind out of the ruts are of great importance, and among these theatrical performances hold a most useful place. A "hobby" is a good thing to have if one is getting up from an attack of hyperæmia; and first, last, and all the time the patient must rest.

There is enough that is scientific and technical in Dr. Hammond's little book to make it worthy the attention of all physicians, while at the same time the nature of the subject, and the simplicity, clearness, and practical way in which it is treated, must secure for it the interest of all people who lead busy, intellectual lives, and who at one time or another may be threatened with the perils which it seeks to avert.

* Cerebral Hyperæmia. By William A. Hammond, M.D. P. Putnam's Sons.

EDGAR FAWCETT'S POEMS.*

THE name of Edgar Fawcett has grown familiar to every reader of our periodical literature. But one who has only glanced at his verses as they have appeared in the magazines will be surprised alike at the number and the character of the poems in his now published volume. The book is arranged in three parts. In the first, under the fitting title of Minor Chords, he has gathered many of the short pieces with which his readers are best acquainted. The second division, Voices and Visions, includes his longer poems, and those of a more thoughtful and complex nature. The third part is composed entirely of Sonnets, several of them upon names famous in modern literature. The easy length of all, generally speaking, is one of their chief attractions. Their author is one of those wise poets who sings briefly, and with a frequent change of key.

Mr. Fawcett is a poet in love with Nature in all her moods. He does not fly to her merely as a relief from the thoughts that haunt him, or seek to make her answer with sympathy his own longings, but he enters into her heart and life, feels with her, and through her eyes looks out upon the world of man. This three-fold power he shows in a rare degree in the three poems called "Immortelles," "Leaves," and "Ivy." Here, too, is a quite perfect picture of the class we mean, holding in its small compass land and water, light and shadow, autumnal foliage, flower and fruit, the heaven and the birds:

REVERIE.

"Below the headland, with its cedar plumes,
A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen;
An ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms,
And flashes of clear green.

"The sumach's garnet pennons, where I lie,
Are mingled with the tansy's faded gold;
Fleet hawks are screaming in the light blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold.

"The plump peach steals the dying rose's red;
The yellow pippin ripens to its fall;
The dusty grapes, to purple fullness fed,
Droop from the garden wall.

"And yet where rainbow foliage crowns the swamp,
I hear in dreams an April robin sing,
And Memory, amid this Autumn pomp,
Strays with the ghost of Spring."

This last stanza seems to us exquisite in that subtle association which always binds great contrasts whether of Nature or circumstance.

No object of creation, even though viewed apart from all human interest, seems to Mr. Fawcett so mean or common as to be unworthy of his patient study and poetic touch. "Weeds," "A Toad," "A Bat," "A Thistle," "A Cobweb," these surely are subjects which few poets would think fascinating, but over them Mr. Fawcett lingers with a loving

*Fantasy and Passion. By Edgar Fawcett. Roberts Brothers.

care. His metaphors are striking, his epithets forceful and apt; but in this very direction lies his danger, for often the mind is wearied with a profusion of epithets and metaphors loosely strung together. In "Analogies," for instance, the butterfly is called, in four successive lines, "satrap of the air," "pirate of the floral sea," "beauteous burlesque of a worm." Before the mind can fairly present to itself one picture, it is hurried on to another, not merely unlike but incongruous. "Dew" is one of the most charming pieces of this kind, but in this, too, the transitions are frequent and abrupt.

Mr. Fawcett's longer and more complex poems treat mainly of the varied phases of the human passions. He sings in diverse tones and from many sides the misery of unanswered love; yet with a tenderness that makes the old subject new. "Jael" associates a strange and painful interest, so far as we know the invention of Mr. Fawcett, with the woman who redeemed Israel from Sisera, and lends a tragic touch to her patriotic crime. In "Violante," also, we have a woman's tragedy, which, by its contrast with Boccaccio's tale that suggested it, grows the more lurid. But the most touching poem of the book, to our mind, is "The House on the Hill." It is a girl's story, told in most plaintive wise, of her slow, sad discovery that her betrothed lover had found another heart dearer than hers. The theme is unhappily commonplace, but every stanza has that unutterable pathos which marks Canto xcvi of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Mr. Fawcett has little talent for the humorous side of life, and his pieces in a lighter vein seem to us far below the general level.

Mr. Fawcett's poetic quality is well indicated by the title of his book. With passion he is richly endowed, a passion deep, strong, and calm. Fancy, also, he has in a large measure, a fancy ever-active, though often wild and capricious, and sometimes grotesque and rude. His choice of words is too often a chase after what is rare and strange, till, in some cases, his style itself seems one unending artifice. These lines, from "The Winds," illustrate the point:

> "Here grouped in superb frigidity
> The blasts of the North repose,
> Proud spirits of stern intrepidity
> Whose wings with clangors unclose.
> In their saturnine eyes crepuscular,
> Cold hatreds bitterly glow;
> In the girth of their dark arms muscular
> Lie shipwreck, ruin and woe."

With all deductions, however, Mr. Fawcett is entitled to rank with the best of our younger poets. His work, as here presented, needs few additions to make it perfect; subtractions, rather, with here and there slight substitutions. Should he live to be old what that is better can he give us than much that is here? His right to the title he wears is amply proved, and in view of the ordeal he now must pass, we can well apply to him these lines from his own poem on "Criticism:"

> "But while, assaulted of this buzzing band,
> The poet quivered at their little stings,
> White doves of sympathy o'er all the land
> Went flying with his fame beneath their wings!"

MATHESON'S SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.*

DR. MATHESON is favorably known by his *Aids to the Study of German Theology*, published in 1875. Though nowhere complete, and sometimes hasty, that work is characterized by a clear rendering of German thought on some of the most difficult themes. In the elegantly printed volumes before us he has ventured upon a much larger theme: the progress in the world, for fifteen centuries, of the Christian religion. Though a believer in the doctrines of Christianity as ordinarily held, the writer does not approach his subject from the dogmatic side. He seeks rather to trace the growth of Christianity in the world as a life, having, indeed, a supernatural origin, but developing in human experience in accordance with the established laws and conditions of human nature. The subject is a noble one. Dr. Matheson writes with vigor, with much knowledge, and in a style which, though somewhat diffuse, is fitted to excite attention and interest. At the same time the work lacks thoroughness, and is marred by inaccuracies. Its subject requires more careful and patient study than the author has given. The facts of the history are not sufficiently mastered by a study of the sources, and they are too often interpreted by a philosophy of history far too easily and superficially won.

The work is introduced by a sketch of pre-Christian religions, arranged very much in the order chosen by Hegel, and for the purpose of showing that they constitute a gradual preparation for the cross, the distinctive characteristic of Christianity. Much in this arrangement is purely arbitrary, and, with our present means of knowledge, incapable of proof or disproof. The writer assumes that the religion most remote from Christianity is the oldest. But it does not follow, even if a general law of progress be conceded, that a particular religious development may not be a declension from some higher and purer faith.

Passing to the Christian history, this is conceived as growth through the stages of infancy, childhood, school-life, and youth. The first covers the life of Jesus. Childhood began at Pentecost and continued to the Mediæval Era, which was the time of school attendance. With the negative Reformation and the *Rénaissance* youth was reached. The Protestant Reformation introduced the age of manhood. The author deems this scheme something more than an illustration. It is a real analogy, the secret of a true philosophy of the subject. Dr. Matheson overworks it. It is an old and well-worn comparison, not without use. Yet Augustine, who belongs to the period of "child-life," in our author's view, uses the simile, if we are not mistaken, more maturely than he; for Augustine applies it to the race, and acknowledges that it cannot be pressed, otherwise we must provide for old age as well as manhood. Dr. Matheson's use of the idea becomes at times purely fanciful. He overlooks entirely that the figure may be newly applied all along the history, and that the successive stages are also synchronous. Athanasius, Basil, the Gregories, Augustine, were remarkable children, and quite as advanced as the school-boys of this scheme whom we meet five centuries later. The missionary beginnings of Christianity, ever since the cultivated nations were won, constantly show Christianity in its earliest stages. In some things the Christianity of the nineteenth century may be only in its childhood, not to say infancy.

Assuming that Christian life is progressive through the ages, Dr. Matheson proceeds to interpret everything in harmony with this principle. He is as good an optimist as Hegel or Cousin. But a law of progress, only won by converting good into evil, gives a poor method on which to write a history of the spirit of Christianity. Its law of progress we believe to be through conflict and victory.

Dr. Matheson's book is impaired in value by its inaccuracies. We need refer to only a few within a limited portion of his work. On page 38 Philo seems to be represented as teaching an incarnation of the Word as mediator; on page 39 as calling Him the Only-begotten Son. The first is inconsistent with our author's statement a few lines above, that Philo "placed the root of sin in matter." Is there any authority for the second? Gal. v: 11 is interpreted to teach that Paul began by preaching circumcision (page 102). The *dictum* of the Council of Jerusalem required the maintenance of religious (?) distinctions between Jews and Gentiles (page 107). Clement of Rome is "probably" (?) identical with the Clement of Philippians (page 116). The last thirty years of the first century are described as the most "dreary" and "uninteresting" in Christian annals (page 131). What would not the world give for documents that would shed more light upon that period! On page 132 "speculations," "heresies," and "imperfect expressions" are made synonymous. Gnosticism is "commonly" (?) regarded as constructed in opposition to Judaism (page 133). "It is the fruit of that universal spirit which is peculiar to the

*Growth of the Spirit of Christianity from the First Century to the Dawn of the Lutheran Era. By the Rev. George Matheson. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

religion of Christ" (page 135). What then of pre-Christian Gnosticism? On page 141 we read: "the most superficial acquaintance" must convince us "that the Christ of Gnosticism became to a great extent the Christ of the second century." *Only* the most superficial,—we should say. Trajan's letter to Pliny was not, as stated (page 148), the foreshadowing of a milder policy; nor Adrian's decree a desertion "of the very principle of the Neronic edict." The explanation of the Clementines (pages 153-4) is a muddle; the account of Irenæus and his position almost a travesty. On page 156, he is represented to "have looked upon the seer of Patmos." EGBERT C. SMYTH.

INTERIOR FURNISHING.

THE subject of house-furnishing and interior decoration is large enough and important enough to call for very various treatment. We have not yet reached the philosophical and high technical discussion, based upon the essential relations between art and life, and illustrated by an analysis of the development of the historical styles, out of which alone, we think, this branch of art is to reap a permanent and actual benefit, commensurate with our civilization. But the spirit of research is awakened, and the way is certainly prepared for this desirable consummation by the abundant literature which has been devoted to this topic within the last eight or ten years. French taste, corrected by academical discipline, and loyal to ancient traditions, has hitherto governed the productions of our cabinet-makers and decorators, who have thus, until lately, been spared the necessity of bestowing much serious thought upon the subject; but now Eastlake, Dresser, Talbert, and other specialists, have given to it a distinct and characteristic development in England, and we in America have followed with the contributions, from the literary point of view, by Mr. Clarence Cook in *Scribner's*, and by Mrs. Spofford in *Harper's Bazar*, and with dissertations, from a professional point of view, in the columns of *The American Architect*.

Mrs. Spofford's work,[1] which might be called another "book beautiful," is not only beautifully and profusely illustrated and interesting to read, but is also calculated to counteract some of the shortcomings in household matters which we have above mentioned. The greater part of the book is taken up with an historical account of the various styles of furniture, showing how and when they originated, how they are characterized, and how related to the manners and habits of their periods. In this respect it is one of the best of recent works upon the subject. Just as a single bone enabled Cuvier to reconstruct the skeleton of an extinct animal, so the discovery of a piece of pottery often tells volumes about the state of civilization of the people to which it belonged; and "the convulsions of empires and the epochs that have shaped the fate of races, have also shaped the articles of our daily use." In illustration of these views there are chapters on the Gothic and Rénaissance styles, on the Pompeian, Moorish, Oriental, Eastlake, Elizabethan, Queen Anne, and many others; while the last twelve chapters treat of modern furniture, including various hints to the uninitiated. Of the Chinese and Japanese ornament, which is just now fashionable, the author says:

> "To the untrained eye it would seem as utterly without symmetry as the most uncouth contortions of the Rococo; but to the eye accustomed to it, it will be seen that, however diverse the parts, however irregular the divisions and masses, . . . still the parts are completely balanced as a whole, and one mass constantly offsets and complements another."

The Eastlake, if not all in itself that might be wished, is yet "a vast improvement in shape, in ideas, and in durability to anything that has been in use for many generations." The chapter on "The Moorish" shows in an interesting manner how the very peculiar and fanciful ornament of the Saracen arose from the fact that his religion forbade the representation of living objects, vegetable or animal, in his art. Mrs. Spofford takes occasion in several places to point out how the position and influence of woman affects the growth of a taste for household art. These few hints must suffice to indicate what the reader has to look for in the book, which, we will add, with its beautiful binding and illustrations, and its elegant thick paper, is uncommonly well suited to its subject.

Mr. Gardner's little book,[2] following several previous highly successful ventures in a similar line, takes up the same general theme in a lighter vein, and gives to the commonplaces of the architect's office a certain currency for lay people by a conversational style and an easy humor. He seems to realize the fact that

> "——— Truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors."

And so any one may take up this little book and run through it of an afternoon without fatigue, and, what is much better, with a residuum of two or three new ideas to fructify in the household. The author gives us nine days of professional experience with clients, such, we fancy, as architects will have when translated to a higher state of existence, and out of his existence with these ideal beings he takes occasion to advise plain people about their paper-hangings, wall-painting, blinds, windows, and window-seats, doors, screens, stairways, tiles and fire-places. The aim appears to be the application of art to common things within narrow means, and, as such, must meet with a certain degree of acceptance. The book is illustrated with illiterate outline sketches, pertinent and impertinent, some of them humorous and a few silly, which perhaps may nevertheless, in their way, confer upon it an added interest and usefulness. Those who want to get notions on the subject, and are willing to take a good deal of chaff for the sake of a few grains of common-sense, may find this volume not unprofitable. It appeared originally in a succession of communications in the columns of the *Springfield Republican*.

[1] Art Decoration Applied to Furniture. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Harper & Brothers.

[2] Home Interiors. By E. C. Gardner. James R. Osgood & Co

GRAY'S MEXICO.*

WE were most glad to find such a faithful and able description of our dear native land. The reader can very soon see that the author is one of those learned travelers who not only examine places and monuments, but study the customs and people, and find out in a little while a great deal. His narrative is exceedingly interesting, and gives a very fair idea of the neighboring Republic.

Among other things the writer mentions the fact that the sign of the cross was found in Mexico by the earliest European visitors. Perhaps it would be well to add that a large stone cross was found in the square of the city of Vera Cruz, the main port of Mexico on the Atlantic side, by Cortes, who placed another cross in the spot and kept the original, having named the city after the second cross; "Vera" being a contraction for Verdadera. "Vera Cruz" means *True Cross*.

The description of the railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico speaks very highly in our behalf. Notwithstanding all these revolutions, we have undertaken and accomplished one of the greatest works of the present civilization.

In the description of his passage from Vera Cruz to Mexico the author speaks of the native drink called in the Aztec language "pulque." The discovery of this beverage is most interesting. Before the Spaniards went to Mexico the country was divided into different empires. Hiztlachihualt, a young princess, while wandering in the fields, found a liquid contained in the roots of the "maguey," otherwise called "American agave." She took some of this liquid to her father. The Toltec monarch, in turn, sent her to the great Aztec Emperor, who, unlike our distinguished American visitor, found pulque not "of all sour things the most disgusting," but a delicious nectar; drank more

* Mexico As It Is. By Albert Zabriskie Gray. E. P. Dutton & Co

than his royal head could stand, became intoxicated, and insulted the handsome princess. This gave occasion to a war between the two empires, which lasted for several years, and we are told by the historians that when the Spaniards arrived at Mexico they found the fields between that city and Texcaco "white with bones."

The miraculous apparition of the Lady of Guadalupe, as told by the reverend writer, and the description of her grand cathedral, are most interesting. That image is worshiped throughout the whole country, especially by the Indian element, who visit her once a year and bring to her a large portion of the money they have earned during the whole year; hence the immense wealth of that cathedral. We would add a very interesting fact. During the confiscation of the church property by the Government, a gentleman was commissioned to examine the archives left in the convents. Among other important documents he found a receipt of a Spaniard for "having painted the Lady of Guadalupe." The Romanists claim that among other strange things about this apparition is the name that the Holy Virgin herself took to be known by in Mexico, a name entirely new to the Spanish language. But when we read that the Moors used the name "wade" for river, and that the Spaniards changed the "w" to "g," and that there was a name "Guadalupus," *River-wolf*, given to a river in south-west Spain, which was afterwards changed to *Guadalquivir*, we find nothing new in the name Guadalupe. How the Roman Catholic clergy imposed on those poor Indians is very astonishing.

A chapter dedicated to the Reformation in Mexico gives a very valuable testimony to the clergy and members of the Church of Jesus. One of the bishops-elect of that church has been lately among us, and found great sympathy and encouragement among New England people.

To all those interested in Mexico, and especially in the work of the church in that land, we would most earnestly recommend this book. PRIMITIVO A. RODRIGUEZ.

MR. LEWES ON ACTORS AND ACTING.*

THIS volume shows that for years, while engaged in his philosophical studies, Mr. Lewes has been an attentive student also of the stage. His present view is that the histrionic art is degenerating into a mere amusement, which we think a partly correct view; his desire is to see a revival of the art, in which desire we heartily and hopefully join him. And we count on conscientious and able books like this as valuable means to that end. Three classes of people it particularly concerns: play-actors, theater-goers, and dramatic readers. The latter will find it full of valuable suggestions.

There are fifteen essays, or chapters, belonging to different dates scattered through ten or a dozen years back. Two of the earlier relate to the drama in Germany and Spain; a third to the Parisian drama in 1865. It is in this last that Mr. Lewes meets Mr. James so interestingly in coincident criticism, as mentioned elsewhere. The two agree in their estimate of both Got and Madame Plessy, and, as might be expected, the estimate is very high.

Two other essays are properly studies, one of "National Acting," the other of "Shakespeare as Actor and Critic." Of course we know very little of Shakespeare in these capacities, except as we see him through his writings. Mr. Lewes thinks he was a better critic than actor.

The remaining chapters, ten in number, are descriptive and critical personal sketches of eminent actors whom Mr. Lewes has seen; constituting, in our judgment, the most interesting part of his work. Edmund Kean and Salvini are the two pillars in his temple. He was very young when he saw Kean, but he has never forgotten him, and to this day counts him "incomparably the finest actor" he ever knew. Salvini he places by his side. Of all the Hamlets he has seen, the Italian's is "the least disappointing," and he accounts him the greatest speaker he has ever heard. Rachel he calls "the panther of the stage," and further defines her place by saying that she was very much as a woman what Kean was as a man. But he notes that she could not speak prose with success, and in this incapacity he finds reason of her failure in modern drama. Macready he remembers for talent rather than genius, but great talent, great in the range of its capabilities. "It was really a rare sight to witness Claude Melnotte and Lear played by the same actor in the same week." Mr. Lewes prints a graphic account of Macready's farewell performance, which he witnessed, written at the time, in 1851. Charles Matthews he liked immensely, and he is frank enough to mention, as a proof of his enthusiasm, that he once wrote a one-act comedy for him; which was not, however, accepted.

After the same entertaining and instructive manner Mr. Lewes writes of the comedian Farren, "representative of gentlemen," who would always "strengthen a cast," but never "draw a house;" of Frédéric Lemaître, so gifted for the personation of the picturesque blackguard; of Keeley, who is neatly described as "a duodecimo Falstaff," and of his equally clever wife. Fechter and Ristori are discussed at length in chapter xi, but are not rated as more than "accomplished."

Mr. Lewes will not concede to the actor a rank equal to that of the writer or the painter; the actor being, from his point of view, not a creator, but only a utilizer. We regret that he should have degraded his own literary standing by using the word "nigger."

* On Actors and the Art of Acting. By George Henry Lewes. Henry Holt & Co.

ENGLISH READERS.

MR. HUDSON has done our schools a favor by using his severe literary taste and extensive experience as an instructor, in the preparation of a reading-book.[1] We wish that the remarks in his introduction might be studied by all readers and teachers. His taste is rigorous, and no doubt many who look at his book will complain that he has excluded writers with whom it were well that young people were acquainted. Patriotism may also feel offended that so few American names are included.

Mr. Hudson says that he would "start the young with such authors as have been tested and approved by a large collective judgment." He likes to see the young growing enthusiastic over the treasured wisdom and eloquence of their forefathers. We sympathise with him in these views, and surely it is discouraging and distressing to see a generation coming up to maturity upon milk and water. We hail with delight any effort to give them strong meat. We think, however, that care should be exercised to point out all that is good and wholesome in current literature.

Mr. Hudson's book is crowded with gems, and must do a good work in any school where it is used. We have noticed, however, in the notes some expressions that might be changed to advantage, for they are rather below the standard that the editor proposes. We hardly like to be told that a passage of the judicious Hooker is "hard to beat;" that Luna was "smitten with Endymion's beauty;" that certain minds "got badly swamped;" that Napoleon's promises to the nations he conquered "always ended in his fleecing them, skinning them, and picking their bones;" and we fear it borders on extravagance to say of Wordsworth's noble "Ode to Duty" that "no higher strain of moral inspiration has been breathed on earth since the days of the Apostles."

Mr. Hudson well says: "Poetry, that has no holiness in it, may be, for it often has been, vastly popular in its day; but it has and can have no lasting hold on the heart of man. . . . To love worthy objects and in a worthy manner, is indeed the top crown of earthly good; aye, and of heavenly good also." It is because this book is a worthy outgrowth of such principles as are thus expressed, that we commend it heartily to all who are in positions where they can bring it before the young.

[1] Classical English Reader. Selections from Standard Authors, etc. By the Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Ginn & Heath.

Mr. Cumnock's reader[2] has followed so closely after Mr. Hudson's as to invite comparison with it, but as the two differ largely in object, praise of the one is not necessarily condemnation of the other. Hudson's contains nearly a hundred pages more of matter than Cumnock's, and yet is in appearance much the smaller volume, for the paper is thinner and the pages are more capacious, the thinness of the paper making the book more flexible. Hudson gives extracts from eighty-seven authors and Cumnock from one hundred and three, and yet there are only sixteen which are represented in both books. Hudson presents seventy-one who are not in Cumnock, and Cumnock eighty-seven who do not appear in Hudson. A comparison of the lists shows the different objects aimed at by the respective editors. Mr. Hudson would cultivate an elevated literary taste, while Mr. Cumnock wishes to give selections "best suited to the purposes of elocutionary training and public reading and declamation." Of course these latter conditions are not consistent with such a collection as Mr. Hudson has made. We should prefer to give our children Hudson, however, even if the object were to train them in elocution, though he has neglected the departments of wit and humor too much to make his selections available by those who wish to make out programmes for public readings, where the average audience will go to sleep if not tickled.

On examination of the authors in the two volumes we find that Hudson's contains extracts from the following writers who do not appear at all in Cumnock's: Addison, Carlyle, Choate, Cowley, Cowper, De Quincey, Dryden, Froude, Gladstone, Gray, Hawthorne, Helps, Hooker, Herbert, Johnson, Jonson, Keats, Lamb, Landor, Mill, Milton, Shelley, South, Southey, Spenser, Steele, Swift, Jeremy Taylor, Thomson and others. Among those included by Cumnock and excluded by Hudson are Aldrich, Aytoun, Mrs. Beers, G. H. Boker, the Brownings, Alice Cary, Frank Clive, Will Carleton, Raynell Coates, Collins, Dickens, Fields, Gough, Halpine, Bret Harte, Holmes, Hood, Hunt, Lever, Lincoln, Lover, Lowell, Bulwer, James De Mille, Mitford, Montgomery, Moore, "Nasby," Phillips, "Mark Twain," Poe, Ruskin, Saxe, Ann S. Stephens, Bayard Taylor, J. T. Trowbridge, Thackeray, Willis, and many others.

It is evident that Mr. Cumnock might well have omitted some of the names that he has honored, and it is equally plain that Mr. Hudson could not have excluded any which are on his list, though he might properly have added several to it. All who are interested in training the young will wish to examine both of these books more minutely than we are now able to do.

ARTHUR GILMAN.

[2] Choice Readings, with Elocutionary Advice. By Robert McLain Cumnock, A. M. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

WOOLSEY'S POLITICAL SCIENCE.*

PRES. WOOLSEY divides his imposing and very comprehensive work into three parts: the first is devoted to the doctrine of rights as the foundation of a just state; the second discusses the true theory of the state; and the third, and by far the fullest division, is given to the multitudinous questions of practical politics.

Passing over a host of topics, such as the marriage institution and the right of property, which are well discussed in the first part, we come at once to President Woolsey's theory of the state, which is thus briefly expressed: "The right [*of the state*] comes not from renounced power, but in the state's being, in the natural order of things, God's method of helping men toward a perfect life." We are not sure that this test would not cover all the legislation of an ideally perfect state; undoubtedly, also, it is very convenient to find a divine sanction to many acts of the state, as when in war it sacrifices the lives of thousands, for the sake of the material and societary interests of the millions. But one cannot help feeling that such a theory is indefinite, unpractical; that it is not, in short, a working theory. In fact, it is observable that the author does not bring it into vital contact with the rest of the book. The really pivotal point in the work is the chapter on the Sphere and Ends of the State, in which this right, however derived, has its scope marked out and determined. According to the view herein advanced, it seems that the sphere of civic action is best seen by looking at the state as "a great association," or, in the language of the economists, an instance of combination of labor, though we do not recollect that they have ever used the state as an illustration of it.

> "The interests of men demand unity of law and one power everywhere, in order that life may be on one undisturbed plan. These wants in detail cannot be met by individuals whose power is limited and local, or by a multitude of small communities or municipalities. One organized power must do all, both the jural work and the work that embraces other great interests."

Concerning this view of the sphere of the state, it may be said that if "the interests of men" are sufficient to determine the scope of the state's exercise of its power, it is difficult to see why they do not also furnish an explanation of the underlying right. Such a test of the state's right of action as is here indicated is, of course, empirical; the philosophy of politics becomes little else than the philosophy of history. But there is, in truth, no alchemy whose magic touch can transform the leaden difficulties of statecraft. For such a philosopher's stone, Rousseau and his school sought in vain; Mill is no more successful when he lays down his cardinal maxim, in the essay on *Liberty*, that "the individual is not accountable to society for his actions, in so far as these concern the interests of no person but himself." Pres. Woolsey fully recognizes the impossibility, and devotes the greater part of his book to an historical and critical review of forms of government and methods in legislation without attempting to make the application of a theory. The recognition would have been complete had the work before us been entitled "The Art of Politics" instead of "Political Science." The part on Practical Politics is given to a review of historic forms of government, and the discussion of numerous questions of interest in modern politics.

Running through these essays one cannot fail to notice a hardly concealed fear for the future of democratic institutions. Ochlocracy, as the author calls the reign of the proletariat, is constantly in his mind and frequently on his pen. Although, in his view, "the ancient democracies — small in size, with a concentrated population, susceptible of intense excitement, often ready to play the tyrant, when they had secure possession of the state without checks and breaks such as the representative system furnished — are not that form of government which can fairly be used as the test of democratic principles," yet the phenomena, in our own day, of the control of large masses of property by non-taxpaying citizens, the ease with which demagogues can manipulate the machinery of the caucus, the decline of the Bench by reason of an elective judiciary, and the tremendous personal power of the President, are not to be viewed without alarm. We do not believe that these fears are the expression of a timid conservatism resulting from the Federalist influences under which the late President of Yale College was trained; on the contrary, if we may judge of the author from a general survey of his work, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, though his step may be infirm with the weight of years, is mind is still fresh, open to the latest and best in modern thought, and free from the encrusted prejudices of age.

As a whole, the book is a valuable contribution to our literature, and a trustworthy guide to the higher duties of American citizenship. That the pages of so eminent an author should be disfigured by the constantly recurring and inexcusable blunders of a slovenly proof-reader, is a fault of the otherwise excellent letter-press on which we cannot be too severe.

* Political Science; or the State Theoretically and Practically Considered. By Theodore D. Woolsey. 2 Vols. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

SOUTHALL'S EPOCH OF THE MAMMOTH.*

THIS book is avowedly directed against the modern theories of the evolution of animal life; the author endeavoring to make a point against the progressionist school by proving that man has been upon the earth for but a short time, a time all too short to allow for the action of those slow-acting forces to which the modern school of naturalists look for the creation of races. The plan of the book shows a fair amount of literary skill, and the matter a wide though irregularly uncritical reading. Authorities of the greatest weight are jumbled in with the merest dabsters of science; men who have given trained lives to research are outweighed on its pages by the first convenient nobody who can be found to hold an opposite opinion.

The conservative naturalist must regret that this important task of criticism upon the course of inquiry into the antiquity of man should be given over to such men, who approach the subject as does a clever lawyer his case when he must make his brief. Owing to the fact that the class of so-called archæologists includes a larger proportion of half-taught men than make up the *personnel* of any other science, their work needs the unsparing criticism of a judicial mind such as Lyell so nobly gave to the researches of geologists. The considerable success of Dr. Southall in pricking some of the bladders on which our archæologists have long been swimming is sufficient proof that the science needs a great deal of wholesome criticism, and that it affords easy opportunities for its use.

It is hardly worth while to take up in succession the abundant errors of statement and of understanding which have arisen from the author's evident want of acquaintance with the facts of geology and zoölogy. A single case will show the utter untrustworthiness of his methods. Having shown that the elephant (to him all elephants are, if convenient, but one species) was living in Assyria at about 1200 B. C., he proceeds to the conclusion that it is likely enough that the Siberian elephants lived yet a thousand years or so before that time. He clearly does not know that the Siberian elephant is separated from the existing species of Southern Asia by differences about as great as those which distinguish the polar bear from the ordinary black bear; so his supposed evidence goes for nothing. Blunders of this sort are perhaps pardonable if we are in any case to excuse a man for writing ignorantly of a subject which above all requires personal familiarity; but the concluding chapter of the book merits a stronger condemnation. In the earlier part we may charge to over-fervid advocacy the suppression of much evidence that points to conclusions other than those the author seeks to affirm, but it was not possible for him to avoid all discussion of the carefully fortified proofs of the antiquity of man in California, which have been brought together by Prof. J. D. Whitney. Here the book descends very near to flippant nonsense, and abounds in perversions and suppressions of facts which throw a curious light upon the whole spirit of the book. This chapter is unworthy of any writer who pretends to treat a great problem, and it shows his essential unfitness for his chosen task.

In a word, while we must credit the book with a certain literary skill, sufficient to make it readable, we must say that it has little of a scientific spirit, but is a piece of special pleading, which so far from helping will certainly hinder the cause it attempts to help.

* The Epoch of the Mammoth and the Apparition of Man upon the Earth. By James C. Southall, A. M., LL.D. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

CANOES AND CANOEING.*

THESE four publications, ranging from the magazine article of six pages to the solid octavo volume of three hundred and fifty, present a complete exposition of the modern science of canoeing, theoretical and applied. We call it "modern," for though in the abstract this method of inland navigation is as old as the "birch" of the North American Indian and the "kayak" of the Greenlander, it is only within about a dozen years, or since Mr. MacGregor led the way in his famous "Rob Roy," that it has been developed into a full-sized and first-class sport, with well-defined principles, regular industrial interests, and organized devotees. And now it begins to have its literature.

The "canoe" of the present era is a light, frail craft, built sometimes all of wood, and sometimes of a wooden frame with a paper skin, propelled by means of sails, or oars, or paddles, and carrying a single passenger with his kit, the latter reduced to its lowest possible terms. The ideal voyage of the canoeist is a long and rambling one over land-locked waters. By day he skims the river, or the lake, or the canal, as the case may be, and by night reposes in camp upon the shore. When one highway gives out, he shoulders his boat and makes for another. He may be explorer, or naturalist, or sportsman, or idler; or all in one. He is a Thoreau with an improved outfit. The fascinations of his life are many and strong. The only drawback seems to be one which is suggested in this bit of advice from a veteran:

"Do not undertake to be a canoeist unless you can swim easily and well."

The canoeist may then expect to spend some of the time *in* the water.

Mr. Alden, Mr. Norton, and Mr. Habberton are three of the thirty-six members of the New York Canoe Club; and are journalists, notwithstanding Mr. Bishop's remark that nearly all the canoeists of his acquaintance are ministers. What they, between them, do not know about canoeing is probably not worth knowing. Mr. Alden takes us through the shops of the several canoe builders, as it were, and shows us the different styles of boats, pointing out the peculiarities and comparative merits of each. His paper is one of facts, but is written in a playful spirit, which makes it very interesting. Mr. Norton's and Mr. Habberton's book gives a good deal of similar information about boats and their factors, with a large addition of sailing directions and practical hints for canoeists; the whole mixed in with a narrative, intended to be facetious, of a canoe excursion into the Canadas, last year, in which the parties participated. Like most attempts to be humorous, this element of the volume falls short of complete success, the jokes being rather labored, and the style of a sort that grows monotonous and wearisome; but the instruction at the bottom is well worth having. The text is embellished with a profusion of home-made pictures, all of which answer their purpose very well, and some of which are very clever. If the authors had utilized their experience to make a sober handbook for such as might like to profit by it, we think they would have done better, and have laid the public under a larger obligation.

This wiser course has been followed by Mr. Bishop, the same who a few years since, when only seventeen years old, amused himself by taking a thousand miles' walk across South America. (See *The Pampas and the Andes*. By N. H. Bishop. Lee & Shepard, 1869.) The voyage of which we now have a detailed narrative was a very serious and extraordinary one, although undertaken for scientific pleasure. The route was from Quebec up the St. Lawrence, into and down the Sorel River, and across Lake Champlain into the Hudson; through New Jersey into the Delaware; and thence by the almost continuous series of sounds and rivers and creeks which edge the Atlantic coast to and across Florida; and so by way of the St. Mary's and Suwanee Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. This entire distance of 2,500 miles was traversed in a paper canoe in less than eight months of 1874–5, the adventurous voyage involving some perils and many hardships, but affording to one of Mr.

* The Perfect Canoe. By W. L. Alden. Harper's Monthly for April, 1878.

Constitution, By-Laws, Sailing Regulations, etc., of the New York Canoe Club, 1878.

Canoeing in Kanuckia. By C. L. Norton and John Habberton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Voyage of the Paper Canoe. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. Lee & Shepard.

Bishop's tastes the keenest enjoyment. His story is told in a sensible and excellent manner, with a very minute attention to topographical details, so that it has a genuine value as a record of exploration, in addition to its interest as a romantic and sometimes thrilling narrative; and as it approaches the North Carolina shores, home of the freedmen and the "Crackers," it grows rich and racy with character-sketch and anecdote. The accompanying maps of the route, ten in number, were drawn and engraved at the Coast Survey office, and are singularly fine. The enterprise which provides such accurate and beautiful helps for the reader deserves the heartiest commendation.

BRIEF NOTICES.

The Armies of Asia and Europe. By Emory Upton. [D. Appleton & Co.]

Gen. Upton is one of the younger officers of the United States Army, but a more competent person for the important service whose performance is here recorded, it would have been difficult for ex-Secretary of War Belknap to select. With two companions, also officially designated, he proceeded to Japan, by way of San Francisco, late in the summer of 1875; thence to China, India, and Persia, by way of the Caucasus and Constantinople; into Europe; and so home. Of the several countries visited the military organization and habit were studied on professional principles, and the result is here presented in a four-fold form: first, a series of reports, descriptive and statistical, upon the armies of Japan, China, India, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France, and England; second, a comparative study of the infantry tactics in use in the several armies, a branch of the subject in which Gen. Upton is peculiarly an expert; third, a chapter of conclusions respecting various improvements of the military organization in the United States; and, fourth, a few personal letters to friends depicting the more private aspects of the tour. The chapter on tactics is illustrated with a number of diagrams. The entire work has been intelligently done, though the volume is without a table of contents, which omission, to use a figure, makes it like a regiment without a roster. An index, however, in part remedies this deficiency, and the encyclopedic plan of the book makes it comparatively easy of reference. As such, its value is unique and manifest. Of the armies of Asia, Gen. Upton gives the highest praise to those of Japan and India; "the military institutions" of the latter, he goes so far as to say, presenting "more features for our imitation than those of any army or country in Europe." Of the European armies he speaks less definitely in comparison, but the bearing of his pages upon the present situation is obvious. The force of British infantry available for aggressive purposes he estimates at 100,000 men; against which, with their larger methods, Germany could show 495,000, Austria 545,000, Russia 674,000, and France 700,000. Hence reasons the author: "Should England assail any of her formidable neighbors, we may safely anticipate that the war will be followed either by the speedy reorganization of her army, or by the total abandonment of the policy of armed intervention in foreign affairs."

Armenia and the Campaign of 1877. By C. B. Norman, Special Correspondent of the "Times." [Cassell, Petter & Galpin.]

In the late war between Russia and Turkey Armenia was not Bulgaria, and in the profession of army correspondent Mr. Norman is not Mr. Archibald Forbes, whose brilliant letters to the *News* were the subject of notice in our March number. Mr. Norman's volume is, however, much better furnished for the reader than was the other. Besides one large general map of the seat of war in Armenia, it contains seven sketch maps of special campaigns or battle fields, all drawn to a very large scale, and well printed; together with statistical appendices relating to Turkish and Russian army organization and other matters. There is also a full table of contents, and the type is large and clear. The volume is an excellent text-book for the study of the Armenian side of the conflict, and helps to settle some important points. Mr. Norman entered service a pronounced philo-Turk, but was thoroughly converted by what he saw and heard. He found the Turks everywhere fighting under expectation of British aid. To their bravery he pays generous tribute, but the incompetency of their officers, the mismanagement of affairs by the government, and the deficiency of sanitary and hospital provision, he condemns in indignant terms. He attests over and over again to Turkish treachery and cruelty, but enters no similar charge against the Russians. We commend his letters to the attention of all philo-Turks whose conversion is yet to be effected.

Is Eternal Punishment Endless? By J. M. Whiton, Ph. D. [Lockwood, Brooks & Co.]

History of Opinions on the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution. By Edward Beecher, D. D. [D. Appleton & Co.]

Eternal Hope. By Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D. D. [E. P. Dutton & Co.]

Here are materials for the study of the subject of eternal punishment to good purpose. All three books are worthy the careful reading of persons interested in it: Dr. Whiton's for its scholarly exegesis of the Scripture utterances whose meaning is in dispute; Dr. Beecher's for its thorough-going review of the historical authorities from the beginning until now; Canon Farrar's for its eloquent defense of the more hopeful aspect of the solemn question. Canon Farrar's five sermons were preached in Westminster Abbey in November and December last; and while not justifying the hasty use to which they have been put in some quarters, are full of sympathy for the gentler interpretation of the Divine character. Dr. Whiton's tract was first published two or three years since, and the impregnable argument it advances has contributed more than any other one cause, we believe, to the evident change of sentiment upon the matter now silently going on in the Christian Church. Between the two Dr. Beecher's historical researches come admirably into use; and whatever be the true doctrine, he writes in the interest of liberty in the use of it, which is greatly to his credit. Dr. Farrar's glowing pages will be read with especial gratitude by many a devout heart. We thank him for his views, and for the clearness and boldness with which he has expressed them.

The Creeds of Christendom. By W. R. Greg. Two Vols.

Outlines of the History of Religion to the Spread of the Universal Religions. By C. P. Tiele, Th. D.

Religion in China. By Joseph Edkins, D. D. [James R. Osgood & Co.]

These are three of the latest issues of the "English and Foreign Philosophical Library," which in the work last named reaches its eighth volume. There is nothing in either volume, so far as we can discover, to indicate the other members of the series; a serious external defect in a "library." Mr. Greg's essay is a *doctrinaire's* advance, by the methods of sappers and miners, and with corresponding intent, upon the foundations of Christianity. The drift of his argument is that the tenet of inspiration is baseless and untenable, that the gospels of the New Testament are not textually faithful, and that the early disciples of Jesus were misguided men. He writes extremely well, and much of what he writes must tend to clear the religious atmosphere. Discriminating minds may follow him with profit; but alas! all are not discriminating. The "universal religions," up to the spread of which Dr. Tiele draws his outlines, are Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. His five chapters are accordingly devoted to "Religion under the control of Animism," "Among the Chinese," "Among the Hamites and Semites," "Among the Indo-Germans, excluding the Greeks and Romans," and "Among the Indo-Germans under the influence of the Semites and Hamites." This is a broad if not a well-defined field, including in its lines the religions of the American aborigines, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Arabians, the Hindoos, and the old Germans, Greeks, and Romans. The sketch—it is hardly more than that—is made peculiarly valuable by its elaborate bibliographical paragraphs upon the various divisions of the subject. Dr. Edkins's

essay was first published nearly twenty years ago. It has been long out of print, and is here reproduced with four additional chapters, and careful revision throughout. It confines itself to a single section of the subject outlined by Dr. Tiele. Its characteristic is a warmly sympathetic temper toward Christian missions in China, whose steady gain it affirms in strong terms, and in whose ultimate victory it professes ardent faith.

Glimpses of the Coming. By Richard Gleason Greene. [Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.]

Modestly avoiding to be wise beyond what is written, Mr. Greene has produced a treatise, every page of which is a wholesome incentive to devout aspirations and a rational persuasive to a better life. Looking at Christian history and prophecy "as centralizing all its elements . . . around and in the living and mighty person of the Son of God," the author treats the subject not as an advocate of either the *pre* or *post* millennial theory, but proposes to open it "in its vital dynamics rather than as an outward mechanical operation." The idea, then, which controls the discussion is that, from the beginning, Christ has always been the coming and the reigning One, his personal energy vitalizing the material, social and moral world; his personal presence revealing itself in creation, incarnation, resurrection, advent, millennial glory and final judgment. These grand events are not to be regarded as arbitrarily appointed and mechanically emerging epochs, but as naturally successive processes of Christ's living and working in all things. These and all other comings of the Lord are a pledge and type of his millennial and ultimate advent, which will be actual and personal, but not material or visible to the bodily eye. The author's modest speculations in this sphere of indistinct revelation will not please the bold and positive spirit of those who read unfulfilled prophecy quite as readily as a page of history; but his strong and eloquent exposition of substantially the catholic view of the "last things" will be accepted by its friends as a timely and very fresh contribution to its literature.

Prose and Verse by Thomas Moore. With Notes Edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, and a Preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

This capacious and well-printed volume contains a mass of Moore's writings hitherto inedited and uncollected; a considerable portion derived from manuscript sources, such as his note-books and commonplace books, with a quantity of correspondence and original drafts. There are, first, half a dozen juvenile pieces, poems and prose; then a baker's dozen of "Satirical and Humorous Poems;" the two batches together occupying but twenty-one pages. These scraps out of the way, there follow eight ponderous contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, for 1814–1834, the most valuable and entertaining of which is the sketch of "Private Theatricals," which gives a good deal of curious information. After this, beginning at page 221, we have "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin," first printed in 1810; "M. P., or the Blue Stocking," a so-called "comic opera" in three acts; "The Chapter of the Blanket," a fragment of an eastern romance in prose; a dozen letters, chiefly to Leigh Hunt; and finally, and best of all, about thirty pages of "Notes from Moore's Life of Lord Byron." These last are really interesting and suggestive. As a whole the book is one of remains, indeed, and much of it is rubbish, except from the point of view of the literary student, to whom every line of such as Moore has, of course, its value. The volume ought to be owned by every one who has made a point of having Moore's writings complete, but it is important to nobody else, and while it exhibits the versatility of his genius, we can by no means share the American sponsor's enthusiasm over its quality.

Life and Times of Thomas Becket. By J. A. Froude. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

The story of Becket can never be less than dramatic. Whether written from the point of view of the King or the Archbishop, the struggle between the two representative men of the twelfth century, ending with the martyrdom at the altar of St. Benedict and the humiliation of the repentant sovereign at the tomb of his slain enemy, carries captive the imagination of every reader. Mr. Froude's narrative is well worth reading. It is graphic, with a rapidity of style suited to the action of the great historic drama. He is very successful in painting the contest between Becket and Henry against the background of contemporary history, and in bringing into clear relief the relations of the four leading characters, the King, the Archbishop, Louis of France, and the Pope. But for many the book has an element of disappointment. With all the heroic elements in the character of St. Thomas, he is not, for our author, a hero. Wherever the acts of Henry and Becket come into comparison, the former is all right, the latter all wrong. Wherever a sinister motive can be ascribed for the Archbishop's acts Mr. Froude imputes it. The disappointment is greatest in the account of the murder, where the sympathetic imagination of Dean Stanley has given us an essay of thrilling interest. Froude's unimpassioned description reminds one of the heartless narrative in his history of the death of the Queen of Scots. We are inclined to think that he has entered into the spirit of the age and not of the actors. Accordingly he leaves us more impressed with the condition of the church in the twelfth century and its relations to the State than with the Chancellor-Archbishop, the two parts of whose life, when brought into opposition, are the personal embodiment of the conflict between the monarchy and the hierarchy. We notice in the usually unexceptionable style an occasional slip. "Interesting but interested writer" is a word-play hardly within the dignity of historic criticism, and a metrical prose sentence which would be written in its proper form thus:

> In a fit of remorse
> He had taken the Cross,
> And intended to go to Jerusalem;—

strikes a nice ear as too near doggerel.

French Poets and Novelists. By Henry James, Jr. [Macmillan & Co.]

The "French Poets and Novelists," who are the subjects of Mr. James's critical study in the essays composing this volume, are Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, Charles Baudelaire, Honoré de Balzac, George Sand, Charles de Bernard, Gustave Flaubert, the two Ampères, and Madame de Sabrau. Associated with them for the author's purpose is Turgénieff; and three other essays treat respectively of Balzac's and Prosper Mérimée's letters and the Théâtre Français. American magazines have already presented all of them, we believe, to the public. More than much magazine matter do they deserve preservation in a book. Mr. James is a competent guide, and, in a field so disagreeable as we must say this is, a judicious one. He deodorizes his subject with a good deal of skill, and his treatment is weighty without ever being heavy. His learning commands respect, and his temper inspires confidence. In the essay on the Théâtre Français he touches pens with Mr. Lewes in his volume on *Actors and Acting*, noticed elsewhere; and the coincidence of judgments respecting the French stage is interesting and instructive. Judged by its ability the volume as a whole belongs in the front rank of critical literary biography; though by reason of its scope it does not appeal to so large a circle of readers as Mr. Stewart's *Evenings in a Library*, mentioned last month. Persons desirous of studying Turgénieff and his novels could not do better than by beginning with Mr. James's sketch of him; so of Flaubert and the others.

Who and What. Compiled by Annah de Pui Miller. [J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

This volume is well-meant, but defective in its plan. Under the purely arbitrary headings of Who? Where? When? Which? How? and What? is massed a great variety of information respecting the important personages and events of history. Opening at p. 117 in the department "Who," we read for instance:

114. Edward V. of England. — Who was the "minor" king? *Ans.* Edward V. of England.

Then follows a biographical paragraph on Edward, two-thirds of a page in length. Turning to p. 306, division "What," we read:

45. **Pearls.** — What two famous pearls are mentioned in history? *Ans.* Cleopatra's earrings, worth eight hundred thousand dollars, and the one that Julius Cæsar presented to Servilia, worth twenty-four thousand dollars.

46. **Lotos Eaters.** — What does it mean? *Ans.* A pleasure-seeker.

47. **Rubens.** — Of what painter was it asked, "Does he mix blood with his colors?" *Ans.* Guido asked it of Peter Paul Rubens.

Then follow sketches, occupying several pages, of Guido and Rubens. The more than four hundred and fifty pages of the volume are filled with information, brief or extended, of authors, artists, sovereigns, generals, localities, curiosities, etc., etc. "The Round Table" shares one page with "Famous Horses;" on another "Epic Poem" and "Netherlands" stand side by side. The materials are here for answering a great many questions which people are constantly finding occasion to ask; but the classification is unsatisfactory, and the usefulness of the book thereby greatly limited, notwithstanding its very good index. If its elements could be dissolved, and precipitated anew on a different principle, the result would be an improvement. As it stands it is creditable to its compiler if not altogether serviceable to the public, showing how one's reading and study may be utilized for self-instruction. In this respect Mrs. Miller has set a good example.

Dean Church of St. Paul's, London, Honorary Fellow of Oriel, supplies the volume on *The Beginning of the Middle Ages* for the series of "Epochs of Modern History." Though the last published, it is in reality a proper introduction to the series, of which ten volumes have already appeared, and several others are to come. It maps out the whole broad field, particular portions of which have been previously subjected to minute survey. Attention is confined mainly to the West, where the great currents of modern history took their rise. A full and clear chronological table, and three maps in colors, greatly facilitate the enjoyable reading of the book, which is one of outlines and broad generalizations. Chapters of special interest are the third, on Teutonic society, and the ninth, on the consolidation of the English people. [Scribner, Armstrong & Co.]

We are indebted to Mr. Melvil Dewey, the managing editor of the *Library Journal*, for a copy of its finely and firmly bound first volume. No public library of any size, and no private library of any considerable size, is equipped without at least one year's subscription in advance to this periodical. Its peculiar function is the exposition of the technics of library administration. In this it is without a competitor; it has not even a companion; and on turning over its pages for the year, we are impressed anew with its inestimable value as the organ of the public library system. The *Library Journal* is published monthly by F. Leypoldt, New York, at $5.00 a year; Mr. R. R. Bowker of that city being the general editor, and Mr. Charles A. Cutter and Mr. James L. Whitney, of the Athenæum and the Public Library, Boston, rendering departmental assistance.

You would not take Dr. James Freeman Clarke to be a star-gazer, but he is, and what is more, he is tempting other people to be, likewise, with a curious "astronomical lantern" of his own invention and a tract called *How to find the Stars* of his own writing. Lockwood, Brooks & Co. manufacture the one and publish the other. Armed with both of these ingenious contrivances, every intelligent American citizen may be his own astronomer. An Improved Order of Diogeneses is not unlikely to spring up amongst us, each member, with lantern in one hand and tract in the other, hunting not for a man but for a constellation. Buy this apparatus for your children, whom it will entertain, instruct, and occupy in the sleepy edge of evening.

The edition for 1878 of *A Satchel Guide to Europe* [Houghton, Osgood & Co.] increases the value of that already very valuable handbook for cheap trips to Europe by the addition of some fresh matter, and careful revision to date. We congratulate anybody who has three months' leisure and $500 or so in cash with which to improve its instructions.— Extracts from the delightful old *Tatler*, *Guardian*, and *Freeholder*, by Addison and Steele, make up the latest volume in Mr. John Habberton's tasteful edition of "Select British Essayists" [G. P. Putnam's Sons]; but it is a pity to find the title-page of so tasteful a book typographically disfigured by the use of the sign "&" in place of the word "and."— Robert's Brothers' "Wisdom Series" is enlarged by the accession of a tiny volume of *Selections from Doctor John Tauler*, the noted German mystic of the 14th century, worthy of the companionship with the Emperor Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, and Epictetus, in which he is here placed.— Dr. E. H. Plumptre's popular exposition of the *Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia* [E. P. Dutton & Co.] is based upon the Johannean authorship of the Book of Revelation, follows a practical and spiritual rather than a textual and professional method, and pays special attention to geographical detail.—Mr. James Rees's *Life of Edwin Forrest* [T. B. Peterson & Brothers] is founded on an intimate personal acquaintance with that distinguished actor, and very well answers the interest of a popular sketch.— Rev. Dr. Deems's *Weights and Wings* [W. B. Mucklow] is a small collection of wise, practical, truly catholic religious essays; sermons or editorial articles, probably, worked over into book form.— Whoever wants a short, authentic, well-written life of the late Pope, will find it in Mr. Adolphus Trollope's *The Story of Pius the Ninth* [Craig & Taylor], which however deals with him rather as pontiff than as man, and is political more than personal.— The mantle of the late Rev. George Trask, anti-tobacco apostle, seems to have fallen upon the Rev. B. W. Chase, whose *Tobacco* [W. B. Mucklow] is a faithful and forcible presentation of the argument against the use of the weed.

Mr. Rolfe steadily pushes on his series of the plays of Shakespeare, each in a volume by itself, copiously annotated, and modestly illustrated. The latest issue is *King Henry the Fifth*, which is dealt with to the extent of one hundred and ninety-two pages; twenty being given to introductory matters, and sixty-four to the Notes.— The *Six Dialogues of Plato*, which form the nineteenth volume in Harper's series of "Greek and Latin Texts," are Euthyphro, Apologia Socratis, Creto, Phaedo, Gorgias, and Protagoras. This series gives text alone, without note or comment. The type is excellent, and the size of the book convenient for the pocket.— Volume XV of *Scribner's Monthly*, comprising the numbers from November, 1877, to April, 1878, is a very handsome volume indeed, and is supplied with a more than ordinarily minute index. One amusing line therein is this: "*Song of the Milkmaid.* Plagiarized from Sydney Dobell." Illustrations are indexed as well as articles, which it is quite necessary to do in the case of a magazine whose pictorial embellishments are so superb and distinctive a feature as *Scribner's*.— Mr. Alfred Waites's *Historical Student's Manual* [Lee & Shepard] presents by a series of six tables, printed in two colors, a view of the progress of English history from the time of William the Conqueror until now, with glimpses of contemporary rulers in France and Germany, and of the Papal succession. The arrangement is clear, and the effort helpful.— Mrs. E. D. Kendall of Lawrence, Mass., has arranged a semi-dramatic version of *Mother Goose*, designed to furnish parlor evening entertainment by means of tableaux, songs, etc. The idea is a good one, and it seems to be well carried out. Lee & Shepard are the publishers.

An address by Edward Bally to Swiss manufacturers on *Industry and Manufactures in the United States*, suggested by the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, has been translated from the French, and published by Mr. Todd's "Beacon Press," Boston.— The new *List* of the new house of Houghton, Osgood & Co. makes a large-paged pamphlet of 40 pages, showing at a glance the extent and variety of the issues which now will bear their imprint. The publications of Albert Mason of New York are included, and prices are given in every case.— The *Race for Wealth* [Authors' Publishing Co.] is a pamphlet containing, in an epistolary form, a good deal of common-place moralizing. Its most startling suggestion, is a "limit law" by which all accumulations of property over a certain sum are to be confiscated to the State.— Mr. Codman's *Free Ships*, in Putnam's series of "Economic Monographs," points out the causes of the ruin of our carrying trade, and is a good argument for the clause in the new tariff bill by which it is proposed to remedy the existing evils.— Putnam's *Library Companion*, edited by Mr. F. B. Perkins, has reached the compass of a first volume, and is a valuable assistant in the selection of new books.— D. Lothrop & Co. publish *Gathered Treasures*, a compilation of Bible texts, arranged upon the "Silent Comforter" plan by Maria Bruce Lyman.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1878.

"My cordial congratulations on the brilliant success of the 'Literary World.'" George Ripley.

"Let me take this occasion to congratulate you on your admirable management of the 'Literary World.' It is in all respects an excellent periodical, and its circulation should be as large as its merits, which are evident." E. P. Whipple.

VOLUME VIII.

WITH this number closes the eighth volume of the *Literary World*. The volume, of twelve numbers, owed to its readers one hundred and ninety-two pages of reading matter at the rate of sixteen pages a month; it has given them two hundred and twenty-four pages, an overplus of thirty-two — equal to two whole papers; the June, November and December numbers in 1877, and the January, April and May numbers in 1878, having been of necessity extended by additions ranging from four to seven pages each. This, to say nothing of the swelling of our advertising pages, so that our subscribers have had their money's worth!

Eight years. When may a journal be accounted to have come of age? Certainly it need not wait to be twenty-one. The *Literary World*, we believe, young as it is, has reached its majority, and we are sure that there are many who join us in the expectation that it has a long and useful life before it.

Quite a number of competitors have started after it since it first entered its field alone. To them all it gives its greeting, and bids them overtake it — if they can! There is room for more than one to try, and may the best win!

During the fourteen months of the present management of the paper, a period substantially coincident with its eighth volume, signed reviews have been occasionally noticed in its columns. These signed reviews, while not indicating any settled change of journalistic habit, may perhaps have been rightly accepted as quietly intimating that the *Literary World* has ceased to be a personal organ, and is becoming the instrument of the broadest and most eminent scholarship. The signatures which have appeared amply illustrate this point, and should we disclose names of contributors which have not appeared, we should give further evidence of the rapidly enlarging and strengthening force behind the paper. Let it be enough to say that many of the best minds amongst us, representing various schools of thought, have given, and will continue to give, value to our columns.

As we turn over the pages of this now completed volume, we see plainly how far short we have come of our ideal. That ideal is high, and if prosperity attends us we shall make greater progress toward it the coming year. We believe there is a place and a call in the United States of America for the perfect journal of the type of the *Literary World*, and we believe such a journal is to be. Thanks, again, kind friends, for all your help in the past; and courage, faith, and patience for the future.

THEATER REFORM.

MANY bad books have been written, and many writers have notoriously led bad lives. Shall we therefore shut up all books and refuse to read at all?

Many obscene pictures have been painted or engraved, and many artists have given themselves over to licentiousness. Shall we therefore banish art and suffer ourselves to take no delight in it whatever?

By no manner of means. Our duty with literature and art is to discern between the good and the bad, to divide them asunder, and to encourage the former at the expense of the latter.

Yet there are people who, because many plays are corrupt and many actors immoral, would condemn the stage as a whole. Now the drama is compounded of literature and art, and in principle is as legitimate as either of its constituents. The trouble is that in its nature it is peculiarly open to abuse; and the difficulty is to hold it steadily to its function. But we believe this can be done. Such books as Mr. Lewes's *On Actors and Acting*, such plays as Mr. Howells's *A Counterfeit Presentment*, such great and silent movements as the present reviving interest in Shakespeare, are all hopeful signs.

To be sure, Mr. Lewes says that the drama is degenerating from an art into a mere amusement. But do we not need mere amusement? The Puritan thought not. Well, times have changed since the Puritan, if in some things for worse, in others for better; and even New England has come to realize seriously that recreation may be the most religious of duties. Now recreation is only amusement turned to good account.

The great obstacle to theater reform is held by many to be the inherent corruption of the theater as an institution. Perhaps not. The great obstacle, we sometimes think, is a traditional and indiscriminating prejudice against it among good people. Is it not true that the demand creates the supply, rather than the supply the demand? Let there be a demand for a pure and wholesome stage, as for a refined and edifying literature and art, and would it not be forthcoming? Has not the Christian Church, placed in the world as it is to seek and to save the lost, something to do in creating this demand?

Mr. Lecky, in his last work, has some valuable remarks upon this prejudice as it existed in England in the last century. He says:

> "The strength which it at last acquired among large classes is much to be regretted. It has prevented an amusement which has added largely to the sum of human happiness, and which exercises a very considerable educational influence, from spreading anywhere except in the greatest centers of population. It has multiplied proportionately amusements of a far more frivolous and purely unintellectual character, and it has withdrawn from the audiences in the theater the very classes whose presence would be the best guarantee of the habitual morality of the entertainment."

We think these remarks are very just, and we should be glad to see them taken to heart by all whom they concern.

THE immediate conversation on the choice of Shakespeares would seem to be ended, but we have a word to add. "A choice of Shakespeares" for scholars and critical readers is one thing; for the mass of the people quite another; and the wants of the latter are not certain of being fully realized by the former. There is a very large proportion of respectably intelligent people to whom Shakespeare is a sealed book; who care no more for his plays than they do for an old shoe; and the first thing to be done for this class is to induce them to draw nigh and taste and see. That must be done by means of "popular editions," much as we may dislike the term. As respects the text for such we quite agree with Mr. Winsor, namely: that text is a matter "of secondary consideration." To *us*, three points seem essential in a Shakespeare for the people. *First*, it must be in one volume, so to be handy and inexpensive; *second*, it should be illustrated, for pictures are a help to average minds in grasping thoughts; *third*, it ought to be furnished with the best of notes, page for page, with the text. In getting the world to know Shakespeare it must be as in other things: "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The perfect Shakespeare when shall we have?

TO MEET a common want we have had made to our order a patent file-cover for the preservation of the *Literary World*; which we will furnish at one dollar each, postage paid, to any address. This cover does not *bind* the successive issues of the paper; it only *files* them; but by a simple and ingenious device, which does not mutilate the paper in any way, and which allows it to lie open as flat as if upon a table. The cover is very durably and neatly made, is finished without in whole cloth, bears the name of the paper upon the side, and has capacity for twenty-six numbers. We are confident that it is just what is wanted by those of our readers who preserve the paper for binding.

A VERY valuable article by Mr. Winsor, on "A Choice of Cyclopedias," in type for this number, is unavoidably crowded over to the next.

AT HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. DIED MAY 19, 1864.

Can any famous marble whose broad shaft
Is lettered full with words of life and death,
Whose base and cap assert the sculptor's craft
In some device that reins the rapid breath;
Can any meet the eye with such a power
As just this fragrant word of simple place?
Had ever small, white stone so rich a dower?
Ever such sovereignty, so little space
As this? Yet best befitted in a word;
Naught would one add for majesty of Fame,
Yet standing here the fancy in me stirred
To hedge his rest with that which bears his name,
That Nature might in his memorial share,
Divulging with her blossoms who lies there.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

TO OUR recent request for particulars of private social literary clubs, sufficient response has been received to afford material for an interesting page. We shall make room for it in an early number. Meantime our readers are invited to send us lists of their favorite books, *five* titles under each of the following heads: Fiction, Biography, History, Travels, Poetry, Religious, Juveniles, and Miscellaneous. We have a curiosity to see how the tastes of our constituency run; and may find some way of publishing the results.

WE are again under great obligations to Mr. John H. Woods of Jacksonville, Illinois, for the preparation of our annual index. We print it within the text of the present (closing) number of the volume, instead of separating it by itself to accompany the first number of the volume to follow, as heretofore.

AMONG recent additions to our subscription list are names representing not only the most widely separated States of our own land, but countries as remote as Japan and New Zealand. This increasingly broad distribution of the paper is one of the most encouraging signs of its growth.

ARTICLES in the May magazines of special interest to our readers are as follows:

The Literary Extravagance of the Day.	*Catholic World.*
French Proverbial Sayings.	" "
German Glossaries, Homilies, and Commentaries.	" "
Dante's Purgatorio. Canto XVI. Tr. by T. W. Parsons.	" "
Thomas Arnold. Canon Farrar.	*Macmillan's.*
The Gothic Fragments of Ulfillas. Stanley Leathes.	"
The Clergy and the Theatre. A. T. Davidson.	"
Ancient Times and Ancient Men. Max Muller.	"
The Italian Poets. Eugene Lawrence.	*Harper's.*
The English Civil Service. F. H. Morse.	"
The New York Post-Office. Edward Eggleston.	*Scribner's.*
Merry Days with Bow and Quiver. Thompson.	"
Concerning the Use of Fagots at Geneva. Bacon.	"
A Predecessor of Tennyson. H. A. Huntington.	*Lippincott's.*
A Memory of Gustave Courbet. Charlotte Adams.	"
May Days. Thoreau.	*Atlantic.*
Recent Florence. H. James, Jr.	"
Some Recent Volumes of Verse. Howells.	"
Americanisms. Richard Grant White.	"
Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Lounsbury.	"
Rapid Transit in New York. Rideing.	*Appletons'.*
Unpublished Correspondence by Edgar A. Poe.	"
Fresh Pictures for the Paris Exposition. Mrs. Hooper.	"
College Morals. C F. Thwing.	*Sunday Afternoon.*
Reminiscences of Washington Allston. C. S. Henry.	" "
Oliver Wendell Holmes. A. Gilman.	*Wide Awake.*

SHAKESPEARIANA.

Misprints in the Globe Edition. The "Globe" edition, though unquestionably the best of the cheap one-volume *Shakespeares*, is not entirely free from misprints, and as it is important that these should be known, I send a memorandum of such as I have noted:

Page 164, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 17: for "all *our* elves" read "all her elves."

Page 172, *M. N. D.*, iii. 2. 349: for "garment" read "garments."

Page 214, *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 80: for "not *of* my cost" read "not on my cost." This error also occurs in the "Cambridge" edition, in which such slips of the type are exceedingly rare.

Page 453, *Henry V.* iii. 7. 40: both the "Globe" and the "Cambridge" read "the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart," etc. The sense seems to require a comma after "unknown," as in other standard editions.

Pages 466, 467, *Henry V.* v. 2. The numbers of the lines from 301 (201) to 500 (400) inclusive are each 100 *too great*. Schmidt in his *Lexicon* refers to the *correct* numbers.

Page 493, *1 Henry VI.* v. 4. 123: the speech beginning here ("Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus," etc.) is assigned to "*Char.*" (Charles) instead of "*Win.*" (Winchester).

Page 815, *Hamlet*, i. 3. 60: for "unproportioned" read "unproportion'd."

Page 830, *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 358: for "Ay, but sir," read "Ay, sir, but," etc.

Page 834, *Hamlet*, iv. 3. 35: for "send hither" read "send thither."

Page 835, *Hamlet*, iv. 4. 14: for "nephews" read "nephew."

Page 840, *Hamlet*, v. 1. 12: for "to act, to do, to perform," read "to act, to do, and to perform."

The *Hamlet* is the only play which I have looked through very carefully. Unless the proof-reading of that play was exceptionally bad, it is probable that there are many errors in other parts of the volume besides those mentioned above.

The Pronunciation of "Aliena" in As You Like It. Mr. W. A. Wright, in a note on *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 130 ("No longer Celia, but Aliena") in the "Clarendon Press" edition of the play, says: "*Aliena*, with the accent on the second syllable." Surely Shakespeare would not have adopted that pronunciation. "Celia" is a trisyllable, as in the only other instance in which the name occurs in verse in the play (i. 3. 69: "Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake"), and "Aliena" is accented, as it ought to be, on the penult.

"Put it in his pocket," Hamlet, iii. 4. 101. Years ago, I read somewhere a suggestion that these words might be the corruption of a *stage-direction* ("*Puts it in his pocket*") referring to the "picture" which he is supposed to have taken out of his pocket at iii. 4. 53: "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." Mr. Furness, whose critical vigilance few things of the kind have escaped, has no note on the passage, and has not seen the comment. Can any reader of the *Literary World* tell me where it is to be found? I suspect that it may be in a dramatic magazine, *The Mirror of Taste*, published in Philadelphia about 1815, an odd volume of which I once owned, but which has disappeared from my library.

W. J. ROLFE.

Phillips Academy, Andover.

1778-1878.

[The original die, of which the above is a copy, bears marks of having been engraved by Paul Revere, and was presented to the corporation by John Lowell and Oliver Wendell in 1782. Prof. Conington, in a foot-note to his inaugural at Oxford, alludes to the "apiary metaphor" as running all through the Corpus Christi statutes. There may be therefore a connection between this device and some old foundation seal in England.]

"HOMINUM MATER VENERANDA."

I.

Mother of mighty men! long, long thy name
Shall stand fair-written on the scroll of Time;
Ages to come shall read of lives sublime,
Whose inspirations from thy bosom came:
Great souls from Thee have caught the living flame
Of aspiration high that in them glowed;
Genius, enriched by Thee, hath overflowed
With treasures for mankind and conquered fame:
Like some gemmed constellation set by Night
In her dark concave, shine thy cultured sons
Amid earth's shadows, an illustrious band —
Stars that sweet influence shed and gladsome light;
And long as Heaven leads forth her shining ones
Shalt Thou, in thine, bear life to every land!

II.

Ah! dear the memories of those distant years,
When thy still shades, with dewy blossoms strown,
'Twas mine to tread; life's keener pangs unknown,
And Hope's fresh cheek as yet unwet with tears;
Warm throbbed each heart, unchilled by boding fears;
With quenchless thirst we sought each classic stream,
Parnassus climbed, in many a waking dream,
Or scaled Olympus. All transformed appears
Each vision now; the purple lights all fled!
Friends of my heart, I call! where are ye? where?
The many sleep; hoary with age, the few,
With faltering step and hand and bending head,
Wait the glad day that shall youth's strength renew,
And of man's nobler powers all waste repair.

RAY PALMER.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

ON the 5th and 6th of June next, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., will celebrate its one hundreth anniversary. This institution is one of the oldest of our American preparatory schools. Though not actually incorporated until 1780, it was actually founded in 1778, in the early summer of which year its first class, of about twenty boys, was assembled. The relation it has sustained to the literary life of the nation, not only through the educational instrumentality, but in an even more direct manner is of the most intimate description, and makes it a proper object of notice in these columns.

The number of educators whose training for

useful service in various colleges was begun at Phillips Academy, Andover, is very large. Among the pupils of its very first year were two, who became respectively a tutor and a President of Harvard College: John Abbot and Josiah Quincy. Mr. Quincy was a son of the patriot known in history as Josiah Quincy, Jr., and after having spent six years at the Academy, graduated at Harvard in 1790, and was subsequently its President for sixteen years, from 1829 to 1845. Mr. Abbot, who both was born and died in Andover, graduated at Harvard in 1784, was for five years a tutor in the college, and in 1801 was elected Professor of Languages at Bowdoin College, being one of the first two officers of that new institution. He was afterwards its Librarian and Treasurer. The Academy also fitted for college [1784–1786] Benjamin Abbot, who graduated at Harvard in 1788, and became the first Principal of Phillips Academy, Exeter, which position he filled for fifty years; [1784–1786] John T. Kirkland, a graduate of Harvard in 1789, and President thereof from 1810 to 1828; [1784–1786] Micah Stone, Harvard 1790, for several years tutor at Harvard; [1787–1789] Joseph McKean, Harvard 1794, afterward Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard; [1789–1790] Timothy Alden, Harvard 1794, President of Alleghany College; [1794–1795] Samuel Willard, Harvard 1803, Tutor in Bowdoin College; [1796–1797] Thomas A. Merrill, Harvard 1801, Tutor and Treasurer of Middlebury College; [1796] Levi Frisbie, Harvard 1802, Tutor and Professor of Latin, Natural Theology, Moral Philosophy, and Political Economy, at Harvard; [1797–1801] John White, Harvard 1805, and afterward Tutor at Harvard; [1798–1799] John Farrar, Harvard 1803, Tutor and Professor of Natural Philosophy at Harvard; [1798–1801] Benjamin Burge, Harvard 1805, Tutor at Bowdoin; [1805] Samuel P. Newman, Bowdoin 1816, and first Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Bowdoin, from 1824 to 1839; [1805] Daniel Poor, Dartmouth 1811, President of Batticotta College, Ceylon; [1810–1814] Charles D. Cleveland, Dartmouth 1827, Professor of Latin and Greek in Dickinson College, and of Latin in the University of New York; [1811–1813] Asa Cummings, Harvard 1817, Tutor at Bowdoin; [1814–1815] Samuel Williston, founder of Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass.; [1815–1823] Leonard Woods, Jr., Union College 1827, and President of Bowdoin from 1839 to 1866; [1816–1818] Luther Wright, Yale 1827, First Principal of Williston Seminary; [1816–1819] Jonas Burnham, Bowdoin 1823, Principal of Farmington Academy, and otherwise prominently connected with educational work in Maine; [1822] John Kendrick, Professor in Kenyon and Marietta Colleges; [1820–1823] William A. Stearns, President of Amherst College from 1854 to 1876; [1831] Abner J. Phipps, Dartmouth 1838, for many years Agent of the Massachusetts State Board of Education; and [1853–1854] Wm. T. Harris, now Superintendent of Schools, St. Louis. Mo. Other educators, graduates of later years, space would fail us to mention. A cursory examination of the catalogue shows that fifteen of the students of the Academy have become presidents of colleges, and sixty, at least, professors in colleges and professional schools. Other teachers would make a legion.

Of strictly literary labor, many of the individuals named above have performed not a little. Pres. Quincy was the author of a delightful memoir of his father, Josiah Quincy, Jr., which was re-edited by his daughter, Miss Eliza Susan Quincy; of a history of Harvard College in two volumes; of a municipal history of Boston "during two centuries;" of a life of John Quincy Adams; and of other works. President Kirkland published a number of commemorative discourses and historical papers, and wrote a life of Fisher Ames, which is perhaps the most important of his printed works. Professor McKean wrote much on historical topics; a life of John Eliot being one of his productions. Professor Farrar published largely through the instrumentality of the American Academy, of which he was Secretary; and prepared a series of text-books in science for his college classes. Professor Newman published treatises on rhetoric and political economy. Professor Cleveland was perhaps better known even as an author than as an instructor; the list of his published works, chiefly text-books, comprising nine or more titles. Among them are compendiums of English and American literature, and an edition of Milton's Poetical Works. Professor Cummings was formerly the editor of the *Christian Mirror*, and President Woods, besides having at one time edited the *Literary and Theological Review*, has published a translation of Knapp's *Theology*; of the Hakluyt Manuscript edited by him, a full account was given in the *Literary World* for May, 1877.

From 1787 to 1792, Phillips Academy had for a pupil Charles Pinckney Sumner, the father of Charles Sumner; and from 1792 until 1794, by curious coincidence, Stephen Longfellow, Harvard 1798, and Charles Lowell, Harvard, 1800, afterwards respectively the fathers of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, were schoolmates in the institution.

But in more direct ways than any we have yet mentioned has Phillips Academy, Andover, contributed to our literary history. Octavius Pickering, the famous law reporter and editor, and the author of a *Life of Timothy Pickering*, his father, studied here in 1803–1806; Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, in 1805; Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, the Newburyport divine and commentator, in 1809–1811; Eleazar Lord, editor of *Lempriere's Biographical Dictionary*, and author of a number of works on financial, religious and scientific themes, in 1810; George P. Marsh, the author of the well-known treatises on the *English Language* and on *Man and Nature*, in 1816; the late lamented Edmund Quincy, journalist, historian and novelist, in 1817–1823; Nathaniel P. Willis in 1821–1823; Rev. Dr. Hubbard Winslow, author of a number of widely read theological and religious works, in 1818–1820; the late N. S. Dodge, magazinist and journalist, in 1823–1825; the late Prof. Henry B. Hackett, D. D., foremost among American Biblical scholars and writers, in 1823–1826; Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer, the hymn-writer, in whose "My faith looks up to thee" Christians of every sect are glad to join, in 1823–1826; Charles K. Whipple, journalist, in 1824–1827; in 1824–1825, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his brother John, in 1825–1826; and in 1826–1828, the late Rev. Dr. James M. Macdonald of Princeton, author of the *Life and Writings of St. John*. Of journalists there were also Sidney E. Morse, in 1802–1805, and his brother, Richard Carey Morse, in 1803–1805; of librarians, Timothy Farrar, of the Dartmouth College Library, in 1801–1802; Henry A. Homes, of the New York State Library, at Albany, in 1823–1826; and Isaac P. Langworthy, of the Congregational Library, Boston, in 1833–1835; and of the servants of art and science, if we glance at them, Samuel F. B. Morse, the painter and telegraph inventor in 1802–1805, and Horatio Greenough, the sculptor, in 1814–1815. Ministers, of course, it is not our purpose to mention, though the list includes such names as Joseph Tuckerman, 1792; John Codman, 1793–1794, and William Goodell, 1811–1813; nor can we include the great company of public spirited citizens, who, by other than literary lives, have contributed to the intellectual advancement of their race; for example, William Wheelwright, 1814, who made such signal improvement to this end of his residence in South America. Indeed, if we were to confine this enumeration strictly to literary workmen, and should undertake to continue it down to the latest date, and to follow out what the great mass of living graduates of Phillips Academy are at present doing in the world with the pen, we should speedily lose our way in a wilderness. We will only therefore add that of the successive instructors in the school, Dr. S. H. Taylor, Prof. C. A. Aiken, John J. Owen, Drs. Lyman Coleman, Alonzo Gray, S. R. Hall, W. H. Wells, Chas. A. Young, and Mr. James S. Eaton, are all known by their printed works as well as by their proper educational careers.

For the centennial celebration of this distinguished and interesting institution, good things in variety have been provided, including a poem by Dr. Holmes; and we are happy here to have laid before our readers, in advance of the festal day itself, the fine sonnets by Dr. Ray Palmer, above printed.

NEW NOVELS IN BRIEF.

Viva. This book, Mrs. Forrester tells us, is not written for young people, indeed she "would rather they would not read it." So should we. Such lessons of sin and suffering as it conveys should be reserved for the husbands and wives who need them. For a story of marital infidelity, it is one of great refinement and loftiness of feeling and purpose. We have no question that it is intended to do good, and will do good — to the tempted. Viva's was a noble character, despite her one fatal step; her misfortunes stir one's pity to the depths, and provoke a longing to take summary vengeance upon such cold-hearted egoism as that of Lord Ryvendale. The opening scenes in the French court give little hint of the quiet English turn given to the story further on, but the pictures of the social interior of upper class England here introduced are not in all respects flattering.

My Intimate Enemy. This is a cabinet picture among the novels. The author, a well-known lady of Philadelphia, need not have withheld her name, for her work is a creditable one. The story suffers a little disadvantage by being narrated in the first person and the present tense, but the style is graceful, and sometimes sparkling even to the point of brilliancy. We discern no very deep purpose in the mind of the writer beyond that of entertaining; possibly that of exhib-

iting the worthlessness of a certain shallow type of character common enough in "society."

Madame Gosselin. This is a very remarkable novel, even for a French novel; remarkable for its dramatic form and action, the statuesque distinctness of its characters, the natural orderliness of its development, its delineation of varying passion, the stern morality of its purpose, and the clear-cut precision and beauty of its style. A more deeply tragic story is seldom narrated with more impressive effect. Does any one doubt that the after taste of sin is bitterer than gall? Let him follow the career of Madame Gosselin and M. Pleumeur. But the somber shadows which lie upon their story are chased away by the sunshine which the lives of George and Bertha bring.

The Cadet Button. Capt. Whittaker, fresh from the sober life of the ill-fated Gen. Custer, here tells a lively, imaginative story of the wild, rough world in which great Indian fighters win their renown. The scene shifts between West Point, forts on the naked and desolate plains, the camp of the redskins, and the fashionable homes and circles of the metropolis. The portrait of the only improbable character, we are told, is a sketch from real life. The fidelity of much of the rest of the tale is obvious. It is a good first attempt at novel-writing; interesting and picturesque; with some touches of true excellence.

Gemini. This thirteenth of the "No Name" series stands at a great remove from *Marmorne* and *Mirage*, belonging rather by the side of *Is That All? The Great Match*, and *The Wolf at the Door*. The twins, of whom it is the history from their childhood, are the typical daughters of a typical minister in a typical New England village, where the Yankee dialect, now so seldom heard out of books, is talked in all its glory. The interest of the story, always of a slender and gentle sort, is made to deepen towards the middle of it by reason of the War of the Rebellion, which comes in to separate lovers, and in the end happily to unite them. The story has at least the charm of simplicity.

How She Came Into Her Kingdom. This is a romance, and one of no common order, to say the least. It may be described as a compound of Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, the Keely Motor, and the English Peerage. A jagged island in the Atlantic, thrown up by a marine earthquake, wrecks a tempest-tossed steamship bound from New York to Europe, and furnishes a stage for most of the melodrama. A mysterious talisman plays an important part. Psychological monologues, fabulous improbabilities, and matter-of-fact commonplaces stand in strange juxtaposition. The author, Mrs. Charlotte M. Clark, shows a good deal of imaginative and descriptive power, but it is untrained and wayward. With different material and a less ambitious aim, she might have done better.

By Celia's Arbor. This story, the joint work of Walter Besant and James Rice, is one to enjoy if you once get into it. In the beginning it moves so slowly that it seems as if it never would get on at all. The inspiration of the authors is an indignation against Russia for her past wrongs to Poland. But how comes Poland "by Celia's Arbor," which is a lover's nest overlooking Portsmouth town? That's telling, and that's what the book is for. Poor Ladislaus! Ought he not to have had the Celia whom he loved? Leonard did not think it. The pathos of this story is sometimes very moving; but it is not all tearful. There are passages in it worthy of Dickens; those, for instance, which relate to the Pontifexes and the Bramblers.

World Biographies.

Edgar Fawcett. Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose fresh volume of poems, *Fantasy and Passion*, is the subject of notice on another page, was born in New York City, May 26, 1847, and is now therefore just closing his 31st year. He was graduated at Columbia College, New York, in 1867, and that city has always been his winter residence, though his summers have been divided between estates belonging to the family on the shores of Long Island Sound. Literature is his profession; but not journalism; and in his personal position and social relations he comes as nearly, perhaps, as any of the younger American writers, to the ideal type of the man of letters. Mr. Fawcett's published volumes are as follows: *Short Poems for Short People* (1871), a book of poetry of children; *Purple and Fine Linen* (1873), a novel depicting New York society, which gave some offense among those upper circles of the metropolis in which Mr. Fawcett has always moved with great freedom, but which received strongly eulogistic as well as adverse criticism; *Ellen Story* (1876), a novel; and *Fantasy and Passion* (1878). A third novel, *Rutherford*, has just been begun as a serial in our New York contemporary, the *Library Table*. This last Mr. Fawcett considers by far his most important work in fiction. In addition to these more considerable productions, Mr. Fawcett has written a number of critical papers, whose general expression is that of sympathy with the more liberal tendencies of modern thought. As a thinker he acknowledges without hesitation the influences he has received from such men as Mill, Spencer, Lecky, Huxley, and others of that school. In poetry it has been his undisguised endeavor to show a true catholicity, divesting himself of all prejudices. To the delicate songs of such singers as Aldrich he generously confesses his sense of obligation, and the grander work of such as Victor Hugo and Swinburne he has taken as models for reverent emulation. His admiration for Tennyson is supreme; and for the more lurid and feverish poetry of Baudelaire he confesses an honest love. Poetry and fiction are not however the only directions in which his talent seeks its exercise; he has lately completed a poetic drama entitled *Arnold and André*. Mr. Fawcett is not married.

James English, who died at Washington, D. C., March 2, was a conspicuous member of that class of obscure but indispensable servants of the literary public whom it ought to be always a delight to honor. His title to fame rests upon the fact that he was organizer and foreman of the Government Printing office at Washington, now the largest establishment of its kind in the world. He was born in May, 1820. He learned his trade in the old *Globe* office of Blair & Rivers. In 1854 we find him manager for Cornelius Wendell, then the contractor for Congressional printing, and after the government assumed the work he continued in that position under Mr. Heart and Mr. Defrees until 1864, when he resigned. During the war he served with efficiency as lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Reg. D. C. Militia. In 1868 he resumed work as a journeyman in New York, and was speedily advanced to the foremanship of the office of the New York Printing House Co. He afterwards organized the Women's Printing House. In 1874 he returned to Washington, and until within a few months of his death was employed in the office of the Treasury Department. For industry, capacity, integrity, impartiality, and administrative ability, he earned the warm respect of those who were associated with him.

Mrs. Lizzie Williams Champney. Mrs. Champney is a daughter of Judge S. B. Williams, and was born in Springfield, Ohio, February 6, 1850. After a short residence of her family in Kansas, she graduated at Vassar College in 1869. Her husband, J. Wells Champney, is a well-known artist of Boston, the date of their marriage being May 15, 1873. Mrs. Champney has traveled in the South and in Europe, and her present residence is Deerfield, Mass., though a part of the winter of 1878 she spent in Florida. Her published volumes are *In the Sky Garden* (1876), *All Around a Palette* (1877), and *Bourbon Lilies* (1878); and she has contributed a number of articles to the leading monthlies: to *Harper's* "Ashes of Roses," "Love's Service," "Polly Pharaoh," "Martha's Chevalier," and "Voudoo Violet;" to *Appletons' Journal* "Ministering Molly," "Benita's Pastoral," "Isle Douteuse," "Lady Feigning's Daughter;" to the *Galaxy* "The Heartbreak Cameo;" "Father Tolo's Umbrella," "Sounding Brass," and "Pointe d' Alençon;" to *Lippincott's* "Vina's Ole Man;" and to *St. Nicholas* "How Persimmons Took Cah ob de Baby;" besides sketches, poems, and correspondence in the *Independent*. "Original Sin," the first article ever published by Mrs. Champney, appeared in the journal last named. Mrs. Champney is the mother of two children, whose names, Ed. Frére and Maria Mitchell, prettily illustrate the sympathetic tastes of the parents.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

65. A Child's History of the Bible.—Can you tell me of any good child's history of the Bible? One that will rank in literary merit with Higginson's *History of the United States*, and Dickens's *Child's History of England?* C. E. P.

North Weare, N. H.

What does our correspondent mean: a history for children of the Bible as a book, or a version of the history given in the Bible? Under the former head we know of nothing. Under the latter there are several works that might be mentioned. Smith's *Old Testament History* [Harpers] and J. P. Thompson's *Life of Jesus Christ for the Young* [Houghton] meet the want in a measure, but neither is especially adapted to children, albeit the latter professes to be. Of a better sort for this purpose are G. F. Maclear's *Class Books* of Old Testament and New Testament History [Macmillan], 16mo volumes of about 500 pages each, illustrated with maps, etc. They have gone through several editions in England. The new *Bible for Learners* is the latest attempt at a modern version of the old Biblical history written from a rationalistic though a reverent standpoint. The London Religious Tract Society

is just about to issue a new and greatly improved edition of Dr. Stoughton's *History of the English Bible*, which we are sure must be valuable for older readers, and then there is Bissell's *Historic Origin of the Bible* [A. D. F. Randolph & Co.]

66. (Answer to 50.) **The Vow of the Peacock.** I have discovered that the poem entitled "The Vow of the Peacock" was written by Miss L. E. Landon. On this subject the curious can consult the note to "The Battle of Carnival and Lent," Way's *Tablieaux*, vol. III, p. 128; Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. II, p. 754; and Knight's *Shakespeare*, Henry IV, 2nd Part, Act V, sc. 1, note *a*. T. B. L.

Terre Haute.

67. **Authors wanted** for the following quotations:

"On that day of desolation, lady, I was captive made:
Bleeding for my Christian nation by the wall of high Belgrade."

"A tempest in a teapot."

"A flower of meekness on a stem of grace."

Mr. Sereno Watson's Bibliographical Index to North American Botany is the bibliography of the genera and species of North American flora, with their synonyms, and with complete citations of all the authorities in which they are described, or figured, or even scientifically mentioned with any useful particularity; a work of immense labor and much critical knowledge, prepared at the Harvard University Herbarium. The first part, or volume, of 476 pages, 8vo, now received, makes a third or a quarter of the whole work. Greatly needed as it is, no publisher could be expected to undertake it; hence it has most properly been adopted by the Smithsonian Institution as one of its Miscellaneous Collections.

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Harper & Brothers announce a series of short books on "English Men of Letters," by different writers, but edited by John Morley; a "Library of American Fiction," corresponding to their "Library of Select Novels," to be opened with *Esther Pennyfeather* by Alice Perry; and new standard editions of Hume, Gibbon and Macaulay.— The New England Publishing Co., Boston, have in preparation *Outlines for the Study of English Classics*, by A. F. Blaisdell; Porter & Coates *A Trip up the Volga*, by H. A. Munro Butler-Johnstone; D. Appleton & Co. a *Political Economy*, by Prof. Stanley Jevons; J. B. Lippincott & Co. *Æsthetics*, by Eugene Verron, and *Philosophy*, by Andre Levevre; Scribner, Armstrong & Co. a new volume of stories by Saxe Holm; D. Lothrop & Co. a defense of the doctrine of Endless Punishment, by Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams; Lee & Shepard *The Intermediate World*, by Prof. L. T. Townsend; the Catholic Publication Society, New York, a dozen or more new works, and new editions of about as many more — among these *Sir Thomas More*, an historical romance from the French; a life of Prof. F. Ozanam of the Sorbonne, founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; a life of Pope Pius IX; and Cardinal Manning's *Love of Jesus to Penitents*.— W. G. Holmes, Chicago, announces *The Prayer-meeting and its Improvement*, by Rev. L. O. Thompson.

—The London *Literary World* for April 5 has extended reviews of Cook's *Biology* and *Transcendentalism*, and of Prof. Bowen's *History of Philosophy*.— The Literary Congress in connection with the Paris Exhibition will hold five public and two private sessions, from June 5 to 15.— *Light* is the title of a new literary and critical weekly started in London on the 6th ult. It is edited by Robert Buchanan.— Prof. Mayor of Cambridge is engaged on an edition of *Boswell's Johnson*, which as regards accuracy, literary illustration and typography, is intended to distance all other editions of this well-known classic.— Miss Georgiana Hogarth, 11 Strathmore Gardens, Kensington West, London, proposes to edit a volume of the letters of the late Charles Dickens, and would be glad of the loan of material for that purpose.

— Few men have been honored with heartier or more emphatic ovations than Bayard Taylor on departing for the German mission. The number of dinners tendered to him, and eaten, we will not attempt to count.— Mr. Fletcher Harper, of Harper & Brothers, has bought a cottage on the New Jersey shore, as a resting-place for the sick and infirm employés of their establishment.— *Bancroft's Messenger*, San Francisco, is one of the best edited and neatest of book-trade bulletins. Number 9, for March–April, brings to light further apparent plagiarisms of Prof. Mathews.— An "Athenæum Bureau of Literature" has been organized in New York, to aid authors on systematic business principles in finding a market for their wares.— Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., will publish to subscribers, at $10 each, a portfolio series of thirty or thirty-five heliotype copies of the best of Turner's etchings from the *Liber Studiorum*, several of the originals having been furnished for the purpose by Mr. Ruskin.— Dr. George M. Beard, 41 West 29th Street, New York, is gathering statistics concerning "writer's cramp," and would be glad to communicate with persons afflicted therewith.— The Psi Upsilon Fraternity is making good use of printer's ink in formulating its history, chiefly biographical. The work is in charge of Prof. C. W. Smiley, Madison, N. J.— In the New York *Semi-Weekly Tribune* for March 29 is a letter from Mr. Smalley, its London correspondent, which may be called a Pocket-Book Guide to Europe. It shows in about two columns how a two-months' trip, including the Paris Exhibition, may be made for $260.

MARRIED.

Nieriker—Alcott. In London, England, March 22, Ernest Nieriker of Baden, Switzerland, to May Alcott, daughter of A. B. Alcott of Concord, Mass.

DIED.

Arndts.—In Vienna, March 1, Karl Ludwig Arndts, 75 years; for 25 years Professor of Roman Law in the University, and author of many able and important works upon that subject.

Vang.—In Norway, about March 1st, Anders Eivindson Vang, 83 years; an eccentric peasant, author of several important collections of folk-music and folk-songs, of an autobiography, and of a remarkable volume of local legends.

Effendi.—In Aleppo, March 24, Risk Allah Hassoun Effendi; a naturalized English subject, but one of the greatest Arabic scholars and poets of his time.

Dimmock.—In Quincy, Mass., March 29, William Reynolds Dimmock, LL. D., 47 years; master of the Adams Academy, and formerly an instructor in the Boston Latin School and in Williams College.

Pratt.—In Concord, Mass., April —, Minot Pratt, 73 years; farmer and a director of Brook Farm. His wedding, in 1829, is said to have been the first at which Mr. Emerson officiated, and one of his sons married a daughter of Mr. Alcott.

Bonner.—In New York, April 2, Mrs. Jane McConlis Bonner, wife of Robert Bonner, in her 49th year.

De Lomenie.—In Paris, April 2, in his 64th year, M. Louis de Loménie, Professor of French Literature at the College de France since 1845, author of a piquant series of biographical studies, and of an elaborate eighteenth century work, entitled *Beaumarchais et Son Temps*.

Stetson.—In Newport, R. I., April 3, Charles B. Stetson, formerly an editor in Lewiston and Portland, Me., and afterwards of the N. Y. *Express;* latterly engaged in educational publication with James R. Osgood & Co., and Prang & Co.

Winter.—In Cambridge, Mass., April 18, Charles Winter, father of William Winter.

Ford.—In Cambridge, Mass., April 19, John Ford, 70 years; founder of the *Boston Journal*.

Orton.—In New York, April 22, William Orton, 57 years; President of the Western Union Telegraph Co., formerly of the publishing house of Miller, Orton & Mulligan.

Baudissin.—At Dresden, April —, in his 90th year, Count Wolf Baudissin, coadjutor of Schlegel and Tieck in their translation of Shakespeare, and author of an excellent version of Molière.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

TRAVEL AND OBSERVATION.

THE ARMIES OF ASIA AND EUROPE. Embracing Official Reports on the Armies of Japan, China, India, Persia, Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, France and England. Accompanied by Letters Descriptive of a Journey from Japan to the Caucasus. By Emory Upton. D. Appleton & Co. L., pp. 446.

ARMENIA, and the Campaign of 1877. By C. B. Norman. With Specially Prepared Maps and Plans. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. L., pp. 484. $4.00.

THE GREAT THIRST LAND: A Ride Through Natal, Orange Free State, Transvaal, and Kalahari Desert. By Parker Gilmore. With a Frontispiece. Cassell, Petter & Galpin. L., pp. 466. $3.50.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PAPER CANOE: A Geographical Journey of 2,500 miles, from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico, During the Years 1874–5. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. Lee & Shepard. L., pp. 351. Illus. $2.50.

CANOEING IN KANUCKIA, or Haps and Mishaps Afloat and Ashore of the Statesman, the Editor, the Artist, and the Scribbler. Recorded by the Commodore and the Cook (C. L. Norton and John Habberton). Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. M., pp. 254. $1.50.

WALKS IN LONDON. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In Two Volumes. George Routledge & Sons. M., pp. 480, 511. $5.00.

THE HISTORIC MANSIONS AND BUILDINGS OF PHILADELPHIA. With Some Notice of their Houses and Occupants. By Thompson Westcott. Porter & Coates. Sq. L., pp. 528.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Seventh Italian Edition. By Caroline Tilton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. L., pp. 326. $1.75.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CHALLENGER." THE ATLANTIC. A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the exploring Voyage of H. M. S. "Challenger" During the Year 1873. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson. In Two Vols. Harper & Brothers. L., pp. 391, 340. $12.00.

FICTION.

THE MATCHMAKER. By Beatrice Reynolds. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 300. $1.00.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EGYPTIAN KING. Translated from the German of George Ebers. By Henry Reed. J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 368. $2.25

THE CADET BUTTON. A Novel of American Army Life. By Frederick Whittaker. Sheldon & Co. M., pp. 354. $1.50.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST. A Novel. Translated from "The Ut Mine Stromtid" of Fritz Reuter. J. B. Lippincott & Co. L., pp. 292. Paper. 75c.

VIVA. A Novel. By Mrs. Forrester. J. B. Lippincott & Co. M., pp. 358. $1.50.

MADAME GOSSELIN. From the French of Louis Ulbach. [Collection of Foreign Authors.] D. Appleton & Co. M., pp. 366. Paper. 60c.

MY INTIMATE ENEMY. A Story. Claxton, Remsen Haffelfinger. M., pp. 176.

SEOLA. Lee & Shepard. M., pp. 251. $1.50.

HOW SHE CAME INTO HER KINGDOM. A Romance. Jansen, McClurg & Co. M., pp. 337. $1.50.

LANDOLIN. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Annie B. Irish. [Leisure Hour Series.] Henry Holt & Co. M., pp. 265. $1.00.

THE RIVAL BELLES; or Life in Washington. By J. B. Jones. T. B. Peterson & Brothers. M., pp. 270. $1.00.

GEMINI. [No Name Series.] Roberts Brothers. M., pp. 271. $1.00.

RELIGIOUS.

LECTIONARIES, English and Irish: With Suggestions for the Reconstruction of the American. For Clergy and Laity. By Rev. William P. Lewis, D. D. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. M., pp. 220.

A NEW TESTAMENT COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS. By Various Writers. Edited by Charles John Ellicott, D. D., Vol. I. E. P. Dutton & Co. Ext. L., Sq., pp. 563. $6.00.

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